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# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

Vol. 197

JULY 1948

No. 1178

Personal and Otherwise. <i>Mostly about our contributors</i> . . . . .	6
Letters . . . . .	16
Where-to-Shop . . . . .	17
The Price of War . . . . . HANSON W. BALDWIN . . . . .	23
President Harry . . . . . RICHARD H. ROVERE . . . . .	27
<i>Pictorial Comment by Bernarda Bryson</i>	
I Alone Am Moving. <i>A Poem</i> . . . . . PETER VIERECK . . . . .	35
Henry James and the Artist in America . . . . . W. H. AUDEN . . . . .	36
Anyhow, Chiang Made a Speech . . . . .	40
Fagin's Pants. <i>A Story</i> . . . . . PETER DE VRIES . . . . .	41
Sacred Cows and Public Lands . . . . . BERNARD DEVOTO . . . . .	44
Look at This, Mr. Gutenberg . . . . . C. LESTER WALKER . . . . .	56
The Well Disciplined Bargeman. <i>A Poem</i> . . . . . WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS . . . . .	62
A Mississippian Named Tennessee . . . . . PAUL MOOR . . . . .	63
Catalina. <i>A Novel in Three Parts. Part II</i> . . . . . W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM . . . . .	72
How to Behave in America . . . . .	97
How Democratic is Britain? . . . . . MARGARET COLE . . . . .	98
<i>Drawings from Britain by Carlyle Brown</i>	
That Little Tiny Bird. <i>A Poem</i> . . . . . LLOYD FRANKENBERG . . . . .	107
The Easy Chair . . . . . BERNARD DEVOTO . . . . .	108
Out in the Stovepipe Mountains . . . . . THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL . . . . .	112
Frankie Comes to Call. <i>A Story</i> . . . . . BETTY SMITH . . . . .	113
After Hours . . . . . MR. HARPER . . . . .	117
The New Books . . . . . JACQUES BARZUN . . . . .	121
Books in Brief . . . . . KATHERINE GAUSS JACKSON . . . . .	126

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# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

**W**E'RE NOT sure what the lead article will be, but among the candidates at the moment are: (1) A top-notch examination of that always stormy question, the partition of Ireland, by the *New York Times* correspondent, **Herbert L. Matthews**; (2) A look at some of the rather startling changes Anaconda Copper is making in its stronghold, Butte, Montana, by that long-time *Harper's* contributor, **Joseph Kinsey Howard**; and (3) postponed from last month, **John Bartlow Martin's** story of a killing in Chicago's South Side, "The Hickman Story."

**F**URTHER along in the magazine, we are planning an account of how Conan Doyle acted as a detective; we're calling it "When Conan Doyle Was Sherlock Holmes." Mystery writer **John Dickson Carr** is the author. **Cedric Belfrage**, whose "The German Who Should Have Been Dead" appeared last month, returns with a piece about a Negro minister who led a unique sitdown in Missouri. **William Harlan Hale**, another familiar *Harper's* contributor, reconstructs Marshal Rommel's last days; and, on our fiction list, there's the conclusion of the **W. Somerset Maugham** novel, a short story, "Roman Holiday," by **Robert Lewis**, and at least one, possibly two others. We have a number of other important items coming up, such as another resort piece by **Cleveland Amory**, another aspect of flying by **Wolfgang Langewiesche**, a short story by **V. S. Pritchett** and another by **John D. Weaver**. The time of their appearance is uncertain. Our advice is not to miss an issue.

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# Harper's Magazine

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## INDEX

VOLUME 197 • JULY 1948 . . . . DECEMBER 1948

Ackland, Valentine — "Turn the Captivity of Thy People — —", Sept. 114

AFRICA IN THE SERVICE OF EUROPE? — C. Hartley Grattan, Dec. 68

### AFTER HOURS

Arts, Government Sponsorship of the, Aug. 115

Automobiles: The New Cars, Aug. 117

Ballet, Training for the, Dec. 96

Carnivals, Two Berkshire, Oct. 108

Church Decorations, Specifications for, Oct. 110

Cole Slaw, Recipe for, Dec. 97

Directoire Night Club, The, July 118

Dude Ranch, Berkshire, Oct. 111

Fashion Pre-View, Sept. 115

Films, Educational, July 118

Fritos, Nov. 104

Gardening, Organic, Aug. 117

Hamlet, English Film Version of, Sept. 116

Legg, Stuart, July 118

"Louisiana Story", Sept. 117

Paris Theater in N. Y., The New, Dec. 95

Stork Club, Nov. 107

Thompson, Kay, July 117

Williams Brothers, July 117

AH, WILDERNESS — NEW STYLE — Richard L. Neuberger, Oct. 79

AIRLINER TO EUROPE — Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Sept. 43

Allen, Frederick Lewis — The Great Pierpont Morgan, Part I, Dec. 25

AMERICA AND DR. LAUREL — David Bernstein, Oct. 82

Amory, Cleveland — Palm Springs: Wind, Sand, and Stars, Aug. 67

ANACONDA COPPER MINING COMPANY — Aug. 89

ANNAPOLIS, Aug. 23

ARMY, THE PEACETIME, Aug. 23

Arnold, Thurman — How Not to Get Investigated, Nov. 61

ART UNDER THE NAZIS — Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt, Nov. 88

### ARTISTS

Bileck, Marvin — The Italics Are Mine, Sept. 48

Block, Lou — Meeting Time, Oct. 54

Brown, Carlyle — How Democratic is Britain?, July 98

Bryson, Bernarda — President Harry, July 27; The Renegade, Oct. 37; President Dewey's Strange Bedfellows, Sept. 25

Cunningham, York — Cotton-Patch Moses, Nov. 94

Koons, Irvin — The Mark of Vishnu, Dec. 83

Kroll, Julius — Palm Springs: Wind, Sand, and Stars, Aug. 67

Larrabee, Eleanor — Six Thousand Houses That Levitt Built, Sept. 79

Osborn, Robert — Ah, Wilderness — New Style, Oct. 79; Look Down, Look Down, Nov. 64; Will Our Prosperity Last?, Dec. 47

Perlin, Bernard — Sense of Humor, Aug. 97

Russell, Frank J. — Dirty Money, Sept. 74

Shahn, Ben — The Hickman Story, Aug. 39

### ARTS, THE—

#### Literature

Easy Chair, The, Sept. 97, Dec. 98

Henry James, July 36

Stillborn Babes of Journalism, Sept. 89

#### Movies, The

After Hours, July 118; Sept. 117

Some Hollywood People, Aug. 67

#### Music

Ives, Charles: Horseback to Heaven, Sept. 65

#### Painting and Sculpture

Art Under the Nazis, Nov. 88

#### Radio

The Men from Mars, Dec. 74

#### Television

There Ought to Be a Law, Sept. 34

#### Theater, The

Mississippian Named Tennessee, July 63

Auden, W. H. — Henry James and the Artist in America, July 36

### AUTOMOBILES

Financing the Purchase of Cars, Oct. 105

New Cars, The, Aug. 117

### AVIATION

Airliner to Europe, Sept. 43

Eastward Bound, Dec. 61

Look Down, Look Down, Nov. 64

Upstairs to Iceland, Oct. 27

Backman, Allan E. — The Big Cheat, Oct. 105

Baldwin, Hanson W. — The Price of War, July 23

Barker, A. L. — The Italics Are Mine, Sept. 48

Belfrage, Cedric — Cotton-Patch Moses, Nov. 94

BERLIN, BACK TO — Ernest Borneman, Aug. 58

Bernstein, David — America and Dr. Laurel, Oct. 82

BIG CHEAT, THE — Allan E. Backman, Oct. 105

Borneman, Ernest — Back to Berlin, Aug. 58

BRITAIN?, HOW DEMOCRATIC Is, July 98



- Truman, President Harry, July 27  
Williams, Tennessee, July 63
- PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE** — Among Front Pages of Each Issue
- PHILIPPINES AND DR. LAUREL, THE**, Oct. 82
- PLACES**  
Berlin, Aug. 58  
Butte, Montana, Aug. 89  
Casablanca, Sept. 108  
Chicago, Aug. 39  
Georgia, Sept. 55  
Greenland, Oct. 27  
Iceland, Oct. 27  
Ireland, Aug. 108  
New England, Oct. 89  
Palm Springs, Calif., Aug. 67  
Philippines, The, Oct. 82  
Russia, Sept. 101
- POETRY**  
A Nostromo — Katharine Strelsky, Oct. 102  
Don Juan Muses — John Heath-Stubbs, Nov. 103  
For G.B.S., Old — William Carlos Williams, Aug. 66  
For Penelope — John E. McMillin, Oct. 53  
I Alone Am Moving — Peter Viereck, July 35  
Lullaby — Rolfe Humphries, Nov. 69  
Out in the Stovepipe Mountains — Thomas Hornsby Ferril, July 122  
Sonnet — David McCord, Dec. 67  
That Tiny Little Bird — Lloyd Frankenberg, July 107  
Turn, the Captivity of Thy People — Valentine Ackland, Sept. 114  
Well Disciplined Bargeman, The — William Carlos Williams, July 62  
Winter Night — Rolfe Humphries, Sept. 42
- POLITICS, THE UNWRITTEN RULES OF AMERICAN**, Nov. 27  
**PRESIDENT HARRY** — Richard H. Rovere, July 27  
**PRICE OF WAR, THE** — Hanson W. Baldwin, July 23  
**PRIESTS, WORKERS, AND COMMUNISTS** — Jules Weinberg, Nov. 49  
**PRINTING PROCESSES**, New, July 56  
Pritchett, V. S. — Sense of Humor, Aug. 97  
**PROSPERITY LAST?, WILL OUR** — Robert L. Heilbroner, Dec. 47
- PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM** — Jessamyn West, Oct. 93  
**PUBLIC LANDS**, July 44, 108
- RADIO** — See **THE ARTS**
- RENEGADE, THE** — Shirley Jackson, Nov. 37  
Robertson, Nathan — What Do You Mean, Free Enterprise?, Nov. 70  
Rockwell, Hugh — Dirty Money, Sept. 74  
**ROMAN HOLIDAY** — Robert Lewis, Aug. 29  
**ROMMEL, THE END OF MARSHAL** — William Harlan Hale, Oct. 67  
Rovere, Richard H. — President Harry, July 27
- RUSSIA**  
Price of War, The, July 23  
Surprises in Russia, Sept. 101
- SACRED COWS AND PUBLIC LANDS** — Bernard DeVoto, July 44
- SCIENCE**  
Scientific Thought in the Coming Decades, Nov. 44  
**SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT IN THE COMING DECADES** — Lancelot Law Whyte, Nov. 44  
**SENSE OF HUMOR** — V. S. Pritchett, Aug. 97  
**SHARECROPPER STRIKE OF 1939**, Nov. 94  
Singh, Khushwant — The Mark of Vishnu, Dec. 83  
**SIX THOUSAND HOUSES THAT LEVITT BUILT** — Eric Larabee, Sept. 79  
Smith, Bernard B. — Television: There Ought to Be a Law, Sept. 34  
Smith, Betty — Frankie Comes to Call, July 112
- SPORTS**  
Ah, Wilderness — New Style, Oct. 79  
**STATE OF MODERN PAINTING, THE** — Lincoln Kirstein, Oct. 47  
**STILLBORN BABES OF JOURNALISM** — Merle Miller, Sept. 89  
Strelsky, Katharine — A Nostromo, Oct. 102  
**SURPRISES IN RUSSIA** — Sam Welles, Sept. 101  
**TELEVISION: THERE OUGHT TO BE A LAW** — Bernard B. Smith, Sept. 34
- THEATER, THE** — See **THE ARTS**
- TIME PAYMENTS, "PACKING"**, Oct. 105  
Toledano, Edward — Young Man, Go to Casablanca, Sept. 109  
**TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION**, Nov. 49  
**TRUMAN, PRESIDENT HARRY**, July 27
- UNITED STATES**  
Prosperity Last?, Will Our, Dec. 47  
Public Lands, July 44, 108, World Revolution, American Plan, Dec. 38  
**UNWRITTEN RULES OF AMERICAN POLITICS, THE** — John Fischer, Nov. 27  
**UPSTAIRS TO ICELAND** — Wolfgang Langwiesche, Oct. 27  
Viereck, Peter — I Alone Am Moving, July 35  
Walker, C. Lester — Look at This, Mr. Gutenberg, July 56  
**WAR, THE PRICE OF** — Hanson W. Baldwin, July 23  
Weaver, John D. — Meeting Time, Oct. 54  
Weinberg, Jules — Priests, Workers, and Communists, Nov. 49  
**WELLES, ORSON** — Broadcast on the Martians, Dec. 74  
Welles, Sam — Surprises in Russia, Sept. 101  
West, Jessamyn — Public Address System, Oct. 93  
**WEST POINT**, Aug. 23  
**WHAT DO YOU MEAN, FREE ENTERPRISE?** — Nathan Robertson, Nov. 70  
**WHAT HAPPENED IN BUTTE** — John Kinsey Howard, Aug. 89  
Whyte, Lancelot L. — Scientific Thought in the Coming Decades, Nov. 44  
**WILDERNESS — NEW STYLE, AH** — Richard L. Neuberger, Oct. 79  
**WILLIAMS, TENNESSEE**, July 63  
Williams, William Carlos — For G.B.S., Old, Aug. 66; The Well Disciplined Bargeman, July 62  
**WORLD REVOLUTION, AMERICAN PLAN** — Isabel Cary Lundberg, Dec. 38  
**WRITING AND WRITERS** — See *Literature* under **THE ARTS**  
**YOUNG MAN, GO TO CASABLANCA** — Edward Toledano, Sept. 109



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

### The Price of War

*Hanson W. Baldwin*

THE twentieth-century American is living in what Toynbee has called a "time of troubles," an age of political, economic, and moral instability, an era of conflict. Crisis succeeds crisis—the Italian elections in April, Palestine in May, perhaps Iran or Scandinavia, Austria or the Far East in the summer months.

These recurring crises are an inevitable part of our times; the atomic bomb, biological warfare, and long-range missiles have produced a period of insecurity perhaps unparalleled in its scope in past history. But in even greater measure the tensions of today are the product of the bipolar world in which we live—a world dominated by two great superstates, the United States and Russia, each with such differing concepts of freedom, democracy, human values, political and economic philosophy and ideology that friendly compromise seems impossible.

These fundamentally opposing beliefs, and the increasing Russian toughness and aggressiveness of the past year, climaxed by the

Czechoslovakian coup and the Berlin incidents, have persuaded a growing number of Americans that war with Russia is inevitable. A steadily increasing minority is, indeed, urging the waging of a preventive war against Russia before she gets the atomic bomb. We should attack Russia, the reasoning goes, and destroy her power to do us harm before she attacks and destroys us.

Now it is quite clear that counsels of weakness are counsels of despair; appeasement means disaster. It is equally clear that the United States, if it is to remain true to its present obligations and to its past history, has no choice; it must oppose aggression and the overriding of the weak by the strong. In this age of transoceanic planes and atomic bombs we cannot retreat within our continental borders and seek refuge in isolationism. If we are to remain a great power, indeed, if we are to achieve even a reasonable degree of physical security, we must recognize that certain areas of the world—particularly Western Europe, a highly industrialized, thickly popu-

*Hanson W. Baldwin, military editor of the New York Times, is the author of The Price of Power, a recently-published treatise on our strategic position in the postwar world.*



lated area with culture and traditions akin to our own—are vital to us. This must be made clear to Russia; we must, indeed, be prepared to fight to prevent these areas from being overwhelmed by Russo-Communist aggression.

But a clearly stated and firmly implemented policy against aggression, backed up by economic help to rehabilitate the world, political guarantees, psychological measures, and military strength is, or should be, a far call indeed from talk of the inevitability of war or a preventive war. Those who think in these terms have confused fantasy with fact; they have failed to think the problem through. They have not weighed in the scales of the future the intangibles of history; they have not reckoned the consequences or the costs of a major war in the near future; they have not studied the probable course of such a war; and they have assumed—fallaciously—a quick and easy victory and a postwar millenium.

## II

**W**HAT would a preventive war mean? Let us assume that such a war starts—possibly before 1952, or at least before 1955 when Russia *may* have atomic bombs—under the most favorable possible conditions for the United States. Let us assume that we follow the counsels of the preventive war advocates and that we deliberately attack Russia by surprise with the atomic bomb before Russia is able to retaliate in kind. What would be the course of such a war?

Geography and distances still have meaning even in the air age. Many of the most vital Russian industrial targets are beyond range of bombers now available (or to be available in the next few years) unless we use “kamikaze” tactics or “suicide” one-way raids or some type of “shuttle” bombing. Attacks by such means—particularly upon Moscow and objectives in Western Russia—would be possible, and some atomic bombs undoubtedly could be delivered upon their targets, despite Russian vigilance. The costs, however, would be high, and the gamble almost a desperate one.

For if “suicide” raids were undertaken we should have to reconcile ourselves to the certain loss of all bombers participating and the majority of the crews. “Shuttle” raids—if the bases were available—would be less costly but

still expensive, particularly if the other end of the “shuttle” were to be—as has been suggested—a crash landing in the ocean next to a friendly submarine. The Russians, though weak in night fighters and radar, are known to possess great numbers of day fighters, many of them jets. Jets are based even in the remote wilds of Siberia, as our Air Force discovered some time ago when one of our planes operating off Alaska was “buzzed” by Russian jet fighters. Bomber losses in the daytime, therefore, probably would be high, and atomic bomb wastage considerable; some bombers would never reach their targets. Yet so vast is Russian space that some objectives in Russia could not be reached in night-time flights alone. Moreover, bombing at night or blind daylight bombing at high altitudes above an overcast might merely result in ploughing up Russian steppes, for we do not possess accurate maps of the interior of Russia. The area east of the Urals, which is becoming more and more important in the Russian industrial picture, is, indeed, almost unknown; extensive photo-reconnaissance would be imperative if we were to expect any accurate results from radar bombing.

All this emphasizes the difficulties of winning a quick and easy war against Russia by a sudden surprise attack; such an attack would be a terrific gamble, with no certainty as to its outcome. There is, in addition, one other factor which is a major argument against embarking upon such a gamble. We possess *few*—very few—atomic bombs; the numbers available are so limited that our atomic attack might well be a one- or two-shot effort.

**B**UT there is an even more clinching reason against taking such a gamble. The atomic bomb cannot stop the Red Army. The obvious Russian counter to an air attack by us upon Russian cities or industries is to move into Western Europe. All of our military leaders concede that today, and for the foreseeable future, we could not stop such a move; not until Western Europe is rehabilitated and its military strength built up would there be much prospect of holding off the Russian ground hordes. We would, therefore, by bombing Russia bring about the very thing we are trying to prevent—Russian conquest of Western Europe.

Instead of a quick atomic blitzkrieg we



would then be involved in a long-drawn-out war of attrition. For our major objective must then become the elimination of the Russian armies in Western Europe. This would be easier said than done. We are not likely to use the atomic bomb against Paris or the Hague. We could and would bomb Russian industry and supply lines, but to do so effectively a two-way bombing offensive—continuous and not sporadic like a one-way suicide technique—would be necessary. This would mean bases close enough to Russian objectives to permit such bombing—bases in England, North Africa, the Middle East, Iceland, Greenland, Alaska, Japan—eventually perhaps in Asia and Europe itself. And in turn these bases would mean ground forces to seize and protect them and sea forces in great quantities—it takes twenty shiploads of concrete, for instance, to construct a single airstrip for use by the new B-36 bomber—to supply them.

Nor would bombing of Russian supply lines and industry—even atomic bombing (which would have to be intermittent because of our limited production)—necessarily mean a quick and easy victory. The Russians live off the country; B. H. Liddell Hart in his new book, *The German Generals Talk*, quotes General Manteuffel as saying:

The [Russian] soldier carries a sack on his back, with dry crusts of bread and raw vegetables collected on the march. The horses eat the straw from the rooftops. You can't stop them like an ordinary army, by cutting their communications, for you rarely find any supply columns to strike.

The Red Army, aided by Communist sympathizers in the West, would also attempt to utilize the factories of occupied France, Germany, etc., for their purposes.

Bombing alone, therefore, would not promise a quick or easy victory; sooner or later, the probabilities are, we would have to invade Europe on land. A preventive war, therefore, would be, at very best, a tremendous gamble; it promises no certainty of quick and easy victory, but would be more likely to evolve into a bloody, protracted war of attrition, costly in men and money. Sooner or later—if we did not make the mistakes of Napoleon and Hitler and attempt a deep invasion of Russia—we would emerge victorious. But at what costs!

### III

VICTORY, in such a conflict, would be hollow, or nearly so. Consider the economic costs to the United States. Today, largely owing to war debts, the average taxpayer is paying six times the tax paid in 1921; our national debt of almost \$260,000,000,000 is astronomical. But the costs of the past war would be as nothing to the costs of World War III. If a major war should come in the near future and if its costs should be piled upon those of World War II, the economic security of the United States would be imperiled as never before, and probably no eventual course—save repudiation of the national debt with all that that would mean to every individual—would be possible.

But the political, as well as the economic costs, would be major. We would be fighting a two-front war—against the subversive forces of Communism in this country as well as against Russian forces overseas. Increasingly repressive legislation—certain to limit and restrict our civil liberties—would certainly result, and the increasingly dangerous centralization and authoritarianism of federal government would tremendously increase.

Casualties would be major, nor would they be limited to the fighting forces; we could not hope to escape some Russian attacks upon our cities, even though made only with conventional bombs.

But the greatest loss would be in Europe; the very things we are trying to save in Western Europe might be forever gone. Another war in the near future would be a triumph for extremism—whether of the right or the left; the middle way—the American way—would be eliminated. For a Europe, already seriously ill economically and politically and morally, would be dealt a death blow if the infection of armed conflict were again to ravage its body politic. The ideals and cultures of Western Civilization probably would be forever destroyed if war came before recovery from past illness were accomplished. Preventive war would, therefore, defeat our own purpose; we could conquer Russia, but you do not defeat ideologies by the sword.

And what if "victory" were accomplished? There would be no brave new world, no millenium of peace on earth, good will



toward men. If we think the tasks of post-war reconstruction are major today, what would they be after a war with Russia? What would we do with Russia? How immense the difficulties of policing and occupying would be, even if limited only to strategic points and border provinces.

There is, therefore, no promise of easy victory and perfect peace in preventive war—only a great gamble, which would probably lead to blood and suffering, toil and sweat, and perhaps disaster. It would solve nothing; on the contrary, even if it resulted in an eventual “victory” our present difficulties of reconstruction and rehabilitation would be exaggerated; we might, indeed, in the process of “victory” lose what we are trying to defend—our way of life.

**A**LL the above objections to the facile thesis of a preventive war leave unspoken two paramount objections.

One is the moral: how can we, a professedly Christian nation, the leading opponent of the philosophy that the ends justify any means, descend to the expediency of Communism? Are we to steel our hearts to the deliberate slaughter by atomic means and in surprise attack of thousands of Russian women and children, and if so can we ever again profess moral purpose or spiritual motive behind our political philosophy?

The other objection is historical: the advocates of a preventive war take no account of the intangibles of history; they assume that war with Russia is someday inevitable; therefore let it come now under favorable conditions for the United States. This is dangerous thinking, for when a people's minds accept the inevitability of war, war is inevitable. Let us admit that unless the balance of power in the world is restored, unless Western Europe is rehabilitated, war with Russia someday is probable; but do not let us forget the intangibles of history—which may loom large

in the years to come—if man allows time to work its way. Who knows, for instance, what may occur within Russia as the years pass? May there not be, at least, another Trotsky-like split when Stalin dies? What other powers may not rise in East and West to balance or modify the present bipolarity that now exists? What subtle workings of men's minds and hearts may not occur to change our thinking? What other technological devices—perhaps defensive in nature—may not alter all our present concepts?

Let us not forget the intangibles of history and the hope that they may bring; let us not abandon the moral precepts behind our political philosophy.

Let us rid our thinking of preventive war; it is an alien and repugnant concept. Let us—while facing danger squarely—eliminate fatalism; war with Russia, though possible or even probable, is *not* inevitable. Even if it should some day come it is far better to postpone it than to experience it now, with the world already weakened by past ravages. The United States can defeat Russia tomorrow as well as today; the task would not be easy, but there is no prospect that Russia can overtake the industrial-military lead of the United States in the lifetime of this generation. If war has to come it is far better that it come twenty years from now than today. But we must not think of it as inevitable. Such a mental reorientation means in no sense either appeasement or weakness, nor does it imply a change of political policy. The European Recovery Program, the political and military strengthening of the West, a strong stand against aggression in any form—all these policies must be supported. We must maintain our military strength. We must be realists—aware of the dangers of the world we live in, watchful and alert, but not alarmist, firm and strong but not provocative, definite and precise but patient. We face a “time of troubles.” But we shall not ease our way by inviting war.



# President Harry

*Richard H. Rovere*

Pictorial Comment by Bernarda Bryson

IN ANY talk of Harry Truman, it is well to have it clear from the start that the man is a product of the American system, just as wheat and corn are products of the American soil. It can be argued with force—indeed, practically the whole country is doing it right now—that democracy has been badly served during his administration, but to say this is merely to say that democracy has served itself badly, that the system is not self-sufficient, that it needs better leadership than it is able to provide.

Something of the sort can, of course, be said in extenuation of any President's weaknesses. Except in a few freakish instances, every man who has occupied the office since the first quarter of the past century has held it with the consent of a clear majority of the electorate. The case of Truman, though, is probably unique. No one ever contrived less at his own elevation than he did. He is perhaps the only man who has ever been honest-to-Moses drafted into office. He didn't want the job. He dreaded having greatness thrust upon him. It was one of life's unhappiest moments for him when, in Chicago on July 21, 1944, he had to gulp down the hot frank he was working on and tell the world what a happy moment it was. When Roosevelt died and the laying on of hands finally took place, Truman asked the reporters to pray hard for him. Invocations purred into the microphones as

often gestures of conceit as of honest supplication, but those that come hoarsely out of the corner of the mouth are generally honest.

Truman was drafted into office. It was not, to be sure, the sovereign voice of the people that called to him. There was no Truman boom. No prairie fires burned for him, no angry crowds stamped through the streets demanding power for Harry Truman. His name was known here and there on the prairies, but it was known hardly at all in the cities. It was, after all, the Vice-Presidency for which he was nominated, and the people ask of a Vice President not that he be a figure of national renown but only that he be inoffensive to their prejudices. It is partly this unconcern for the office that relates his deficiencies to ours. But there is lots more to it than that.

To put it in rough outline form, Truman's nomination came about through an accommodation arrived at by the leaders of four factions inside his party: the white-supremacy crowd in the South, the Northern city machines, the CIO, and the New Deal professionals. He was the first choice of only one of these, the machines, but he was the one man, in a field of seven or eight, on whom every one in this peculiar amalgam could agree, and agree on him they eventually did.

Now, the colloquial term for an accommodation of this sort is "deal," a word that is

*This is the third in an informal campaign series by Mr. Rovere, who has so far disposed of Senators Taft and Vandenberg—and in May 1944, of Governor Dewey.*



heavily pejorative. "Factions," too, is an ugly word. If one sees party politics as a shady game carried on by low and semi-criminal characters, one can view Truman's succession to the Presidency as the outcome of a sordid arrangement made by self-serving politicians. The end results, one might say, could hardly be much better than the sorry beginnings. In a less high-minded view, however, it can be seen as the means by which, at a particular time and under particular circumstances, national unity was preserved and strengthened. Add together the factions that agreed on Truman, and you have just about all there is to the Democratic party. Add together the number of Americans whose point of view those factions represented and you have what has sometimes been grandiosely called "the Roosevelt Coalition" and what has been in fact a decisive majority in American politics for the past sixteen years.

**N**O OVERPOWERING vested interests had anything to do with Truman's elevation. The leaders of his party were faced with a problem, simple in its nature but difficult of solution, in applied political science. They reasoned, soundly as it turned out, that the American people wanted to continue Roosevelt in office, but they feared that enthusiasm for Roosevelt would be dampened considerably, perhaps to the point of jeopardizing his re-election, by an inept choice for second place on the ticket. The incumbent Vice President was unacceptable to the South and to large portions of the middle classes. On the other hand, Byrnes, Barkley, or any other Southerner, might have lost whole states for the ticket in the North. A candidate had to be found who would, to be blunt about it, antagonize neither the Ku Klux vote nor the Negro vote. It was also necessary that the candidate be at one and the same time an organization man, this so as not to dispirit the city machines, which felt they had been getting rather shabby treatment from Roosevelt, and a Man of Vision, which was what the liberals wanted. For a middle class that was growing weary of hearing about radicals in the administration, it was required that the candidate be a man free of any taint of leftist doctrine, but for the radical CIO a tested friend of economic democracy had to be served up.

## II

**T**HIS was, in essence, the problem. For clarity's sake, it may be added that the party's problem was not made unnecessarily difficult by any pressing demand for a man of administrative skill or of experience and education in world affairs.

Even so, it was a tall order for the party—almost, it would seem, an impossible order to fill with one man. Yet the party filled it. A Border State Senator, from a spot just a few miles off the dead center of the country, Truman could make himself acceptable in any quarter almost by the simple act of spinning on his heels. Where he comes from. East meets West, and North meets South. For the touchy South, he had his Baptist persuasion and a family tree encarnadined by a dozen Johnny Rebs. For the Negroes and their friends in the North, he had votes against the poll tax and lynching. For the middle class, his background in small business and his small-business look and manner; for the CIO, his voting record of New Deal regularity and his Truman Committee work as a burr in the hide of big business; for the liberals, the same, plus a very proper record on foreign-policy; for the machines, his standing as an organization man in Kansas City.

There was something there for everybody, and after he had been in office a few months his Gallup Poll rating was 87 per cent, which, we can safely say, in spite of the fact that we have to stumble through millennia of history without the aid of the Gallup Poll, is just about as much approbation as any President or King or Shah or Rajah has ever enjoyed for more than five minutes at a time. It was three points over Roosevelt in his happiest days. The politicians who foisted Truman on us also foisted national unity on us.

It was in its way a magnificent job they did. Ordinarily, when the system is called upon to solve the sort of problem that confronted the Democratic party in 1944, it comes up with a trimmer, a man who has measured off the distance between extremes and settled himself in a place equidistant from both. Truman is not of this breed. There is nothing cynical or hypocritical about him. He is a man of the dead center politically, just as he is geographically, but he gets there not by plotting his course that



way but by a kind of zigzag operation in which he moves back and forth between extremes and is consequently sighted more often in the center than any place else. He does not moderate or mediate conflict; instead, he incorporates it within his own person, where opposing principles either struggle for mastery with one another or dwell together harmoniously, each unaware of the other's opposition. Truman, for example, knows as well as Philip Murray what makes workers take to the picket line. He is a person of large, warm sympathies, and his background has made him well acquainted with hardship and sorrow. He can summon authentic proletarian indignation for a Taft-Hartley veto. On the other hand, he is capable of reacting to a pesky strike with all the hot fury of a discommoded bourgeois, even going to the point of wanting to pitch the strikers into the Army, as he once proposed to do, being prevented principally by that champion of privilege, Senator Taft of Taft-Hartley.

**H**ERE, really, is the core of Truman. He is not so much the average man as he is the national character in office. The national character, as everyone knows, is full of contradictions and ambivalences. Truman has them all. He is easily the most representative of all Presidents. There is something ineffably appropriate about healing political splits with a split personality. Truman has both Broad and Narrow Vision. He has dreamed the dreams of Woodrow Wilson and also those of old Tom Pendergast—dreams of a world united and dreams of a ward united. This ambivalence was the source of his early strength in office, and it is the source of his subsequent weakness. He could please all factions at first because there was something of the outlook of each in his own outlook. Now he pleases none of them because each has discovered that while he carries its banner in one hand, he clasps the enemy's in the other. He is a kind of human battlefield.

Look, for a case in point, at his attitude toward big business. Like most Americans, he considers trusts and monopolies in violation of natural law. At the same time, he stands in manifest awe of the sinners who run these combinations. He surrounds himself with business men. By doing so, he has given

to many the appearance of having abandoned the New Deal's historic attitude toward economic royalists. Actually, he has done nothing of the sort, and the business men who read his tax programs and his tax vetoes know this even if the liberals do not. The origins of this ambivalence can be found almost anywhere in the national character. Ask almost any American what he thinks of bankers, and he'll tell you they're terrible people. Ask him next week to name you a pretty smart fellow of his acquaintance, and he will offer up the name of the president of the Third National, where he does his banking. Hence, no doubt, Mr. Truman's Mr. Snyder.

Working in its orderly and accustomed fashion, the system which most of us accept, some thinking it to be positively good, some knowing of none that is any better, gave us Mr. Truman, whom we took. Now most of us are dissatisfied, and we are subjecting the man to the cruellest hectoring any President



since Andrew Johnson has had to endure. In the vanguard of the beleaguering armies are the factions which once pushed him, hind end foremost, to an authority he never sought. The Southerners, for whom he was once a propitiatory gift, now seek to make him a propitiatory sacrifice. Early this year, the city bosses, with one or two loyal exceptions, the CIO, and the organized liberals did their damndest to give him the gate but were unable to do so. For one thing, two of his fine American characteristics, pride and perseverance, stood in the way; for another, the bloodhounds who were sent out after a substitute candidate failed to flush an acceptable sucker. It will be impossible to get rid of him before election time, but we will surely do it then. As we do it, we will explain to ourselves that we are taking the only sensible course, that of getting rid of a man who proved not to be big enough for the job we set him. Some, though not many, may reflect on the melancholy fact that the system, which will go on elevating Deweys, Warrens, Martins, and Vandenberg, has failed along with the man but cannot be so easily improved upon.

### III

**B**UT, first of all, is it true that Truman has failed? Is he really the frost we are told he is by all sorts of knowledgeable people? In one sense, of course, the fact of so many people thinking so makes it so. If, as the Gallup Poll says, he has now lost the confidence of all but 36 per cent of the voters, his administration has failed and that is that. Myths and symbols have their own reality, and if Truman has become a symbol of weakness and incompetence, then incompetent he is, for his most important job is to hold the nation's confidence. In another sense, though, no amount of thinking makes it so. Majority opinion carries the day, but it is not to be confused with justice. It is a signal weakness of the human mind, resulting in much unfairness, to fix all responsibility on leadership; it is much easier to identify a victory or a defeat with the name of the commander whose armies won or sustained it than it is to assess all the other human and non-human factors in the equation.

The work of a President, like that of a poet, may be studied by considering form and

content separately. Under the heading of content can be put all the specific acts of government—laws and the administration of them, the expenditure of funds, appointments to office, and whatever else has to do with the making and applying of policy as distinct from the statement of it. Under form can go the style of government—such things as speeches, public relations, the aesthetic fitness of things as apart from their functional fitness, the statement of policy as distinct from its application. Admittedly, the categories overlap; there is always a dynamic relationship between form and content: the line between words and actions is thin, wavering, and in some places non-existent. Still, for such a purpose as bringing Harry Truman into focus, the device has utility.

It is in the matter of form that the Truman administration has been most conspicuously unfortunate. Aesthetically, there is almost nothing to be said for it. Nearly all of its





personalities are damp and lackluster. It is not wholly without first-rate men, but the few able figures it has, like Marshall and Forrestal, somehow or other always seem outside the administration, borrowed for the occasion, as it were, to lend some touch of elegance to the commonplace patterns around them. In the President himself, there was in the beginning a certain crispness and jauntiness of character that was appealing and no doubt still is appealing. In such spectacles, however, as the comedy of errors over Henry Wallace's last speech as Secretary of Commerce, crispness began to seem less fetching in a President than alertness, and in that dreadful serial comedy, the Pauley case, it developed that there was a point at which jauntiness might become a bit too jaunty.

In terms of content, neither of these affairs—nor the many more like them, such as the case of the President's physician who tried to better his lot in the commodity market—actually amounted to much. It is doubtful if Wallace's addled performance did any appreciable damage to American prestige (we always reason on the proud assumption that every Magyar farmer reads the *New York Times* from first page to last) and it is even possible that Pauley, who is a man of considerable attainments, might have left the Navy better than he found it. But the odor from a gas works can envelop hundreds of nearby rose gardens, and the Pauley case was certainly pungent. From the Wallace incident, it was possible to acquire a mild case of the shakes by asking oneself whether, if Truman could fail to get the drift of Wallace's remarks, he might not also miss the import of Stalin's.

Public men are judged largely by their public words. The President is a speaker who could throw away or swallow down the best lines that any writer could provide him with. He has not had the opportunity to throw away many good ones. In the long succession of people who have composed his addresses, there has been no one of even tolerable rhetorical talents. Sam Rosenman, who ghosted for Roosevelt as well as for Truman, is pretty good on ideas but not much on expression. Roosevelt used Rosenman's ideas but looked elsewhere for expression. In view of the ineptitude of Truman's delivery, it would, of course, only have made things unbearable to

have forced through that rhythmless, atonal, Missouri voice too rich a flow of words. But a middle way might have been found. His conversational style has certain graces, and nothing he has had to say has been so far removed from Jackson County that it could not have been framed simply and clearly in words appropriate to the speaker. As things have gone, however, even his most defensible projects have been announced to the country in a welter of soggy language that has concealed not only their defensibility but sometimes their scope and their purpose as well. Reversing Socrates, he has invariably made the better appear the worse reason. None of his word-smiths has fashioned him anything that could serve as a slogan. Even Harding had his Back to Normalcy, which suggested movement and direction of a sort, but Truman has had nothing. Perhaps the one thing that has given anyone the faintest glimmer of a feeling that the President is working at the job of presiding over the country is the Truman Doctrine, which did have an unmistakably grand and Presidential sound. But then the Truman Doctrine was superseded by the Marshall Plan and swallowed up in it.

THE style of a President counts for much, particularly on Election Day, but on Judgment Day the main interest will be in his works. It will not then be a matter of whether he surrounded himself with radiant personalities but of what those personalities, shiny or opaque, accomplished. The big question still is, to what state has the union been brought by this administration? Fine words to one side, what has been done to encourage the growth of human values, what to discourage it?

Anyone with hindsight can now see that the first and most costly error of the Truman administration was its promotion of the swift liquidation of our military resources that got under way immediately following the Japanese surrender and continued into early 1947. Our policy of containment would have been viewed with more respect and deference by the Russians if we had not, when we announced it, been in the midst of disposing of our most effective containers. Indeed, if we had had, in late 1946 and 1947, the strength we shed in 1945 and early 1946, and if we had made it plain that it was the ever-ready imple-

ment of our policy, containment might not now be a problem at all; certainly it would be a good deal less of a problem. But one cannot judge what Truman did in 1945 on the basis of what everyone can see in 1948. Naturally, if intimidating the Russians is to be our policy, it would be nicer if we had been able to intimidate them two years ago than now to have to call to their attention the fact that in a year or two, or maybe three, we will be in a very fine position to do so. Truman must know the value of a bird in the hand as well as the next man.



In 1945, there were more than a few prophets and wise men in the land who foresaw pretty clearly the course on which Russia was about to embark. Many of them, it is known, were successful in getting Truman's attention in that busy time, but even if we assume that he grasped their points well and was thoroughly persuaded of their correctness, it is open to question whether he could have done anything much to save the situation. It has to be remembered that the American people entered the recent war with one very specific war aim—to destroy the threat to our national integrity of German and Japanese military power. One World was a consoling thought, the expression of a hope that this sort of trouble might not become a cyclical feature of our lives, like depressions, but the fighting itself was for the purpose of smashing two hostile armies. Before Pearl Harbor, Roosevelt's foreign policy had gained favor with the public as he had gained, with the help of events, in his ability to persuade us that we were directly menaced by fascist aggression. In his mind and in certain other minds, the curse of fascism may have been just as much in its violation of the human spirit as in its violation of national boundaries; but in the minds of most Americans it was the picture he drew of German planes based in Brazil (whence they had flown from Dakar, remember?) bombing us from the South and of German planes flying over the top of the

earth (this would be after seizure of Soviet bases in the Arctic) to attack us from the North that demonstrated most effectively how our interests lay with the Allies.

Well, that threat was broken and broken thoroughly in 1945. Our military mission was accomplished. True, we were resolved to stay on the world scene and to pitch into the work of the United Nations like the good fellows we were; no formidable body of opinion caviled at the need for a certain number of troops for occupation. But the chief military task had been discharged, and what remained could be left to diplomats and new recruits. It was at the most precipitate stage of demobilization, when the boys were being let out on points faster than the boats could carry them home, that Truman hit his 87 per cent popularity record. God knows what would have happened if he or any other President had then tried to keep our fighting forces intact; he might have been impeached.

It would have taken not only a vast educational program to have persuaded the American people of the need for preparedness in 1945 but a foreign policy very different from the one that Truman inherited from Roosevelt. Those were the days when the question about the United Nations was not whether the thing was a snare and a delusion and an all-around waste of time, but whether it ought to erect its edifices of good will and mutual trust in San Francisco, New York, Philadelphia, or Olive Branch, Illinois. The idea of the United Nations then was to keep down the size of armies, not to keep them up.

THE business of judging Presidents would become a good deal easier if the historians would hurry up and give us the last word on the laws of historical necessity. At present, it is all very unclear. Carlyle felt that everything depends on the individual, Marx that almost nothing does. Toynbee seems in the main to hold with Marx, but there is a school of moderns, claiming the support of the anti-determinist physicists, that says that men can mold events better than they know. One can go a long way with the anti-determinists and still fail to see how the ripe sagacity of a Pericles or the resoluteness of a Churchill could have materially altered the course of American foreign policy over the past three years.



At Teheran and at Yalta, and in his plans for the United Nations, Roosevelt had committed us to the policy which Byrnes and Truman at first pursued. To have followed another in the first eighteen months or so after the war would have meant not merely the repudiation of Roosevelt's specific commitments in Europe but the desertion of the United Nations at an indecently early stage of the honeymoon. If Roosevelt had lived on, or if he had been succeeded by someone of comparable strength and prestige, we might have struck more advantageous bargains with the Russians; failing that, we might have pressed forward and given shape to our present policy, which seems to be what the people want, a few months earlier. Roosevelt's record, however, looks a good deal better when his bargaining with the Russians is left out of the picture than when it is included, and the policy that might have matured earlier would have had to be, in essence, the same policy.

Would a few months have made much difference? If Italy had been lost by the delay, it would have made a great deal of difference. But Italy was not lost. In spite of all the talk that American democracy represented by so feeble and unalluring a symbol of freedom as Harry Truman could attract little support among the sorely-pressed workers and peasants of Europe, most Italians voted the way it pleased us to have them vote, and Italy was, as we say, saved. Czechoslovakia was the last democracy to fall, but it fell at least half of the way when, in the spring of 1945, General Eisenhower restrained one of General Bradley's rampaging armies from moving into Prague so that Russian forces of liberation could enjoy walking on flower-strewn streets.

**T**RUMAN's domestic troubles have been very much of a piece with his difficulties in foreign policy. He tried at first to take our economy out of uniform as hastily as he took our soldiers out. In removing restrictions from building materials, he contributed heavily to the housing shortage. He tried to rectify the mistake but was unsuccessful. This appears to be one instance in which the decision was actually his to make; a man with a firmer grasp of the economic realities would probably have proceeded less excitably. On the whole, though, Truman has been



more subject to influences beyond his control in domestic policy than in foreign policy. As far back as 1943, when Congress passed its tax bill over the executive veto, direction of the national economy began to pass from the President to the Congress. By the time Roosevelt died, he was getting far less than he wanted from Congress, and his control agencies, though most of them survived him, had been cut down in size and authority to the specifications which the coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats thought suitable. In domestic policy, Truman has to be judged more by what he has said he would have liked to do than by what has actually been done under his administration but against his wishes. His own projects have carried only when they have been everybody's projects.

Of Truman's appointments, it can be said that the more recent ones have been second-rate and that the earlier ones were third-rate. This was to be expected. He had, in 1945, to assemble a corps of aides in a hurry. He chose people less on the basis of what they could do for the country than on the basis of what they could do for him. By the testimony of most men who have lived in it, the White House is a lonely and gloomy dwelling place. When a man finds himself thrust into it, and charged with directing the affairs of the most powerful state on earth, he wants, particularly if he is a Missouri Senator who likes poker, horseplay, and blended spirits, to have a few friends around. In the roster of such a man's friends, there are not likely to be many Gladstones. In a quick, defensive movement, Truman reached out and drew to him a dozen or so of his friends—some of them being old

Missouri cronies, some being new-found friends of the sort quick to sense the needs of loneliness and inexperience. None of them turned out to be Gladstones.

Later on, Truman reorganized. It was not a complete house-cleaning, but several of the less admirable citizens were replaced by men who might best be described as representing a somewhat higher type of mediocrity than those in the first assault wave. Under Truman, the élan and prestige which were associated with government service in Roosevelt's time have largely evaporated. In fairness, though, the exceptions to the general rule should be noted. Byrnes was at least as competent a Secretary of State as Ed Stettinius, and General Marshall is at least the peer of Cordell Hull. Forrestal, Vinson, Krug, and Lilienthal are all men of substantial abilities, and if Truman has plenty of Tom Clarkes and Charley Sawyers around, it should not be forgotten that Roosevelt had his Dan Ropers and his George Derns.

#### IV

WHERE, finally, do we end up with Truman? Looking at him in one perspective—that, presumably, of the 64 per cent who would now prefer another President—we as a people can lament the fact that in the most critical period of human history we have had weak and uncreative leadership. The times seem to cry out for something better than what this kindly ex-haberdasher is able to give us. If we hear the times correctly, they call for strength of character and stoutness of spirit, for toughness of mind, for ringing and affirmative words, for dedication and consecration—for all of those exalted and exalting things with which, traditionally, the great leaders have fortified the led.

That is one view of the matter. Taking the other, which is not wholly inconsistent with the first, we can justly marvel at the fact that Harry Truman, lacking almost everything that a leader ought to have, lacking even the will to leadership, has come through, taking things by and large and in the round, not badly at all. Artistically, he has been a flop. The act has fairly reeked of ham. Yet the business of the republic has been carried on just about as usual. The foundations of our

society appear to be standing the strain fairly well, and here and there they have even been shored up and made more solid. Among Truman's men of negligible talent and perhaps, in some cases, of negligent morality, there have been some instances of dereliction of duty, but no one could seriously maintain that this has been a time characterized by corruption in public office. From somewhere or other, Truman has summoned up courage of a kind that has not previously been associated with organizations like Tom Pendergast's. It has led him, for example, to stand by his civil-rights program and to face down the revolt of the Claghorns in a most unpolitical way. It has also taken courage for this man who pleased all the factions to veto two tax bills and the Taft-Hartley Bill, no matter whether those bills were deserving of veto or not. When he is thrown out of office in November, he will be paying the price of his virtues as well as of his vices.

As Arthur Krock has pointed out, he has been both a reconstruction and a prewar President. Reconstruction in America has customarily been undertaken in an atmosphere in which peace, if nothing else, seemed assured. Furthermore, the economics of this reconstruction period and the diplomacy of this prewar period have been more complicated than anything the past has prepared us for.

It was a cruel time to put inexperience in office. The Truman administration has not been wholly free to pattern the course of reconstruction, and perhaps it is just as well that it has not been; the fact still remains that we have thus far avoided, on the one hand, runaway inflation and, on the other, runaway unemployment. According to the 1945 prophecies of our best prophets, one or the other of these monsters should have overtaken us by now.

Under Truman, our foreign policy has been haltingly developed and often awkwardly, even stupidly, applied. It has been, in other words, in the central tradition of American foreign policy from 1916 on. If we have managed our end of things wretchedly in Palestine, the mismanagement finds its counterpart in our treatment of Spain a decade ago and in our treatment of Mexico on several earlier occasions. Of Truman's part in the Palestine tragedy, it can at least be said that



his failure was an active one—that is, that he failed while actively seeking, according to his and the country's lights, a just and humane course—whereas in Mexico and Spain our leadership yielded passively to the course of expediency. In its main lines, the Truman foreign policy has been an honorable one. We are today a grumpy nation whose supply of zeal for international good works is strictly war-surplus stuff, but under Truman—not, it may be, because of him, but assuredly under him—we are making a fairly stout defense of human values in the world at large. Under this provincial and prosaic man, we have ini-

tiated the Marshall Plan, which is one of the noblest undertakings in our history or, for that matter, in the history of nations.

No one in his senses would care to find himself in the position of saying that we do not need and could not use a great man as President of the United States. The world needs all the greatness it can get. No doubt we ought to have a better President than Truman has been, though where we are going to find him God only knows. Meanwhile, a couple of things are evident—we can get along without greatness if we must; also, Harry Truman is not proof positive of the system's failure.

## *I Alone Am Moving*

*(a young tree addresses humanity)*

PETER VIERECK

You all are static; I alone am moving.  
Racing beyond each planted Pullman wheel,  
I pity you and long to reel  
You through my thousand outstretched ways of loving.  
Are you alive at all? Can non-trees feel?

Run while I may, for at my pith gnaws Night.  
The winds—these are great stacks of anchored air;  
I thresh them with my hard-pronged hair;  
I jump right through them, roaring my delight.  
Live while I may—run, run, no matter where.

How marvelous—if you but knew—is speed!  
You all must wait; I am your overtaker.  
Striding to green from yellow acre,  
I toss you Spring. Each dawn, my tendrils knead  
Stars into pancake-suns like a tall baker.

Trudging toward snowtime, I could weep for hours  
To think of birds, the birds I leave behind.  
Why did the God who keeps you blind,  
Instead give sight and sentience to my flowers?  
Black questions in my sap outwear my rind.

Humans (I almost envy you your peace)  
Are free of this gnarled urge for Absolutes  
Which sweetens and saddens all my fruits,  
Dragging my twigs down when I'd fly toward bliss—  
While bugs and diamonds agonize my roots.

# Henry James

## and the Artist in America

*W. H. Auden*

**W**HAT the economic and psychological climates of earlier ages were—whether they were more favorable to the artist than ours—we can only surmise; but it is certainly difficult for us to believe that any were less. For no artist today can either observe his colleagues or consult his own heart without admitting how multiple and how grave are the contemporary threats to his artistic integrity and his personal honor alike.

In all such situations of trial and danger, pious exhortations are of little help. The aid and comfort we seek is to be found, if at all, in personal example: It is the knowledge that others before us have successfully endured similar tribulations, and triumphed over similar temptations, which alone can convince us that it is possible for us, too, to endure and to triumph over our own.

Among that luminous cloud of witnesses—how blessedly great it is—who have throughout their lives kept unfaltering faith with their calling, few shine with more lucid felicity than Henry James. Much has been written, and written well, concerning the aesthetic value of his work; many have placed his status in the literary hierarchy too low; a few, perhaps, have placed it too high. But to such criticism, even were I capable of making a significant contribution, I have no wish at this

time to add. Rather, I shall confine myself to that aspect of Henry James over which there can be no controversy whatsoever, namely, the consistent integrity displayed both in the work and in the man.

**I**T MUST be highly embarrassing—at least I hope it is—for living American novelists to be told, as they have recently been by distinguished foreigners, that they have produced the only significant literature between the two great wars. It is worth while asking, I think, why, just at this time, Europe should have developed such an intense interest in them.

Coming from Europe, my first, my strongest, my most abiding impression is that no body of literature, written at any time or in any place, is so uniformly depressing. It is a source of continual astonishment to me that the nation which has the world-wide reputation of being the most optimistic, the most gregarious, and the freest on earth should see itself through the eyes of its most sensitive members as a society of helpless victims, shady characters, and displaced persons; and I cannot escape the conclusion that the sudden popularity of American literature in Europe is a function of the latter's disintegration. "I *am* helpless, I *am* shady, I *am* displaced,"

*W. H. Auden, whose most recent book is The Age of Anxiety, is the poet whose prose analysis of the detective story—"The Guilty Vicarage"—appeared in this magazine in May.*



she says, "and here is a literature which describes my condition in a way that my own authors have not."

The opening words of the greatest American novel, "*Call me Ishmael*," would serve as a motto for the heroes of so many. The criminal characters in the stories of Edgar Allan Poe have continued to populate the stories of his successors.

**B**UT it is not of homelessness or of crime that I wish to speak—in these respects I believe American literature to have given a uniquely accurate picture—but of the denial of free will and moral responsibility; because this is a recent feature. It is not conspicuous in the great classical American writers, but has become so in the work of the past thirty years. It is only lately that in novel after novel one encounters heroes without honor or history; heroes who succumb so monotonously to temptation that they cannot truly be said to be tempted at all; heroes who, even if they are successful in a worldly sense, remain nevertheless but the passive recipients of good fortune; heroes whose sole moral virtue is a stoic endurance of pain and disaster.

That a novelist should depict human life in this way is, in the strictest sense, comic; for since writing a book, like playing baseball, is a totally unnecessary act, it could not be undertaken by a man who was lacking in free will. So that a novelist who describes man as the absolute victim of circumstance and incapable of choice, contradicts his assertion by the mere fact that he has written a novel. Since in our time this contradiction is so common and passes so unnoticed, one is forced to conclude—and the increasing multitude of young persons who aspire to become artists of one sort or another supports one's guess—that, in the general opinion of our age, it is possible for men to make aesthetic choices (only the most fanatical surrealist would deny this) but not possible for them to make any other kind of choice. Consequently, the artist, *qua* artist, is the only free being.

For the sake of publishers' readers, if for no other, I believe this view should be combatted, and for such a purpose the fiction of Henry James provides some of our heaviest artillery.

One of the commonest complaints about Henry James is that his characters are with-

out body, bloodless and genteel, all sensitivity and no passion; that they neither talk nor behave like the Joneses next door. While his admirers will dispute this, most of us will admit, I think, that, in comparison with the characters, say, of Stendhal, Tolstoy, or Dostoevski, those of Henry James are lacking in pungency and richness; just as, while all of us can be entranced by the exquisite formal beauty of James's construction, we need not forget that the price which had to be paid for this particular enchantment is high and that it would be a pity if all novelists were expected to pay it.

But that is not the issue here. The division which concerns us is not between the refined and the earthy, the sensitive and the passionate, the drawing-room and the bar, stylized diction and the language really used by men, but between the responsible agent and the irresponsible victim. And here there can be no doubt that the great masters and Henry James are on one side, and too many contemporary writers—however "vital," "daring," or "honest," in the reviewer's sense of these words—on the other.

Without exception, so far as I know, the characters in Henry James are concerned with moral choices; they may choose evil, but we are left in no doubt about the importance of their having chosen it. And it is no accident that the story of his which deals with a character who fails to choose should be the most terrifying of all his stories. The Beast in the Jungle, the ultimate annihilating horror, is no external creature of nature or fate, no perturbation of nations or restraint of princes, but the shrinking of the subject's sovereign will from decisive choice.

**W**E, HIS SUCCESSORS, should do well to heed this warning. Fascinating copy about this or that social milieu, this or that profession, events of theatrical farce or breath-taking horror, are admirable as far as they go, and every reader will welcome them, but they can never be more than what James himself has called "the circumstances of the interest." The interest itself is the freedom of the individual will, not to deny the field of fated facts within which it operates, but to create, with them and in spite of them, a human character.

Deny this freedom altogether, openly, or

indirectly by omission, and your interest vanishes. No richness of description nor skill in dialogue can make up for the loss. Even passion will not help you, for passion is only the necessary source of desires. Passion cannot conflict with itself. It is at the level of desire that conflict occurs, choices are made, and interests created. Remain below that level and, however great your talent, your book will remain in the class to which belongs that lady novelist, invented by Beachcomber, who was known as the Anatole France of Hertfordshire: it will not be about human beings, but will resemble her masterpiece, *No Second Churning: A Tactfully Written Plea for Old Horses*.

When I look at the two great classes of contemporary writing, popular and highbrow, it seems to me that each class is in possession of a half-truth. The popularity of the Westerns, the soap operas, and so forth, all imply a belief that every man is either good or bad, a sheriff or an outlaw, and you can tell which he is by his actions. Highbrow literature implies a belief that all men are both good and bad, and you cannot distinguish very much between one man and another.

The former, of course, are wrong in believing that once a hero, always a hero, once a villain, always a villain; but are right in believing that actions are either good or bad, and cannot be both at the same time. Vice versa, the highbrow is right, of course, in believing that all men are capable of both good and evil, but wrong in supposing that you cannot tell by any action whether a man is at that moment good or bad. What both sides lack is a real conception of freedom: the popular writers make goodness and badness an inevitable fact of fortune; the highbrow writers make the mixture of goodness and badness inseparable by action.

It is typical of our time that, because many of their choices are renunciations, we should think of James's characters as lacking in vitality, and even suggest that such characters are lacking in will-power. Only an age which was essentially deficient in both could so confuse passion and will. It would surely be diverting, if the consequences of the attitude which we see all around us were not so formidable, that in an age when every little Nora has learned the trick of slamming doors, and every little Tristan has learned, with or without

the aid of a good stiff potion, to cuckold his best friend, a writer who enters a plea for closing doors gently, or sleeping alone, should be considered stuffy and even shocking.

It has become clear to many highbrows that what the art of our time needs is just such a restraining hand as is exemplified in James's work; that you can have too much of books which sprawl like suburbs (for the final result is the accidental product of laissez-faire competition among interests) and that a well-constructed book, with a guiding principle of construction which eliminates as much as it includes, can be a welcome relief. But few of these, I fear, are willing to extend their recognition from the aesthetic sphere to the moral. Not to do so is to misunderstand James, for it is one measure of his greatness that he neither awards to, nor demands from his characters as moral beings, less freedom or less conscience than he awards to or demands from himself as an artist.

## II

THIS brings me to our second point: James as an example of personal integrity. Those who attempt to become creative artists and fail may be divided into three classes: firstly, those who have no talent; secondly, those who are seduced by their natural longing for what Freud so mistakenly believed to be the lure of all artistic creation, honor, power, and the love of women, the goods of this world; and thirdly, and most tragically, those who are seduced by the devil's subtlest temptation, the desire to do good by their art.

The first class, the size of which today constitutes a serious problem, need not detain us long. I will content myself with repeating what I have already said: The fact that, when one meets the young man or woman in whom one can detect no particular talent for any definite occupation, the chances are he or she will announce an intention to write, is an indication, I think, that it is not in writing that they are really interested, but in freedom. For artistic creation is the only realm in which they believe freedom of choice to exist.

About members of the second class, those seduced by this world, James has written several of his finest stories, the general moral of which is that art is a vocation for which, since



its values are not those of this world, a price must be paid. And the cost of keeping one's artistic integrity is as high as the reward which the world will offer to make one lose it.

So far as I know, no other writer on this subject has faced as unflinchingly as James a very obvious but extremely unpleasant fact: that the duties toward marriage and the duties toward the artistic vocation may and probably will conflict; worse still, that any romantic relation may constitute such a threat for many a man; and the more unselfish and honorable his character, the more likely he is to be the one who, while he would not dream of prostituting his art for his own sake, will feel it his duty to do so (and who can say that he is wrong?) for the sake of those whom he loves; and that, therefore, it may well be the duty of more artists than is commonly imagined (as James felt it was his) to become and to remain—dread prospect—celibate.

In certain respects, it is perhaps harder for an American writer than for a European to resist the temptations to cheapen his product, to make it more salable, because he suffers from a lack of popular success in a way that the latter does not. Growing up in a society where the business *ethos* is dominant, it is difficult for him not to believe that art is (or, if it is not, should be) a commodity like a motor car whose sales and profits are an accurate indication of value. Whereas a European, brought up in a culture which inherited the medieval conception of the clerk and the social value of the contemplative life, is spared this doubt and is indeed more likely to be guilty of unjustified arrogance toward those in "trade."

The European, for example, has always been completely bewildered by the way in which James, being the kind of writer he was, worried so about his lack of popular appeal. Since coming to this country, I have realized how American in this respect he was; for I have never encountered a writer here, however highbrow, who was not seriously concerned with reviews and sales, while, on the other hand, I have never met a serious European writer who, outside of the need to pay his creditors, took the slightest interest in the opinion of any but a few friends whose critical minds he admired and trusted. There are cases in this country where the concern for public opinion does not appear on the sur-

face. But its presence reveals itself in messianic claims and the demand for a select, uncritically adoring circle. To all American writers, then, the knowledge that James suffered as they do, without succumbing either to the crowd or to the clique, should make him a tower of strength in their dark, discouraged hours.

He lived in the serene and golden light of late Victorian and Edwardian hours—how immeasurably distant they seem now—when the grand edifice of Occidental culture stood unshaken still in all its glory. Rats in the cellar there might be, defects in the plumbing, yes, and James was not unaware of them; still, no artist, Tolstoy excepted, felt serious qualms about his right to follow his calling. He might overestimate its importance—it is possible, I think, that James himself did—but to mind one's own business, to employ the particular talent with which God entrusted one, seemed to all the natural right and duty of man.

THE temptations, therefore, to which the third class I have mentioned succumb, had not yet arisen. They belong to our age of disintegration, when the mansion of the West is a heap of smoking rubble, where the starving scratch miserably for food, and the bright day has turned to a thick darkness out of which come multitudinous wails of horror and despair.

It is under such conditions that the helpless authorities turn as a last resort to the artist, and promise him all—dinners with themselves, an office with a dictaphone, extra ration cards, free tickets to the opera, an unlimited expense account—if he will forsake the artistic life and become an official magician, who uses his talents to arouse in the inert masses the passions which the authorities consider socially desirable and necessary.

Should the artist yield? Let each individual judge for himself, but let him at least be honest and admit that magic, black or white, is not art; for magic is a means of ruling children and all who cannot rule themselves, one kind of fraud and force, while art, like all kinds of truth, is one of the pleasures of free men. If it is my personal conviction that an artist should under no circumstances and in the face of no bribe or threat, have any truck with magic, whether in its politer forms like

diplomatic cultural missions, or in its more virulent varieties, I do not mean to suggest that art is of sacred importance. On the contrary, I know that along with most human activities, it is, in the profoundest sense, frivolous.

For one thing, and one thing only, is serious: loving one's neighbor as one's self. I merely mean that the artist's motives for yielding are so mixed, and the rewards in cash and prestige so great, that his moral corruption will inevitably follow. There can hardly be a person of conscience today, artist or not, who, hearing the cry of the wretched for help, is not disquieted by the thought that perhaps he should drop whatever he is doing and devote the rest of his life in some humble capacity to the relief of suffering. Indeed, if he refuse, I do not want to know what justifiable answer we give other than selfishness. But magic is another matter.

Luckily, we artists in America are still in the position where our chief temptations are the old ones—Hollywood, Broadway, the book clubs, and so on; to these, if we succumb, we at least know it is for the sake of cash and not to satisfy an uneasy conscience. In this, as I say, I think we are fortunate; for it is morally less confusing for the poor Muse to be goosed by a traveling salesman than by a bishop.

AS EVERYBODY knows, we live today in one world; but not everyone realizes that to live in one world is to live in a lonely world. The master's study with its mahogany desk, and the statues of those three great Europeans, "Daunty, Gauty, and Shopkeeper," the brilliant salon, the defiant revolutionary group in the cheap cafe, the costly romantic tie—all the old charms and cozinesses have vanished forever, and every attempt at their reconstruction is a fake and doomed to failure. Like the Wandering Jew, each must go his way alone, every step of it, learning for himself by painful trial and shaming error, and never resting long on any triumph, but soon proceeding to risk total defeat in some fresh and more difficult task.

Of teachers he will find few and even of them he should be wary. But of examples of those who in their day have dared, like the Prince Tamino, the trials by fire and water and have survived them to enter the Temple of Wisdom, he will, thank God, find a number. And among these great forerunners there are few, if he write in English, of whom he will think more often and more gratefully than of our noble, our prodigious, our—yes, let us risk an annihilating snub to our presumption from his most formidable shade—our dear H. J.

## *Anyhow, Chiang Made a Speech*

The first of the dispatches below appeared on the Associated Press news ticker on April 9, 1948. Within an hour the second dispatch appeared on the United Press ticker.

AP

IN NANKING GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK HAS GONE BEFORE THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY TO MAKE ONE OF THE FRANKEST PUBLIC SPEECHES OF HIS LONG CAREER. SPEAKING DELIBERATELY AND SERIOUSLY CHIANG DISCLOSED THAT SEVEN OF HIS BEST DIVISIONS HAD BEEN DESTROYED IN MANCHURIA. THESE DIVISIONS ARE BEING REORGANIZED CHIANG ADDED AND WITH THEM AND OTHER MILITARY STRENGTH HE PROMISED TO ANNIHILATE ALL COMMUNISTS IN NORTH CHINA WITHIN SIX MONTHS. CONCEDED SERIOUS MILITARY MISTAKES IN THE PAST CHIANG DECLARED DEFIANTLY THAT THE COMMUNISTS

CANNOT CONQUER CHINA. WHEN HE FINISHED THERE WAS NO APPLAUSE.

UP

GENERALISSIMO CHIANG KAI-SHEK OF CHINA ANNOUNCED TODAY AN IMPORTANT VICTORY OVER THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS. HE MADE THE DISCLOSURE DURING A SPEECH TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY IN NANKING. CHIANG SAID THAT THE COMMUNIST SUPPLY LINE OVER WHICH THEY GET OUTSIDE AID HAS BEEN CUT IN THREE PLACES. AND HE INTENDS TO SEE THAT THE SUPPLY LINE STAYS CUT. THE GENERALISSIMO PROMISED THAT THE COMMUNISTS ULTIMATELY WOULD BE DEFEATED.



# *Fagin's Pants*

A Story by Peter De Vries

FOR almost a year I have been finding in my mailbox, at regular intervals, a postcard from the Tidie Tailors, addressed to a T. Fagin, my house number, my apartment, asking that a garment left there in April 1946 be called for or it will be sold for charges. I put the first notice back in the mailbox marked "Not here," but they kept coming, each as final as the last. I supposed eventually they would sell the garment and thought I probably ought to make an effort to get the clerical error—or whatever it was—ironed out. I figured it was the least I could do for Fagin, for whom this slight but sustained connection had erected, willy-nilly, in my mind a most persistent image: that of a meticulous and irascible man, baffled in the spring of 1946 by the disappearance of a pair of trousers that had been brought to the cleaners, let us say, by his wife, who had then died, taking the secret of their whereabouts to her grave. And then this clerical error, putting Fagin hopelessly out of touch with his property. I decided to stop by the local branch of the Tidie chain named on the notice and see what I could do.

It was in charge of a tall brunette of indestructible languor, dressed in a snug red dress. She was leaning against the counter looking out of the window when I came in, and remained this way during the bulk of the discussion—that is, at right angles to me. I walked up and set my brief-case on the counter.

"Do you know anything about cards that

are sent out regularly to a T. Fagin?" I asked.

She touched the back of her hair with a gesture of imperial unconcern.

"We senate lotta cods."

"I know," I said. "Well, this is for a party named Fagin, and it's for an uncalled-for garment left here in 1946, for which you seem to have the wrong address. I just thought I'd drop in and get it straightened out. I didn't bring the card with me."

Engrossed in some minor variation in the traffic, she held out her hand without looking at me. "You have the check for the garment?"

I should have detected here already the murmur of misunderstanding, and got out while there was still time. But Fagin can know that I stuck.

"No," I said, "and I don't think Fagin has got it either."

She reached under the counter, still without taking her eyes from the window, and dexterously fished out a form. "You'll have to smit wrin evidence," she said, sliding the sheet across the counter to me. "Wrin evidence that the garment was sent here at that time."

I slid the form back and shifted my weight. "No," I said. And I went over it again.

She pouted her lips at me till they resembled the mouth of the morning-glory, and cracked an unsuspected wad of gum with a report that split my ears. "Wine you bring the cod?"

I started to adjust my muffler and draw up my gloves. But again I hesitated, in the hope

we might yet mesh gears. "Can't you check it without forms?" I asked. "I don't want my address to get on any more things than I can help." I suppose I thought I might get farther with her if I got it all on a more human basis; so I started to make comical remarks. "Fagin may want his pants," I smiled.

It did thaw her a little. "Just tell him to drop in and smit wrin evidence," she said.

"But I don't know the man!" I said, spreading my hands. "I have never laid eyes on him."

She looked at me narrowly. "Then how'd you know it's trousers?" she inquired sharply.

So I was struck with the clarity of detail into which my image of Fagin had crystallized. "Well," I smiled, "I don't know. It just seemed—right."

"What's your name?" she inquired suspiciously. I told her. She appraised me. "How come you're going to all this trouble about this?" I looked at the floor and murmured something about the beauty of doing things for others; but she only continued to regard me with what seemed growing suspicion. She looked under the counter, presumably at her supply of forms again—trapped and mesmerized, I suppose, as all of us, by the demands of efficiency—and finally selected one that turned out to be an inquiry for Lost Garments. I shook my head again.

"This isn't a lost garment," I said. "This is a lost customer."

Now a genuine response was elicited from her, in the sense that digitalis is derived from foxglove. "Well," she said, with the most lethal hauteur yet, "we haven't got a license from the feddle gum to operate a Bureau of Missing Persons, have we?"

I muttered something again, looking at the floor, and might possibly, if given fifteen or twenty minutes, have evolved a good comeback about uncalled-for remarks about uncalled-for garments; but just then, to my relief, I heard the door behind me open and saw two customers come in, in rapid succession. She took care of them. When her back was turned I picked up my brief-case and scuttled. As I passed by the window outside I glanced in out of the tail of my eye. She was talking about me to the others, who had turned around and were looking at me with suitably disapproving expressions as I hurried from view.

I THOUGHT that was the end of it. But several mornings later there was a knock on my door, and I opened it a crack and peered out. A round, heavy face smiled back at me from the hall: "Fagin?"

I drew the cord of my bathrobe and settled my shoulder discreetly against the door. "No."

He had on a blue overcoat, which gapped between the buttons, and a stained Homburg.

"I'm from the Tidie Tailors," he said, continuing to smile. I felt my shoulder retreat before the slowly opening door, and presently a large foot lay like a ham on the threshold. "It's in connection with unrealized charges on a garment left with us in April 1946. Did you make inquiry concerning this?" he asked, and held something out.

Both Tidie Tailors' perseverance and Fagin's total silence were now clear to me. It was a shabby Tattersall vest from the faded blood-and-chocolate of whose checks something of the old violence still emerged, but which would not bring fifteen cents of the six-fifty due on it. This, the man said, included cleaning, alteration, and some especially tricky work on tobacco burns. "Invisible weaving always costs like mischief," he said, spreading out the garment and offering me the opportunity to examine it more closely. Its true value clearly lay in low comedy, rather than in any possibility of serious use as an article of apparel, and now my image of Fagin underwent a lightning revision. He was a modest, hard-working husband, at one time perhaps mellow in character, but grown bitter through years of forced participation in amateur theatricals. The vest had been dug up for him for a bit part in a play produced under the auspices of one of his wife's clubs, and he had taken it to the tailors for alterations, but had subsequently abandoned the role and possibly his wife. He was last seen in a spattered Ford, heading for the Carolinas.

"Fagin doesn't live here any more," I said.

There was a delicate increase in pressure on the door, and I fell back another inch.

"Suppose we say five dollars?" the caller said.

I realized what was in his mind; and from his point of view there was a certain amount of sense in it, I guess. He thought this was my vest and I was trying to get out of it. I got my wallet out of the pocket of my coat and produced identification showing I wasn't



Fagin. This seemed to stymie him, and for a moment he stood there uncertainly, snapping the rubber on a bunch of long yellow record cards he had taken out of his pocket. He put them back and looked at the vest again. "You made inquiry concerning this, though."

It was like picking at a wet knot.

I thought of the ravishing dumbbell in charge of the local office, and felt the red go up my neck like mercury in a tube. But I controlled myself. "I did it only for Fagin's sake," I said, and taking advantage of the confusion created in him by this statement, suddenly pushed the door closed and locked it.

THE next mail for Fagin was in an envelope. I saw, as I marked it "Not here" and put it back in the box, that it was from the cleaner's—only the main office this time. Several days later there was another letter, in a plain envelope. And then one evening my door bell rang, and when I answered it a low voice came up the speaking-tube: "Fagin?"

I debated rapidly with myself. This I knew, that the Tidie Tailor people didn't send their emissaries by night. The plain envelope, though, might mean they'd turned the account over to a merchants' service bureau that *did*, and was investigating the possibility Fagin was living in my house as a roomer. In a moment I had formed my plan. "Nobody here by that name," I said, and hung up.

Before I was back in the living-room the bell rang again, so I figured I'd better go down. I did, and peered through the curtain on the narrow pane of glass beside the outer door. There was a tall man in a dark overcoat out there, leaning against the iron railing beside the entrance as he waited, whistling softly to himself and looking around. I parted the curtain and called out: "You've got the wrong place!"

"Can you tell me where he's moved to?" the man said, coming over and peering back

at me. "A friend told me he lived here."

You'll have to get up earlier than that to fool me, I thought to myself rapidly. For I had recognized the casual intentness of eye, snap-brim hat, and turned-up collar that are the hallmarks of counter-intelligence. "I don't know Fagin! I know absolutely nothing about the man, do you hear—nothing!" I called, and shut the inner door and ran upstairs and locked and bolted my own door behind me.

The remainder of the evening was spent in dropping myself into various chairs and glancing into the street below. I saw nothing. But the next night, while flattened against the wall and peering down through the parted curtain, I made out a figure at the curb across the street, standing just outside the range of the street lamp and conducting himself in the unmistakable idiom of federal investigation—glancing with elaborate nonchalance at upper floors and lighting cigarettes with cupped hands. It made no difference to me that presently he made off with a short, chubby blonde who sprang down the stairs of a nearby brownstone and took his arm. I sank into an armchair and heard them make off in a car.

My image of Fagin had undergone its last revision.

He is a small, dark man with doubtful antecedents and numerous changes of clothing, operating with forged credentials. Whether in the service of this power or another makes no difference to me; I want no part of it. I won't even write "Not here" any more on his letters before dropping them back in the box like chestnuts being returned to the fire. I know that these notes contain key words to be clipped out till the documents resemble censored letters, which, pasted end to end and run off on a player piano, would reproduce an obscure Balkan melody possibly leading to my arrest. And I'm through trying to straighten out anybody else's clerical errors. Let bad enough alone, I say.

# Sacred Cows and Public Lands

*Bernard DeVoto*

THE Constitution of the United States does not provide for Congressional blocs, pressure groups, and corporate lobbies but under our unwritten Constitution they have become organic in our government. They are instruments for applying political power in the solution of specific political problems and by now it would be impossible to govern a hundred and forty million people without them. But their development has given journalism an additional political function, that of keeping their operations publicized.

This article describes the application of political pressure to a specific problem of administration. It shows a committee of the House of Representatives acting in response to a pressure group. The committee is the Subcommittee on Public Lands of the House Committee on Public Lands. The pressure group consists of certain Western cattlemen and sheepmen operating through various of their State associations, their two national associations, a joint committee of the national association, their agents and lobbyists, and their trade press. The immediate objective of the activities described here was to prevent the U. S. Forest Service from making certain reductions in the number of livestock permitted to graze on certain portions of the national forests.

That was the immediate objective but vari-

ous long-term objectives must be borne in mind. Permits to graze stock in national forests are licenses, not rights, and are subject to regulation, modification, and revocation: for years the pressure group we deal with has been trying to invest the present holders of such permits with permanent rights. It has also been trying to secure such vested rights to present holders of grazing permits on other publicly owned ranges administered by the Bureau of Land Management. Associated with both efforts is a recurrent one to open both kinds of public land to private purchase and to give present holders of permits priority over other buyers, a long period to decide whether or not they want to buy, and the right to buy at the value of the grazing privilege alone, without regard to other uses of the land. In the background are still more astonishing aspirations. The pressure group has periodically undertaken to convert first to State and eventually to private ownership whatever land can be grazed that now belongs to other public reservations, for instance the National Parks. It has thereby attracted the sympathy of more powerful interests whose ultimate hope is to destroy the established conservation policies of the United States.

That larger hope interests us here only indirectly. We deal with a small minority group of stockgrowers, with the Subcommittee on Public Lands, and with the hearings which

*Mr. DeVoto here submits the report on certain Congressional hearings promised in his May "Easy Chair." As the author of Across the Wide Missouri, he has recently received a Pulitzer Prize.*



that committee held in the West in August, September, and October 1947. The records of those hearings have been printed. I use ten volumes of them here, two being records of preliminary hearings in Washington in April and May of 1947. I can touch on only a small part of them: eight of the volumes contain more than twice as much reading matter apiece as is printed in an issue of *Harper's*. Some things that happened at the hearings were kept from print by the standard device of declaring them off the record. In addition I suspect that sometimes the printed record may not do the facts full justice. A witness at one of the hearings sent me the part of the typed transcript that contained his testimony: in some respects it differed from the corresponding passage in the printed record. I may be wrong in supposing that there may be important differences between the transcript and the records. If I am, I shall be glad to make amends whenever I can get hold of the transcripts.

## II

THE pressure group dealt with here consists of only a small fraction of the Western livestock industry. For the most part it consists of large operators who hold government permits to graze cattle and sheep on publicly owned land. By no means all the large operators who hold such permits and only a small minority of the large operators in the Western industry belong to it. The group claims to speak for the industry as a whole but it does not. When you inquire what percentage of Western stockgrowers belong to the two national associations, for instance, you get not figures but polite evasions: it is a small percentage. Many local cattle and sheep associations have officially repudiated the objectives of the group, asserting that they were not consulted about the pressure campaign and have had no part in it. Since the ultimate objectives of the group were publicized in the early part of 1947, the number of stockgrowers who had opposed them has steadily increased.

The group claims that the entire livestock industry of the United States is in deadly peril because the Forest Service is reducing the number of stock grazed in national forests. Well, all told something more than a third of the sheep raised in the United States and

about one-seventh of the cattle are raised in the West. Of these by far the greater part are not grazed in the forests at all: ninety-one per cent of the cattle and seventy-three per cent of the sheep. Those that are grazed there spend, on the average, less than four months of the year on forest ranges. In other words the national forests supply a little more than two per cent of the grazing for Western-owned cattle and a little less than seven per cent of the grazing for Western-owned sheep. And of these small numbers only a microscopic fraction are affected by the Forest Service reductions that produced all the uproar.

Grazing in the national forests is wholly permissive. You and I as co-owners license stockmen, for ridiculously small fees, to graze their herds there subject to the regulations of the Forest Service. Moreover, grazing is a subsidiary use of the forests, which are dedicated by law primarily to the production of timber and the protection of watersheds. Timber production is much more important than grazing, especially in view of the growing timber famine, but watershed protection is more important still. The stock business of the West, its agriculture, its mining, its industry, and its community life all depend on the healthy condition of its watersheds.

The basic fact is that the national forests have been dangerously overgrazed. Early practices of the Forest Service were in part to blame. Scientific range management has developed only in the twentieth century: the Forest Service has had to learn from its own mistakes and in the beginning authorized more grazing than, as the outcome proved, the range could stand without deteriorating. More important, however, was the overstocking of the range during the first world war, when public demand for increased meat production forced the opening of the forests to much greater numbers of livestock than they had ever carried before. Widespread damage resulted, to the forest ranges, to the forests, to the vital watersheds they contain. Ever since then the Forest Service has been working to repair the damage and to reduce grazing to a safe amount. It has not yet succeeded and many forest areas are still being overgrazed, with continuing damage to the range, the forests, and the watersheds. In some places this damage has become critical, in a few it has come close to the edge of disaster.

**T**HE pressure group has consistently opposed regulation of grazing by the Forest Service but most of all it has objected to the reduction of the number of cattle and sheep permitted in the forests. (There are still more cattle in them than there were in 1906.) Meanwhile unregulated grazing on other public lands has damaged them far worse. By 1926 the forage value of eighty-four per cent of the unreserved public domain had been cut in half. By 1932 further depletion of these ranges, plus the anarchy of the stock business, forced stockgrowers themselves to demand government regulation. Under the Taylor Act most of the remaining public domain was organized and turned over to a new agency, the Grazing Service.

But what the stockgrowers wanted was protection from migratory operators who had no base property and could undercut them by moving herds from range to range, and some kind of umpiring that would keep them from cutting one another's throats. When the Grazing Service began to discharge the further duties Congress had given it, repairing and restoring the damaged range, it was doomed. From 1941 on the pressure group made a sustained attack on it and by 1946 had destroyed it. Cuts in its appropriations reduced it to a skeleton force wholly subservient to the stockgrowers and it became a subsidiary agency of the Bureau of Land Management. Its grazing fees have been fixed at between a fifth and a third of those charged by the Forest Service, which in turn are always smaller, sometimes much smaller, than the fees charged on privately owned grazing land. Vast areas of its range are in dreadful shape today. This in turn has added steam to the demand for control of the grazing lands in the national forests.

It was during the final stages of the attack on the Grazing Service that plans for a similar attack on the Forest Service were matured. The Forest Service program for reducing the number of stock grazed in the forests was continuing. The need for it had become more urgent because in some places the deterioration of the range had become critical, because the wartime increase of population in the West necessitated a higher land-use policy, and because that increase also necessitated every possible measure that would develop, conserve, and protect the water supply which absolutely conditions Western life. The re-

ductions in permitted grazing made by the Forest Service have been smaller than impartial public policy would require, they have been gradual, and except when an emergency situation called for drastic action they have been made with extreme consideration of the stockgrowers whose permits were being cut. They have been made only after discussion with the permit-holders, usually after consultation with specialists and the local advisory boards, and always with complete freedom of appeal through the administrative channels of the Service up to the top. All these facts are brought out by the printed record.

**N** ECESSARILY, however, some reductions bore severely on individual operators, and no stockman who does not see the wisdom of protecting the future of his own grazing can rejoice in a reduction of his permit. The pressure group, in whose eyes no land that can be grazed has any other value, was angered and alarmed. Something had to be done about the Forest Service. If the advisory boards which consulted with the Service could be given administrative power, then stockgrowers themselves could control grazing in the forests. If grazing permits could be given the status of legal rights, then reductions could not be made. Better still would be to get the grazing areas out of the jurisdiction of the Forest Service and into that of the Grazing Service. A number of bills providing for such measures were introduced or prepared for introduction in Congress and the propaganda arm set up a vociferous advocacy of them or, alternatively, for such as could be effected by executive order. But best of all would be to turn all publicly owned grazing lands in the United States over to State ownership, as a step toward private sale, or to open them directly to private sale.

It was here that the pressure group attracted the support of interests far more powerful. But it was here too that trouble began. Too many stockgrowers and their local associations were opposed to such a program. Too many other interests would suffer from it—agriculture, mining, industry, power, villages and towns and cities, hunters and fishermen, dude ranchers. Too many conservation organizations and too many newspapermen found out what was being planned. Too great a national interest was at stake.



A tentative formulation of plans was made in August 1946 at a meeting in Salt Lake City of the Joint Committee on Public Lands of the American National Livestock Association and the National Woolgrowers Association. In *Harper's* for January 1947 I described those plans and at the same time and during the next few months other writers described them in other magazines and newspapers. There has never been any refutation of what we said about them. There never will be—stockgrowers who oppose the plans and conservation organizations have transcripts of the Joint Committee's meetings. And in the *Denver Post* for February 2, 1947, the Vice Chairman of the Joint Committee published an article which verified what we had said.

This premature publicity stopped the program in its tracks. Public opinion in the West was so instantly outraged, so many organizations began to protest, so many Western newspapers lined up in opposition that the program had to be—temporarily—abandoned. Bills implementing it had been prepared for introduction in the new Congress. They were never introduced—and various Congressmen hurried home to explain to angry constituents that it was all a mistake, that they had been cruelly misunderstood. There is no chance that, in the immediate future, any effort will be made to open the public lands to sale. The program has been laid away for future use; at present the issue is too hot for anyone to touch.

**B**UT, as the pressure-group press pointed out, there are various ways of skinning a cat. There was the immediate problem of halting the Forest Service cuts in grazing permits—it was too late to stop them for 1947 but how about 1948? There was the continuing problem of bringing the Service to see things as the pressure group wanted it to—by threat, by intimidation, by defamation. Stockgrowers' publications were filled with denunciations of the reduction-program as unnecessary, unjust, and arbitrary. Stock associations memorialized Congress, accusing the Forest Service of despotic and even illegal administrative policies, and demanding an investigation. The Legislature of Wyoming demanded an investigation and suggested that it be made by the Public Lands Committee of the House or the Senate. The Legislature also

pointedly alluded to Forest Service appropriations, and this club—such a reduction of appropriations as had hamstrung the Grazing Service—began to be brandished in the trade journals with increasing frequency. Demands for the dismissal of forest rangers, forest supervisors, and regional foresters were made. A college professor who had discussed the proposed land grab in a radio broadcast was prevented from repeating his talk. The mail of Congressmen was filled with complaints against the Forest Service, so similar in phraseology that a common source was indicated.

Seldom has so much noise been made about so small a matter. Remember that all told the forest ranges supply only two per cent of the grazing for Western cattle and only seven per cent of that for Western sheep. Consider too that the proposed cuts for 1948 would reduce sheep-grazing in the forests by only two-tenths of one per cent and cattle-grazing in them by only three one-hundredths of one per cent. It was in order to prevent this minute reduction that the pressure group organized its campaign. It concentrated on a proposal that no reductions in grazing permits be made for three years and that during this "test period" an investigation be made to determine whether any reductions whatever were needed.

This is the pressure to which Congress and its committees yielded. On February 4, 1947, the House Committee on Public Lands resolved that its Subcommittee on Public Lands would hold public hearings on the grazing policies of the Forest Service. On April 17, 1947, the House of Representatives authorized such hearings with House Resolution 93.

Before the House Resolution was passed, the April issue of the *American Cattle Producer* published a "Notice to Forest Permittees," signed by the executive secretary of the American National Livestock Association. The same "Notice" was published by the *Record Stockman* and the *New Mexico Stockman* and, I believe, by other trade periodicals. It announced that hearings were to be held in the West and called for letters of complaint against the Forest Service, "in order to furnish this [the Congressional] committee with as much background material as possible." It listed seven kinds of complaint that would be most helpful to the committee. Its final paragraph thanked the prospective complainants for their help and remarked, "Generally

speaking, it is the complaint of forest users that the Forest Service is judge, jury, and prosecuting attorney, all in one. In other words, it is a law unto itself." At the hearings so many witnesses faithfully parroted those words that they became embarrassing.

### III

THE House Committee on Public Lands, of which Congressman Richard J. Welch of California is chairman, consists of twenty-five members of Congress and the Delegates from Hawaii, Alaska, and Puerto Rico. Under the Reorganization Act it is charged with duties formerly distributed among six committees. Twenty-two of its members besides the three Delegates compose the Subcommittee on Public Lands, of which Congressman Frank A. Barrett of Wyoming is chairman. It was the Subcommittee that held the hearings. The number of its members who attended them varied; so far as I can make out from the record no more than nine were ever present at one time; ten signed the letter addressed to Secretary Anderson when they were over. Since the touring Congressmen were members of other subcommittees that had work to do in the West, some of the hearings did not touch on the Forest Service.

The Subcommittee had already scheduled hearings on Congressman Barrett's annual attempt to abolish the Jackson Hole National Monument. They were held in Washington April 14-19, 1947, and the printed record contains some illuminating items. Mr. J. Byron Wilson, chairman of the legislative committee of the National Woolgrowers Association and a registered lobbyist for the industry, appeared as a witness favoring the abolition of the Monument. The testimony of such a person about such an issue would seem far-fetched and irrelevant if it were not obviously part of a pattern. The pressure group is interested in undermining all federal authority over any part of the public lands, and to abolish one national monument would create precedent for further inroads. The same reason explains the appearance of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce. The manager of its Natural Resources Department testified in person and a telegram from a member of its Natural Resources Committee was entered in the record. They were speaking officially for

one of the larger interests which I have said feel an affinity for the pressure group's ultimate aims. At that time it was standing on a platform for distributing the public lands to private ownership more extreme than any other that has been acknowledged in public. A year later, however, in May 1948, it retreated from that extreme and revised its statement of public lands policy, which is now rather mild.

Congressman Barrett's bill for abolishing the Jackson Hole Monument would have transferred much of the land in it from the National Parks Service to the Forest Service. The record, therefore, strangely shows Mr. Wilson, the lobbyist, and Mr. J. Elmer Brock, the Vice-Chairman of the Joint Committee, praising the Forest Service for efficiency, cooperativeness, administrative skill, and expert knowledge. Other stockmen even praised its grazing policies. And with this praise Congressman Barrett found himself in generous agreement. Since he was harrying the Parks Service, the Forest Service seemed to him, by comparison, a superb organization. The same oddity was to be repeated later in the year. When Mr. Barrett staged his production in Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah, the Service was staffed with incompetents, petty tyrants, swivel-chair bureaucrats, and impractical theorists. But when the committee moved to Lake Crescent, Washington, where there was a proposal to detach a large tract of timber from the Olympic National Park and turn it over to the Forest Service, for two happy days the Service found itself admirable and expert again.

THE committee held a preliminary hearing on Forest Service policy in Washington on May 12, 1947. The only witnesses were officials of the Service, who described the grazing policies and the multiple problems they involve. Chairman Barrett, a lawyer by profession, had prepared the pressure group's complaints with admirable thoroughness and put them on the record like a lawyer's brief and pleadings. The tone for the hearings that were to follow was set right there. Mr. Barrett's arraignment was hardly a foundation from which a fact-finding inquiry could be conducted. He was not going to be judicial; to use the language of the "Notice to Forest Permittees," he was going to



act as prosecuting attorney on behalf of the pressure group and against the Forest Service. As such, he conducted this hearing very ably and with frequent cinematic effects.

Mr. Barrett is obviously a very intelligent man. So are his fellow-committeemen, though I confess that I cannot follow with full understanding the excursions of Mr. Lemke's mind—present at only a couple of hearings, he seemed to be principally interested in providing booster advertising for the State of North Dakota. Both their impartiality and their competence to make such an investigation as they were about to embark on are, however, another matter. Chairman Barrett, Congressman Robert F. Rockwell of Colorado who played the second lead, and Congressman Wesley A. D'Ewart of Montana are all stock-growers. The last two hold grazing permits on the national forests. Congressman A. L. Miller of Nebraska, who understudied Mr. Barrett and Mr. Rockwell, revealed at Lake Crescent that he could not recognize a burnt-over area in a forest. (He wondered if those blackened snags might not be the "over-mature" timber that lumbermen were so passionately eager to cut down for the common good.) Since no one who knows anything at all about forests can fail to identify the marks of fire, a faint doubt of his qualifications for judgment rises in one's mind.

The record is upholstered with stately Congressional courtesy, committeemen's ornate praise of one another as "your distinguished Representative," and topical references to "this great State." One who reads it comes to see that Congressman Peterson of Florida, who did not go West but attended the Washington hearings, wanted to bring out the facts. So did Congressman Crawford of Michigan, who attended in Washington and got back from an official trip to Alaska in time for some of the Western hearings. So especially did Congressman Fernandez of New Mexico, who frequently pinned down outrageous statements by witnesses, forced equivocation into the open, and drew out facts that except for him would have been buried under abuse. Mr. Fernandez, in fact, is the only member of the committee who seems to have been actively interested in giving the Forest Service a hearing. But the necessity of all Congressional committeemen to play ball on one another's home lots was dominant. This was

Chairman Barrett's show and he must be allowed to stage it as he pleased. Mr. Rockwell supported him brilliantly. Dr. Miller (he is a Fellow of the College of Surgeons) backed them up well and, at Rawlins, went farther in attacking a witness than anyone else did anywhere. He was, however, obviously astonished to learn how small were the fees charged for grazing in the forests. His repeated elicitation from witnesses of the fact that they paid the Forest Service only about one-fourth of what grazing cost on the privately owned ranges of his home State was a discordant note.

THE first hearing in the West was held at Glasgow, Montana, August 27, 1947. It was concerned with engineering projects and some public lands under the jurisdiction of the Soil Conservation Service; Forest Service matters were not mentioned. They were first taken up at Billings, Montana, on August 30. And here, if I read the script correctly, the performers went up in their lines. Mr. Barrett indulged in some of the blustering accusations of the Forest Service that he was to make much more prodigally later on, but the audience did not respond. For Montana was not answering the "Notice to Forest Permittees"; Montana was, on the whole, well satisfied with the Forest Service. A few officials of stock associations made complaints but they did not follow the outline of the "Notice" and seemed to be merely *pro forma*. A few individual stockmen expressed grievances, but these proved to be trivial and mostly irrelevant to the inquiry. Whereas a large number of individuals and associations, stockmen, chambers of commerce, veterans' organizations, civic and sportsmen's societies, labor unions, and others had turned up to testify in favor of the Forest Service. The meeting had certainly not been planned as a vindication of the Service but it certainly turned into one. Moreover, as many as twenty-nine individuals (including the Governor of Montana) and organizations made it clear that they knew of plans to turn the grazing lands of the forests over to other agencies, to the States, or to private sale. They made it clear too that they were violently opposed. It was here that Chairman Barrett and Senator Edward V. Robertson of Wyoming—whose reason for sitting with a House committee and

cross-examining witnesses is not clear—began to assert that they had never favored any such measures and in fact had never heard of any.

The assault on the Forest Service, then, made no headway at Billings. It is easy to see why. The Service completed its adjustments of permitted stock to the carrying capacity of its Montana ranges twenty years ago, and the stockmen are fully satisfied with them. Those ranges are now sound and healthy—the Montana forests are the only ones of which this is wholly true—and the resultant benefits to stockmen and public alike are fully evident. No one would dream of suggesting that greater numbers of stock be grazed on them. The Billings performance was a bust.

ON SEPTEMBER 2, however, the company moved to Rawlins, Wyoming. This is Mr. Barrett's home State and in a couple of Wyoming forests the critical condition of watersheds had made some of the proposed cuts in grazing permits very large. "The hearing as I understand it is for the stockmen," a witness remarked. Though Mr. Barrett hastened to cover that break by pointing out that they were for the general public, the witness was telling the plain truth. The hall was packed with an uproarious audience of stockmen, who had obviously assembled on call. They yelled, stamped, and applauded; the pressure group's witnesses and the active committeemen, the Chairman and Messrs. Rockwell and Miller, played up to them. Moreover, the oversight made at Billings was corrected. Forest Service witnesses, witnesses who wanted to testify in their behalf, and witnesses appearing for conservation societies were held to very short periods, mostly at the end of the day. Most of their formal resolutions and statements were not read but only entered in the record for later publication. At the end of the day Congressman Miller spoke of the hearing as a "spanking" of the Forest Service and the word is mild. "I have sat through dreary hours," said Mr. Charles C. Moore, President of the Dude Ranchers' Association, "listening to repetition, testimony of personal problems, testimony filled with useless verbiage; of the approximate fifteen hours of testimony, less than one hour and one-half was accorded our side for discussion of matters supposed to be taken up by [the]

committee." Mr. Moore made a formal protest and added, "Never in all my experience have I attended a meeting so one-sided and unfair, so full of bias."

Mr. Moore's judgment must stand. Comparatively few specific complaints against the Forest Service were made. Some of them were quite footless, others consisted of accusations for which no supporting evidence was offered. For practically all the others the Forest Service had factual and unanswerable rebuttals in its records of the cases, which show misrepresentation by the complainants or completely just and judicial handling by the Service. Most of these case histories, however, were not entered in the record till later: the audience did not hear them and the committee could not have seen them when it made its recommendations.

The committee was willing to listen to wholly irresponsible accusations. Hostile witnesses, for instance, charged the Service with the intention of eventually eliminating all grazing of livestock from the forests. This is an accusation circulated by the pressure group in order to arouse the fears of stockgrowers and it is entirely untrue. The Service has invested fifteen million dollars in range improvements (on behalf of the very men who were lying about it), extensive programs of range development are under way, and the demands of witnesses that these programs be speeded up sufficiently revealed that they knew they were lying. Equally vicious was the repeated statement that the Forest Service had destroyed its own ranges. Again, one witness said, "The forests of the West furnish the major portion of the summer pasture used by its stock," and this clear falsification (I have given the true figures above) is typical of much reckless testimony. Its purpose must have been either to inflame public opinion or to set up a drawing account of propaganda to be used later on.

The intention to discredit the Forest Service showed clearly in the testimony of officers of State and national stock associations. What they had to say was extremely generalized. The proposed reductions in grazing permits, they said, were unfair, arbitrary, and quite unnecessary. There was no need for reduction. The ranges were not in bad shape. Forest Service scientists did not know what they were talking about, they did not know



how to manage ranges, their researches and experiments were silly and their reports wrong. Besides, only stockgrowers understood range conditions and no stockgrower would ever overgraze a single acre. Again, the Service was heavily overstaffed—the threat to get its appropriations cut down glints here. Again, it was not spending enough money for range improvements. (It is spending all it can get from Congress. And the state of mind from which these complaints issued is revealed in the bellyache by one witness that the Service was heinously squandering public money in building forest roads for fire protection.) Again, it was spending taxpayers' money for propaganda against stock interests. (This means that the Service, in its regular publications, has reported that some of its ranges are in bad shape and that there is opposition to its repairing them by reducing grazing. It is required by law to make such reports. In 1947 its total expenditure for education and information, including all bulletins and reports on all the manifold activities of forestry, was less than one-half of one per cent of its appropriation.) And, the accusation ran, the Service had incited attacks on the stockgrowing industry by foreign, that is to say Eastern, journalists. This also is entirely untrue; since it involves me I am discussing it in this month's "Easy Chair."

The printed record shows Congressmen Barrett, Rockwell, and Miller acting as open partisans and shows their more than occasional belligerence toward Forest Service officials and witnesses who wanted to testify in the interest of conservation. At the end of the evening Mr. J. Byron Wilson, the lobbyist, made his inevitable appearance and got consent to enter a statement for the record. It skillfully summarized all the accusations that the hearing had produced and it ended by calling for a Congressional investigation of the Forest Service. The Service, Mr. Wilson said, had grown so powerful that it was no longer accountable to Congress and an investigation would disclose that all the nonsense spouted about it at Rawlins was true. That demand for an investigation was not there idly or by chance: it was helping to lay some groundwork.

At Rawlins Chairman Barrett told the two highest Forest Service officials present that they were in for a tougher time at Grand Junction,

Colorado, and he knew what he was talking about, he had advance information. A larger, more noisily contemptuous audience had been assembled there, and the "Notice to Forest Permittees" had been well implemented. A mimeographed broadside had been prepared and copies of it were distributed to everyone who entered the room. A quotation will be instructive.

The Forest Service is a child of Congress, grown up without parental discipline or instruction, an arrogant, bigoted, tyrannical off-spring, the same as any off-spring reared in the same manner, void of respect of law or customs of our land or the rights or feelings of other people.

We now demand the Congress to accept the responsibility of this outrageous off-spring and put the restraining hand of parenthood to guiding it in the straight and narrow way before it runs afoul of some sterner justice.

The reader will observe an interesting resemblance to Mr. Wilson's formal statement at Rawlins, though Mr. Wilson writes more suavely and grammatically. He will also observe the threat of mob violence in the second quoted sentence, another revelation of a state of mind. Let him remember that what the Forest Service is here accused of is action to protect the national forests from damage by improper grazing. Our forests and our children's.

THE hearing at Grand Junction was better stacked than the one at Rawlins. Witnesses were required to sign cards and specify the subject they wanted to speak about. By a selective use of these cards, the testimony of conservationists, water users, city officials, and representatives of protesting organizations was kept to a minimum. (They were booed by the audience.) Almost all of them were limited to five minutes apiece, though there was as much time for complainants as they wanted. The Forest Service officials, who had been grouped together like prisoners, were not asked to make an answering statement until the evening session. Then Mr. Barrett announced, "I thought . . . we should give Mr. Watts and Mr. Dutton or any of their subordinates about fifteen minutes or more to answer any of the charges that were made here today."

So far as those charges were specific, they

were practically all trivialities, distortions, or misrepresentations. The factual reports of the Forest Service disprove and dispose of them step by step—and reveal their reckless malice. But again those reports were entered in the record later on. They were not heard by the audience and could not have been consulted by the committee before it made its recommendations.

If the witnesses were out of bounds, so were the active committeemen. This is from the *Record Stockman*, which highly approves the behavior it is describing: "His [Chairman Barrett's] arms waved; he pointed an accusing finger at the Forest Service section of the huge, tense crowd. As he finished, his voice quaking with emotion, a large majority of the crowd rose to its feet, applauded, and hurrahed." This is from a report by the chairman of an Arizona conservation group: "Representative Barrett did all that he could to undermine the authority of the Forest Service, to belittle the scientific work that has been accomplished by some of the leading experts of our country, to discredit its employees from the Chief of the Forest Service . . . down to the Supervisor and Rangers." This is from a report by a representative of the Izaak Walton League: "Rep. Frank A. Barrett . . . launched into a shouting, fist-clenching outburst that was intemperate in language and at times reached screaming intensity." There are other eye-witnesses' descriptions of Mr. Barrett's passion and the record shows that Mr. Rockwell was not far behind him. It also shows that, almost at the end, a stockgrower from "the same [national forest] where Bob Rockwell runs cattle" testified that "we haven't much to complain about in our neighborhood and we are getting along all right with the Forest Service."

IT WAS gaudy, gorgeous, and inflammatory. But it was a tactical mistake. Officials of cities whose water supply had been acutely endangered by overgrazing and especially a representative of the Colorado State Planning Commission got into the record factual descriptions that turned a bright light on the folly of the complainants. Other conservationists, among them cattlemen and sheepmen from the ranges under discussion, in the brief time allotted them controverted and rebutted much of the testimony that had been

so noisily presented. A representative of the Farmers Union who had been gagged by the five-minute rule wired to Speaker Martin of the House that the committee's "firing squad hearings" were "a shocking exhibition" and "a reflection on the dignity and decency of the House of Representatives." And a large part of the Colorado press began to protest. The *Denver Post* spoke of "Stockman Barrett's Wild West Show." The *Gunnison Courier* used stronger language in editorials too long to be quoted here. The *Daily Sentinel* of Grand Junction, a town whose water supply was in danger, said in a blistering editorial that the committee was "weighted in favor of one side and presided over by a chairman, also a party to the controversy [he was not a party directly], missing no opportunity to denounce the other party in the dispute, which was given limited opportunity to present its case." And so on—the surge of public opinion was like that which had followed exposure of the land-grab scheme earlier in the year.

There were prompt reactions. The committee called off the hearing it had scheduled for Phoenix, presumably because conservation societies in Arizona were organizing to receive it. And when it moved to Salt Lake City, on September 8, things were different. The same kind of witnesses (sometimes the same witnesses, in fact) began the familiar act. But they ran into the mobilized opposition of a State which had been alarmed by repeated catastrophies resulting from overgrazing ranges, which understood that only by protecting its water supplies could it survive, and which knew that the one realistic hope of protecting them lay in the Forest Service and its co-operation with other government bureaus that direct conservation. Mayors of cities, representatives of many civic and labor and veterans organizations, stockmen, sportsmen, farmers, engineers, plain citizens forced their protests into the record. The pressure group had run into the hard fact of higher land-use and its spokesmen were stopped cold.

On September 20, after hearings elsewhere on other subjects, the committee was in Redding, California, dealing with the Forest Service again. The "Notice to Forest Permittees" was doing its stuff, and to a reader of the record the mob spirit makes the Redding hearing seem uglier, more reckless and sinister, than any other. But also the demonstration



seems fantastic and it was certainly futile. Then, after hearings on unrelated subjects in California, the committee moved on October 4 to Ely, Nevada. Here something exploded in its face.

A member of the Joint Committee presented a long, well-argued, brilliantly-written summary of the theses and arguments on which the pressure group stands, with their single-minded concentration on grazing interests to the exclusion of all others and their plain distortion of the realities. He was arguing for transfer of the forest grazing lands to the emasculated Grazing Service (Bureau of Land Management) which, as I have said, is helpless to oppose the will of stockgrowers. Also he permitted himself a kind of talk common among his colleagues but heretofore sagaciously kept out of their testimony before the committee. The power of the government to regulate grazing, he said, "seems more nearly modeled on the Russian way of life" and though we are opposing Russian autocracy, in government regulation of the range we are building "that very same system." To protect the ranges, the forests, and the watersheds is communism.

But Nevada is a desert State and life there, even more straitly than elsewhere in the West, is a function of the water supply. So something like the breaking of a dam occurred. Beginning with the mining industry, the most important one in the State, and running through practically every other way of life, witness after witness repudiated as unsafe the proposed transfer of forest grazing lands, denounced proposals to sell the public lands, and backed the Forest Service to the hilt. As the flood rushed on, the Congressional attorneys for the prosecution were uncharacteristically silent. The last hearing turned into a rout, and a couple of days later the member of the Joint Committee who had testified was writing to Nevada newspapers, explaining that what he said had been horribly misinterpreted.

#### IV

**T**HE committee had visited only one of the forests whose condition it had undertaken to investigate. (That trip occupied only part of one day and the range visited was not one of those whose deteriora-

tion the Service wanted to offer in evidence.) It had not seen the reports of the Forest Service which replied to the complainants it had listened to. But, though it did not report to Congress under whose Resolution it was acting, it was willing to make recommendations. It made them in a letter to Clinton P. Anderson, the Secretary of Agriculture. That letter is dated October 8, 1947, four days after the Ely hearing, and it is signed by ten members of the committee. But by October 4 the committee had already begun to disperse and go home: the printed record and the local newspapers show that only five members were present at Ely. The letter must have been written in California before the hearings ended. What it said might just as well have been written in Washington in April.

The letter made six recommendations about Forest Service administration of grazing. Five of these recommendations were pure smoke screen—they dealt with practices effectively in operation already or with procedures which anyone would favor. The sixth recommendation, number two in the letter, was the payoff, the one for which the entire campaign had been conducted: "Effective immediately and extending for a three year 'test' period there shall be no reductions made in permits."

Conceivably pressure-group propaganda and the violent emotions encouraged at the hearings might have created a force which the Secretary would have found too great to resist. But the hearings had gone too far—their excesses, their partisanship, and the resulting misrepresentations were obvious—and so he was able to stand firm. In a letter to Congressman Barrett dated January 13, 1948, Mr. Anderson accepted the five immaterial recommendations but rejected the one on which everything pivoted. He accompanied his rejection with a detailed analysis that disposes of the charges so tiresomely repeated at the hearings. He demonstrated that the cuts made in grazing permits were not unnecessary or unduly large or arbitrarily imposed, that Forest Service administration is not capricious or biased, that its officials and representatives are not ignorant of the stock business but in the main know it through long experience, that its experts are not impractical theorists but scientists standing on the irrefutable findings of their science, that the Forest Service is doing justice to stockmen and protecting both

their interests and those of the public. His letter makes mincemeat of the propaganda.

The Secretary's letter was just, courageous—and final. The hearings of the Subcommittee on Public Lands had failed of their immediate purpose. The three year "moratorium" on cuts in grazing permits had been killed.

**B**UT those who watch over the interests of a pressure group neither slumber nor sleep. Though the hearings failed of their immediate purpose, they got said and printed a great deal of stuff that may be useful for the long haul. The demands for a Congressional investigation of the Forest Service and other government bureaus that deal with the public lands, which were made repeatedly, were made with an eye to the future. They can be used in the effort to force the Forest Service to accept dictation from the pressure group: they add teeth to the threat to get its appropriations cut down. What is more important still, they are an open bid for the support of stronger and wealthier interests that would profit from any change in conservation policy, from any loosening of government regulation of the public lands, and especially from extinction of the public lands reserves.

Such threats, always dangerous, are especially so in an election year. In March 1948, a pressure-group spokesman testifying before a subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee proposed just such an investigation—and Congressman Barrett, appearing before the same committee, backed him up. Congressman Engle, a member of Mr. Barrett's subcommittee, has called for "an impartial study"—and the phrase always means a study which will find that the ranges are not overgrazed. General Patrick J. Hurley, campaigning for the Republican Senatorial nomination in New Mexico, has pledged his "support to a thorough investigation" of what he calls the Forest Service's "unreasonable domineering bureaucratic management" of "grazing rights." (Complete adoption of the propaganda: there are no grazing *rights* in the forest: there are only leasehold permits.) Mr. Harold E. Stassen has adopted not only the pressure group's position but that of the land-grabbers at large and has called for "a major revision of public lands policy." No major revision of public lands policy is possible ex-

cept one that would put an end to the public lands. And though Governor Dewey promptly attacked Mr. Stassen's position, he did so in words that made conservationists shudder and suggest that the public lands would by no means be safe in his hands.

There are other straws in the wind. In the May "Easy Chair" I called attention to a resolution by the New Mexico Woolgrowers Association which demanded a reduction of Forest Service appropriations in order to bring the Service to heel. Since then the same resolution has been adopted by the cattlemen's association of the same State and equivalent ones have been adopted by other State associations. Both of the national associations and various of the State associations have increased their publicity funds and begun a campaign "to neutralize unfavorable publicity against the cattle [and sheep] industry"—that is, to neutralize such articles as this one. Pamphlets, canned news stories, and press releases carrying the pressure-group message are now in full production. Two weeks before this was written an article clearly inspired by the pressure group and packed with obvious untruths appeared in a magazine of national circulation. (Mr. Kenneth A. Reid has already exposed the misrepresentations it contains, but his detailed analysis is not likely to be circulated on the same scale.) Various professional writers have been approached about presenting "the stockgrowers' side." (None I know has yet accepted.) An earlier agitation by the national associations to present that "side" is shaping up as a guided tour for editors, reporters, and feature writers through the Western stock country.

Even the land grab is stirring again, though, as I have said, there is at present no chance that it can get Congressional support. Since the committee hearings some of those who testified that they had never heard of it have come out in favor of part or all of it. At its annual convention in January 1948, the National Woolgrowers Association resolved that National Parks and Monuments (our wilderness and scenic reserves) ought to be opened to grazing and that "all lands not of timber value" (including watersheds) ought to be removed from the jurisdiction of the Forest Service. A month earlier the Secretary of the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association asked that those same lands be given "public domain



status for ultimate State or private ownership," and he said the same thing more guardedly at the convention of the Izaak Walton League in February. In November 1947 the Farm Bureau Federation of Wyoming officially demanded that *all* the public lands except National Parks and Monuments eventually be turned over to private ownership. (There go the forests and, when someone remembers them, the graves of the Seventh Cavalry.) The pressure-group press alternates between declaring that no one has ever made such proposals and demanding that they be put into effect at once.

**B**Y ITSELF, the pressure group cannot succeed in any of these attempts. In a fighting speech Secretary Anderson asked the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association, "If there is going to be a battle, who has the most votes—the livestock ranchers or a combination of conservationists, game protective associations, public power enthusiasts, and the water users? Who is going to come out second best?" This small minority of Western stockgrowers, with their refusal to take into account any interests but their own immediate ones, their ignorant and arrogant rejection of scientific knowledge, their noisy but so far inept propaganda, will always lose out as long as they do not get allies.

But there are two dangers. The attack on the Forest Service is only one part of an unceasing, many-sided effort to discredit all conservation bureaus of the government, to discredit conservation itself. It is a stubborn effort to mislead the public. Conceivably it could succeed. And it could end by producing combinations. Ever since the public lands were first withdrawn from private exploitation the natural resources they contain have been a challenge and a lodestar to interests that were frustrated when the reserves were made. Those interests are much more powerful now than they were then. The natural resources husbanded for the common good have enormously increased in value. The consumption of natural resources not publicly reserved has astronomically increased the lust to get at those that have been saved. If the interests

that lust to get at them should form an effective combination they could bring the United States to the verge of catastrophe in a single generation.

The danger is not Western; it is national. Fifty per cent more saw timber is cut every year than is grown to replace it—what would happen to our future wood supply if the national forests should be turned over to private ownership? The widespread impairment of range lands is a naked fact and our tariffs amount to a subsidy to stockgrowers to destroy them—what would happen if government regulation of the publicly owned ranges should be ended? East of the Sierra and the Cascades, Western agriculture is absolutely dependent on irrigation—can the United States at large afford to let dams and irrigations silt up and cropland deteriorate because of unwise grazing and lumbering that destroy watersheds? Business, industry, population growth, and life itself in the West are absolutely dependent on the fullest possible production of water—can the United States carry eleven States bankrupted by floods, a falling water table, and the destruction of land, business, and wealth that results from them?

These overwhelmingly important questions are given a sharp irony by the fact that they must be asked at a moment when a new era in conservation is beginning all over the world. Awareness of the necessity of protecting natural resources is now more widespread than it has ever been before, and in the United States, the first nation that ever made conservation a public policy, the happiest omen is that this awareness has spread not only among the public but among scores of nationally important businesses and industries as well. But at the same time the acknowledged goal of other businesses and industries is to put an end to conservation forever. That is what gives national significance to a minute fraction of the cattle and sheep growers of the West who are hammering away at the program here described. We must keep an eye on them, inconsiderable as they are. But it is infinitely more important to make sure that no support of their program by anyone goes unobserved.

*Note:* After this article had been set up, on May 20, 1948, Congressman Barrett introduced House Resolution 604, which had not been reported out of the Rules Committee when *Harper's* went to press. It would create a committee of three Congressmen to investigate grazing matters on lands under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture, the Department of the Interior, and the National Military Establishment, with authority to employ three "disinterested experts" to make a detailed study. This looks like more of the same and accords with the agitation described in the article.—*B. De V.*

# Look At This, Mr. Gutenberg

*C. Lester Walker*

ANY American who reads has probably seen something about the "revolution" which is now going on in the publishing and printing industry.

"A technological forest fire," someone with a penchant for feverish phrases has called it. Others less picturesquely say that the new methods, machines, and materials add up to the greatest changes in printing since Ottmar Mergenthaler invented the Linotype machine. Some even go so far as to wonder whether any more revolutionary developments have ever occurred in so short a space of time since Johannes Gutenberg printed Pope Nicholas' letters of indulgence with the Western world's first movable type five hundred years ago, in 1454, at Mainz, in Germany.

For, make no mistake, a real revolution is going on. Some American newspapers within the past eight months have been printed without type being set for the purpose. Off the presses are rolling book pages printed without metal type or metal plates. And just over the horizon are magazines which will be, if I may use the term, "ghost" printed. No printing surface of any kind will ever touch their paper, yet a faithful "impression" will be made.

At present most of these new inventions and devices are very much in the preliminary or experimental stage. But they give every sign of coming fast.

This revolution, like all others—political, economic, social—has had its underlying causes; and their story, if one would know why the printing upheaval happened to come at this time, are a basic part of the chronicle.

At the bottom of all the causes is the plight of the publishing industry in the past few years. (And by publishing industry we mean *all printing*—book, magazine, newspaper, etc.) For the publisher has been caught as never before in history in an upward vortex of rising costs, over which he had little or no control, and which, some thought, threatened to whirl him up and out of business.

Americans have seen the outward evidence of this plight. Your daily newspaper, once two cents, went to five. The magazine you paid a quarter for became thirty-five or forty. The periodical you liked which printed no ads had to choose between raising its price and opening its pages to advertising, and did the latter. And the novel you once would have paid out two dollars for, now required of your purse three or three-fifty.

Only last fall Alfred McIntyre, the head of one of the country's oldest houses, speaking for book publishers, described the situation as a crisis. Unless the condition changed, he predicted, numerous new and important books would soon go unpublished.

The details of the situation in book publishing are fairly indicative of the entire pub-

*C. Lester Walker returns to us with another demonstration of his ability to reduce the complexities of involved subjects. His most recent—"Too Many People," in February.*



lishing industry. Costs, in the book field, have gone up 80 to 90 per cent in the past few years. But the price of books to the reader has risen only 20 to 25 per cent.

Specifically, a novel in 1941, 350 pages, 10,000 sales at \$2.50, brought the publisher a final profit of about \$800. Today, according to Mr. McIntyre's figures, the same book, but priced at a conservative \$2.75, would be likely—if the publisher paid a 15 per cent royalty and made an ample charge for overhead—to net him a \$1,500 loss on a sale of 10,000 copies.

Newspaper and magazine publishers have been in or nearing similar straits. Production costs had an ever-rising ceiling. Revenue from subscribers and advertisers did not. Obviously some sort of relief must come. And the relief, to be much help, would probably have to be pretty revolutionary.

Meantime, during these stressful years, technical advances in the art of printing were steadily accumulating. Inventors and researchers would bring out a new composing method one day, a new plate material another. Some of them were innovations which, possibly, held out ways of cutting printing costs substantially. But, paradoxically, the printers and publishers never whole-heartedly availed themselves of such technical advances. Both are industries in which major changes usually mean large capital investments. Traditionally, therefore, they have often been slow to adopt the new and throw the old away. Some of the new inventions and discoveries, of course, were tried; but only a meager fraction of their possibilities were thoroughly explored. Certainly there was no rush to new techniques as a solution of the dilemma. And certainly no widespread, general changes occurred in the way a book or newspaper was made.

The bulk of printing was done, fundamentally, as it had been done for hundreds of years. One set type, spread ink on it, and pressed the type and paper against one another. Totally new materials and processes were, by and large—with some notable exceptions—constantly overlooked or ignored.

A result was that the inventions and discoveries began piling up like the water behind a dam. And meantime the publisher's dilemma was becoming ever worse—wages, paper, and other costs steadily rising. By last fall, as indicated, the talk was of "crisis" and

seemingly the stage was set for a climax, in fact a revolution of some kind.

The spark that set it off came in November. This was the strike of all the composers and pressmen of all the newspapers of Chicago.

## II

IT WAS unfortunate, perhaps, that the International Typographical Union should be the instrument of a revolution. It had been a model union for years, of many virtues and much good sense. Its strikes were few. In New York, for example, its last authorized walkout had been in 1906, forty-two years ago.

Nevertheless on October 21, when its contract with Chicago newspaper publishers expired, its Local 16 maintained that under the new Taft-Hartley law a union with a contract was, in words of its president, Mr. Woodruff Randolph, "a captive union." It demanded, therefore, that new wage rates be granted *without* a contract within the law. The new rates were to be \$100 for a 36¼-hour week; and for the early morning shift, \$106 for 30 hours. Previous rates: \$85.50 and \$91.00.

The other actors in the drama, the publishers, claimed that they were willing to negotiate wage increases but that they balked at the no-contract requirement, since this would perpetuate the closed shop which the new labor law specifically barred.

Since the publishers refused to budge from this position, union members met in Plumbers Hall, on Chicago's Washington Boulevard, at six in the evening on Monday, November 24, and voted their strike: 2,330 to 61. Thereby about 1,700 composing room employees quit work, and publishers throughout Chicago found themselves at nine o'clock that night without anyone to set type or make up the forms.

Such a situation was unprecedented in Chicago, and the union's Mr. Randolph was doing no boasting when he declared:

"We have to let the Chicago papers know that if they are going to print papers, we're going to have to get more money."

He also advised union members that the papers would "get out some editions, and don't kid yourselves on that." But just *how many* editions and for *how long* were at the moment the sixty-four-dollar questions. People in printing and publishing circles, all

over the country, generally thought the answer was "few and soon over."

**T**HEREAFTER the struggle was a drama in which the chief actors were often machines. One of the first to appear on the scene was a machine called the Vari-Typer. This was a kind of glorified typewriter with interchangeable typefaces of 600 sizes and styles, in 50 different languages. Including Arabic! But what it could do especially for printers was to *justify* the lines. That is, it could produce an even right-hand margin, as in a type-set news column.

The Vari-Typer had been some time on the market, but publishers had fairly consistently given it the brushoff. They had put it to work only once—in 1946 on the *Bayonne Times* of New Jersey, when the linotypers had struck for one day. But now, in Chicago, it found a spectacular opportunity.

Normally the way to print a newspaper is to set a page of type, make a metal casting of this, and duplicates called stereotypes; then put the stereos, which curve, on the cylinders of a rotary press, ink them, and by the turning of the press push the type against the paper. But now, for the first strike-born editions, the Chicago papers were following a different and revolutionary procedure.

They first typed up the story in correct column widths on the Vari-Typer or (case of the *Sun-Times*) on a similar "justifying typewriter" of the International Business Machines Corporation. The columns were then pasted up on cardboard the page size of the newspaper. Headlines were then pasted above—individual large-size letters and Scotch tape! Pictures similarly, alongside. The page filled, it then had its photograph taken.

This "picture" of the page was then engraved—that is, acid-etched on a sheet of zinc. Copies were made, put on the press as cylinders, and run.

Note here what had happened: the compositor and the form make-up man had been done away with. Typesetting had been completely bypassed. And any stenographer could operate the Vari-Typer. In fact the *Chicago Tribune* used its "regular girls around the office."

This first edition, however, must have seemed to Chicago citizens a rather strange-looking newspaper. Its headlines were usual,

and lines justified, but its type was typewriter type and larger than ordinary print. Some columns spread double width. Space ads were as usual, but the theater notices and the classified ads were a solid phalanx of "typewriting." Picture captions were typewriter type too, which seemed the most curious. In fact plenty of prophets were soon predicting that the papers looked so queer that the public would desert them in droves.

The publishers wondered about this themselves and in the course of getting out these curiosities were running into a succession of high-voltage headaches. One of these was the matter of speed. The papers couldn't be got out as quickly. Copy deadlines, therefore, had to be earlier, and late stories couldn't get in. A matter, of course, to turn any newspaper man gray overnight. Then another factor, this time a new material, entered the picture with a possible solution.

**T**HIS was the magnesium printing plate. Zinc and copper had always been standard for newspaper printing. Magnesium had been thought of and was being developed by the Dow Chemical Company, but had never taken hold until July of this same year. Then a Leesburg, Florida, paper had tried it with arresting results. Two Chicago papers now pounced on it and began experimenting, and magnesium had joined the current revolution.

Using magnesium plates, the papers found, you could banish the time-lag caused by making engravings. Old-time photo-engraving plates sometimes took over an hour to etch. With magnesium the time from copy to *full-page-size* finished plate was forty-five minutes. The amount of time the old materials took to make one half-tone!

And the new material turned out to have revolutionary advantages in another respect, weight: one fourth of zinc, one fifth of copper. The usual stereo weighed forty-six pounds. If magnesium, it weighed nine. The plates were tough and took punishment. If chromium-plated, they were, one publisher has said, "practically eternal." Yet they could be easily curved around a press cylinder, attached with Scotch tape, and run.

Further, where the magnesium reproduced a *photograph* it was superb. The metal was finer grained than zinc or copper, hence



printed from a finer engraving, which yielded sharper detail.

In the end the engraving time-lag was pretty well licked. Late news could be got in. As example: the Chicago *Tribune* ran news of the Wisconsin primaries which was so up-to-date that outside papers in neighboring towns, printing in the traditional manner, couldn't use it until subsequent editions.

As the strike continued, the typeless newspapers continued to come out regularly, never missing a day. Circulation, rather than dropping, increased! And eventually justifying typewriters were obtained which typed in newspaper type faces. Then some of the newspapers took on a more normal appearance.

ONE result of these events was that publishers began to flock to Chicago to look at what was happening, then went home to Dubuque and Albuquerque and started thinking and, here and there, experimenting in revolutionary methods themselves.

Impressively fixed in their minds were some basic costs. It had been *more* expensive in Chicago to print the papers in the new, experimental way. But would this be true when the method should be perfected? What about the fact that a new automatic type-composing machine cost you \$4,000 to \$10,000, while a Vari-Typer cost only \$700? And the comparative labor costs: Linotype compositors, pre-strike, in Chicago, as high as \$3.03 an hour; a typist, turning out an equal amount of copy on a Vari-Typer, \$1.25! Of course one had to consider the likelihood that the printers' unions would claim jurisdiction over all kinds of compositions; but for the time being the saving was sensational.

After the strike will the papers go back to traditional methods? The American press, and printing authorities, in April (with the Chicago strike still on) predicted that most of them would. But, they added, probably not for good. Observe, they suggested, the experiments for the future now going on. Even the sedate *New York Times* in April had got up a forty-eight-page limited edition on the Vari-Typer. The photo-engraved newspaper was "here to stay."

"Suppose," as one publisher put it, "the textile industry one day discovered how to weave cloth without first spinning fibers into

thread. The elimination of typesetting is comparable. It is that sort of revolution."

### III

BUT the consequence of the Chicago battle are not limited to the printing of newspapers. "The ITU strike," as one American magazine has remarked, "has built a fire under the entire Graphic Arts industry."

So-called "commercial" printers handle the printing of magazines and books, and by late February their ITU employees in Philadelphia had gone on strike. Their magazines immediately turned to the new methods used on the Chicago dailies. The Chicago strike spread to Chicago's commercial and job printing shops in March, and in the same month ITU unions in job firms struck in New York. These shops too, then sought to investigate the new techniques. Book publishers, magazine publishers, job printers were all caught up in the revolutionary wave, and awakened as never before to new possibilities in printing methods, materials, and machines.

And some of the inventions and discoveries which were lying around were eye-openers. For instance, ways to bypass typesetting had been discovered which were, perhaps, more remarkable than the justifying typewriter. There had been invented a machine known as a Fotosetter, which eliminated not only hot metal typesetting but even the sheet of paper which the justifying typewriters set down their copy on. The machine composed by photography! The typist tapped its keys, and a camera then picked up each letter on a sensitized film. Proportional spacing (more space to fat "w" than to thin "i") was taken care of as the line grew, and the whole was automatically justified at the end.

A film fed out of this machine into a light tight box, where it was developed like any negative. Place your film against a sensitized metal printing plate, expose to light, process the plate—that is, develop it—and it was then ready to print with.

Errors? A mistake could be taken out of the negative and a correct line easily substituted. The film could be used to make any kind of printing plate, and the machine's speed of composition far exceeded the traditional typesetter's.

These machines were not yet available for general purchase, but one of them had been in use in the Government Printing Office in Washington since 1946!

**A**NOTHER bit of "typesetting" magic which, likewise, sets no type at all is called the Errorless Typewriter. This device is designed and being built, and it will be on the market soon. On it one "types" a line, but the line appears on a viewing screen. Taking a look, the operator then utilizes the mechanism provided for corrections, proper letter spacing, and justification. The line now looks right. A lever is pressed. The machine then "remembers" the line and types it automatically all by itself.

A further revolutionary development the strike-harrassed printers and publishers have discovered is a totally new method of making engravings. Engravings, which produce the pictures in a magazine or newspaper, were always made chemically, by etching a metal plate with acid. Now this can be done by the electric eye.

You put your photograph on the machine which looks like a small lathe. Tape it around a cylinder. Then you throw a switch, and the machine does the rest. The cylinder slowly revolves. A bright spot of light, the size of a pea, falls on the turning photograph. Photo-electric cells pick up the dark and light of the photograph and communicate their difference to a red-hot steel stylus poised over another cylinder around which curves a transparent plastic plate. The cylinder revolves. The stylus tap-taps, burning as it touches, in the characteristic dots of half-tones. It burns deep for light areas, shallow for the shadow spaces. In the end it has produced an engraving with the typical half-tone dotted screen.

And it has done it faster and cheaper than the old photo-chemical way. It will make a one-column engraving in four minutes, an eight-by-ten in twenty minutes. The photo-chemical method used to take at least an hour. As for cost, the machine and the method are so cheap that small-paper publishers can in future afford to buy the apparatus and make their own engravings.

But note, especially, that the engraving was made automatically. Whereas a photo-chemical engraver has to learn his craft in a long apprenticeship, an operator for this *photo-*

*electric* machine can be trained to turn out top jobs in three days.

**W**HEN they come to the part new materials are playing in the printing revolution, publishers and printers find themselves facing no fewer surprises. Two examples are the new printing plates which they find some book publishing houses beginning to use: of rubber and of plastic. So far, most printing plants do not use them. But the reports of those who have pioneered with them are exciting.

Printing from rubber has been going on for a number of years but not with the revolutionary results now reported. Rubber plates were always imperfect until the wartime-made synthetic rubbers came. After that a printing plate could be fashioned of synthetic and do a job to talk about.

One old American publishing house prints some of its biggest-selling books on plates of this material, and has found it has manifold advantages. The rubber plate makes-ready quicker, since it works with less ink than metal plates. About 25 per cent less—and this brings faster drying on the paper, which allows the book sheets after printing to be folded with almost no waiting. Since the rubber plates are very light weight, the presses can be run faster. In some cases speeds have been upped 600 per cent. And the rubber costs a fifth to a quarter less than metal stereotypes.

On one press built for their use they have been printing both sides of a sheet simultaneously, and without any appreciable wear making over a million impressions.

The other revolutionary plate material, the plastic, is a white powder by the name of Vinylite. This stuff is started on its way to being a printing plate by being first spread a half-inch deep over the Bakelite mold which has been made of the type form. Mold and powder then go into a heated hydraulic press. Here the heat softens the Vinylite to the runny-taffy stage. Pressure then pushes it into all parts of the mold. In another press it is then chilled and hardened, and then separated from the mold. It is now ready for the finishing touches of grinding and cutting into individual plates—and then, to the printing press.

The whole operation—from type form,



through making the Bakelite mold, to the finished plastic plate on the rotary press—has taken only twenty-five minutes. This, to printers and publishers, is phenomenal, since some of their zinc and copper plates sometimes take five hours.

The superiorities of these plastic plates seem to some printers pretty nearly endless. Of one-eighth the weight of metal, they can be run on low-operation-cost, high-speed presses, and half-million runs don't wear them. They break less than metal plates, repair and patch better. Pliable, they are easily curved to fit a press cylinder. One merely applies heat, wraps them around a dummy plate cylinder, and leaves them to cool. In two minutes they are hardened and ready to slip on the press.

"Will they make a good half-tone?" skeptical printers always ask.

"Excellent," is the answer. And why shouldn't they? Vinylite is the same material that picks up the most subtle tones of symphonic music in pressed recordings.

Some users of Vinylite claim it is the best plate material ever. So good, they say, that in four-color work it is almost impossible to tell which printing impression was made by the original master plate and which by the Vinylite duplicates.

#### IV

**F**INALLY, as probably the most extraordinary development of the whole "revolution," comes what was referred to here previously as "ghost" printing.

This method prints as printing has never been performed before. To print means, basically, to press. Even the word derives from the Latin "to press"—*premere*. And through the ages all printing has been done by application of pressure. Now comes a new principle whereby no pressure will be used, and there will be no contact between the printing surface and the paper. Instead, a stream of electrons will supply the force needed to make the "impression."

This latest technique is a product of the Huebner Laboratories, a New York firm devoted to graphic arts research and experiment. The individual discoverer is an inventor well known in the printing world, the firm's head, William C. Huebner.

Huebner first got the idea for what he to day terms "electronographic" printing one day back in 1924 and by accident. He was called in by a printing house, which was doing a big-sheet label job, to help them stop what the printers call "offsetting." This means that colors come off one sheet onto the back of the next when stacked after printing. The causes can be various. This time it was a mystery.

This day solid reds were offsetting badly, and Huebner was inspecting the stacked sheets by "lift fanning" the corners, when suddenly he saw something his eyes refuse to believe. When he lift fanned (*i.e.*, ruffled) the corners, the off-setting increased. That is, the red on the back of a sheet strengthened and deepened.

Huebner said to a pressman, "You look. Am I seeing things!" The pressman said No—he thought he saw it too. Wondering if the offsetting could possibly be due to static electricity, Huebner arranged for a "grounding" of the press. The off-setting was checked. Then, the *static* was pulling ink off one sheet and depositing it on another!

Huebner's inventor's mind started whirling. Before the end of that day, he has said, he had proved to himself that statically charged surfaces would make printing ink jump a gap as much as an inch wide. Nowadays he demonstrates this phenomenon to skeptics by rubbing a sheet of celluloid with a handkerchief, laying a sheet of yellow copy paper over the celluloid, and then moving an ink-wetted artist's paint brush around above. Ink flies from the brush to the paper two or three inches through space.

The press that utilizes this force for printing operates, in lay terms, like this:

**T**HERE is an inking cylinder, a cylinder on which is the curved plate of type, and a cylinder around which the paper travels. The first cylinder touches the second and inks the type. But as the type cylinder and the paper cylinder rotate, they never touch. Between them stands permanently a narrow gap—usually from one to three one-thousands of an inch. Inside the paper-carrying cylinder is a gadget with electrodes, which runs the cylinder's entire length and lies directly opposite the type cylinder outside. When current is turned on, this gadget produces a stream of electrons which pull the ink off the type cyl-

inder and on to the paper. Another electrical circuit has already ionized and charged the ink negatively and charged the paper surface positively. When the machine is in operation, it has been observed, the ink on the type cylinder actually bulges toward the paper surface, and the paper surface moves toward the inked type cylinder. But turn off the ionizing current and keep the press running and no printing occurs, because no pressure contact is present anywhere.

Voltage controls the ink impression. If the type impression on the paper is faint, for instance, one merely steps up the amount of voltage, so as to pull all the ink off the type cylinder. So there is never any wearing of type or plate here (as in traditional printing) because nothing but the inking rollers ever touch the type.

What performance?

Well, the electronographic press can print two sides of the sheet simultaneously. And it can do it with amazing speed. One example: a piece of offset printing which by usual methods would require, all told, two hundred hours, by this new process is completed in six.

Further, these machines are on the market, and their price is far from prohibitive. In fact, if one wants to start a newspaper from scratch, these new machines, it is claimed by the makers, will cut initial investment, as

compared to that on traditional printing machinery, as much as one third. A new newspaper in Mexico City is being set up with them, and Americans will be seeing their work before many months in *Look* magazine, McGraw-Hill, and Curtis publications.

As a final "revolutionary" observation, this electronic method, of course, isn't really printing at all—since the type never *prints*, that is, presses, the ink on the paper. Its inventor, therefore, gives the process a new name: Electro-Migratetics. He avoids saying that a piece of copy was printed this way. He says, rather, that it was *migrated*. It is conceivable, therefore, that the electronographic press, if wholly successful, may someday wipe "printing" out of our speech, eventually making the word obsolete. This in itself indicates pretty well how deeply the printing world today is in "revolution."

ANOTHER indication is amusingly revealed by a story current in the industry. A book-printing-house salesman, it is said, heard about the electronic press and how it worked for the first time, and was almost bowled over by the conception.

"Next thing you know," he quipped, "there will be a press you put the author in at one end, and the book, all done, with dust jacket on, will come out at the other."

## *The Well Disciplined Bargeman*

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

The shadow does not move. It is the water moves,  
running out. A monolith of sand upon a passing barge,  
riding the swift water, makes that its fellow.

Standing upon the load the well disciplined bargeman  
rakes it carefully, smooth on top with nicely squared  
edges to conform to the barge outlines—ritually: sand.

All about him the silver water, fish-swift, races  
under the Presence. Whatever there is else is moving.

The restless gulls, unlike companionable pigeons,  
taking their cue from the ruffled water, dip and circle  
avidly into the gale. Only the bargeman upon  
his barge, amazed, seems like the shadow, sleeping.



# A Mississippian Named Tennessee

*Paul Moor*

SEVERAL years ago, before "The Glass Menagerie" made him famous, Tennessee Williams was included in one volume of the New Directions annual, *Five Young American Poets*. For his poems he wrote a preface which began: "If there is ever a world congress of poets . . . I think the problem mainly to be considered is not comparative philosophies of art nor even political ideas. . . . I think the problem that we should apply ourselves to is simply one of survival. I mean actual physical survival! I think that we are going to have a hard time of it!"

At that time, Williams had appeared only in *Story*, *Poetry*, *View*, and other little magazines not primarily noted for giving their writers material sustenance. Williams wrote for no other reason than self-expression; he tried to please only himself. His adult life was passed in Greenwich Village, Taos, the Vieux Carré, and other bohemian deployment points, where he got to know his fellow hopefuls, sharing their uncertain existence and fierce expressions of integrity. That Williams today finds himself a successful writer, financially as well as artistically, while still writing purely from artistic compulsion, is enough to make the true bohemian lose all faith.

The New York theater is an odd institution, shockingly ignorant of what is new in dramatic writing when compared to schools and colleges throughout the country. Wil-

liams began to attract some attention in the nation's drama departments in 1940 when he made his first appearance in Margaret Mayorga's yearly *Best One-Act Plays*; but it remained for the New York production of "The Glass Menagerie" in 1945 to bring Williams to the attention of the public at large.

"The Glass Menagerie" opened in Chicago for a pre-Broadway run the last week of 1944 to a first-night audience sickeningly short of capacity. But three weeks later the play had become a solid success, and the New York opening on March 31 was festive beyond anyone's hopes. Williams was hailed as a "new" dramatist; in the carnival frenzy, few people remembered that this was not the first time one of Williams' plays had been professionally produced, but the second.

INDEED, a number of people had done their earnest best to forget his first, "Battle of Angels," which opened in Boston on December 30, 1940. The date lingers in the memory of Williams, the Theatre Guild (which produced it), Miriam Hopkins (who starred in it), Margaret Webster (who directed it), and several anonymous inconsolables (who had money in it) as a night to recall along with the sinking of the *Titanic*. By the time the opening performance got under way, something obviously was wrong; the audience, at first shocked into bridling silence, recovered

*While still a college student in Texas, Paul Moor had read an early Tennessee Williams play in manuscript. He has since become acquainted with his subject and writes from over four years of friendship.*

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themselves presently and gave voice to some spirited boos and hisses, followed shortly by the sound of seats banging up as the spectators began to leave. One dignified old gentleman even paused in his exit to shake his fist at the stage. Those game enough to linger were subjected to injury on top of insult when some smoke-generators involved in the lovers' ultimate Wagnerian immolation got out of hand and did a tolerable job of asphyxiating the audience and cast.

The critics groped for words. The *Globe's* man termed the play "one of the most incredible dramas ever presented in Boston." Another described it as the story of "a half-wit living a defensive life against predatory women." What Williams had written as a moral and tragic romance between a roving poet and a Southern woman married to a hopeless invalid became, in Boston's eyes, the prurient, rather boastful campaigning of a vagrant hillbilly Lothario; this contretemps moved one disinterested observer to allude to Ruth Benedict's principle of Cultural Shock. When the play was finally closed by the City Council for a pasteurizing of the script, the Guild called it quits. In an apologetic statement to its subscribers, the Guild rationalized hopefully: "The play was more of a disappointment to us than to you. 'Battle of Angels' turned out badly, but who knows whether the next one by the same author may not prove a success?" Who indeed? One of the few unperturbed appraisals of the play was written by Elliott Norton in the *Boston Post*. In a post-mortem column, he allowed that Williams' talent was "most interesting." But the main fact at the moment was that Williams' first play was not only unsuccessful: it was a sensational flop.

## II

WILLIAMS' interest in writing for the theater came to life during his adolescence in St. Louis, but it is easy to trace its roots back to his childhood in the Mississippi Delta. He was born a little before the first world war in Columbus, Mississippi, and was christened Thomas Lanier Williams. He was born, in fact, in the Columbus Rectory, for Mrs. Williams' father was an Episcopal minister. The family moved to St. Louis about seven years later, but those first

seven years of his life have remained with Williams to a remarkable degree, and his constant visits to the South ever since then made him think of it as home. The people he knew then, as a child, today emerge at bidding from his childhood and early adolescence, not realistically, but like the characters who people his plays, transmuted and altered by the shading of memory and the gradual accretion of experience and understanding. When James Laughlin of the New Directions Press published "Battle of Angels," Williams wrote about a lady he met during his grandfather's visits whose memory became the heroine of that play:

I remember a lady named Laura Young. . . . She was something cool and green in a sulphurous landscape. But there was a shadow upon her. There was something the matter with her. For that reason we called upon her more frequently than anyone else. She loved me. I adored her. She lived in a white house near an orchard and in an arch between two rooms there were hung some pendants of glass that were a thousand colors. "That is a prism," she said. She lifted me and told me to shake them. When I did they made a delicate music.

This prism became a play.

The three greatest personal influences on Tennessee Williams' life were established during those years in the Delta: his grandfather, his mother, and his sister. His grandfather, the Rector, who is now in his ninety-second year, represented the Southern aristocracy which was rapidly being displaced by a new crowd with totally different values. His mother coddled him, for as a child he was not robust. And his sister Rose personified to him everything in life that was beautiful and desirable.

Diphtheria crippled the boy for a year, his last year in Mississippi. He had not yet recovered from diphtheria when eye trouble developed; this eventually resulted in a cataract on his right eye which required three operations to remove. During his enforced retirement in Columbus he started beguiling his hours with fantasies of his own concoction, lazily generated behind closed eyelids.

DURING the first world war, Mr. Williams' company transferred him to St. Louis. The change was enormous, and had an overpowering effect on both the



Williams children. (The Williamses' third child, Dakin, was born two years after the move to St. Louis.) The standing which their forebears and their grandfather's position had given them in the Delta did not impress St. Louis. New surroundings and companions, far less desirable than those they had left behind, rebuffed the seven-year-old boy and his sister. Both of them renounced their new environment in large measure and, even more than before, led their lives mainly in each other's company.

Williams' recollections of St. Louis have not mellowed. Last December, a correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* called on him a couple of weeks after the opening of his latest play, "A Streetcar Named Desire." She was prepared to engage him in the nostalgic, foolish chitchat customary when a celebrity is interviewed by the home-town paper. Politely explaining that he meant no rudeness to the reporter—Williams' manners, especially with women, border on the courtly—he then said, or was quoted as saying, "I found St. Louisans cold, smug, complacent, intolerant, stupid, and provincial." When the interview appeared and St. Louis screamed in pain, Williams wrote a letter which tried to explain his views without retracting or qualifying them. He was sorry, but he could not remember kindly the city "where I spent a fairly lonely and miserable boyhood and which I now find it rather difficult, for that reason, to return to."

When the family moved to St. Louis, Williams' health still prevented him from entering school, so his mother undertook to tutor him until he entered Ben Blewitt High School. Williams had begun composing rhymes almost as soon as he had learned to write, and during his high-school days he kept himself in spending money by winning advertising contests. His father, who took a poor view of his son's literary leanings unless they were to be practically applied, beamed approval. He was even more pleased when *Weird Tales* bought one of Tom's stories for thirty-five dollars, and when *Smart Set* gave him the five-dollar third prize for his entry in their competition on the interesting subject, "Can a Good Wife Be a Good Sport?"

After high school, Mr. Williams decided Tom had been tied to his mother's apron strings long enough and sent him to the Uni-

versity of Missouri at Columbia. Tom's first-year grades were fine except for R.O.T.C., which he flunked, but they went into a general state of decline when he pledged Alpha Tau Omega. It was during this time that Williams' rich Southern accent moved his fraternity brothers to give him the nickname which has become, to all intents and purposes, his real one. He now has even nicknamed his nickname, signing communications to close friends with the numeral 10. Such practices have caused some comment. Dorothy Parker was recently heard to exclaim, "*Tennessee Williams*. I might as well call myself Palestine Parker."

WILLIAMS' father, not satisfied with the direction his son's life was taking, recalled him to St. Louis after three years of college and suggested urgently that he go to work. Mrs. Williams was also skeptical, but expressed herself less forcefully than her husband. Mr. Williams had been one of the titans of the road during his selling days in the Delta, and now in St. Louis he was a sales manager for the same firm, the International Shoe Company. A routine clerical job was found for Tom, and the round peg began trying to function in a square hole. He was sensationally unsuccessful, at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. He got up at six to go to work; after dinner in the evening he would take a pot of strong coffee and a supply of cigarettes to his room, where he would write until about four; two hours later his mother would open his door, release the billowing, stale cloud of cigarette smoke from his room, and tell him as gently as possible that it was time to get up.

This schedule lasted, incredibly, for two years. The inevitable result finally came in the form of a nervous breakdown. After two weeks in the hospital Tom went to Memphis to stay with his grandparents; he was there a year, doing some writing but mainly just trying to regain his health. When he returned to St. Louis he was still determined to be a writer, and his father threw up his hands. Mrs. Williams' mother paid his tuition, and he entered Washington University in St. Louis. By now writing occupied every spare minute. He turned out poems and short stories like a fury, sending them out and, almost without exception, getting them back.

He did, however, win several small prizes from Southern and local ladies' poetry clubs. One he wrote then remains the poem of Williams' most often recited today at parties; it was a sonnet apostrophe to death, and its sestet wound up ringingly:

Rudely you seized and broke proud Sappho's  
lyre,  
Barrett and Wylie went your songless way.  
You do not care what hecatomb of fire  
is split when shattering the urn of clay.  
Yet, Death, I'll pardon all you took away  
while still you spare me—glorious Millay!

Williams' first attempt at drama was a one-act play entered in a Webster Groves little-theater contest. His entry won first prize, a silver dish, engraved, which his mother still has. He entered another one-act play the next spring in Washington University's yearly English XVI Play Contest. Convinced that jealousy and malice did him out of even an honorable mention, let alone a prize, he withdrew shortly afterward and transferred to Professor Edward Mabie's drama department at the University of Iowa. He took care of his tuition by waiting on table; his mother, by skimping on the household budget in St. Louis, managed to send him a few dollars from time to time. He finished at Iowa ten years ago with a B.A.

### III

AFTER returning to St. Louis, Williams headed south for what was intended to be a vacation. But in New Orleans he became friends with a schoolteacher, a young man who coincidentally possessed a Ford, an aunt with a squab ranch in Los Angeles County, and a distaste for schoolteaching. From somewhere in Texas, Williams wrote his family that he was on his way, and his mother cried, realizing that this was the break, this meant that from then on he was on his own. It has been alleged that the trip to California was negotiated on gasoline siphoned from parked cars, but his mother says, "I don't think Tom would *ever* do a thing like that. . . . Anyway, he couldn't operate a siphon if his life depended on it."

As Williams and his companion neared California, their money, never abundant, gave out altogether. Eschewing tourist camps of necessity, they stopped one night at the house

of a splendid big Indian lady who looked them over, announced that she maintained a shotgun for coping with deadbeats, and then retired. About four the next morning, as they were trying to steal away, the Ford backfired. They started to roll and managed to be a few hundred feet away, crouched low and murmuring supplications, when a double-barreled charge of buckshot sang through the air a few inches above their heads.

Some time during this sprightly period, *Story* magazine published "The Field of Blue Children," Williams' first piece to appear under the name he uses today. He also entered four one-act plays in a contest sponsored by the Group Theater in New York; they won him a hundred dollars and letters from several literary agents, offering their services. Williams politely wrote them all postcards saying he would think their offers over.

Some time after that, Audrey Wood, of Liebling-Wood, one of the agencies which had written him, came back to her office in New York from lunch. The Liebling-Wood waiting-room was cluttered as usual with actors waiting to see Miss Wood's husband, William Liebling. As she went through, Miss Wood called out briskly, "Anyone want to see me?" A pale young man stood up and asked, "You Miss Wood?" When she said she was, he picked up his hat to follow her and said, "Then ah do."

WILLIAMS had come to New York to attend the New School for Social Research, where John Gassner and Theresa Helburn, two powers in the Theatre Guild, were conducting an advanced play-writing seminar. Miss Wood was enchanted with Williams' inarticulate gallantry and he by her businesslike air; and contracts were signed, beginning an author-agent relationship whose lack of friction has been unique in a sometimes highly internecine field.

It was in the New School seminar that Williams wrote the first draft of "Battle of Angels." Gassner pronounced it the best new script he had seen in five years, and he and Miss Helburn showed it to Lawrence Langner, the other director of the Guild. To Williams' astonishment, they took an option on it to produce it. At about the same time, Miss Wood was instrumental in getting her



new client a thousand-dollar grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. Overcome with such wealth, Williams left for Mexico. When the option checks stopped coming, he took it for granted that the Guild had dropped it. It never occurred to him that he had neglected to take care of the matter of forwarding addresses. It was not until he returned to Los Angeles that Williams bought a New York paper and read that "Battle of Angels" was to be the Theatre Guild's first offering that fall.

After the debacle, Williams stayed in New York for a while. He saw a great deal of Jo Healy, a charming girl who worked at the Guild. Miss Healy, through the Guild, got lots of free theater tickets and she and Williams met frequently for a quick dinner of hot dogs and coffee—or, on gala nights, franks and beans—before taking in a new play together. Williams would press frequent calls on a friend, Donald Windham, who lived at the West Side Y.M.C.A., for he could leave his clothes in Windham's room and use the pool without paying. During his dry moments, he and Windham began a play based loosely on D. H. Lawrence's short story, "You Touched Me!" They hoped the gentle little story would be more acceptable than "Battle of Angels" had been, for money was a serious problem.

**W**ILLIAMS was earning seventeen dollars a week as an usher at the Strand Theater when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, after some chivying from Miss Wood and the Rockefellers, signed him to write for them at a fee which raised his salary by \$233 a week and classified him by Hollywood's standards as a little better than untouchable. He was told that his first job would be to work on "The Sun Is My Undoing," and he dutifully plowed through it enroute to the Coast. He reported to work at Metro, and they told him to forget about "Sun" and start in on "Marriage Is a Private Affair" for Lana Turner. This arrangement did not succeed. It was explained to Williams that the dialogue he submitted, although excellent in its way, was not quite right for Miss Turner.

Taking another tack, Williams submitted an original scenario—a story about an aging Southern belle. The production bosses, un-  
beguiled, returned it to him with a terse note

informing him that, "Gone with the Wind" having already been done by Mr. Selznick, their interest in producing another was not great. They suggested instead that he work on a story for Margaret O'Brien. When Williams' response was received, they urged him not to return to work, even though they were obliged by contract to pay his salary for six months and he had worked for them for less than two. Williams moved to a beach club and expanded his Southern belle original into the beginnings of "The Glass Menagerie." When, later, this play won the New York Critics' Award as the best new play of 1944-45, some columnists, who take an uncharitable view of Hollywood's methods of operating, cackled over M-G-M's strenuous bidding for the play in competition with the other studios. It was eventually sold to Charles Feldman for a princely sum and, when filmed, will probably star Ethel Barrymore as the mother. The play has been done all over Europe; Helen Hayes is now doing it in London.

Williams returned to New York to receive an accolade from the National Institute of Arts and Letters; they gave him a thousand dollars and a citation reading, "To Tennessee Williams, born in Mississippi, in recognition of his dramatic works which reveal a poetic imagination and a gift for characterization that are rare in the contemporary theater." George Platt Lynes photographed him, wearing an old sweater and looking glum. Before leaving for Provincetown, he sent his mother a copy of the photograph and the citation, across which he wrote, "Put this away for me!" His mother wrote back tartly that she hoped the picture would not be published or people would think the award had been given in charity rather than in recognition.

#### IV

**W**HEN Williams finished "The Glass Menagerie," he gave it to Miss Wood rather apologetically; to friends he spoke of it as "another of those old uncommercial plays of mine." Miss Wood, much affected by the delicate story, tried to think of a producer who would be sympathetic to it and not botch it. For three weeks it did not leave her office; the fact that Williams never murmured about this apparent inactivity is a sample of his regard for Miss Wood, a regard

which reached its peak in 1945 when he gave her his complete power of attorney. Finally she remembered Eddie Dowling's touching production of Paul Vincent Carroll's "Shadow and Substance," and sent it to him. No other producer ever had a chance at it. Dowling bought it, literally, overnight.

When the company reached Chicago, catastrophe threatened. The man who was to supervise the erection of the set had celebrated excessively the night before and could not appear; without his help it took twenty-four steady hours to put up the single setting. When Jo Mielziner arrived in Chicago to light the show, it was found that Julie Haydon's second-act dress would not take light well; Louis Singer, Dowling's co-producer, who had wanted to call off the play anyway, declined to put out money for another costume, so Williams, Dowling, and Miss Haydon chipped in from their own pockets to raise the twenty dollars needed. A few hours before the opening curtain, Laurette Taylor was discovered at the lavatory in her dressing-room, dyeing an old bathrobe she was to wear in the second act. The play marked Miss Taylor's return to the stage, and the fact that she was almost paralyzed with anxiety did not lighten the company's mood.

Much has been written, by Maxwell Anderson, Irwin Shaw, and others, about the critics' power to do a play to death, but the Chicago run of "The Glass Menagerie" is an instance of the critics' ability to transform an apparent failure into a success. The reviews were very nearly paeans. Ashton Stevens (who went back, for his own pleasure, to see the play six times more) closed his review in the *Herald-American* by saying: "From neighboring seats I heard William Saroyan mentioned, and Paul Vincent Carroll, and Seán O'Casey, and even a playwright named Barrie. But the only author's name I could think of was Tennessee Williams, whose magic is all his own." They were equally lyrical about Miss Taylor's supernatural gifts in the role of the mother. But the public was sluggish. The critics then began to scold. Three weeks after the opening the play became a sellout. When someone mentioned to Williams the rather disparate receptions accorded "Battle of Angels" and "The Glass Menagerie," he said: "You can't mix up sex and religion . . . but you can always write safely about mothers."

SINCE then Williams has been on the crest. "You Touched Me!" which was produced the same season, added little to either Williams' or Windham's reputation. But last December, when "A Streetcar Named Desire" opened in New York, Williams proved that his earlier success had not been fortuitous; one of the town's more conservative and reliable critics declared in headlines that with his new play Williams had achieved the status of Eugene O'Neill. That the "business men and gamblers" (Williams' phrase) who are the real panjandrums of the American theater should also feel that his work is as solid an investment as American Can is, to Williams, a hilarious irony.

Williams' offhand, open-minded attitude toward the many forms and mutations of sex in everyday life, manifest especially in "Battle of Angels" and "A Streetcar Named Desire," is considerably at variance with the appearances maintained, at least publicly, by our society. It got his first play banned in Boston, but without the financial returns from the rest of the country that result when this good fortune befalls a book. The audiences seeing "A Streetcar Named Desire" these days titter nervously in scenes that are anything but funny, and, in the scene where the heroine is raped by her brother-in-law, they all but scream with anxious risibility. New Directions is publishing a limited edition of Williams' short stories this year which will be even more difficult for the general public to take. Williams' Episcopal grandfather, though he has never remonstrated with him and is one of his staunchest admirers, shakes his head over each succeeding appearance of his grandson's work.

IT is not easy to analyze Williams' appeal to average playgoers, but the facts are that "The Glass Menagerie" ran for 563 performances in New York and "A Streetcar Named Desire" is sold out for months in advance. "Menagerie" was a somber—many thought a depressing—play about a run-down Delta belle whose husband had abandoned her and their two children. Her last remaining aim in life was to find a husband for her crippled, pathologically shy daughter; her son, who supported them, was finally compelled to desert them in order to find his own existence. "A Streetcar Named Desire" would seem



to be even more forbidding to ticket-buyers, for it is almost unbearably tragic. It is the story of Blanche DuBois, the daughter of a bankrupt, decadent Mississippi family. Seeking escape from the memory of her family's demise and of her childhood marriage to an inverted, suicidal young poet, she has plunged into a succession of desperate affairs, trying to reaffirm her vanished security in any stranger who invites her. A romance that shows signs of saving her is destroyed by her brother-in-law, and at the drama's end she is led away by an asylum doctor. Williams terms the play "a tragedy of incomprehension." Elia Kazan, who staged it, is Williams' newest enthusiasm. "Kazan," he says, "was to this play what Laurette was to 'Menagerie.' I'd be happy to trust him with anything I ever write."

IT SEEMS there actually is a streetcar in New Orleans bearing the name of Desire Street (formerly Désiré) which goes down Bourbon Street half a block from Williams' apartment there. The play's title evokes Blanche's neurotic creed that sentient desire, not just mere living, is the opposite of death. Her opening line foreshadows the entire play: "They told me to take a streetcar named Desire, transfer to one called Cemetery . . . and get off at Elysian Fields." This is typical Williams symbolism.

Obviously Tennessee Williams' methods are predominantly poetic ones, but his poetry is far more than a matter merely of words or meter, for with the exception of a long one-acter, "The Purification," his plays are not in verse. At the end of "A Streetcar Named Desire," some grapes offered by a neighbor send Blanche into a brief lyric flight which devastates the audience: "I can smell the sea air. The rest of my time I'm going to spend on the sea. And when I die, I'm going to die on the sea. You know what I shall die of? I shall die of eating an unwashed grape. One day out on the ocean I will die—with my hand in the hand of some nice-looking ship's doctor, a very young one with a small blond mustache and a big silver watch. 'Poor lady,' they'll say, 'the quinine did her no good. That unwashed grape has transported her soul to heaven.' [*The Cathedral chimes are heard*] And I'll be buried at sea sewn up in a clean white sack and dropped overboard—

at noon—in the blaze of summer—and into an ocean as blue—[*Chimes again*—as blue as my first lover's eyes!"

Williams' aim, in the words of the narrator in "The Glass Menagerie," is the opposite of the stage magician, who offers illusion that has the appearance of reality; he chooses rather to present reality in the disguise of illusion. This illusion he compounds of non-realistic lighting, use of music ("in memory, everything seems to happen to music"), and of novel sets. Both "Menagerie" and "Streetcar" would have carried considerably less impact without the brilliant collaboration of Jo Mielziner, whose sets and lighting could hardly have been improved upon.

Although Williams has come to be known as a "Southern" writer, he has not restricted the locale of his work so stringently as, say, Carson McCullers (whom he admires and whose particular South is similar to his), but many of his plays, poems, and stories are set in a memory-world centering round a town called Blue Mountain: there is a lake nearby called Moon Lake, and a Moon Lake Casino; these are mentioned over and over again. In his best work he has seldom ventured far away from them.

## V

THE stamp of his birthplace is still firm on Williams' speech; Laurette Taylor claimed she patterned her accent in "The Glass Menagerie" after those of Williams and the play's co-director, Texas-born Margo Jones. Williams stands five feet six inches tall and weighs in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty pounds. His manner of dress could never be called natty. When an old friend last winter tried to make him a gift of a new \$165 dress suit, he refused in chagrin and continued to appear at parties in the same gray suit and the same brown shoes.

Williams' modest ways, which contrast strikingly with those of most writers overtaken by success, reflect perhaps another aspect of a personality which is in perpetual, unaffected conflict with the little routines of ordinary living. His sensational absent-mindedness has for years played the devil with the tempers of people who have counted on his keeping appointments. One night in Georgia, during the war, he and some friends aroused sus-

picious by singing German folksongs in a bar; when Williams was asked to show his draft card he discovered he had lost it, and spent the night in jail until his registration could be checked.

A year or so later, while hiking across Central Park toward his room at the Y, he was stopped by a police car because of the lateness of the hour; the duplicate draft card he had obtained after the Georgia incident was in a trunk he had left in California, so he spent another night in jail. Since 1945, he has bought (and, technically, still owns) three cars, not counting a jeep which is currently causing Audrey Wood some loss of sleep; one is just outside New Orleans, one in Florida, and one in Oklahoma, all of them left in garages for minor repairs and then left behind when Williams was gripped by another siege of wanderlust. Since he inclines in the matter of cars more toward durability than *chic*, this behavior is less extravagant than it might seem. Money—for years the lack of it, and more recently the profusion of it—has always confused him; in his new affluence, fortunately, as during his poverty, he relies on the counsel of Audrey Wood, whom money does not confuse. She deposits his royalties and handles his taxes; so long as he can write checks without their bouncing, he is uninterested in the matter. Miss Wood is the only person alive, Williams not excluded, who knows how much money he has.

**A**SHYNESS in the presence of strangers has caused some people to call Williams rude; this grieves him, and he has had difficulty resigning himself to the knowledge that behavior which in anyone else would be unnoticed can be, in a man of his celebrity, offensive to those who watch for such things. Last winter Jo Healy, concerned, as was Williams, over his stiff uncommunicativeness with Lincoln Barnett, who was writing a piece on Williams for *Life*, lectured Williams soundly and then put him and Barnett in a room at her house where they would not be disturbed. When she returned some time later and heard no voices inside the room, she opened the door to find Williams on the couch gazing at the ceiling, and Barnett in a chair, brooding over the pattern of the rug. It was apparent that there had been no communication for some time.

Friends speak of Williams' thoughtfulness with emotion. Five years ago, while he was sunning himself at Santa Monica on his M-G-M salary, Margo Jones (who this fall will produce and direct Williams' next play, "Summer and Smoke") told him of a friend of hers who had just finished college and was going to try to crack New York that summer. Williams, of his own accord and knowing no more than this, wrote a friend of his, Paul Bigelow, who was summering away from his New York home. Bigelow wired back, and Miss Jones' young acquaintance, when he arrived in New York, had Bigelow's apartment gratis for several weeks; he and Williams did not meet until some months later, when Williams came East. When "The Glass Menagerie" proved a success, Williams signed fifty per cent of his rights over to his mother; her income from this can be written in six figures.

**W**HEN "The Glass Menagerie" suddenly made him a man of considerable wealth, Williams, an extremely tractable and agreeable man, allowed friends of his to wrench him from his accustomed insouciant, vagabond shabbiness and install him in his first experience with stylish living. He moved into a suite at a good hotel (where there was a pool) and patiently permitted friends to choose expensive clothes for him. The decrepit phonograph which for years had been one of his two steady possessions in his travels—the other was Hart Crane's collected poems—was replaced by a new electric model in leatherette. Williams had not thought to check on whether the hotel used direct or alternating current, and the new machine burned out when he plugged it in; this one was replaced by an even fancier model. But before long the furniture in the suite began, quite accidentally it seemed, to have things happen to it; his new clothes took on the appearance of having been slept in; the deference he found himself receiving from others became repulsive; quietly he cast off his new trappings and, in his old clothes and with his old, hand-cranked phonograph and a recording of "Under the Bamboo Tree," he headed for Chapala, a little town in Mexico. Since then, except when brought back by the exigencies of production, he has avoided New York and the fevered solicitations he receives whenever there. He has been to St. Louis



once or twice to see his family, but then only long enough to have his clothes washed and to throw his mother's record-changing mechanism out of whack. Now that finances are no longer a worry, he keeps a large apartment on St. Peter Street in New Orleans' Vieux Carré, just a few blocks from St. Louis' Cathedral, the Cabildo, and the Presbytère, but most of the time he has it sublet. In effect, he has no real home.

His ideal place to work is some place where the swimming is good. This is his only exercise, and it is a little incongruous with the rest of his existence, which is sedentary. Cape Cod has become a favorite of his in the summer; he shared a house there last year with two friends, much of whose time was engaged in rebuffing lion-hunters. There was a porch facing the sea, with a big table. He would work there, at the typewriter, equipped with cigarettes, a filter holder, coffee, and, very sporadically, a highball. Every day around four he would swim, strenuously. He and the two friends in the house pooled their expenses for the summer; outside of rent, it averaged about seventy dollars a week over-all. "A Streetcar Named Desire," which shows signs of doing capacity business for a long, long time, grosses a maximum of twenty-seven thousand dollars a week. The standard author's royalties are five per cent of the first five thousand, seven and a half per cent of the next two, and ten per cent after that. But Williams gets better than standard royalties.

Williams is aroused by social and political issues only when something incenses him, for his thinking in such matters is more emotional than objective. He has a kind of instinctive attraction toward the moderate Left. The Hollywood inquisition in Washington last fall caused him to make one of his rare gestures of public statement, and he suffered one of his infrequent losses of temper when his unfriendly views on the matter were deleted, by the *New York Times*, from an advance piece about "Streetcar" which he wrote for its drama section.

Four weeks after the opening of his latest play, Williams left New York again, this time for Europe. Irene Selznick, who produced the play, gave him a handsome set of luggage for the trip. The day of sailing, when Elia Kazan

went over to help him pack, Williams had all his belongings in one bag and the others were standing empty in the corner; this single bag, plus his phonograph, was what he planned to take. Kazan, after checking, made a hasty tour of the town buying shirts, an item that had escaped Williams' notice.

THERE are a number of superficial resemblances between the two plays that have established Tennessee Williams as one of the finest of modern dramatists: both are plays mainly about women; both deal with the grotesque, anachronistic refinement of a moribund Southern society in conflict with a more realistic today; both make incidental mention of Moon Lake Casino and other names from the landscape of his memory. Both also won the Critics' Award as the best new plays offered during those seasons, and "A Streetcar Named Desire" this year took the Pulitzer Prize as well. Williams says that Southern women are the only remaining members of our populace who can speak lyrical dialogue without sounding highflown. His forthcoming "Summer and Smoke" is another play about a Southern woman, and, as Brooks Atkinson has observed, forms a kind of trilogy with "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire."

But Williams hopes this will be his last salute to Southern womanhood—at least, he adds, for a while. When he left for Europe, he intended to get back to work on "Ten Blocks on the *Camino Real*," a play with a Mexican setting, and "Cockcrow," laid in the Italian renaissance. Production plans for "Summer and Smoke" will this month bring him back to New York from Rome, where he spent the winter working and terrorizing the inhabitants with his recently-acquired jeep. "Cockcrow" deals with the difficulty of resolving logic with faith and springs, again, from an incident remembered from his early life, the Scopes trials. When Williams finishes it—or, more exactly, abandons it—the results will be interesting to see, for the social commentary in such a theme is implicit. And it will be doubly interesting to see Tennessee Williams handle abstract material, away from the smoky light of his memory-shrouded Blue Mountain, his haunting Moon Lake.

# Catalina

## *A Novel in Three Parts. Part II*

W. Somerset Maugham



*In the first installment of this miracle story—set in the town of Castel Rodriguez in sixteenth-century Spain—a crippled girl of sixteen named Catalina Perez was coming out of church when a kindly lady in a blue cloak spoke to her, and told her that she could be healed by “the son of Juan Suarez de Valero who has best served God.” Catalina became convinced that the lady was the Blessed Virgin.*

*Now there were three sons of Juan Suarez de Valero. One was a bishop, Blasco, who believed that it was God’s will that he should become an Inquisitor, and therefore had killed and tortured heretics and unbelievers. Another was a great soldier, Manuel, who had been merciless in war. The third, Martin, was a humble baker who had married beneath him. When the report of Catalina’s vision spread widely, almost everyone assumed that “the son of Juan Suarez de Valero who had best served God” must of course be the Bishop; and the Bishop himself, persuaded by the Prioress and by a miracle that he took to be a sign from God, decided to attempt the cure the following day. But Catalina’s wise uncle Domingo, a toper, scholar, and playwright, feared that the Virgin’s words had been misinterpreted; he tried to reach the Bishop to warn him, only to be turned away at the Bishop’s door.*

### XIV

AT BREAK of day, three Dominican friars with their hoods drawn over their shaven heads slipped out of the convent. But though it was so early there was already a little crowd at the convent gate. In the tall cowed figure between the other two they at once recognized the saintly Bishop. The three friars, followed at a respectful distance by the curious, walked swiftly to the Carmelite church. Here more persons were waiting. One of the friars knocked at the door. It was opened just enough to let them pass

through one after the other and closed behind them. When the onlookers tried to enter they found it locked and though they knocked, they knocked in vain.

Catalina was waiting in the Lady Chapel. Maria Perez and Domingo had accompanied her, but had been refused admittance. Doña Beatriz received the Bishop at the church door with her nuns. The Bishop, with his two attendants, went into the sacristy and donned the sacred vestments. They walked slowly to the Lady Chapel. The nuns were on their knees. Catalina, supporting herself on her crutch, knelt at the foot of the altar steps.



The Bishop said Mass. The nuns joined in the responses in awed undertones. He administered Holy Communion to Catalina. After the benediction and the reading of the Last Gospel he knelt at the altar and prayed in silence. Then he rose to his feet and, his great tragic eyes upon Catalina, walked down the steps. He placed his thin, brown hand on her head.

"I, the unworthy instrument of the Most High, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, bid you throw aside your crutch and walk."

He had begun tremulously, in so low a voice that the nuns could hardly hear, but he spoke the last words loud and clear in a tone of command. Catalina, her face pale with emotion, her eyes shining, raised herself to her feet, cast the crutch aside, took a step forward, and with a cry of anguish crashed to the floor. The miracle had failed.

Immediately there arose a hubbub among the nuns. Some of them screamed, two of them fainted. The Prioress stepped forward. She gave Catalina a glance and then her eyes met the Bishop's. For a while they gazed intently at one another. Behind them the nuns were sobbing. Then the Bishop walked out of the chapel, the two friars at his heels, and returned to the sacristy. He did not utter a word. The Bishop, his cowl once more over his head, walked out of the church into the sunlight of the summer morning.

The news had spread that he was even then performing a miracle and the windows in the plaza were crowded with spectators. They were thick on the church steps and the square was filled with them. For a moment the Bishop was dismayed to see that great throng, but only for a moment; he pulled his habit close to him and drew himself up. In some strange way, he no sooner appeared than a shudder of consternation passed through the crowd. They knew at once, though they could not have said how, that the miracle had failed.

## XV

THE friars of the Dominican convent had been angered because the Bishop had refused to allow them to attend the ceremony, and when, with his two attendants, he returned to it they were loitering about to look at him. The news had already reached

them. He passed as though he did not see them.

When the Bishop entered his cell he sank onto the hard wooden stool and stared at the stone floor. Slow, painful tears trickled down his sunken cheeks. Father Antonio's heart was filled with compassion to see his master plunged in such despair. He whispered to his companion who forthwith left the cell and in a few minutes returned with a bowl of soup.

When the Bishop had eaten, Father Antonio put aside the bowl, and still on his knees, ventured to take his hand.

"Do not take it so hard, Señor. The girl was deceived by demons."

"No, the fault was mine. I asked for a sign and the sign was given me. In my vainglory I thought myself not unfit to do what is vouchsafed to the saints whom God has chosen for His own. I am a sinner and I am justly punished for my presumption."

The Bishop was so broken that the friar dared to speak to him as otherwise he would never have done.

"We are all sinners, Señor, but I have been privileged to live close to you for many years and no one knows better than I your unfailing kindness to all men, your ceaseless charity, and your loving kindness."

"It is your own goodness that speaks, my son."

Father Antonio gazed with pity on the Bishop's agonized face. He still held his cold, emaciated hand.

"Would it not distract your mind if I read to you a little, my lord?" he said after a pause.

"Read, my son. I will listen."

FATHER Antonio, not without tact, had chosen to read his own account of the great *auto da fé*, which had been the crown of Friar Blasco's career in the Holy Office, and which, as before mentioned, had given so much pleasure to the Prince, now Philip III, and had in due course been at least the occasion for the saintly Inquisitor's elevation to the important See of Segovia.

The impressive ceremony, devised to inspire awe for the authority of the Inquisition and edify the people, took place on a Sunday so that none should have an excuse not to attend it, since to do so was a pious duty; and to secure as large an attendance as possible an

indulgence of forty days was granted to all who came.

One of the duties of the inquisitors was to visit during the night those condemned to death by fire at the stake, inform each of his sentence, and prepare him to meet his God. Friar Blasco was of course among those assigned to this grim errand.

Dawn broke and Mass was celebrated in the audience chamber of the Holy Office. Breakfast was given to the prisoners and they were then ranged in order according to the gravity of their offense against the Faith, and a procession was formed. Those who were to die, dressed in yellow tunics and carrying yellow candles, were accompanied by the friars who had been with them throughout the night. It was a fine, sunny day, the sort of day that elates the heart of young and old so that they feel it good to be alive.

The procession moved slowly through the tortuous streets, the teeming crowd held back by a railing, till it reached the plaza. There was a vast concourse. The windows of the surrounding houses were filled with nobility and gentry, and the Prince with his suite watched from a balcony in the town hall.

All of the culprits were required to sit attentively upon a stage while a long sermon was preached and the advantages of the true faith made abundantly clear. Then the sentences were read and the culprits were delivered over to the secular arm. The Holy Office rendered no judgment that involved the shedding of blood and indeed went so far as to urge the civil authorities to spare the life of the criminal. These last, however, were required by the canon law promptly to punish the heretics and an indulgence was accorded to the pious who contributed wood to the bonfire that was to burn them.

This ended the work of the inquisitors and they retired. The soldiers of the Zarza then surrounded the prisoners and marched with them to the place of execution to protect them from the fury of the populace, who in their hatred of heresy would otherwise ill-treat and sometimes even kill them. The friars attended them and strove to the end to bring about their repentance and conversion. Among the condemned were four Morisco women whose beauty excited the admiration of all, an impenitent Dutch merchant who had been caught smuggling into the country

a Spanish translation of the New Testament, a Moor convicted of killing a chicken by cutting off its head, a bigamist, a merchant who had harbored a fugitive from the Holy Office, and a Greek found guilty of holding opinions condemned by the Church.

The *quemadero* or burning place was outside the city. Garrotes were attached to the stakes so that those who had professed a desire to die in the Christian faith, and even those who did so at the last moment, might be spared death by fire and killed by the more merciful method of strangulation. There was a vast multitude to watch the final scene. It was of course a sight even more thrilling than a bullfight, and the spectators had the satisfaction of knowing that they were performing an act of piety and a service to God. Those who were to be garroted were garroted and then the flames were kindled and the quick and the dead were burnt to ashes so that their memory might perish forever. The crowd shouted and clapped their hands as the flames soared so that the shrieks of the victims were almost drowned, and here and there a woman broke into a shrill wailing chant to the Blessed Virgin or to the crucified Christ. Night fell and the crowd streamed back into the city, tired with long standing and the excitement, but feeling that they had had a happy day. They flocked to the taverns and the brothels did a roaring trade.

ALL this then, giving dramatic emphasis to the most significant episodes, Father Antonio read to the despondent Bishop in a loud, sonorous voice. His main object was to dispel the somber fancies of his revered and beloved superior by reminding him of the most glorious incident of his career. Therefore he was aghast when he looked up to see that tears were coursing down the Bishop's cheeks and that his hands were clenched to control the sobbing that tore his breast.

He threw aside his manuscript and jumping up from the stool flung himself at his master's feet.

"My lord, what is it?" he cried. "What have I done?"

The Bishop thrust him aside and rising to his feet stretched out his arms in supplication to the black Cross on the wall.

"The Greek," he moaned. "The Greek." And then able to contain himself no longer



he broke into passionate weeping. The Bishop with the palm of his hand impatiently brushed the tears from his eyes.

"I am to blame," he moaned, "terribly to blame. I have committed a fearful sin and my only hope of forgiveness is in the infinite mercy of God."

"My lord, for God's sake explain. The Greek? Why does your lordship speak of the Greek? He was a heretic and suffered the just punishment of his crime."

"You do not know of what you speak. You do not know that my crime is greater than his. I asked for a sign and the sign was given me. I thought it was a mark of God's grace; now I know it was a mark of His wrath. It is right that I should be humbled in the eyes of men, for I am a miserable sinner."

The Greek of whom they spoke, Demetrios Christopoulos, was a native of Cyprus, a man of some property, which had enabled him to devote himself to learning. When the Turks, under Selim II, invaded the island in 1571, he fled and managed to escape to Italy. In an evil hour he attracted the attention of a Spanish nobleman who had succumbed to the fashionable cult of Plato. The nobleman took him into his palace and they read together the immortal dialogues of the philosopher. After some years, however, he was recalled to Spain and he persuaded the Greek to go with him. When the nobleman died the Greek, almost an old man by then, found a modest dwelling in the house of a widow woman. He had acquired some reputation for his learning and eked out a meager living by giving lessons in Greek.

Friar Blasco de Valero heard of Demetrios and sent for him. He was pleased with the old man's gentle bearing and asked if he would teach him the language in which the New Testament was written so that he might read the words with greater devotion. For nine years the Inquisitor and the Greek worked together. Friar Blasco was an industrious and an apt pupil and after nine months the Greek, who had a passion for the great and ancient literature of his country, persuaded him to embark on the works of the classical writers. Demetrios was a fervent Platonist and it was not long before they were reading the dialogues. From them they went on to Aristotle.

It was a new world Friar Blasco thus entered and he felt a singular exultation in his

perusal of these great works and a blissful repose after the labors of the day. In their long and fruitful intercourse he had conceived something very like affection for the unworldly Greek and his simple decent life, his kindness and charity, increased his admiration for his character.

IT WAS a terrible shock to him when a Dutchman, a Lutheran, arrested by the Inquisition for bringing into Spain translations of the New Testament, admitted under torture that he had given a copy to the Greek. Under questioning, emphasized by another turn of the rack, he stated that they had often conversed on religion and on many points were in full agreement. This was enough to oblige the Holy Office to make an investigation.

When Friar Blasco read the final reports he was horrified. It had never occurred to him that the Greek, so good, so humble, had not during his long years in Spain embraced the Catholic faith of Rome. Witnesses were brought forward who swore that they had heard him utter the most damnable heresies. He rejected the supremacy of the Pope and though he venerated the Virgin he denied her immaculate conception. The woman of the house in which he lived had heard him say that indulgences were worthless and someone else testified that he did not accept the Roman doctrine of purgatory.

Friar Blasco's fellow inquisitor, Don Baltasar de Carmona, was a dried up little man, with a long sharp nose, tight lips, and small restless eyes. When the damning facts were laid before him he insisted on the Greek's arrest, even though Friar Blasco protested as much as his conscience would permit. When the old man was taken to the prison he freely admitted the charges. The offense was grave, but the evidence of Protestantism was not decisive and in order to give the Greek a chance Friar Blasco urged that to induce his conversion and so save his soul he should be put to the torture.

The Greek was brought in, stripped, and tied to the trestle. His feeble old body was emaciated. He was solemnly besought to tell the truth for the love of God since the inquisitors did not wish to see him suffer. He remained silent. His ankles were tied to the sides of the rack, cords were passed round his

arms, his thighs and his calves, and their ends were attached to a garrote, a stick by which they could be twisted tight. The executioner gave a sharp turn of the garrote and the Greek shrieked, another, and skin and muscle were cut through to the bone. On account of his great age Friar Blasco had insisted that not more than four turns should be given since, though six or seven were possible, it was unusual even with strong men to exceed five. The Greek begged them to kill him at once and put him out of his agony. Though Friar Blasco was forced to be there, he was not forced to look and he stared at the stone floor, but those shrieks of pain rang in his ears and tore his nerves to pieces. That was the voice with which his friend had recited those grave and noble passages of Sophocles; that was the voice with which with an emotion he could hardly control he had read the dying speech of Socrates. Before each turn of the garrote, the Greek was ordered to tell the truth, but he clenched his teeth and would not speak. When he was released from the rack he could not stand and had to be carried back to the dungeon of the Holy Office.

Though he had admitted nothing he was condemned on the strength of what he had previously confessed. Friar Blasco could do nothing more, but still the shrieks of the old man rang in his ears and he suffered without respite. He sent spiritual advisers to attempt his conversion, for though nothing now could save his life, repentance, allowing him to be strangled quickly at the stake by the garrote, might still spare him the agony of death by burning.

But the Greek was contumacious. Notwithstanding the torture and his long confinement in prison his mind remained clear and active. To the friars' arguments he answered with arguments so subtle that they were incensed.

On the eve of the *auto da fé*, Friar Blasco decided to do an unprecedented thing. An hour before dawn he went to the Greek's dungeon. Two friars were passing his last night on earth with him. Friar Blasco dismissed them.

"He has refused to listen to our exhortations," said one of them.

A smile hovered over the Greek's lips as they left the cell.

"Your friars are doubtless worthy men,

Señor," he said. "But their intelligence is not remarkable."

He was calm and though so frail and old maintained an appearance of dignity.

"Your Reverence will forgive me if I remain on my bed. The torture left me very weak and I wish to preserve my strength for this day's ceremonies."

"Let us not waste time in idle speeches. In a few hours you must face a dreadful fate. God knows I would gladly give ten years of my life to save you from it. The evidence was damning and I should have been false to my oath if I had failed in my duty."

"I am the last man who would wish you to do that."

"Your life is forfeit and that I cannot save. But if you will recant and accept conversion I can at least spare you the agony of the flames. I have loved you, Demetrios, I can never repay the debt I owe you except by saving your immortal soul."

"You will only be wasting your time, Señor. We would employ it to better advantage if we talked as we have so often done before of the death of Socrates."

"I do not command you now, Demetrios, I beseech you to listen to me."

"That last courtesy I am bound to grant you."

The Inquisitor in earnest tones, with learning and discretion, point by point, expounded the arguments which the Church had devised to substantiate her own claims and to refute the opinions of heretics. He was well accustomed to discourse of this nature and he expressed himself ably and with impressive conviction.

"I should deserve little respect if for fear of a dreadful death I pretended to accept beliefs which I think erroneous," said the Greek when he had finished.

"I do not ask you to do that. I ask you to believe the truth with all your heart."

"What is truth?" asked Pontius Pilate. A man can as little constrain his belief as he can constrain the sea to calm when stormy winds assail it. I thank Your Reverence for your kindness and believe me I bear you no ill will for the misfortune that has befallen me. You have acted according to your conscience and no man can do more. I am an old man and whether I die today or in a year or two is no great matter. I have only one request to make you. Do not because I am gone relinquish



your studies of the sublime literature of ancient Greece. It cannot fail to enlarge your spirit and ennoble your mind."

"Do you not fear the just vengeance of God?"

"God has many names and infinite attributes."

"I cannot leave you thus."

"You will do your part and I mine," the Greek smiled. "It is yours to kill, mine to die without quailing."

**M**UCH of this, in halting tones, the Bishop told the two friars and at this point he covered his face as though to continue were a shame greater than he could bear.

"Then I did a dreadful thing. I could not bear the thought of that poor old man's being burnt by those cruel flames. His screams when they tortured him still rang in my ears and I thought I should continue to hear them all my life. I announced that he had so far recanted as to accept the procession of the Holy Ghost. I gave orders that he should be garroted before he was burnt. I knew it was a sin. It was a sin for which I can never cease to reproach myself, and the events of this day are my punishment."

"But, my lord, it was an act of mercy," said Father Antonio.

"It was no act of mercy. Who knows but that the Greek was shaken by my reasoning and when the fire licked his naked flesh the grace of God might have been vouchsafed to him and so moved his stubborn spirit to recant his errors? Many at that last dreadful moment when they are about to meet their Maker have thus saved their souls. I robbed him of the chance and so condemned him to eternal torment.

"It is to an eternity of hideous suffering that I have condemned that unhappy man. What punishment can make amends for such a frightful misdeed? Oh, I am afraid, afraid."

Great sobs rent his breast.

"Call the friars together and I will tell them I have sinned and for my soul's sake command them to inflict upon me the circular discipline."

This was the degrading punishment of scourging in which all present used the lash on the offender. Father Antonio, appalled, flung himself down on his knees and with his

hands together as if in prayer implored his master not to insist on such a fearful ordeal.

"The brethren have no love for you, my lord, they are angry because you would not allow them to come to the church this morning. They will not spare you."

"I do not wish them to spare me. If I die justice will have been administered."

The father raised himself to his feet.

"My lord, you have no right to expose yourself to such a mortal affront. You are the Bishop of Segovia. You will cast a slur on the whole episcopate of Spain."

The Bishop was taken aback. Was there some shadow of vainglory in his desire thus publicly to abase himself?

"I do not know," he said at last miserably. "I am like a man stumbling across an unknown country in the darkness of the night. Perhaps you are right. I was thinking only of myself, I did not think how it would affect others."

Father Antonio gave a sigh of relief.

"You two shall give me the discipline here and in private."

"No, no, no, I will not. I could not bear to do violence to your sacred body."

"Must I remind you of your vows then," asked the Bishop with all his old sternness. "Have you so little love for me that you can hesitate to inflict a trifling penance on me for my soul's good? There are scourges under the bed."

Silently, unhappily, the friar got them out. They were stained with blood. The Bishop slipped out of the upper part of his habit so that it fell to his waist. Then he removed his shirt; it was made of tin and pierced like a grater so that it should lacerate the flesh.

He threw his arms round a thin column and exposed his back to the two friars. Each of them in silence took a scourge and one after the other brought it down on the bleeding flesh. At each blow the Bishop shuddered, but not even a groan escaped his lips. They had not given him more than a dozen strokes when he fell to the floor in a swoon. They picked him up and carried him to the hard bed. At length he opened his eyes. It took him a moment to gather his senses together. Then he forced a smile to his lips.

"Poor creature that I am," he said. "I fainted."

"Do not speak, my lord. Lie still."

Father Antonio had sent for a doctor who came at last. He ordered the patient to stay in bed and said he would send medicine. It was a soothing potion and after a while the Bishop fell asleep.

## XVI

TOWARD evening of the next day, his brother Don Manuel came to see him. He came in, very grandly dressed, plethoric, rudely healthy, and with an aggressive vitality. He smiled grimly when he looked round the bare and cheerless cell. The Bishop motioned him to a stool, and he came directly to the point.

"It appears that the ceremony of yesterday morning failed to realize your hopes."

"Be so good as to state your business, Manuel."

"What made you think that you were the chosen instrument to cure that girl of her disability?"

"I received an assurance that what the girl said was true and, though I knew myself unworthy, I felt bound to act upon it."

"You made a mistake, brother. You should have examined her more carefully. The Blessed Virgin told her that the son of Don Juan de Valero who had best served God had the power to cure her. Why did you jump to the conclusion that you were meant?"

The Bishop paled.

"What do you mean?" he cried. "She said to me that Our Lady had told her that it was I."

"She is an ignorant and foolish girl. She supposed that you must be designated because you are a bishop and, how I know not, the people of this city have heard much of your sanctity and mortifications."

The Bishop prayed a short mental prayer so that he could master the anger and shame with which his brother's words filled him.

"How do you know all this? Who told you that those were the words of the Blessed Virgin?"

Don Manuel chortled at what seemed to him an excellent joke.

"It appears that the girl has an uncle called Domingo Perez. We used to know him when we were little. If I remember right you were at the seminary with him."

The Bishop inclined his head in token of assent.

"Domingo Perez is a toper. He goes to a tavern frequented by my servants and he scraped acquaintance with them, doubtless in the hope of drinking wine at their expense. Last night he was in his cups. As was natural they were all talking of the events of the morning, for your fiasco, brother, is become the common talk of the city. Domingo told them that he had expected nothing else and had sought to warn you, but was refused admission to the convent. He repeated then the exact words as his niece had reported them to him which Our Blessed Lady had spoken."

Don Manuel continued softly, "Did it not occur to you, brother, that it was I who was meant?"

"You?"

"Does it surprise you, brother? For four and twenty years I have served my King. You have burnt a few dozen heretics at the stake, and I, to the glory of God, have killed the damned heretics by the thousands. To the glory of God I have laid waste their fields and burnt their crops. I have besieged thriving towns and when they surrendered put all their inhabitants, men, women, and children, to the sword."

The Bishop shuddered.

"The Holy Office condemns the accused only by process of law. It gives them the opportunity to repent and purge their sin. It is careful to do justice and if it punishes the guilty it absolves the innocent."

"I know those Dutchmen too well to think they are capable of repentance. Heresy is in their blood. No one that knows me can deny that I have served God well."

The Bishop pondered. "Heaven knows, I am conscious of my unworthiness," he said at last gently. "Should you attempt this thing and fail it will cause a scandal in the city and give a cruel opportunity to the wicked to mock. I beseech you to do nothing rashly; it is a matter that demands anxious consideration."

"That it has already received, brother," said Don Manuel coolly. "I have consulted my friends and they are the most important men in the city. I have asked the opinion of the archpriest and the prior of this convent. One and all, they consent."

Again the Bishop paused. He knew that



there were many in the city who were envious of the positions he and his brother had achieved because, though gentlemen by birth, they were of small account. It might well be that they had agreed to his brother's preposterous demand only to throw discredit on them both.

"You must not forget that there is still the possibility that the girl Catalina Perez was deceived."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating. If I fail it will be clear that the girl is a witch and should be handed over to the Inquisition for trial and punishment."

"If you have the consent of the authorities of the city and are determined to make the attempt I can do nothing to prevent you. But I beg you to do everything as secretly as may be so that greater scandal than has been caused already may be avoided."

Upon this Don Manuel withdrew. The Bishop sighed deeply. It seemed to him that his cup of bitterness was filled to the brim. He knelt down before the black Cross on the wall and silently prayed. Then he called a lay brother and bade him fetch the man Domingo Perez.

## XVII

**A**FTER a little the lay brother ushered Domingo into the Bishop's oratory. For a while the two men stared silently at one another. They had not met since they were young men, hardly more than boys, at the seminary of Alcalá de Henares. Domingo wore a shabby cassock, green with age and stained down the front with wine and food.

"Your lordship desired to see me," he said.

A slight, yet gentle smile was outlined on the Bishop's pale lips.

"It is a long time since we last met, Domingo."

"Our paths have gone very different ways. I should have thought your lordship had long forgotten the existence of so poor and worthless a creature as Domingo Perez."

"We have known one another all our lives. I am ashamed that you should address me with such ceremony. It is many years since I have heard a friend call me Blasco."

Domingo gave him his careless, disarming smile.

"The great have no friends, dear Blasco. It is the price they must pay for their greatness."

"Let us for an hour forget this poor greatness of mine and let us talk with one another like the old and intimate comrades we once were. I have kept myself informed of your life."

"It has not been an edifying one."

The Bishop sat down on a stool and motioned to Domingo to take the other.

"But more than that I have kept in touch with you through your letters."

"How can you have done that? I have never written to you."

"Not as from yourself, but I read too many of the poems you wrote when we were boys together not to know your handwriting. Do you think I did not recognize it in the letters my father and my brother Martin sent me. I knew very well that they could never have expressed themselves with such elegance and propriety. And there were expressions, turns of phrase, reflections, in which I recognized your wayward spirit."

Domingo laughed lightly.

"How sad it is that you should have let your great gifts run to waste, Domingo. Often you used to terrify me by the audacity of your thought, but I never doubted your brilliance. You were born to excel and but for your restless temper you might by now be a shining ornament of our Holy Church."

"Instead of which," returned Domingo, "I am nothing but a poor scholar, a playwright who can find no actors to act his plays, a hack who writes sermons for priests too stupid to write their own, something of a drunkard and a ne'er-do-well. I lacked the vocation, my good Blasco. Life allured me. My place was neither the cloister nor the hearth, but the broad highway with its adventures and perils, its chance encounters and manifold variety. I have lived. I have suffered from hunger and thirst, I have been footsore, I have been beaten, I have suffered every mischance that can beset a man: I have lived. And even now when age is creeping upon me I have no regrets for the years I have wasted, for I too have slept on Parnassus; and when I walk to some distant village to write a paper for an illiterate clown, or when I sit in my little room surrounded by my books and rhyme the speeches in plays that will never be played, I am filled with such exultation that I would

not change places with cardinal or pope."

"Do you not fear the wrath to come? The wages of sin is death."

"Is it the Bishop of Segovia who asks me that question or my old and dear friend Blasco de Valero?"

"I have never yet betrayed a friend or an enemy. So long as you say nothing to offend the Faith say what you will."

"Then this must be my answer: We know that the attributes of God are infinite and it has always seemed strange to me that men have never given Him credit for common sense. It is hard to believe that He would have created so beautiful a world if He had not desired men to enjoy it. Would He have given the stars their glory, the birds their sweet song, and the flowers their fragrance if He had not wished us to delight in them? I have sinned before men and men have condemned me. God made me a man with the passions of a man and did He give them to me only that I should suppress them? He gave me my adventurous spirit and my love of life. I have a humble hope that when I am face to face with my Maker He will condone my imperfections and I shall find mercy in His sight."

THE Bishop looked sorely troubled. He could have told the poor poet that we are placed on this earth to scorn its delights, to resist temptation, to conquer ourselves, and to bear our cross; so that in the end, miserable sinners though we be, we may be found worthy of communion with the blessed. But would his words avail? He could only pray that before death claimed him the Grace of God might descend upon that wretched man so that he would repent of his misdeeds. Silence fell between them.

"I did not send for you today in order to urge you to mend your ways," said the Bishop at last. "It would not be difficult for me to confute your wrongful opinions, but I know of old how ingenious you are to make the worse appear the better reason. You have a niece."

"I have."

"What do you make of this story that has brought unrest upon the city?"

"She is a virtuous and truthful girl. She is a good Catholic, but no more than properly religious."

"Since I understand that she owes her education to you I can well credit that."

"Nor is she prone to idle fancies. She is indeed, as the poor are bound to be, somewhat matter-of-fact. No one could accuse her of possessing the unfortunate faculty of imagination."

"Do you believe then that the Blessed Virgin did in fact appear to her?"

"I was in two minds until yesterday when she told me the exact words Our Lady had used. Then I was convinced. That is why I sought to see you. I knew at once what was meant and I wanted to spare you a useless intervention. They would not admit me."

"Time has not diminished the affection that bound me to you in my youth. I wished to save you from a humiliation which I knew would be very bitter to you. The moment the girl repeated to me the Blessed Virgin's exact words I knew who was designated to cure her of her infirmity."

"She told me that Our Lady had named me."

"That was a natural error for a girl to make who had heard of your mortifications, virtue, and austerity. The Blessed Virgin told her that the power to cure her lay in the hands of that one of your father's sons who has best served God."

"I have but just heard that."

"Do you not know then who has done that? It is as plain as plain can be."

The Bishop paled. He gave Domingo an anxious glance.

"My brother Martin?"

"The baker."

Beads of sweat stood on the Bishop's brow. He shivered.

"It is impossible."

"Why? Because he has no learning? Your brother is a good and simple man. He has been a faithful husband to his wife and a loving father to his children. He has honored his father and mother. He has fed them when they were hungry and tended them when they were sick. He bore with submission his father's contempt and his mother's distress because, a gentleman by birth, he followed a calling that lowered him in the estimation of fools. He suffered with good humor the scorn of the gentry and the gibes of the vulgar. Like our father Adam he earned his bread by the sweat of his brow and he took a modest pride



in the knowledge that the bread was good. He accepted the joys of life with gratitude and its sorrows with resignation. He succored the needy. He was pleasant in his discourse and cheerful in his mien. He was a friend to all men.

"The ways of God are inscrutable and it may well be that in His eyes by his industrious, honest life, his loving kindness, his innocent gaiety, Martin the baker has served Him better than you who have sought salvation by prayer and penance or your brother Manuel who glories in the women and children he has killed and the thriving towns he has left in desolate ruin."

The Bishop passed his hand heavily across his forehead.

"You know me too well, Domingo," he said, his voice trembling, "to think that I undertook to do the thing I did without anxious searching of heart. I knew I was unworthy and my soul was dismayed, but I took the sign that was granted me as a command to do what I believed to be the will of God. I was wrong. And now my brother Manuel is determined to attempt what I failed to do."

"At all costs you must prevent him."

"I have no authority to do so."

"If your brother should persist in his folly he will seek to avenge himself for his discomfiture on that wretched girl. The people will side with him. They will have no mercy. In the name of our old friendship I beseech you to protect her from his enmity and from the blind violence of the mob."

"By the Cross on which Our Lord was crucified I swear to you that I will give my life if need be to save the child from harm."

Domingo rose to his feet.

"I thank you with all my heart. Farewell, my dear. Our paths are different and we shall not meet again. Farewell forever."

"Farewell. Oh, Domingo, I am an unhappy man. Pray for me, pray for me in all your prayers that God may vouchsafe to release me from the cruel burden of this life."

He was so shattered, his mien so piteous, that the old toper was seized with compassion. On a sudden impulse he took the Bishop in his arms and kissed him on both cheeks. The sinner pressed the saint to his heart and was quickly gone.



### XVIII

**W**HETHER the notion was born in a single place and spread swiftly from there, or whether it sprang independently into the minds of many at once, the conviction spread very swiftly through the city that Don Manuel was in reality the man intended to work the miracle ordained by the divine will. Wherever the subject was broached, and indeed it was broached everywhere, in tavern and hovel, in palace and cloisters, it was agreed without the least dissent that the soldier was obviously chosen.

A deputation, consisting of prominent ecclesiastics, members of the aristocracy, and persons of authority in the city council, called upon him and announced their unanimous opinion. Don Manuel in his bluff, soldierly

way told them that he was prepared to put himself at their disposal.

And so, on the following morning, Catalina Perez knelt trembling beside her crutch at the altar of the Collegiate Church. The Church was packed with humanity, some in glittering dress and some in the rags of poverty, and outside, in the plaza and in the streets leading to it, thousands pressed forward listening to the faint music of the Mass.

When the great moment came, Don Manuel rose to his feet and strode to the terrified girl. He was confident in his power. He laid his hand on the girl's head and in a loud voice, as though he were giving his regiment the order to charge, he repeated the words he had been given to say.

"In the name of God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost I command

thee, Catalina Perez, to rise to thy feet, cast away thy useless crutch, and walk."

The girl, spellbound by the awfulness of the occasion, frightened, staggered to her feet and dropped the crutch. She took a step forward and with a cry of terror fell headlong. Once more the miracle had failed.

**T**HEN a great uproar arose and it was as though a sudden madness had seized the crowd. Men shouted and women screamed. They yelled with rage.

"A witch. A witch," they cried. "The stake. The stake. The stake. Burn her."

Then with a sudden impulse the great throng surged toward the sacristy and they would have torn the girl limb from limb.

The Bishop sprang to his feet and with a swift sweeping movement strode down the sacristy till he came face to face with the raging mob. He raised his arms above his head and his great dark eyes blazed.

"Back, back," he cried in a voice of thunder. "Who are you to desecrate this holy place? Get back, I tell you. Get back."

His aspect was so terrifying that a gasp of horror was wrung from a thousand throats. As though a great abyss had suddenly opened before them the crowd on a sudden stopped dead.

They shrank back. For a moment the Bishop eyed them with eyes black with indignation.

"Kneel, kneel," he cried, "and pray that you may be forgiven for the insult that you have offered to the house of God."

At his words, dominated by his authority, many fell sobbing to their knees. Silence fell except for the hysterical sobbing of a woman here and there.

"Listen," said the Bishop at last. "You know the words Our Lady vouchsafed to the girl Catalina Perez and you know the wonders that have occurred in this city and have given rise to confusion and unrest in your minds. The Blessed Virgin told this girl that the son of Don Juan de Valero who had best served God had the power by God's grace to cure her of her infirmity. In our sinful pride and vanity I who speak to you and Don Manuel my brother had the temerity to think that one or other of us was thus designated. We have been bitterly punished for our presumption. But Don Juan has still another son."

The crowd interrupted him with shouts and laughter.

"*El panadero*," they cried. "The baker."

Then they began to sing derisively in a sort of rude rhythm.

"*El panadero. El panadero.*"

"Silence," cried the Bishop.

People hushed one another.

"Are the familiars of the Holy Office here?"

Behind the Bishop several men spoke up.

"Let them stand forth," he said.

There was a moment's pause while they left their seats and took up positions behind the Bishop.

"Listen," he said again. "The Holy Office does nothing in anger nor in haste. It administers justice to the guilty, but is merciful to the repentant sinner."

He paused and the silence was awful.

"If this wretched girl is deceived or is possessed of a devil it is for the Holy Office to take cognizance of it. If she fails in the test the familiars are here to deliver her to the tribunal. But the test is not complete. Where is Martin de Valero?"

"Here, here," cried several voices.

"Let him come forward."

**T**HE crowd parted and Martin was urged forward to the sanctuary steps. The men fell back and left him standing alone. He had come in from his shop to see the wonder of which everyone was talking and he was in his working clothes. His face was red from the heat of the ovens. The day was hot and pearls of sweat stood on his forehead. His plump good-humored countenance was heavy with consternation.

"Come," said the Bishop.

"How can I do what you could not?" cried Martin. "I am but a working man and no better a Christian than my neighbor."

"Be silent."

Catalina was lying where she had fallen, her face hidden in her arms and sobs shook her body. No one had paid more attention to her than if she were a dead dog by the roadside. Two familiars raised her to her feet and brought her face to face with the Bishop. As best she could, with the crutch under her armpit, she joined her hands together in supplication. Tears streamed down her face.

"Oh, my lord, my lord, have pity on me," she cried. "Not again, I beseech you, it can



come to nothing. Let me go home to my mother."

"Kneel," he ordered. "Kneel."

With a despairing sob the child sank to her knees.

"Lay your hand on her head," he bade his brother.

"I cannot. I will not. I am afraid."

"Under pain of excommunication I command you to do as I tell you," said the Bishop harshly.

A shudder shook the unfortunate man, for he knew that his brother would not hesitate to carry into effect his dreadful threat. He timidly laid a trembling hand on the girl's head. It was not even clean.

"Now say the words that you heard your brother Manuel say."

"I cannot remember them."

"Then I will say them and you shall say them after me. I, Martin de Valero, son of Juan de Valero."

Martin repeated the words. "I, Martin de Valero, son of Juan de Valero."

The Bishop spoke the last fateful words in a loud strong voice, but Martin said them after him in a tone that was barely audible. Catalina, as she was bidden, scrambled to her feet and with a despairing gesture flung the crutch away from her. For an instant she wavered. She did not fall. She stood. Then, with a cry and a sob, forgetting the place and the occasion, she turned and ran down the sanctuary steps.

"Mother, mother."

Maria Perez, who was with Domingo, beside herself with joy forced her way through the crowd and ran to meet her. Catalina threw herself in her arms and burst into tears.

THE dense throng for a moment was too stunned to move. They gasped in amazement; then such a hullabaloo arose as never was heard.

"The miracle. The miracle."

They shouted. They clapped their hands. Women waved their handkerchiefs. The men cried *ole, ole*, as they would have done at a bullfight when one of the *toreros* had made a dangerous pass. Above the din rose the piercing tones of a woman here and there singing to a strange, half Moorish tune a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. With their own eyes they had seen a miracle.

Suddenly a hush passed over that wild rout, and all eyes were turned upon the Bishop. Martin, in his shyness, hardly able to take in what had happened, had shrunk back, and the Bishop stood alone at the top of the sanctuary steps with his back to the High Altar. In his habit, patched and worn though it was, emaciated, but tall and erect, he made a figure that was awe-inspiring. But the marvelous thing was that he was bathed in light; it was not a halo that surrounded his head, but an aureole that seemed to clothe him from head to foot.

"A saint, a saint," cried the people, quite forgetting Martin's share in the occasion. Only Domingo noticed that a pane of one of the stained glass windows was broken and by a fortunate chance a ray of sun passed through the aperture to hit the Bishop and suffuse him with glory.

The Bishop slowly walked down the sanctuary. As in a trance, he passed through the kneeling multitude and gave the people his blessing as he went. He did not see Domingo's ironical glance.



## XIX

THAT night there was great rejoicing in the city. In the taverns the tapsters could not fill cups and drinking horns fast enough. Chattering crowds wandered

round and round the plaza and talked of the wonderful event of the day. No one doubted but that it was the saintly Bishop who had performed the miracle and all were touched by his modesty in using his brother the baker as an instrument of his power. So

he had taught them that in truth the humble would be exalted and the haughty abased. Many vowed that they had seen him rise in the air, two feet from the ground said some and four feet others, and remain there suspended in glory.

## XX

**I**N THE confusion that ensued when the crowd surged out of the church after the Bishop, Domingo hustled Catalina and her mother through a side door and taking unfrequented alleys brought them safely back to home. Neighbors already were running to share in the excitement, but Catalina broke from her uncle and pounded swiftly up the stairs to her room. She latched the door, and almost in one movement swept her dress over her head, and in a moment more she was standing naked in the center of the sunlit room, gazing with rapt astonishment at her body. Such was her piety that she had rarely before actually regarded her self, but now she stared at the curves of her legs. She lifted her eyes for one brief moment to give a prayer of gratitude to Our Lady, and then she stared at her legs again.

With a rush of shame, she still decided that they were quite beautiful. She thought instantly of Diego, and wondered whether he would think them beautiful, or would always be a little frightened because the beauty of one of them, at least, was the result of a public miracle. Flexing her muscles in a little dance around the room, she decided that she was quite capable of meeting such a situation as that when it arose—if, indeed, Diego had the courage to return to her at all.

She dressed, and went down to accept the congratulations of the neighbors, and after a little while Maria had supper ready. The neighbors left, and as the three supped Domingo recited verses appropriate to the occasion. But the plates were barely clean before Catalina sprang suddenly to her feet.

"There he is," she cried.

"Who is it?" asked her uncle crossly.

"Diego. Mother, I can go to the *reja*, can't I?"

"I should have thought you had more spirit."

The *reja* was the grill that secured the window from the intrusion not so much of thieves

as of too enterprising swains. As a well-behaved girl, who knew that men were lascivious and a woman's virginity her crowning glory, it would never have occurred to Catalina to admit an admirer into the house, but it was the custom for a girl to sit at her window at night and with the grill between talk with the object of her affections of the mysterious things lovers are accustomed to entertain themselves with.

"He abandoned you when you were crippled," Maria Perez went on. "And now that you are a celebrity and the whole city is talking about you he comes running back with his tail between his legs."

"Oh, mother, you don't know men as well as I do," said Catalina.

"You are a very silly girl. He is a shameless fellow and you should have more self-respect."

"Let her go," said Domingo. "She loves him and that is the end of it. I daresay he is no more worthless than any other young man of this degenerate day."

With a shrug of her shoulders Maria Perez got up and taking the tallow candle by which Domingo had been reading, said:

"Come into the kitchen and read your play to me there."

**C**ATALINA was left alone. She went to the window and against the darkness of the night saw a figure which made her heart beat.

"Diego."

"Catalina. Heart of my soul," he said, "I adore you."

"My love, my precious love," she answered.

"Cursed be this grill that separates us. Oh, why cannot I take you into my arms and cover your face with kisses and press my beating heart to yours?"

She knew very well what that would lead to and the idea did not in the least displease her. She knew that man was a creature of licentious passion and it gave her a thrill of pride and at the same time a sort of heartache that Diego should so vehemently desire her.

"Oh, my dear, what can you want of me that I do not want to give you? But if you love me you cannot ask me to do what would be a mortal sin and which in any case these iron bars make impossible."

"Give me your hand then."



The window at which she sat was at some little height from the street, so that in order to do this she had to kneel on the floor. She slipped her hand through the grill and he pressed it to his greedy lips. Her hands were very small, with tapering fingers, hands of a lady of high degree. She gently stroked his face and she blushed and laughed when he put her little thumb in his mouth.

"Shameless one," she said. "What will you do next?" She withdrew her hand. "Behave yourself and let us talk sense."

"How can I talk sense when you rob me of my senses? Woman, you might as well ask a river to run uphill."

"Then you had better take yourself off. It is growing late and I am tired. The haberdasher's daughter must be waiting for you and you have no reason to offend her."

This she said with perfidious sweetness and it brought the answer she wanted.

"La Clara? What is she to me? She has a hump on her back, a squint in her eye, and hair like a mangy dog's."

"Liar," she answered cheerfully. "It is true that she is somewhat marked with smallpox

and her teeth are a little yellow and one is missing, but except for that she is not a bad looking girl and she has a nice nature."

He made uncouth noises of disgust.

"I was in the church this morning," he went on, "and when I saw you stand there in all your beauty it was as if a sword pierced my heart and I knew that nothing in the world could separate me from you."

"I was in a daze. And then it was as if a million pins and needles were pricking my leg so that I couldn't have borne the pain another minute and I knew nothing more till I found myself in mother's arms and she was laughing and crying and I burst into tears."

"You ran and as you ran we all shouted with joy and wonder. You ran like a doe that flees from the hunter, you ran like a nymph of the woods because she has heard the voices of men, you ran like . . ."

Her mother's voice broke in.

"Come to bed, child. You don't want all the neighbors talking and you should have a good night's rest."

"Good night, my beloved."

"Light of my eyes, good night."



## XXI

THEY little knew what while they continued every night to talk to each other through the iron grill, a great lady in her oratory, only a stone's throw away, was contriving a scheme that very much concerned them.

Doña Beatriz was a devout woman who scrupulously performed her duties. The convent she ruled was a model to the community. In conduct and piety she was irreproachable. But she carried in her heart a deadly hatred for a certain nun of Avila, Teresa de Cepeda by name, which neither the precepts of religion nor the repeated censures of her confessor could mitigate. This nun, known in religion as Mother Teresa of Jesus, but by the Prioress never referred to but as La Cepeda,

had entered the Convent of the Incarnation at Avila where Doña Beatriz had been first a pupil and then a novice. She had aroused a good deal of indignation by claiming to receive special graces, raptures, and the vision of Our Lord, His face blazing with glory; to say nothing of having driven away the devil who was sitting on her office book by throwing holy water at him; but the climax came when, dissatisfied with the laxity of the Carmelite rule, she had left the convent and established a new one where a stricter rule was followed. Surmounting ceaseless opposition she founded convent after convent of Discalced Carmelites, as they were called, since instead of the stout shoes worn by the other members of the order they wore sandals with rope soles.

No one had fought this reform with greater

tenacity than Doña Beatriz. She had never had any patience with the excessive mortifications, the visions and raptures, which the nuns of La Cepeda professed to have. There was a natural antagonism between these two women of strong will.

When Teresa de Jesus died, Doña Beatriz could not suppress a sigh of relief. But in a little while stories began to be told of the miracles she had performed in her lifetime and the marvels that attended her death. Already a great many influential people were urging her beatification and it was finally borne in upon Doña Beatriz that sooner or later La Cepeda would be canonized.

But if the Prioress could do nothing to prevent the upstart order from receiving an honor for which she could see no justification, it now occurred to her that she could do something to restore the balance by providing her own order with a candidate for canonization. Providence had shown her the way and it would be a sin if she did not take it. Catalina Perez was a pious and a virtuous girl and the miracle by which she had recovered her health had been witnessed not by two or three emotional nuns or self-interested priests, but by a vast concourse. Having received so signal a mark of divine favor it seemed only proper that she should devote the rest of her life to the service of God. Doña Beatriz had heard that she fancied herself in love with a young man of the city, but she brushed this aside; she could not believe that a woman in her senses would think twice of marrying a tailor when she might enjoy the benefits, both spiritual and worldly, which she would have by entering the Convent of the Incarnation of which she was herself the Prioress. If the girl was what the nuns who knew her said she was she could not fail to be a credit to the convent and the grace she had received would add a further distinction to the foundation. She was young enough to react to training and Doña Beatriz was confident that she could make her a worthy religious. There was no reason to suppose that the Blessed Virgin would cease to take an interest in her and it was far from impossible that she would be the recipient of further graces. Her fame would spread and when in due course she was released from the martyrdom of life she would surely be as suitable a candidate for beatification as the turbulent nun of Avila.

About a week after the miracle, therefore, the Prioress had Catalina brought to her. Until then she had never seen her. She was immediately struck by the girl's beauty and with a smile, in which there was little of her habitual grimness, graciously remarked on it.

CATALINA was very much in awe of the great lady with whose reputation both for virtue and severity she was well acquainted, but Doña Beatriz set herself to put the girl at her ease. Her face wore an expression of benignity which the nuns but rarely saw and Catalina began to wonder why they were all so much afraid of her. She was a voluble young person and, graciously encouraged to talk, she was soon telling her kindly listener the whole story of her short life with its hardship of poverty, its tribulations and joys, and she never suspected with what skill the Prioress guided her recital to make her disclose her disposition, honest nature, and charm of character. Without a tremor, but with an indulgent benevolence the Prioress heard her describe the merit and beauty of Diego, his sweetness and goodness; and tell how his parents, so unkind to her before, had relented so that now no obstacle remained to their happiness. The Prioress desired to hear from her own lips how the Blessed Virgin had appeared to her, the very words she had spoken, and how in the twinkling of an eye she had vanished from her sight. It was then that she gravely but mildly suggested that in common gratitude for the grace she had received Catalina should make a retreat in the convent in order to collect herself and for a little while surrender her spirit to the contemplation of heavenly things. Catalina was taken aback. But she was accustomed to say the first thing that came into her head and by now she had so much lost her awe of the Prioress that she did not hesitate to be frank.

"Oh, Reverend Mother," she cried, "I couldn't do that. We've been separated so long, it would break my Diego's heart to be parted from me now. He says that he only lives for that hour when we talk to one another at my window. I should pine away if I didn't see him then."

"I would not press you, child, to do anything that you do not wish. A retreat could only benefit you if you made it for the love



of God and with a sincere desire to amend yourself. I confess I should be disappointed in you if you were so little grateful to the Blessed Virgin for her goodness to you that you grudged her a little time to give her thanks; and I cannot think that this young man, if he loves you as you say and is so good, could take it amiss if for a while, no more than two or three weeks perhaps, in return for the blessing that has reunited you, you devoted yourself to pray for his salvation as well as yours. But we will say no more about it; the only thing I would ask you is to consult your confessor on the matter. It may be that he will think my suggestion of no value and in that case your conscience will be at ease."

She then dismissed her with the present of a rosary of amber beads.

## XXII

IT WAS NO surprise to the Prioress when two or three days later she was informed that Catalina was in the parlor and had come to beg permission to make a retreat. She sent for her, made her welcome, kissed her, and put her in charge of the mistress of novices. Catalina was given a cell that looked over the nuns' well-tended garden. Though austere furnished, it was roomy, clean, and cool.

There was no need of Doña Beatriz' request—and her requests were orders—that Catalina should be treated with indulgence and kindness, for her beauty, modesty, and charm immediately captivated all hearts. Nuns, novices, lay sisters, and lady boarders, all joined in making much of her. They liked her gaiety; they spoiled her like a favorite child. Though the bed she slept in was such as the rule of the order directed, it was luxurious compared with that to which she was accustomed, and the food she ate, simple and unspiced as was proper, was such as in the poverty of her home she had never tasted. Fish, chickens, game were provided from the Prioress' estates, and the lady boarders invited her to their rooms to partake of sweetmeats and other delicacies.

Doña Beatriz kept her own counsel; she was content to let the girl see for herself the delight of conventual life, with its peace, its pleasant activity, and its security from the turmoil and trouble of the world. Its monotony

was relieved by the visits during the recreation hour of distinguished ladies of the city and of worthy gentlemen, for the most part relatives of the Prioress or her nuns, whose conversation was not entirely restricted to religious topics. Catalina was not a little flattered by the attentions they paid her. She had entered upon her retreat somewhat rebelliously on the order of her confessor reinforced by the persuasion of her mother, but she found it far from unpleasant. It would have been strange if she did not compare to its advantage the happy, ordered life of the nuns with that she led at home with its constant drudgery darkened always by the specter of want.

She enjoyed the services which she attended with all the members of the community in the small but beautiful church attached to the convent. The Prioress had an ear for music and she had seen to it that the singing was good and the rites conducted not only with devoutness but with ceremony. Catalina, with her keen sensibilities, found in them not only a delight to her senses, but a spiritual enrichment. Very much to her surprise she found the life of the convent not an imprisonment as she had feared but a liberation. She liked to please, and she pleased; she wished to be loved, and loved she was. Although she missed Diego and thought of him constantly she was obliged to admit to herself that she would look back later on her retreat as one of the most agreeable episodes of her life.

Every day, toward evening, Doña Beatriz sent for her and kept her for an hour. She never mentioned her wish that Catalina should enter the religious life. The Prioress talked to her, not as a great lady and the Mother Superior of a convent, but as a loving friend. She exerted herself to gain an influence over the girl, but she knew that she must tread warily. She told her stories of the saints to edify her and stories of the Court to show her that even a religious could play a part in affairs of state. She talked to her of the affairs of the convent and the management of her properties not without a notion that it might favorably affect Catalina to see what a responsible and important position it was to be the Prioress of the Carmelite convent at Castel Rodriguez. The possibility of attaining it might well dazzle the daughter of Maria Perez the seamstress.

**B**UT very little can be kept secret in a convent and though Doña Beatriz had never told anyone of her plan, it was not long before it was generally known among the nuns to what end tended the privileges Catalina enjoyed and the notice the awe-inspiring Mother Superior took of her. An effusive nun one day told her how much they all loved her and how much they wished that she would remain with them for good. A lady boarder who was staying at the convent because her husband was at the wars told her how much she wished she were free to become a religious.

"If I were in your place, child," she said, "I would ask the Reverend Mother tomorrow to accept me as a novice."

"Oh, but I am going to be married."

"You will never cease to regret it. Men by their nature are brutal, neglectful, and faithless."

The lady was pasty-faced, lethargic, and corpulent. Catalina could not but think that if her husband was as bad as that there were excuses for him.

On another occasion during the recreation hour a lady from the city pinched Catalina's cheek and archly said:

"Well, I hear that we are going to have a pretty little saint in the convent very soon. You must promise to remember me in your prayers, for I am a great sinner and I shall count on you to get me into paradise."

Catalina was frightened. She had no wish to become a nun and much less a saint. She remembered a number of casual remarks to which at the time they were made she had paid no attention. On a sudden it became clear to her that they all expected her to enter the religious life. That evening when as usual she entered the Prioress' oratory it was with a mind ill at ease. Doña Beatriz noticed that something was wrong. She was direct.

"What is the matter, child?" she asked, suddenly interrupting Catalina in what she was saying.

The girl started and flushed.

"Nothing, Reverend Mother."

"Are you afraid to tell me? Do you not know that I love you as if you were my own daughter? I am hoping you had at least a little affection for me."

Catalina burst into tears.

The Prioress held out her arms in an affectionate gesture.

"Come and sit here, child, and tell me what is troubling you."

Catalina went and sat at the feet of the Prioress.

"I want to go home," she sobbed.

Doña Beatriz stiffened, but in an instant recovered herself.

"Are you not happy here, my dear? We have done all we could to make you so. You have gained the love of all."

"Their love imprisons me. I'm like a trapped hare. The nuns, the ladies, they seem to take it as a matter of course that I should enter the convent. I don't want to."

The Prioress was seized with a sudden anger because those foolish women in their zeal had betrayed her, but she did not let a trace of it appear on her grave face. She answered gently.

"No one can wish to force you to do what should only be an act of free will under the inspiration of God. You must not blame the ladies because in the attachment they have formed for you they do not want to lose you. For my own part I will not deny that I have permitted myself to wish that in gratitude for the great mercy that has been shown you Our Blessed Lady might arouse in your heart the wish to become one of us. You would be an honor and a glory to our convent. I know that you are not only humble and pious, but you have a clever head on your shoulders. Too many of our nuns, alas, fail to combine goodness with intelligence. I am an old woman, the burden of my office begins to be more than I can bear; perhaps it was a sin to indulge in idle dreams, it would have been a great happiness to me if I could have had you by my side, with your tact, your natural kindness, and your good sense, to share my labors with me and to know that when in the fullness of time my heavenly father called me to himself you would occupy my place."

She paused and waited for a reply. She gently stroked the girl's cheek.

"You are very good to me, Reverend Mother. I cannot thank you enough for your kindness. It would break my heart if you thought me ungrateful. I am unworthy of the great honor you have in mind for me."

Though in the words there was no blunt refusal of the dazzling offer, the Prioress was too clear-sighted not to see that this was what they implied. She knew that to try further



persuasion would only increase her obstinacy. She was not beaten, but discretion suggested that for the moment retreat was wise.

"It is a matter for you to decide for yourself according to the dictates of your conscience and I am far from wishing to influence you."

THE Prioress dismissed Catalina with a fond kiss. Once more alone in her oratory she gave herself up to intensive thought. She was not the woman to accept defeat. She felt herself justified in using any means, so long as there was no sin in them, to secure the girl's welfare in this world and salvation in the next and at the same time to achieve an object which would bring credit to the order. The first thing evidently was to try whether by persuasion more efficacious than her own Catalina could not be brought to a proper state of mind.

Though she thought it would be to the advantage and glory of her order that Catalina should enter religion in the convent her father had founded, she was sincerely convinced that it would be also to the girl's welfare and to the edification of the faithful. The Prioress very well knew that the only real obstacle was the unfortunate attachment the foolish creature had contracted for the young tailor called Diego. It made her impatient to think that for such a trifling reason Catalina should be willing to forego the great advantages, both here and hereafter, which the religious life offered her. But a wise person takes things as they are and knowing the conditions proceeds to deal with them in such a manner as to achieve the desired result.

First, then, the Prioress sent for her mistress of novices. This nun, Doña Ana de San José, was discreet, intelligent, and reliable, and she had the interests of the convent at heart.

She suggested to Doña Ana that it would be a good thing to spread it among the nuns, the lady boarders, *damas de piso* they were called, and among the visitors that she was prepared to accept Catalina as a novice. After the wonderful occurrence that had brought her a fame that would in due course become known throughout Spain it was natural that she should wish to embrace the religious life, and it would be a glory to the city that she should dwell in their midst and by her prayers ac-

quire for it the special favour of the Deity. It would surely require more strength of will than a simple girl could be expected to have, to withstand the pressure of public opinion and to refuse the approbation, the admiration even, with which her decision to abandon the world, with its transitory pleasures, would be received. But Doña Beatriz was a practical woman and she was aware that practical advantages also have their weight.

She also instructed the obedient nun to see Maria Perez, tell her the good impression she, the Prioress, had formed of her daughter's virtue and aptitude and what in consequence she was prepared to do for her. She knew that she could trust Doña Ana to make Maria Perez understand how great an honor was thus conferred on her daughter, and how much better a life, materially as well as spiritually, it would offer Catalina than if she married a poor man's son who might well turn out an idler, a drunkard, and a gambler. Finally Doña Beatriz told the nun to say that she herself would pay the girl's dowry which was necessary on entering the religious life and since Maria Perez was growing old and without her daughter's help might find herself in straitened circumstances she would be pleased to give her a pension large enough to keep her in comfort, without the necessity of working, for the rest of her life.

The offers were so handsome that Doña Ana was filled with admiration for her superior's charity and munificence. That wonderful woman forgot nothing. The Prioress dismissed her with the injunction to choose a suitable moment to deliver the message and to impress upon Maria Perez the need of absolute secrecy, for she had an inkling that if she talked about it to her brother, the dissolute Domingo, he might be wicked enough to persuade her to refuse her consent.

The mistress of novices executed the commission with dispatch and dexterity and within twenty-four hours was able to tell Doña Beatriz that Maria Perez had received her generous offers with humility and gratitude.

"Did she say anything about this young man who has been paying Catalina some attention?" asked the Prioress.

"Maria Perez doesn't like him. She says he behaved very badly when the poor child had her accident. She thinks him selfish and she

thinks he has much too good an opinion of himself."

"It would be difficult to find a man who does not suffer from both of those defects," said the Prioress drily.

### XXIII

THE Prioress allowed a few days to elapse so that the news should be spread that if Catalina was moved by the spirit of God to take the veil she would be received into the convent of the Carmelites. It was received with gratification. There was a general agreement that such a step would redound to the glory of the city and it was eminently fitting that the girl should take it. It was scarcely decent that the recipient of such a prodigious grace should become the wife of a tailor. The mistress of novices accomplished her particular mission with success. She saw Maria Perez again and warned her to deal tactfully with her daughter, not to press her, but when occasion arose to compare the peace and security of a religious life with the dangers, hardships, and toils of the married state.

Doña Beatriz had the gift of gaining the devotion and loyalty of her dependents and of these none was more loyal and devoted than the steward of the convent's properties and her own estates. He was a gentleman, Don Miguel de Becedas by name, and a distant connection of the Prioress'. She sent for him and instructed him to make searching enquiries, both in the city and in Madrid, into the antecedents and present circumstances of Don Manuel de Valero, the soldier, and at the same time to find out all that was to be known about the young man Diego Martinez and his father.

By the time Don Miguel brought back the required information the Prioress had sent Catalina home with a handsome present and with the assurance of her unfailing affection. Catalina bade her farewell with tears in her eyes.

"Do not forget, child, that if ever you are in trouble or in any sort of difficulty you have only to come and see me and I will do everything in my power to help you."

Doña Beatriz listened attentively to everything the steward had to tell her and was well pleased with the results of his investigations.

She then asked him to make an opportunity to see Don Manuel and in the course of a casual conversation tell him that she would be glad to receive a man of whom she had heard so much good.

AFTER the fiasco in the Collegiate Church Don Manuel had shut himself up in his apartments for three days and refused to see anyone. He was vain and thus sensitive to ridicule. He knew too well the mocking spirit of his compatriots and was fully aware that they were making merry at his expense. He did not think anyone would venture to make an allusion to his misadventure to his face, for he was a good swordsman and it would be a brave man who would risk being run through the body for the sake of a quip, but he could not prevent them from talking behind his back. When at last he ventured to show himself in company there was a truculence in his manner that served as ample warning to those present. He was angry, moreover, not only because he had made a fool of himself, but because he had jeopardized his prospects. His intention in coming to Castel Rodriguez was to find in one of the noble but impoverished families of the place a girl to marry and he had good reason to think that his handsome fortune would make him an acceptable suitor. But the public humiliation to which he had been exposed greatly reduced his chances. The nobility of the city were proud, pride in those hard times was all they had left them, and they would refuse the hand of one of their daughters to a man who was a common laughing stock.

He was not a little surprised when Don Miguel brought him the Prioress' courteous message, and flattered, for it had never occurred to him that she would deign to receive him.

He was duly ushered into the oratory and left alone with the great lady. She was at her table writing and did not rise to receive him. He looked about for a chair to sit on, but as she did not invite him to take one remained somewhat awkwardly standing. Though a bold, impudent man, he was awed by her dignity. She addressed him with graciousness.

"I have heard much, sir, of the courage, devotion, and capacity with which for so many years you have served His Majesty the King and I was curious to see a fellow citizen who



has by his own efforts raised himself to such distinction. I was hoping that you would find time to visit me so that I might congratulate you personally on your great exploits."

"I never dreamed that I might without offence intrude upon your privacy, madam," he stammered.

But he began to feel more at his ease. If the daughter of the great Duke of Castel Rodriguez paid him compliments his state could not be so desperate after all. But her next remark, though made with a smile, somewhat disconcerted him.

"You have gone a long way, Don Manuel, since you were a little barefoot boy running about the streets of your village and tending your father's swine."

He flushed, but not knowing what to answer, held his tongue. Doña Beatriz looked him up and down for all the world as though he were a lackey she was about to engage. If she noticed his embarrassment she was not concerned with it. She saw a well set up man, not displeasing in appearance, with an erect carriage and an air of virility.

"Why do you stand, Señor?" she asked. "Will you not do me the favor of taking a seat?"

"You are very good, madam."

"I live a very retired life and my religious duties combined with the business of my office keep me fully occupied, but nevertheless from time to time a scrap of news reaches me from the world outside these walls. I have heard, for instance, that apart from performing a filial duty your object in visiting your native place was to choose a wife from among the noble families of this city."

"After serving my King and country for so many years it is true that I have the desire to make a home for myself and enjoy the delights of domesticity of which I have been hitherto deprived."

"I have a widowed niece, the Marquesa de Caranera, whose husband has unfortunately left her very ill-provided for. She is at present living in this house. I had hoped that she would be moved to adopt the life of a religious so that when at last I lay down my arduous functions she might succeed me, as indeed, being the granddaughter of our founder, she would be entitled to. But she lacks the vocation; so I have come to the conclusion that a suitable marriage should be arranged for her."

**D**ON Manuel was suddenly alert. But he was a shrewd man; the possibility of being allied with so great a family as that of the Duke of Castel Rodriguez was so far beyond his hopes that he could not but suspect some chicanery. He answered with prudence.

"I had not envisaged marrying a widow, but rather a young girl whom I could form to my liking."

"The Marquesa is twenty-four, which is a very suitable age for a man of your years," the Prioress replied somewhat sharply. "The fact that I intended her to be prioress of this convent after my death proves that I have a high opinion of her ability. I need not point out to you that a Don Manuel de Valero could never have aspired to marry the niece of the Duke of Castel Rodriguez. I should in fact have to use all my powers of persuasion to induce my brother to consent to it."

Don Manuel had been thinking quickly. With the influence of that powerful family behind him there was no knowing to what heights he might rise.

"The Marquis of Caranera died without heirs to his title. I do not think it impossible that the King might be persuaded to grant it to you. It would be more suitable than this wretched Italian title which you now have."

That clinched it. Though the Marquesa was old, ten years older than the bride he had desired, and might be homely, the advantages of marrying her were too great for him to hesitate.

"I don't know how to show Your Reverence my gratitude for the honor you propose to confer on me."

"I will tell you," she said coolly, "and indeed it is only by showing your gratitude efficiently that I propose to enter into the matter further."

Don Manuel smothered a sigh of relief. He was far too astute not to know that this unexpected suggestion was made to him for a better reason than his wealth and his military reputation. Being a coarse man the idea flashed across his mind that the Marquesa was pregnant and he had been chosen to father an illegitimate child. He would hardly know then whether to accept or decline the invitation and he waited with some anxiety for Doña Beatriz to continue.

"I desire to enlist your influence on behalf

of a young man of this city with the Archduke Albert. I would have no need to do this but for the unfortunate fact that my brother has had a violent quarrel with the Archduke and so cannot help me. I have been given to understand that you stand very high in the Archduke's favor."

"He has been good enough to think well of my capacity."

The Archduke Albert was at that time commander in chief of the Spanish forces in the Low Countries.

"It would be to this young man's advantage to enter the Archduke's services. He is strong and brave and would certainly make a good soldier."

Don Manuel was much relieved. The Archduke was in various ways indebted to him. He would surely be glad to oblige him by taking into his service anyone in whom he was interested.

"I think there would be no difficulty in effecting Your Reverence's desire. The young man is presumably of good family."

"He is an Old Christian of pure blood."

This of course only meant that there was no taint in him of Jew or Moor. Don Manuel noticed that the answer did not meet his question.

"And what, Madam, is the young man's name?"

"Diego Martinez."

"The tailor's son? Then, Madam, what you ask is impossible. The soldiers serving in the Archduke's army are gentlemen and I could not put such an affront on His Highness as to make the request you wish."

"In that case there is nothing more to be said and further discussion is useless on the matter or on that I previously mentioned."

**D**ON Manuel was a worried man. The marriage that the Prioress had proposed would give him the position that he hankered after to further his ambition and he had an inkling that if he refused to accede to her request he would make a dangerous enemy.

On the other hand, the consequences might be unfortunate to him if it were discovered that he had lent himself to a plan which the Archduke might very well regard as a personal insult. Doña Beatriz discerned his trouble.

"You are a fool, Don Manuel."

Don Manuel cringed under the lash of the Prioress' tongue. She could ruin him and would not hesitate to do it.

"May I ask why Your Reverence takes an interest in this young man?" he asked hesitantly.

"My family have always looked upon it as a privilege as well as a duty to advance the fortunes of deserving persons in this city."

The guarded answer so far restored his confidence that he smiled, but his glance was shrewd.

"He is the lover of the girl Catalina Perez?"

Doña Beatriz was affronted by the question, his smile, and the shrewdness of his glance. She had some difficulty in outwardly controlling her indignation.

"He has been pestering the unhappy girl with his attentions."

"And is that why you wish him sent to the Low Countries?"

The Prioress considered for a moment. It was probable that he knew the circumstances and it was evident that he was a tactless fellow. There were many things that could be understood, but which it was better not to put into words. She answered him, however, with an impressive dignity.

"The girl is young and does not know her own mind. She has admirable dispositions for the life of a religious and there are many reasons which make it highly desirable that she should adopt it. I have no doubt that were it not for the presence of this young man she would soon see the advisability of taking a step which would give so much satisfaction to myself, the most important personages in the city, and to her mother."

"But, Madam, would it not be much more expeditious and less costly to dispose of the young man on the spot? It would be very easy to have his throat cut one dark night."

"It would be a mortal sin, sir, and I am shocked that you should venture to propose it. It would make a scandal in the city, give rise to unpleasant gossip, and there is no certainty that it would achieve the desired result."

"Then what would you have me do, Madam?"

"Order a suit of clothes."

Don Manuel was so surprised that, thinking she must be jesting, he looked for a smile



to hover on her decided lips. Her face was grim. She explained.

"Send for the tailor to take your measurements and to bring samples of materials. He will be flattered and impressed. You must make an opportunity to talk to him about his son and tell him that a person of consequence in the city has heard good reports of him and wishes to advance him. Then, binding him to secrecy, disclose to him the plan suggested for the boy's welfare. Have him send the young man to you on some pretext and put it before him. I am assured he looks upon himself as born for better things than to sit on a tailor's bench and he will without doubt accept with alacrity."

"He will be a great fool if he doesn't."

"Let me see you again when you have something to tell me. I trust you to be discreet and tactful."

"Never fear, Madam. In two days at the utmost I shall be able to inform you that the business is satisfactorily concluded."

"You may rest assured that in that case I shall perform my part to your satisfaction."

## XXIV

**D**ON Manuel sent for the tailor. He outlined the proposals that were offered to Diego in glowing terms and with the groundwork thus laid he sent for the boy himself.

Don Manuel noticed with relief that he was a youth of pleasing exterior. Suitably dressed he would certainly pass as a gentleman. He was neither pert nor shy. There was a confidence in his bearing which promised that he would be able to hold his own in any company. Already predisposed in his favor, after a few preliminary remarks Don Manuel broached the subject. They talked for an hour, after which they parted and Don Manuel went to see the Prioress.

"I have wasted no time in obeying your commands, Madam," he said. "I have seen both the boy and his father."

"You have indeed been prompt, Señor."

"I am a soldier, Madam. The father is in full accord with our plan. He is indeed overwhelmed by the opportunity that the kindness of a benefactor has proposed to give his son."

"He would be a fool to be anything else."

Don Manuel moved uneasily from one foot to the other.

"I had better tell Your Reverence word for word what passed between me and the boy."

The Prioress gave him a quick look of inquiry and slightly frowned.

"Go on."

"He is a very presentable lad and my first impression was good."

"Your impressions do not interest me."

"I very soon discovered that he dislikes and despises the trade to which his father has put him. He has only adopted it because there was no help for it."

"That I already knew."

"I told him that I could not understand how a young man of spirit and intelligence, endowed with all the qualities necessary for success in the world, could think of wasting his life in a menial occupation. He answered that he had often thought of running away to seek adventure, but was held back by the fact that he hadn't a penny in his pocket. I then told him that the King wanted soldiers and that it was a career that might easily lead a man of courage and resource to position and wealth. After that I disclosed to him little by little exactly what was proposed to enable him to achieve his natural and laudable ambition."

"Very good."

"He took the prospect more calmly than I expected, but it was evident that it tempted him."

"Naturally. He accepted then?"

Don Manuel hesitated briefly. "Conditionally," he answered.

"What d'you mean by that?"

"He said he wanted to marry his sweetheart, but in a year, when she'd had a baby, he would be willing to go to the Low Countries."

**T**HE Prioress was enraged. What use could she make of a married woman with a squalling brat? Catalina's virginity, her perpetual virginity, was essential to her purpose.

"You've bungled the whole thing, you fool," she cried.

Don Manuel flushed angrily.

"Is it my fault if the young idiot is head over ears in love with this girl?"

"Hadn't you the sense to tell him that it was madness to refuse such an opportunity?"

"Yes, Madam, I had. I told him that in this life when you get a chance to better yourself you must take it and take it quickly because if you let it slip it may never come again. I told him that it was absurd at his age to hamper himself with a wife and that as an officer and a gentleman he could in due course do much better for himself than the penniless daughter of a sewing woman. And if he wanted a girl to amuse himself with he would find plenty in the Low Countries who would be delighted to oblige a good-looking young man and not a few who would be prepared to show their gratitude in a substantial manner."

"And what did he say to that?"

"He said he loved his sweetheart."

"No wonder the world is in a mess and the country is going to the dogs when it's governed by men, and men haven't the elements of common sense."

Don Manuel did not know what to say to this and so said nothing. The Prioress gave him a look of cold disdain.

"You have failed, Don Manuel, and I can see no profit in our further communication."

He was acute enough to see that with these words she intimated to him that he need no longer entertain the hope of marrying the widowed marchioness. He was not prepared to give up the chance of so advantageous an alliance without a struggle.

"Your Reverence is easily discouraged. There are more ways than one of being rid of a troublesome fellow. I have men I can trust. The boy can be seized one dark night, taken to a seaport, and put on a ship. Youth is fickle. Once in the Low Countries, with new sights to see, adventures to be encountered, with brilliant prospects, he will forget

his love and in a short while thank his stars that he has been saved from an unfortunate entanglement."

The Prioress did not answer for a while. She was a woman of robust conscience and the plan Don Manuel suggested did not outrage her.

"Your Reverence may be certain that the boy will tell Catalina of the offer that has been made him."

"Why?"

"To make himself more precious in her sight by showing her what advantages he is prepared to forego for her sake."

"You are shrewder than I took you for, Señor."

"When he is missing one morning she will naturally suppose that he found himself unable to resist the temptation."

The Prioress sighed.

"I do not like the plan, but it is evident that the young are foolish and it is often better that their fate should be decided by older and wiser heads. I should require to be assured that no unnecessary violence would be used on the boy."

"I can promise Your Reverence that no harm shall come to him. I will have him accompanied by a man I can rely on who will see that he is well treated."

"It will be to your interest," she said grimly.

"Of that I am fully aware, Madam. You can safely leave everything in my hands."

"When do you propose to act?"

"As soon as I can make the necessary arrangements."

She gave him her hand to kiss as he took his leave.



## XXV

**B**UT though her reason assured her that she was doing for the best and was fully justified, Doña Beatriz could not dispel the peculiar uneasiness that possessed her. It

was so compelling that once or twice she was in mind to summon Don Manuel and order him to abandon his scheme. But she chided herself for her weakness. Much was at stake. Then one morning Don Manuel conveyed a message to her that arrangements were complete



and the plan would be carried into effect that night. That settled it. She examined her conscience and knew that her intention was blameless.

Toward evening she was told that Catalina requested to be allowed to see her. She was shown into the oratory. The Prioress noticed with dismay that she was violently agitated.

"What is it, my child?" she asked.

"Your Reverence told me that if ever I was in trouble I could come to you."

Sobbing, the girl told her that a principal gentleman of the city had offered to send Diego to the wars, with the promise of giving him an estate and getting the title of Don for him. He had refused for love of her and in consequence had had a violent quarrel with his father. His father had said at last that if he did not accept these magnificent offers as any sensible man would, if he did not go peacefully he should go by force, and added that he withdrew his consent to his marriage with Catalina. The Prioress frowned when she heard of the threat. The man was a fool to have made it. Now if Diego disappeared the girl would know that it was not of his own free will.

"Men are vain and cowardly," the Prioress said, "and though they act badly they take pains to be thought well of. How do you know that he is not deceiving you, that he is not talking of force being applied in order to lead you to believe he has abandoned you through no fault of his own?"

"How do I know? I know because he loves me. Ah, Madam, you are a saintly woman, you don't know what love is. If I don't have my Diego I shall die."

"No one ever died of love yet," said the Prioress with a savage bitterness.

CATALINA fell to her knees and put her hands together in passionate supplication. "Oh, Mother, Reverend Mother, have pity on us. Save him. Don't let them take him away. I cannot live without him. Oh, Madam, if you knew the anguish I suffered when I thought I'd lost him forever and how night after night I cried until I thought I should go blind! Why did the Blessed Virgin cause me to be freed from my infirmity if not that I should be fit once more to be my lover's wife? She had pity on me and will you do nothing to help me?"

The Prioress clenched her hands on the arms of her chair, but said nothing.

"All that time I longed for him. My heart was breaking. I am nothing but a poor and ignorant girl. I have nothing in the world but my love. I love him with all my heart."

"He's nothing. He's only a boy like another," said Doña Beatriz hoarsely, so that her voice sounded like the croak of a raven.

"Ah, Madam, you say that because you have never known the pain and bliss of love. I want to feel his arms round me, I want to feel the warmth of his mouth on mine, I want to feel the caress of his hands on my naked body. I want him to take me as a lover takes the woman he loves. I want his seed to flow into my womb and to create the child within it. I want to suckle his child at my breast."

She put a hand to each breast and sensuality poured from her in a heat so fiery that the Prioress shrank back. It was like the heat of a furnace and she put up her hands as though to shield herself from it. She looked at the girl's face and shuddered. It was strangely changed. She was like one possessed. There was something not quite human about her, something so powerful that it was terrifying. Suddenly the Prioress' face was contorted in a grimace, a grimace of unendurable agony, and tears poured down her cheeks. Catalina gave a cry of dismay.

"Oh, Mother, what have I said? Forgive me. Forgive me."

She clasped the knees of the Prioress. She was startled by this exhibition of emotion in one whom she had never seen but calm, grave, and dignified. She was bewildered. She didn't know what to do. She took the clasped hands and kissed them.

"Madam, why do you cry? What have I done?"

Doña Beatriz withdrew her hands and clenched them in the effort to regain her self-control.

"I am a wicked and unhappy woman," she moaned.

She leaned back in her chair and covered her face with her hands. Memories of long ago crowded upon her and she gritted her teeth to prevent herself from crying again. The little fool, the silly little fool said she had never known love. How cruel it was that after all these years the old wound should be so green! She gave the ghost of a bitter

chuckle as the humor of it struck her—that she had eaten her heart out for a boy who was now a wasted, haggard priest. She brushed away the tears that dimmed her eyes and taking Catalina's face in her hands gazed at her as though she had never seen her before. She was entranced by the fresh young loveliness. So brave, so beautiful, and so passionately in love. How could she break that poor little heart as hers had been broken? She, who thought she had conquered every human weakness, felt weak, pitifully weak, and yet there was in the feeling something strange and uplifting, something that warmed her heart and at the same time, oh, so comfortingly, crippled her will; it was as though a knot had been loosened deep within her breast, the breast that had never felt the soft lips of a child nuzzling to find the nipple, and she rejoiced to be relieved of the aching pain. She bent down and kissed the girl's red mouth.

"Have no fear, my sweet," she said. "You shall marry your lover."

CATALINA gave a cry of joy and broke into voluble expressions of gratitude, but the Prioress harshly told her to be quiet. The situation was delicate and she had to think. This was the night on which they were to spirit Diego away; it was true that she could send for Don Manuel and tell him that she had changed her mind; she could cut his expostulations short; but that would not solve the difficulties she had got herself into. The seed she had sown had been sown well. There was a feeling widespread in the city that it behoved Catalina to become a religious. Doña Beatriz knew well the passionate devotion the people had for the Faith, they would not only be disappointed if she failed to do what was expected of her; they would look upon it as an indecency, almost as an insult to religion if after receiving such a grace she married a tailor. The worldly would laugh and make bawdy jokes; the pious would be incensed. Catalina was regarded now with admiration, even with awe, but that could easily change into indignation and contempt. The Prioress knew the violent nature of her countrymen; they were capable of burning down the house in which she lived, they were capable of stoning her as an abandoned wanton and driving a dagger into Diego's back. There was but one thing to do and that must be done quickly.

"You must leave the city, you and this boy, and you must go tonight. Fetch Domingo, your uncle, and come back here with him."

WHEN Catalina in a few minutes came back with her uncle, the Prioress sent her down to wait in her own cell so that she could speak to him alone. She told him such of the facts of the situation as she thought it needful for him to know, gave him certain instructions and with them a short note which she had already written for her steward. She then told him to get hold of Diego and let him know what had been decided. Having dismissed him she called Catalina.

"You will spend the evening with me, my child. At midnight I will let you out by a door in the city wall and you will find Domingo with a horse which I have ordered my steward to let him have. He will ride with you to a spot which has been arranged, and there Diego will be waiting. He will change places with Domingo and you are to ride South till you come to Seville. I will give you a letter to friends I have there and they will find suitable work for you and him."

"Oh, Madam" cried Catalina, wild with excitement, "how can I show my gratitude for what you are doing?"

"I will tell you," answered the Prioress with some severity. "Ride fast and on no account linger on the way. You have desperate men to deal with and it may be they will pursue you. Chastity is a woman's crown and you must preserve it till the Church has blessed your union. Intercourse between unmarried persons is a mortal sin. You will seek out a priest at the first village you come to after daybreak and ask him to join you to Diego in holy matrimony. Do you see what I have here?"

Catalina looked and saw a plain gold ring.

"It is the ring I had destined for your consecration on your profession. It will be your wedding ring."

She put it on the palm of Catalina's hand. It made her heart beat hard and swift. The Prioress then proceeded to instruct Catalina on the duties and responsibilities of married life. She listened with becoming gravity, but with some distraction, for she was in a flutter and her mind was more occupied with its delights. They prayed together. The hours passed slowly. At last the convent clock struck and it was midnight.



"It is time," said Doña Beatriz. She took a small bag from a drawer in her writing table. "Here are some gold pieces. Put the bag in a place where you are sure you will not lose it and do not let Diego get hold of it. Men do not know the value of money and when they have any spend it on foolishness."

Catalina modestly turning her back pulled up her skirt and put the bag inside her stocking and tied the strings round her leg.

The Prioress lit a lantern and told the girl to follow her. They walked softly through silent passages till they came out into the garden. They came to a small door. Domingo on horseback was standing in the shadow of the

wall, for the moon was shining and the night was bright.

"Now go," said the Prioress. "God bless you, my child, and remember me in your prayers, for I am a sinful woman and I need them."

Catalina slipped out of the door and the Prioress closed and locked it behind her. She listened till she heard the horse's hoofs. They sounded very loud in the silence of the night. Doña Beatriz with lagging steps walked back to the convent building. She could hardly see her way for she was almost blinded by her tears. She returned to her oratory and spent the rest of the night in prayer.

*(To be Continued)*

## *How to Behave in America*

THE first requisites for the enjoyment of a tour in the United States are an absence of prejudice and a willingness to accommodate oneself to the customs of the country. If the traveler exercises a little patience, he will often find that ways which strike him as unreasonable or even disagreeable are more suitable to the environment than those of his own home would be. He should from the outset reconcile himself to the absence of deference or servility on the part of those he considers his social inferiors; but if ready himself to be courteous on a footing of equality he will seldom meet any real impoliteness. In a great many ways traveling in the United States is, to one who understands it, more comfortable than in Europe. The average Englishman will probably find the chief physical discomforts in the dirt of the city streets, the roughness of the country roads, the winter overheating of hotels and railway cars (70-75° Fahr. being by no means unusual), the dust, flies, and mosquitoes of summer, and (in many places) the habit of spitting on the floor; but the Americans themselves are now keenly alive to these weak points and are doing their best to remove them.

Throughout almost the whole country traveling is now as safe as in the most civilized parts of Europe, and the carrying of arms, which indeed is forbidden in many States, is as unnecessary here as there. Those who contemplate excursions into districts remote from the highways of travel should take local advice as to their equipment. The social forms of America are, in their essentials, similar to those of England; and the visitor will do well to disabuse himself of the idea that laxity in their observance will be less objectionable in the one country than in the other. He will, of course, find various minor differences in different parts of the country, but good manners will nowhere be at a discount.

—Baedeker's *United States*, 1899 edition.

# How Democratic Is Britain?

*Margaret Cole*

Drawings from Britain by Carlyle Brown

THE British magazine *Picture Post*, which is the war-slimmed opposite number to *Life*, last November published two issues which, I think, fairly illustrate the difficulty that many Americans have in making up their minds to what extent Britain is really democratic.

The issue of November 1, comparing the British standard of living with that in various European countries, remarked that "our rationing system is the envy and admiration of all Europe . . . it ensures regular and equitable distribution of so many basic foods to all people of all classes"; and added that the higher-income groups, through the subsidy system, were helping to pay for the food of those who had less money. By contrast, the issue of November 22 was devoted entirely to the Royal Wedding, with nostalgic pictures of earlier Royal Weddings, and a rather exhibitionist article by Dr. C. E. M. Joad, explaining that his early republicanism had turned in his late middle-age to unquestioned support of the monarchy.

Here then is the British paradox: on the one hand, an enforced sharing of the necessities of life; on the other, a real affection for the trappings of aristocratic tradition. How can one maintain, as I am about to maintain, that since the days of my Edwardian childhood there has been an enormous move toward democracy in England, if at the same

time one has to admit that the monarchy is far more secure than at any time since the early years of George the Third, that no one now seems to want to abolish the House of Lords, and, indeed, that Trade Unionist M.P.'s who are unequal to the strain of life in the Commons are becoming Peers of the Realm almost weekly? Might not Keir Hardie or H. G. Wells turn in their graves at the thought?

They might. But it is my contention that during the past generation a great deal of practical leveling has taken place, and that the more rapid overt changes which have taken place during the past few years (such as universal social insurance, the new health service, and the 1944 Education Act) are only the latest stage of a process which has been going on almost uninterruptedly for a long time, whatever the complexion of the government in power. This change I call revolutionary, though it is not revolutionary in the sense understood by political textbooks; it is a social change which has neither overturned political institutions nor drastically altered the ownership of capital (without which, as any Marxist will tell you, no revolution can possibly take place).

TAKE first the political side. The personnel of Parliament underwent a considerable alteration when the Labor government was elected in 1945; but no one has

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suggested either the abolition of Parliament or even the changing of its traditional procedure to any serious degree. Neither are the new members *sans-culottes* in any sense of the word; the Labor ranks, in fact, contain a much higher proportion than they did in any previous Parliament of those who—whatever their origins—are now indubitably middle-class. The difference is that like the Reformed Parliament of 1832—in which, also, the change in class representation was very slight—the Parliament of 1945 is fulfilling the desires of a different weighting of population.

So with the monarchy; the people have taken over the King and his family as pets—or as symbols of security, if you prefer a more solemn phrasing, and would not have them destroyed for the world. “Lousy But Loyal” said the East End banners decorating the streets of solid Labor boroughs at the Coronation; and although there was some grumbling about the cost of the Royal Wedding and there were debates in Parliament on the size of the allowance to be granted to Princess Elizabeth, these reflected mere domestic disagreements on the amount of pocket-money which our King ought to have in order to make a decent display (without undue subsidies to hangers-on) and how much we can afford to give him in these hard times. They lacked altogether the bitter political acrimony which accompanied debates on the allowances to be given to Queen Victoria’s sons.

As to the Lords, the Commons are just impressing upon them a reminder that they are not expected to get in the way of the legislative program, and nobody in the country cares a hoot. Let the Lords go on discussing and advising, by all means—even if they go beyond W. S. Gilbert’s dictum and make some slight “pretence to intellectual eminence”; in the meantime, the Englishman feels quite unafraid of them and perfectly entitled to go on loving a lord—as, saving their presence, do many of our American visitors.

SO MUCH for the political side; the economic side is a little more complicated. Nationalization has, of course, transferred some economic property to the state (though not a large proportion, even if the iron and steel industry is nationalized before the end of this Parliament). But the division of property in private hands remains, in pro-

portion, almost exactly as it was years ago. In 1944-5 the estates of £5,000 value or less which became liable for estate duty amounted to 88.1 per cent of the total, whereas before the war the percentage was 88.2—an almost identical figure. More surprising are the figures on incomes for, believe it or not, the share of the total national income handed out to wage-earners has remained almost constant (at between 39 and 41 per cent), not merely since before the war, but *since 1880*; while, of the proportion taken by rent, interest, and profits, only quite a small element has been withdrawn, to be put into the pockets of salary-earners. On the face of it, therefore, it would seem that the distribution of ownership of property and even of money incomes—and therefore, according to the Marxists, of class power—has hardly changed at all.

Yet this impression is quite wrong. For, in the first place, the *kind* of property that the owners own has considerably altered. I have no space to go into details here, but it is



obvious that £50,000, for example, owned in the form of a large landed estate or as controlling interest in a business, carries much more effective power than £50,000 made up of several parcels of different kinds of government and other securities; and in the second place, it cannot be denied that restrictions on the use of land and the issue of capital—to take only two instances—have made ownership itself very much less of an absolute power than it was in the past. Leaving, however, the question of ownership and coming to that of income, we reach two important questions: How much of the distributed income are the recipients allowed to retain? And what will that retained income buy?

The answer to the first question can be quite briefly given. Ten years ago, in 1938, a prosperous Englishman—what we call a surtax payer, a man with an income of over £2,000 a year, or in American terms \$8,000—was allowed to retain 60.3 per cent of it.\* By 1945 this figure of 60.3 had dropped to 33.2; and the proportion of all *taxed* income left in the hands of surtax payers was much less than half of what it was in the former year. Here is a considerable step toward equalization, sufficient to account for many loud, unhappy cries from the recipients of incomes of £2,000 and upward.

It is, however, when we come to our second question—what will the retained income buy?—that the process of change is clearest.

## II

WHEN I was a child, it was not necessary to get close to people in order to find out to what class they belonged; in the case of the women particularly, their whole appearance, their dresses and hats, and even the shape of their legs, proclaimed their social provenance even before you got within earshot of their speech. Even the men were shorter and lighter; the difference in height between two samples of eighteen-year-old boys was five inches! And when they changed out of their working-clothes their best suits and their haircuts were unmistakable. In a generation, for the bulk, though not the whole, of

the "working class," all this has changed, for a variety of reasons.

Social services, higher wages, and smaller families, enabling money to be saved against bad times, have sent up their height and weight, during the past few years particularly, and have improved their physical condition. (The infant mortality rate has dropped from 146 in 1900 to 55 in 1946). Rayon and staple fiber (not yet nylon!), new dyes in bright fast colors, short haircuts and cheap settings, physical drill and medical attention in state schools, have between them altered out of all recognition the appearance of the working-class girl or woman who cares to take a little trouble. You have to have a sharp eye for cut and texture, and to approach closely at that, before you can declare with certainty to what grouping she belongs. Perhaps the biggest single change is in carriage, and in the legs and feet; the difference between a group of elderly working-class women, with calves falling over their shoes and bodies which obviously never had proper corseting, and a group of younger factory workers, is most significant; and let nobody think that this is unimportant.

Nor does the influence of cheap materials and bright colors stop at clothes. Cushions and curtains, pottery and ornaments, are equally affected by it, and a working-class home, if circumstances are favorable, can be just as



\* The percentage was much higher in earlier years, when taxation was lower, but there are no properly comparable figures.



bright—and bright in the same way—as one inhabited by the middle class. (It may here be added that the gradual *cleansing* of industry, by the provision of baths, washing facilities, and overalls, and the building of new factories which are not full of grime and smoke, are making it increasing possible to keep the bright home bright.

**T**HE next item to be considered is food. Here again the change is considerable, owing partly to wider knowledge of food values, but also to developments in cold storage and canning. Oranges, to take a single example, which in my youth were a seasonal treat, became an all-the-year-round staple long before this war; and the supply and range of canned and frozen foods have shown a parallel increase. Even before the war it was not necessary for working-class families, except those permanently or temporarily in the lowest stratum, to live on tea, bread, sugar, and tinned salmon; and at the same time, the “conspicuous waste,” as Thorstein Veblen put it, of the rich in food had been steadily declining. The really guzzling City banquets, no less than the many-course private dinner-parties, were tending to disappear long before rationing came in. (The cocktail parties which replaced them consumed far less food; and as to drink, one can get drunk quite as quickly, if less pleasantly, on fiery mixtures in cheap public-houses.) One must not exaggerate; there was a considerable gap left, which is still of some size. But—black market apart—what the well-to-do get for their money nowadays is not quantity of food, but variety of cooking, elegant plishings, and service; in actual amount—and in calorie value—a worker in a workers’ canteen may get as much if not more at a fraction of the cost.

It would be possible to continue with a whole list of commodities whose use has been “democratized” since 1914. One clear example is the Penguin Series of books, once priced at sixpence, which proved that, as far as books were concerned, “cheap” need not mean “cheap and nasty,” as Ruskin all too truly thought it did; and which, by appearing in five-and-ten stores and on itinerant barrows and the counters of small general shops, introduced reading and book ownership to many thousands who had hitherto acquiesced in the belief that books were “not for the likes of

us.” (It is astonishing how deeply permeated the British book trade had been with intellectual and social snobbery.) In another field, Youth Hostels charging a shilling a night, Butlin (and other) holiday camps, Workers’ Travel Associations, Luxury Coaches, had all been registering the slow growth of the idea that to take a holiday in peace and without loss of income was no longer a monopoly of the salariat and the upper income brackets. The newer forms of entertainment, radio, cinema, and dogtracks, are all democratic in the sense that they aim at attracting a mass audience, and attracting it, moreover, by providing it with comfortable and even sham-luxury surroundings. At a modern movie-house the poor man’s one-and-sixpence often buys him a softer seat and more apparently splendid surroundings than the rich man gets for his fifteen-shilling stall.

One single fact illustrates vividly the change which has taken place in the minor appurtenances of living. In 1914 the working-class cost-of-living budget—which until last summer was still in current use—allowed, out of a total weekly expenditure of 37 to 38 shillings, the sum of 1/7d.—less than two shillings—for all “sundries,” *i.e.* non-basic expenditure. In the revised budget of 1937, which is itself certainly well out-of-date, the sum allowed was *fifteen times as great*. These items, like those previously mentioned, are all small in themselves; they do not touch such great basic differences as education and housing, which I shall discuss later, nor do they deal with the “non-measurables” of class distinction. What they do show is a very considerable assimilation in the appearance and the appurtenances of different classes, without which there could not be any approach to equality of intercourse.

**B**EFORE, however, we turn to the larger issues, we must notice some negative forms of assimilation which derive from the war and war shortages. After 1939, and still more after 1940-1, what money would *not* buy became as important, socially, as what it would. The first of these negative controls was, of course, the official rationing of food, clothes, soap, and some household furnishings. And along with rationing came the introduction of subsidies from the taxpayers, *i.e.* the better-off classes, in order to make

sure that the authorized foodstuffs were not denied to anyone, as they were to some extent in World War I, because of poverty. There was also a good deal of unofficial rationing of other commodities by shopkeepers.

Now I do not want to make extravagant claims for the British rationing system, to assert either that it is perfectly equal or that it is never evaded; or to deny that a long purse or an established social position can, without breaking the law in any way, get some preferential treatment. For instance, a woman of means can afford a doctor who will certify that she is suffering from "anxiety-dyspepsia"—as she very likely is!—and needs extra milk or what not. (I am not here alluding to real lawbreaking, for dealing in the black market is not in Britain a *class* privilege.) Nevertheless, it is generally accepted that the system as a whole has meant a very great approximation of living standards as between classes; and the furious cries of some Britons who have fled to Eire, to Canada, to the United States, or to any other place where they think they can get unrestricted supplies, would seem to bear this out.

It is not, however, only commodities which have been rationed. Labor has been rationed as well, and here a change which was already under way has been speeded up. Right up to 1914 Britain possessed, as a heritage of her nineteenth-century industrialization, an altogether disproportionate amount of cheap labor, which in consequence was wastefully used either on work which ought to have been

done by machinery or on services which should have been performed communally or not performed at all—such as the services of footmen perched on the carriages of the rich. Perhaps no single fact weighed so heavily with the visitor from New York, accustomed to high rates of pay and scarcity of unskilled labor, in convincing him that Britain was a class-ridden country, as the number of persons he saw in London performing menial services, the "boots" in hotels, the plethora of porters at railway terminals, and above all the crowds of domestic servants employed in upper- and middle-class households, badly paid, often badly housed, and treated, even by "good" mistresses, as beings of a lower order. True, the supply of these beings was dwindling with the fall in the birth rate, particularly among miners and agricultural workers, whose daughters traditionally "went into service"; both during and immediately after the first World War the cries, always endemic in Britain, of *No Servants* rose to a howl. The unemployment of the thirties for a time obscured the trend of events; but when total war arrived labor became a "scarce" commodity.

IT WOULD be fascinating if one had room to trace fully the contrast between 1914 and 1939 in the attitude to labor and to war-workers. In the earlier period labor was all-too-expendable, as we know not merely from the reckless slaughter at Ypres, on the Somme, and in the mud of Passchendaele, but also from the very large number of men who "died of wounds"—which, as often as not, meant that they died of gangrene caused by neglect. Furthermore, labor, though of course necessary to the prosecution of the war, was in the eyes of many Englishmen a dangerous and potentially unpatriotic force. It is quite astonishing to read today the editorials of quite respectable newspapers of 1914-15, with their calm assumptions that *any* concerted demand made by the working class—as for instance for the control of rents—was little better than deliberate sabotage, and that the introduction of women into factories as a war emergency offered an excellent opportunity to put the Trade Unions in their place and get rid, once and for all, of the standard rates of pay established by generations of laborious effort. No less remarkable was the attitude of the well-to-do toward soldiers' wives. In many quarters





it was prophesied—with singular inaccuracy—that an early result of drafting the husbands to camp or to Flanders would be an immense crop of illegitimate “war babies”; and some emissaries of the War Office seemed to think that no soldier’s wife living in East London ought to receive her legal separation allowance until she had proved to the satisfaction of authority that she was not also living in sin. The cost of the war in life and labor eventually forced a modification of this contemptuous class attitude; but in 1939-45 anyone who had ventured to write or speak in the terms of 1914 would have run a great risk of losing his job or having his paper closed down.

Though many mistakes were made during World War II, labor was seen to be of high social value, and not, therefore, to be abused or wasted. On the non-material plane, the tonic thus given—after years of defeat and doldrums—to the organized working class bore startling fruit in the General Election of 1945; on the material plane it resulted in a great elimination of unnecessary labor, particularly in “personal service,” and a spectacular improvement in the remuneration and working conditions of those domestics who remained. This improvement has continued since the war. We still waste labor on jobs of doubtful necessity, and we still have a good many domestic servants. But the government directs them, wherever possible, to places where they are socially valuable, as for example in hospitals and institutions, in ministering to busy professional people, and in providing “home help” in emergencies to housewives who ordinarily have none. There are still available—at a price—people of over middle age who prefer “service”; but they are getting fewer and fewer, and the Colonel’s lady (and other ladies) who inhabit homes built for the gallant days of infinite supply at infinitesimal pay must often find themselves the sisters of Judy O’Grady not merely under the skin but in the roughening and reddening of the skin itself which goes with much washing of dishes and scrubbing of ancient sculleries.

### III

SO FAR I have been writing of those aspects of British life in which the tendencies toward equalization are most marked. I turn now to the areas of life in which class-

distinction still persists most strongly. There are three of them: health and medicine, housing, and education. The first of these will need the least space, because, in the first place, the gulf between the classes was never quite so wide in health and medicine as in the other two areas of life, owing to the strength of the British Medical Association, which has always insisted on equality of training for doctors, no matter what class or area they were intending to serve; and in the second place, because the legislation which is due to come into force next summer will make a considerable difference, though no one can as yet say exactly how much. There will, at least, be no class-difference between those who are “insured persons” and those who are not, for all will have medical insurance. Free medical service will, at the least, be extended very much more widely among the people, even though paying patients and beds in hospitals for paying patients will remain to some degree; and the medical supporters of the new Acts believe that the extension of public health services will enable a doctor to become a consultant, a “Harley Street” man, by a straightforward process, instead of having to pass through the anxious period when he is waiting for patients to be sent to him and his earnings are low. The reputable side of “Harley Street”—there is a less reputable side which comes as near to advertising as the profession will permit—builds up its reputation gradually by hospital recommendations and the like. Success in medical practice does not depend upon class qualifications so much as upon the possession of either private means or very abstemious habits for some years, until the man suddenly finds himself established. (Of course a knighthood helps in the latter stages, as it does in every walk of life; Sir Somebody can always put his fees up. But a Harley Street friend informs me that a title is almost fatal; no ordinary patient will believe that he could possibly afford a Lord to attend him.)

In both housing and education, however, the difference is still wide, born of our nineteenth-century history, and requiring, unfortunately, a great deal of capital expenditure to put right. Better-class people do still, for the most part, live in a different kind of house—even if some of them tell you they wish they didn’t—and go to a different kind of school. The two traditional phrases, “housing of the

working classes" and "elementary education," by themselves throw a great light on the British class system. The rich had "houses," that is to say, homes meant for individuals to live in, whereas the poor had "housing"—a word suggesting something mass-produced and cut off by the yard. (You can see the idea in the side-streets east of Aldgate which the Luftwaffe missed.) Englishmen have for a great many years been increasingly ashamed of his dreadful heritage, but not much has yet been done to alter it. For there was a long time-lag when building even rabbit-hutches for the



working-class had ceased to be profitable, and yet the state had not made up its mind effectively to come to the rescue. Then the war put a stop to building—and the bombings brought widespread destruction. (Even today, one-half of the housebuilding force of London is still working on "repairs.") On top of that comes the postwar stringency—and is it surprising that so many of the working class still live overcrowded in horrible houses?

At the other end of the scale, however, the real "mansion" of governing-class type is now at a discount, for the simple reason that in fuel and domestic service alone it costs far too much to keep up. As long ago as 1923 Beatrice and Sidney Webb, putting forward a plea for a decent and honorable standard of equality, suggested that England's "stately homes" might find their best future through communal support, as schools, homes, institutions, or holiday and rest centers. The ghosts of the Webbs, from under the paving of Westminster Abbey, might well smile to see how soon and how fully their prediction has come true; to observe the National Trust, the London County Council, and the Workers' Travel Association falling inevitable heirs to

these white elephants of capitalism; and might smile more broadly to observe a die-hard Sunday newspaper lamenting that Americans cannot be expected to spend good dollars in a country which cannot provide them with stately homes sufficient to implement impressions derived from Mrs. Miniver.

Nevertheless, a great class-equalization in housing is merely a matter of time and labor. Practically nobody any longer *wants* either great houses or slum tenements. What we all want, as soon as we can get them, are small to middling houses and flats of varying size and expense to suit the final distribution of money incomes. The days of the Great House and the back-to-back street alike are gone forever.

**E**DUCATION is a rather different case. For the nineteenth century produced two quite different types of education, one for the governing class with no expense spared, and one "cheap and nasty" for the governed. The practitioners of the first were differently trained, in different institutions, from those of the second, and were paid substantially better. The words "elementary education"—now officially obsolete—applied to the working-class, nine-tenths of the nation, but not to the rest; and though the 1944 Act aims at equality, a class-difference of two hundred years' standing cannot be abolished by one Act. Well-off persons do not, if they can help it, send their children to the state primary schools—though they do send them to the state nursery schools, if there is room, which often there is not. This is because the nursery schools are comparatively new; they have been built at considerable expense, and are therefore very much healthier and pleasanter places than the bulk (not all) of the ordinary primary schools.

These nursery schools illustrate very aptly the nature of the problem of equalizing the opportunities for schooling. This problem has, in fact, two aspects: first, the right of access to the "best" education, and second, the extension of secondary education of high quality to *every* school child up to the official school-leaving age, whatever that may be. In my own view, no society which has failed to achieve the second object—which does not expend as much time, money, and energy on the education of its non-bookish children as on that of its potential scholars and high techni-



cians—can be regarded as truly democratic; but I must admit that the demand for universally equal education among my countrymen is weak.

For instance, the majority of Labor voters in the area of the County of London (which is trying its hardest, in the face of enormous material difficulties, to equalize secondary education in the schools under its control) are interested much less in that than in getting for their own children access to the higher ranges of education. Whatever may be said to him by earnest propagandists, the Labor voter refuses to believe that today a modern “secondary” (*i.e.* former “senior”) school or a “civic” university will give his child either the social prestige or the quality of teaching obtainable in a grammar or public school or in one of the older universities—and he wants those results today. In a great many cases, he is of course quite right at the moment, in spite of remarkable achievements in some “modern” and many technical schools; and only a minority are at present willing to throw their voting and tax- and rate-paying weight on the side of really good education *all round*—not merely for a minority.

In winning entry to what are generally considered the best schools and universities, the working-class child has already gone a pretty long way. One might say that the majority have for a long time been infiltrating the institutions of the minority. Oxford and Cambridge—to start at the top—have become very different places since I was an undergraduate; a recent sybaritic article in the *New Statesman* complained mournfully that you could no longer wine and dine in Oxford as a gentleman should. The gilded nitwit, and the athlete with nothing else to recommend him, have not vanished entirely, for the colleges are largely autonomous and a few still have large endowments and unyielding prejudices. But they are an infinitesimal fraction. All the women, and the vast majority of the men, are there by virtue of their brains alone, are working hard and living as cheap as they can, and I should not be surprised to see a 99 per cent (not 100 per cent, for we love to keep a lunatic fringe!) scholarship population in the universities within the next decade. The present government, followed by many Town Councils, has largely increased the number of university scholarships.

The same sort of trend is noticeable in the schools. Fees have been abolished in all secondary schools receiving grants from public funds; the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, like Sandhurst, has been thrown open; Eton and Winchester are taking a few boys from state primary schools, and other independent or quasi-independent schools are hurrying to conform. Another sign of the times is to be found in professional training: the price of solicitor’s articles—as we call fees for training to practice law—has been reduced from £80 to 2/6d.

Some of these changes are so recent that their effects have not yet had time to appear; but already the class lists of university finals show an ever-increasing proportion of finalists from state secondary schools, many of whom started in the state primary schools; in the upper ranks of the Civil Service the percentage of Etonians and Harrovians and other public-school-boys is steadily falling; and even in the Foreign Office, which was so long a closed class preserve, one-third of the new entrants in the



past two years have never been to a public school. The actual numbers, of course, in all these developments must seem tiny to American eyes; but it is the trend which counts.

#### IV

**I**N SUM, what does it all amount to? Here one walks warily, because equality or democracy is not merely a matter of figures, of ponderable things; it is also something in the atmosphere and climate of thought. The British people have not got the Declaration of Independence in their bones; they do not instinctively say to themselves that all men are created equal, and we still do not have—I doubt whether we shall ever have—the equality of manners and address among all classes which so strikes a visitor to the United States. (I should, however, interpose a caution here: lack of the eager American approach does not necessarily connote a feeling of inferiority. The working man who does not initiate a conversation with you will often talk on completely equal terms if you begin; he just doesn't want to start.) The British have a pretty lively sense of birth and upbringing; they like titles and honors, and they like to know people who have titles and honors—however they were won—as they like to have seen Gloria Swanson; they are, most of them, pretty good snobs. And their education (our worst class feature) still divides people far too much—though less than it did—by their manner of speech and choice of words.

But they do believe very deeply in “fair shares”—not of food merely, but of whatever

else is going in the world of today. Basically, the two great issues of the 1945 election were Social Security—which means that the poor should not perish of their poverty—and Fair Shares for All. This idea which, as I have tried to show, had been steadily growing, in spite of setbacks, through a whole generation, partly through the untiring efforts of radicals both within and without the Labor party, was proclaimed at the polls in 1945, and has been more rapidly pursued since—the idea that neither poverty nor lack of suitable parents should handicap a citizen, but that he should be entitled to his *fair share* of whatever is in common use, and *fair access*, in accordance with his skill and ability, to whatever is specially available.

To complete this process takes, of course, a great deal of time; it means building many buildings, training many teachers, and changing the outlook of very many minds. But I think I am safe in saying that the process is well under way; and I would conclude by adding that it is taking place, so far, without any oppression of those who once were privileged. “Fair shares” are not necessarily equal shares; they mean *what the people think* “fair” in relation to what the recipient has to do, how he has to live—and even what he was brought up to expect! They mean “fair shares” for the King as well as the costermonger; and nobody, looking at the legislation and the strikes—or rather lack of strikes—over the past two years, can accuse the British working class of trying in any way to “take it out on” those who formerly lived on their backs.



# *That Little Tiny Bird*

LLOYD FRANKENBERG

His home is a wish of hay  
up under and very close to  
the ever blue  
porch roof.  
Out of incurable shyness  
this bachelor bird  
has his door at the back  
near the slant of the ceiling;  
disrupts his nest  
each time he enters it.  
He seems  
to mean to stay  
in his house on the ledge of the beam,  
half off the edge;  
but he's no judge of balance,  
a blunderbird.  
rebuilding each day  
what's bound to topple  
with lengths that don't quite fit:  
like an imperfect poet.

And right in the middle is a large autumn leaf,  
right in the middle of April.

His flawed architecture gay  
romantic and precarious  
hides behind a serious  
facade of the south.  
The porchfloor at morning  
clear as his conscience,  
by evening is littered with imprecisions,  
an accumulation of big twigs,  
which he picked up off the ground  
stick by stick  
and flew home in his mouth.  
The world is his windfall.  
Nothing can shake  
his faith in see-saw additions.  
Letting the old ones  
lie where they may,  
he goes and collects a new mistake.  
Jack-of-all-straws,  
perpetual reconstructionist,  
he has been here, about to collapse, for several seasons.

# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

I WANT to treat at greater length several topics merely glanced at in my article about the hearings before the Subcommittee on Public Lands. The first of them is what Senator Robertson of Wyoming, at the Billings hearing, called "the biased and prejudiced articles which have been appearing in weekly papers and monthly magazines." He and Congressman Barrett, at Billings and again at Rawlins, were referring to articles by Mr. Arthur H. Carhart, Mr. William S. Voight, Mr. Kenneth A. Reid, Mr. Lester Velie, and me. The articles of Mr. Reid and Mr. Voight have appeared mostly in publications of the Izaak Walton League. Mr. Carhart, for years a specialist in wild-life management, has written for various magazines. Mr. Velie is an editor of *Collier's* and in the summer of 1947 published there two articles that dealt primarily with the efforts of the pressure group I have described to get hold of the public grazing lands. His articles and the one I published in *Harper's* for January 1947 were the ones most often referred to at the hearings.

Both Senator Robertson and Congressman Barrett accused the Forest Service of "collaborating" in articles with the attempted land grab. No, let's speak as cagily as a politician who is mending fences. They insinuated that the Forest Service had done so. Senator Robertson "came to the conclusion" that an Izaak Walton League pamphlet had been worked out in collaboration with the Forest Service and had been printed in the same shop as Agriculture and Interior Department pamphlets, which could only mean the Government Printing Office. (Whether he meant to imply that Forest Service funds had paid for it is anyone's guess.) Congressman Barrett said, "I don't know whether the Forest Serv-

ice has collaborated with some of these writers in these magazines or not. I have reason to believe it has; I'll say that much, I'm not charging you with it but I really feel deep down in my heart that you have."

The Forest Service has never asked me to write anything, has never suggested that I write anything, has in no way collaborated with me in anything I have written. It has volunteered no information to me. It has given me no information except at my request and the information it has given me is only of the kind which it is required by law to give to anyone who asks for it. Senator Robertson's toes were pinched by my having published in *Harper's* the number of sheep for which he held grazing permits in a national forest. I knew that he held grazing permits, I had asked the Forest Service for the exact figures, and I had got them. At Rawlins he asked Mr. Lyle Watts, the Chief of the Forest Service, "Information as to individual permits of permittees, is that given out by the Forest Service to these writers?" Mr. Watts replied to the Senator that when anyone wants to know how many stock anyone runs on a forest under permit, the Forest Service would tell him. "That," Mr. Robertson said, "would be Mr. DeVoto as well as Mr. Velie." It would be Mr. DeVoto; by law it would be anyone who might ask. The privileges of a Senator do not extend to keeping his grazing permits secret.

More interesting are Senator Robertson's and Congressman Barrett's efforts to dissociate themselves from proposals to open the public lands to private purchase. At Rawlins Mr. Reynold A. Seaverson, the President of the Wyoming Woolgrowers Association, read a long statement. At the end of it Senator Robertson said, "I do not see any recommendation at all that the lands comprised in the



national parks and monuments, the national forest lands, or the reclamation withdrawals should be sold to individual stockmen. You make no recommendation such as that, do you?" Mr. Seaverson said no. Mr. Robertson: "You never have?" Mr. Seaverson said no. Senator Robertson: "Speaking as president of the woolgrowers, you would definitely say that such a statement made by Mr. DeVoto, or Mr. Velie, or any of the Izaak Walton leagues, or any dude ranches in this country, to the effect woolgrowers advocate such a purchase by private individuals is absolutely without foundation, would you not?" Mr. Seaverson: "Yes, Senator, without foundation whatsoever."

THE impression created here is that Senator Robertson had never heard of any such proposals, that none had ever been made, and that Mr. Velie, other writers, and I had malignantly invented the notion in what Mr. Barrett called our "scurrilous articles." Well, on March 14, 1946, Mr. Robertson had introduced into the Senate his bill S. 1945, which I described in one of my scurrilous articles. This bill, if it had passed, would have granted to the States all the organized Taylor Act grazing lands, lands to be eliminated from various other public reserves, and "all lands eliminated as hereinafter provided from national forests, national parks or monuments . . ." It would have made mandatory the creation of State commissions and the elimination from national forests of any lands which those commissions should find "to be more valuable for grazing [in whose eyes?] or agriculture than for timber production." And it provided that all these lands and all other lands which under its terms were to be granted to the States, "shall be subject to lease, sale, or other disposition as the legislature of such State may determine."

At Rawlins, Senator Robertson was strikingly ignorant of the provisions of his own bill. Moreover, in his official statement Mr. Seaverson had recommended that lands "suitable only for grazing" (who decides?) be eliminated from the forests. This, of course, is not a recommendation that they be sold, though such a recommendation usually accompanies that proposal. Conceivably neither Senator Robertson nor the witness had heard of the many proposals to open Taylor Act land and

forest grazing land to sale that had appeared in the stockgrowers' press, or of the twenty-nine protests against them made at Billings three days before, though the Senator was present there. Conceivably they had heard none of the repercussions of the article by the Vice Chairman of the Joint Committee in the *Denver Post* which said that "as a first step toward acquiring ownership of the land they use" the stockgrowers proposed that "the government be required to offer [the Taylor Act lands] for sale" and went on to admit that "stockmen hope" eventually to get into private ownership "some tracts now in national forests" and others "which never should have been included in national parks."

Conceivably. But the record shows that Senator Robertson was present at the opening of the Rawlins hearing at which he later questioned Mr. Seaverson. It seems odd that he did not hear the acting clerk of that hearing, at Mr. Barrett's direction, read a statement by the Governor of Wyoming, the Hon. Lester C. Hunt. Mr. Hunt's statement, so short that I think most people could keep it in mind, ended with several recommendations. The fourth one reads, "That the Federal Government either dispose of these forests (a) to private ownership, or (b) to the respective States in which they are located." For a few minutes, one would think, the Senator must have known about some of the proposals which his bill would have enacted, if only inadvertently, into law.

Congressman Barrett said at Glasgow, "So far as I know, no one in Congress ever advocated granting the forest or the timberlands to private ownership." At Rawlins he dissociated himself from such proposals and told a witness that Senator Robertson's bill, of which by then he *had* heard, was dead. Its spirit was not dead in November 1946, when a convention of the Wyoming Woolgrowers Association was discussing one of the bills which my articles mentions as having been in preparation when the land-grab scheme was publicized. The Casper, Wyoming, *Tribune-Herald* for November 14, 1946, reports Congressman Barrett's speech at that convention. It quotes him as saying that fifty-one per cent of the area of Wyoming belongs to the federal government and then going on, "We must work out a plan whereby the eleven public land States of the West can grow, develop,

and promote their own economy on a free and equal basis. The problem is to work out a plan for returning these millions of acres to the States. If such a plan is evolved, I believe we can sell the plan to the whole Congress . . ."

Finally, it is worth noting that, after Mr. Velie's articles and mine had been thoroughly denounced by Mr. Barrett and Mr. Robertson at Rawlins, Mr. Charles C. Moore asked that they be entered in the record. Page 219 of the record at Rawlins, Mr. Barrett speaking: "We will consider it; there has been objection by the committee; Dr. Miller has objected." They were not entered in the record.

**O**BERVE that Mr. Barrett speaks of "returning" the public lands to the States. The pressure-group press habitually speaks of "returning" them to the States or to private ownership. This is high-quality dust for throwing in the eyes—or should I say wool for pulling over them? True, the public lands contain some microscopic tracts that were once State land: mostly they represent either even-up exchanges or purchases of land that had been forfeited to the States for non-payment of taxes. There are also microscopic tracts which were once privately owned but for which the government exchanged equivalent tracts, usually agricultural, from public reserves. There are other tracts, agricultural land abandoned as submarginal or cutover forest land, which the federal government bought from private owners for purposes of conservation. The total area of all these tracts makes only an infinitesimal fraction of the public lands. Except for that minute fraction it would not be possible to "return" the public lands to State or private ownership. They never belonged to the States or to individuals. They have been publicly owned ever since their acquisition from France, Spain, Mexico, and Great Britain.

By the acts of admission the Western States were granted various tracts of the public land within their borders, to support education and for other purposes: these are the State lands. By their constitutions the States renounced forever all claim to the remaining public lands. These lands, the public domain of the United States, however, remained open for entry by individuals under the Homestead Act, various grazing and timber and

irrigation acts, the malodorous Stone and Timber Act, and others. But from time to time parts of the public domain were closed to private entry and as "reserves" dedicated to the common good and benefit of the United States: the national forests are one such reserve. They are exactly what the term says and what they have been from the beginning, public lands. When the propaganda talks about "returning" them to the States it is talking nonsense. When it talks about "resuming the historic land-ownership policy of the United States," it is talking about a policy from which the public reserves were excepted, exempted, and withdrawn. When it draws analogies between these lands and lands in the East to which the original States had a more or less undefined claim, which they relinquished to the federal government, and which were then opened to private entry—it is perverting historical fact. But all this is grist to the mill. The idea is to set up a specious claim that the Western States have been robbed of their heritage. The further idea is to demand the Western public lands if Hawaii and Alaska are granted parts of the public reserves when they are admitted as States. But the basic idea is to get the forests and grazing lands of the West that are now a common possession of the American people into private hands.

**T**HE state of mind behind this agitation is sometimes grotesque. The Vice Chairman of the Joint Committee on Public Lands of the two national stockgrowers associations is testifying in favor of abolishing the Jackson Hole National Monument—now composed of land always under federal ownership to which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has been trying to add as a gift land which he has bought. "First of all," he says, "I deny that the federal government has any right to that land. It has no right by its treaties of acquisition. It has no right for the proposed retention of those lands, which are now outside its constitutional limitations of land ownership. . . . To me when you get a lot of federal bureaus operating and managing lands which are not the proper function of government provided in the Constitution, it is nothing more or less than a mild form of communism. And that malignant growth in the West is almost destroying the American form of government.



... There is an arrangement [for?] taking our lands away from us, in violation of constitutional limitations and our act of admission as a State." Here the gentleman seems to be saying only that to reserve lands for national parks and monuments is communism. But in his article in the *Denver Post* two months earlier he had said flatly, "Federal ownership or control of land is a form of communism."

His constitutional argument is based on the clause in Section 8 of Article I of the Constitution, which confines to areas ten miles square the legislative authority of Congress over tracts granted by the States to the government for governmental use. Few constitutional ideas so absurd have been aired in public since 1787 but this sort of thing, if not accepted by his associates, is nevertheless useful to their purposes. The gentleman lives in Wyoming: one wonders what authority he accepts as guaranteeing his title to the land he owns there. And one is reminded of a suggestion made some years ago by a writer who had been studying the cattle-baron state of mind that germinates such arguments. Over its history, he said, under stockgrower control, Wyoming had failed to develop the mature responsibility for self-government that Statehood requires, and he saw no plausible evidence that it ever would develop it. He proposed that Wyoming be returned to Territorial status so that it could be governed responsibly.

**S**UCH curiosa, however, are harmless. A really dangerous irresponsibility is the refusal of such stockgrowers as the Joint Committee represents to admit that overgrazing damages the forage, the land, or the watersheds. The record of the hearing is spotted with assertions that the results of overgrazing were in fact not due to it at all. The heaped-up, irrefutable findings of many sciences and many scientists—in various government bureaus that deal with land, in State and private universities, in private foundations, in experiment stations, in similar institutions all over the world—are ignored, denied, or ridiculed. I have space to mention only one example, the common denial that natural processes of erosion are speeded up—and unnatural erosion caused—by the deterioration of plant cover which occurs when an area is grazed too heavily. No fact that science deals

with is more firmly established, but the pressure-group propaganda—and as I showed here last year, that of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce—challenges and denies it.

Some members of the Subcommittee were willing to support that denial. At Rawlins Mr. Barrett said, "... it seems to me that the Forest Service ought to make a little study of this thing [erosion—the service has been studying it intensively from the beginning] and be a little honest about it, and say here 'This thing has been going on for centuries: it was going on before there was a cow in Wyoming; that it was going on before there was ever a white man in Wyoming. . . .' Why blame it on the poor shepherd and the little old cowboy that's trying to make a living here on these hills?" There are places in Wyoming where the poor shepherd and the little old cowboy have accelerated erosion several hundred thousand per cent and permanently impaired the range, but science does not impress Mr. Barrett. And the jocose Mr. Rockwell at Ely: "Geologists [scientists who apparently can be trusted about the condition of the land millions of years ago but not today] say the original height in my State of Colorado was 36,000 feet. It has now gone down to 10,000 feet. I wonder what the Forest Service would have done to prevent that loss, had they been in service at the time." An entire psychology is compressed in that arrogantly ignorant sneer. At Grand Junction Mr. Rockwell had listened to scientific evidence which proved that the water supply of that and other Colorado towns had been endangered by erosion resulting from overgrazing. At Salt Lake City he had heard how erosion resulting from overgrazing had brought an entire Utah county to the brink of catastrophe—and how scientific measures to arrest erosion and repair the damage it had done had saved that county. But that was the talk of long-haired scientists and only a practical stockgrower, such a man as Mr. Rockwell, is qualified to judge the condition of a range.

Against such psychology as this only the force of the ballot can defend the public interest. Argument, demonstration, proof, considerations of higher land use, of long-term values, of any values except the immediate ones of the pressure group cannot alter it in the least. I come back to Secretary Anderson.

asking a secessionist group of cattlemen who, if it should come to a battle, had the most votes. It may come to a battle—it could come as early as the appointment of Republican Secretaries of Agriculture and the Interior.

If the West cannot control the exceedingly small number of people whose program would destroy it, the rest of the country will have to

control them for the West's sake and its own. Up to twenty Western votes in Congress might be swung to support that program, and such a bloc might be enough to hold the balance of power. But your Representative has a vote that counts as much as any other. Better make sure that he does not cast it on this issue in ignorance of what is at stake.

## *Out in the Stovepipe Mountains*

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

OUT in the Stovepipe Mountains  
A snowslide dropped like a piston of snow,  
Slowed on a push-up of conifer air,  
Then wracked and packed the trunks below.

It took a long time for the snow to melt  
And a longer time to reach the sea  
Through many a valley and many a valley  
Where everybody had to be

Lonesome when the moon came up,  
Lonesome for a far-off lover,  
Lonesome for angels and whip-poor-wills,  
Lonesome for roses and clover.

The valleys were strung like mandolins  
Because the water ran downhill,  
They cogged the cities to the sunny  
Meadows green with chlorophyll.

And where bituminized cities nudged  
Their oily turrets into whorls  
Of peacock tails and pigeon breasts,  
Men and women, boys and girls

Stared at the changeling water till  
They changed to lads and maidens fair  
Who lived a lonesome song ago  
A hundred woods from there.

*Where is my true love? Where is my youth?*  
The valley is worn a benchmark lower,  
Arbutus atoms trail the shady  
Atoms of men to the ocean floor . . .

And the sun is sluicing the oceans up,  
And the Stovepipe Mountains are clouding over.



# *Frankie comes to call*

A Story by Betty Smith

**I**T WAS the night that Frankie was coming to meet her folks. Margy was on her feet two blocks before Maujer Street in agony as to whether the motorman would stop at that corner. Fortunately, another passenger wanted to get off at that block and while the motorman might ignore one passenger's desires, he couldn't ignore two.

She got home ten minutes earlier than usual. She needn't have hurried. Flo, her mother, had everything under control. The chopped meat, onions, and potatoes were in the frying pan. The flat was immaculate.

"Oh, everything looks so nice, Mama," said Margy. "And you look nice, too."

Indeed, Flo looked nice. She had on a freshly laundered house dress and she had shampooed her hair that morning. Flo was only thirty-nine and still slender and shapely. She would have looked young and pretty if it hadn't been for the bitter look on her face.

"And that ain't all," said Flo. "Look!" She opened the icebox. Alone on the top shelf was a small, round, high, creamy cheesecake and a half-pint bottle of coffee cream. "Real cream for coffee when he comes."

"You shouldn't've," protested Margy. "Frankie's used to condensed milk in his coffee just like us."

"If he's coming here with the idea that we're shanty Irish trash, he's going to find himself mistaken," said Flo.

"Why, Mama, he never had any such idea."

"What other idea could he have? A girl lets him meet her on the sly without her parents knowing. She takes jewelry from him when

she hardly knows him and keeps it from her mother. So he can't have much of an opinion of her and her family."

"I would've brought him home to meet you long ago only I was afraid you'd carry on."

"Am I carrying on now that I know he's coming?" asked Flo.

Yes! Margy wanted to shout. Instead she said, "Aw, Mama, you got everything fixed so nice and you're so swell about entertaining him, don't spoil it all now." Somehow, this got to Flo and she said nothing more.

Henny got home early. He had saved time by doing the opposite of Margy, riding a block past his corner, which saved some minutes spent in futile argument with the motorman. He ate quickly, ignoring his newspaper for once, and then put on a clean shirt, collar, and tie. He got his vest out of the closet, brushed it, and hung it on the back of a chair.

Margy washed, put on fresh make-up and a new white georgette blouse. By eight o'clock the three clean Shannons were sitting stiffly and silently in their kitchen waiting to receive the suitor.

When the bell rang at a quarter-past eight, the Shannons as one got to their feet, and while Margy pressed the button that opened the downstairs door, Henny got into his vest and Flo led the way to the parlor.

**M**ARGY, watching Frankie come up the stairs, saw him through her parents' critical eyes and decided that he'd do. He had had his suit pressed and a bay-rum barbershop smell preceded his entrance.

She introduced him self-consciously before she took his hat and placed it in the exact middle of the bed in the adjoining room. Frankie came with gifts: a box of peanut brittle for his future mother-in-law, a couple of two-for-a-quarter cigars for Henny, and a corsage of lavender sweet peas tied with tinsel ribbon for Margy.

Flo thanked him stiffly but Margy knew she was pleased. Henry made much of the cigars assuring Frankie that he was a young man who certainly knew his tobacco. But Henny didn't smoke cigars. He placed them in his vest pocket intending to present them to his foreman in hope of gaining some small concession in exchange. Margy beamed with pride as she pinned the corsage to the left shoulder of her blouse. Flo passed the box of candy around. The peanut brittle came in for sprightly praise. They talked about the gifts as long as they could. Then the conversation died. No one said anything for a long time.

Henny, knowing it was his duty as host to keep the talk flowing, put his stiff curved hands on his knees, leaned forward, cleared his throat, looked directly into Frankie's eyes and asked:

"Do you think light wines and beer will ever come back?" It was a frequent question in those days. Frankie looked confused but pulled himself together.

"You can search me," was his considered opinion.

Flo put in her two-cents' worth. "Maybe the young man ain't interested in blind tigers."

"Pigs," corrected Henny.

"Saloons, tigers, speakeasies, cider stores, call them blind pigs, even," conceded Flo. "All mean the same thing—a place where a man gets drunk and spends his hard-earned money." She looked directly at her husband.

His eyes fell. He wanted to explain that *he* never got drunk; that he spent very little money in saloons; that he went there merely to relax in talk with other men. But out of consideration for their guest, he said nothing. He tried a different conversational approach.

"Me, I'm all for keeping the law. But they got no right to take a workingman's beer away from him. Prohibition was put over on us while our boys was dying in the trenches. That reminds me: was you with the Rainbow Division, Mr. Malone?"

"I never saw action," admitted Frankie. "I happened to be in second-year High when the war broke out."

"You should have known," Flo reproached her husband.

"I only thought . . . so many of our Brooklyn boys was with the Rainbow Division," apologized Henny, "that I thought you was one of them."

"I was only a kid myself," put in Margy brightly. "So dumb, I hardly knew there was a war on. But I saw Rudolph Valentino in the 'Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse' and that showed that war is a terrible thing."

All agreed that war was a terrible thing and again the talk died out. Margy revived it. "Still and all," she said, "there were the poems that came out of the war. I love the one about the poppies growing between the crosses row on row."

"My favorite," said Frankie, "is, 'I Have a Rendezvous with Death.'"

They urged him to recite it but he begged off saying he didn't know all the words. Henny came out of a deep study.

"Rondy-voo?" he asked puzzled.

"It means a date," said Margy.

"It means we all got to go someday," amplified Flo.

"Knock wood," suggested Frankie.

The quartet beat a brief tattoo on the arms of their chairs. There was a solemn pause—the pause that precedes a dissertation on death. Henny took matters into his own hands and rejected death as a conversational theme. He brought the talk back to poetry.

"There's a piece, not about the war exactly but I like it anyway. It goes like this:

In all my life, I've got to see  
A poem as lovely as a tree.

**H**is wife and daughter looked at him in blank astonishment. They had never heard the word, *lovely*, come from his lips. They looked at him so strangely that he felt he had to apologize.

"Only reason I read it when it was in the Brooklyn *Eagle* was that the feller what wrote it was a Brooklyn boy what got killed in the war. They got a Legion post named after him, now: the Joyce Kilmer Post they call it."

Margy was proud of her father for knowing that. "You know a lot of things, Papa," she said.



"Oh, I get around," said Henny debonairly.

Flo pressed her lips together so that she wouldn't say, Yes, around to saloons and wherever else bums hang out.

"Brooklyn is a wonderful place in many ways," expanded Henny, heady with his daughter's compliment. "There's many a famous person come from Brooklyn."

"And most of them are ashamed of it, too," said Flo, making ashes out of his pride.

"That's because some dumb people don't realize Brooklyn's a fine city."

"This part of Brooklyn ain't fine," said Flo, "the way the neighborhood's run down."

"This neighborhood ain't all of Brooklyn, I'll let you know," said loyal Henny.

"Well, it's all the Brooklyn we'll ever know," clinched Flo. She stood up and asked to be excused and left the room abruptly. Frankie looked puzzled.

"Mama went out to make coffee," explained Margy.

"Oh! For a minute I thought something out of the way was said," said Frankie.

THEY had about run the gamut of conversational topics. They had discussed the fiery question of the day, the right of a strong minority to inflict prohibition on an unwilling majority. Henny had made a brief statement concerning the rights of the workingman. They had acknowledged the horrors of war and the beauty of poetry; the inevitability of death, and had skirmished briefly with the subject of civic pride. There remained three more general topics of conversation to get them through the rest of the evening: religion, politics and the weather. Henny tackled politics.

"It it's not a personal question, Mr. Malone," he asked politely, "I'd like to know whether you're a Republican or whether you vote the Democratic ticket." His voice capitalized *Democrat* but put *Republican* in the lower case.

"I cast my first vote this coming election," said Frankie proudly, "and of course, I'll vote the straight Democratic ticket."

"That's fine," approved Henny. "Then I take it that you got no use for that man in the White House—Harding."

"No use at all," pronounced Frankie.

Henny got up and shook the boy's hand. They were one against the Republican party.

After a while Flo appeared in the alcove.

"There's coffee," she announced.

They went out into the kitchen. There was a fresh cloth on the table. Instead of the usual custom of placing the cut cake in the center of the table where all could reach for a piece to eat with their hands, Flo had set out cake plates and forks. Margy was proud of her mother for knowing and doing the right thing. Frankie stood in the middle of the kitchen and looked around.

"May I wash my hands?" he asked politely.

Margy, knowing that his request was a delicate way of asking where the bathroom was, was filled with consternation. They had no bathroom! Literal Flo produced a small enameled basin which she placed in the sink, handed the boy a clean towel and told him there was hot water in the kettle.

Frankie held the towel in his hands and looked frustrated. Henny drew him into the bedroom next to the kitchen.

"The toilet's in the hall," said Henny in a hoarse whisper heard by the two women in the kitchen. "I'll get you the key."

"I just want to wash my hands," lied Frankie in a clear loud voice.

The two men came out of the bedroom. Frankie's face was brick-red with embarrassment. He washed his clean hands at the sink and dried them thoroughly. They sat down to coffee and cake.

FRANKIE, trying desperately to ingratiate himself with Margy's parents, praised the cheesecake, claiming it was creamier than the kind sold on his block. He asked where the bakery store was, saying he intended to buy a duplicate cake to take home to his mother.

Flo was anxious to know the boy's religion. To that end, she asked him bluntly what church he attended. He told her St. Cecilia's.

"We go to St. Catherine's ourselves," she said, implying that people who went elsewhere just didn't count. "I mean, Margy and me go," she added giving her husband a bitter look.

"Sunday's the one day in the week when a workingman can sleep late," said Henny defensively.

"You could go to twelve-o'clock Mass," said his wife.

"That's High Mass and too long."

Before Flo and Henry could get off on an argument, Frankie announced his impending departure.

"I guess I better make a break," he said, "and not wear out my welcome by staying too long."

They trooped back to the parlor. Margy held his hat while he made his polite farewells.

"I enjoyed the conversation," he said, "and the coffee and cake." Feeling that this was inadequate, he added, "You certainly have a nice home here, Mrs. Shannon."

Then it came!

"I'm glad you realize that, Mr. Malone," said Flo. "You can understand, then, that Margy's in no hurry to leave her home and get married until she can have even a nicer home than this."

Frankie's face colored quickly. "I happen to come from a pretty nice home myself, Mrs. Shannon," he said with dignity.

Margy, trying desperately to change the conversation called out. "Look! It's beginning to sprinkle." All went to look out of the window at the light rain which had begun to fall.

"What's a little rain?" asked Frankie.

"But you'll ruin your press," she said.

"I happen to have another suit home, strange as it may seem," said Frankie coldly.

Stiff goodnights were exchanged. Margy walked down the stairs with Frankie. As they reached the bottom, Mrs. Shannon called over the bannister:

"Thanks for the peanut brittle and all."

"You're welcome, I'm sure," he called back.

WHEN they reached the vestibule he would have left her without a good-night kiss but she held him there in the dark cubicle. All former doubts of her love for the boy vanished when she realized how vulnerable he was to hurt and how she had hurt him indirectly through her parents. She decided that she wanted to stand between him and hurt for the rest of their lives.

"It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter," she

soothed him. "Mama's that way to everyone."

"That crack about taking you out of your rich home," he sneered.

"She didn't mean anything."

"Oh, no?"

"Well, even if she did, what does it matter? I'm the one you're marrying, not her. And I think you're wonderful."

"Thanks for nothing."

She held him tightly, murmuring comforting words. He stood unyielding in her arms. Finally she said:

"And we'll be married very soon."

That won him over. His arms went around her and he whispered against her hair, "I'll show them! I'll show them all someday."

"I know. I know you will," she whispered back in fierce faith.

They gave promises to each other.

He finished off the evening by passing fair judgment on Margy's parents. "Your old man's not a bad guy," he said. "But your mother . . ." he decided to be charitable. "Well I guess she's got her troubles," he conceded.

"They're really all right," she said. "It's just that you have to get used to their ways."

"It was sure hard talking to them," he said.

"I don't mind saying I was nervous."

"You know," said Margy, "I was wondering when we'd get around to talking about the weather."

"You had a hell of a time bringing it in, all right."

"I thought I'd die."

"Come to think of it, we all had a hell of a time, didn't we?"

Suddenly the strain of the evening was lifted and they started to snicker as they recalled the more humorous aspects of the visit. The snickers changed to giggles and the giggles to laughter. Margy laughed so hard that she became weak and had to hold on to Frankie. They laughed until they cried.

The laughter came up the stairs—through the closed doors of the flat. The father and mother, hearing the young laughter, exchanged a slow look of defeat.



# After Hours

KAY THOMPSON is a gaunt girl with a transparent skin and blonde hair who, as everyone seemed to know but me, is the sensation of the entertainment world. The spring afternoon I met her at the Directoire, a brand-new night club in New York where she was then working, she was undecided whether to go next to London, Chicago, New Orleans, or one of the other places that were after her. She was also undecided whether to go into the clothing business by lending her name to a product to be known as "Kaytee Slacks." She was disappointed that a pair of black shoes that her handy-girl brought her couldn't be obtained in white. She had her blonde hair skinned back with a little mare's tail leaping out behind. But even when rehearsing, underplaying all of her gestures, and muttering her songs, there was no question in my mind why she is a sensation. She is witty, friendly, an accomplished musician, very agreeable to look at, and hard-working as a woodpecker.

She is part of a team, the other half of which is four young men, all of equal height and California complexion, known as the Williams Brothers, who are, in fact, brothers. The youngest is just twenty, the oldest thirty. They dance and sing and fall on their faces and mug. Their names are Richard, Robert, Donald, and Andrew, and Miss Thompson treats them as though she loves them all, which I don't doubt she does. According to their press release, they were all born "in Las Vegas, Nevada, in August 1947"—the month they set up in business. They have since spent their time making money hand over fist, breaking

attendance records at night clubs and hotels, and helping headwaiters to stuff their pockets with large bills.

It had been a long while since I had been to a night club, and I had never before been in one at four-thirty in the afternoon. I got into the Directoire through the service entrance and sat at the black, empty bar which was lighted by a single unshaded bulb and waited for Miss Thompson and her boys to show up. When she arrived, in a mink coat, gray slacks, and gray sweater, she went right to work with the boys on a number about Hia-watha, which she described as "just playing Indians."

"It goes chink boom, chink boom, Hia-watha, CRASH!" she was explaining to the Messrs. Williams, who had a routine that included shooting imaginary arrows, paddling canoes, and otherwise playing Indians. And then after they had been through it, bit by bit, over and over again, she came and sat down at a table with me. "I don't see how you can tell what's going on," she said, but there was plenty going on and the longer it went the smoother the timing got and the funnier. "Looks like hard work," I said. "Yeah, but it's so exciting," she replied and got up.

Miss Thompson doesn't stay long in one place. While the boys rested she worked at the piano, evolving the arrangement of Hia-watha which she had composed and for which she had also done the lyrics—"thanks to Papa Longfellow." She stood with one red-shod foot on the piano stool and her hands flickered over the keys. "I don't want a vamp there," she said to Joe Morino, her pianist,

and played the passage through again somewhat differently. Then they went back to doing the routine, working out positions and timing, each contributing ideas. "Darlings, you're wonderful, I'm lucky to know such nice people," she exclaimed, and the boys beamed.

First of all Kay Thompson is a musician whose job until a short time ago was arranging large musical numbers for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She composes all of her own songs and writes her own witty lyrics. Robert Alton, who has recently had a large finger in Irving Berlin's new movie "Easter Parade," does the choreography and staging. He and Kay are working at long distance (he's still in Hollywood) on a musical which they hope to produce in the fall. Miss Thompson has been writing the score and singing it to Mr. Alton over the telephone.

The Directoire, which is where Café Society Uptown used to be, has been done over into something that looks like a large, dark green jewel box full of Tecla pearls, rhinestones, and ribbons. The stage on which Miss Thompson and the boys perform slides down out of the wall on rollers, an act in itself. The second night it got stuck halfway down.

After watching the rehearsal for an hour or more through a stubble of chair legs up-ended on the tables, I got up to go away. "You *must* come back this evening," Miss Thompson said, "and get some idea of what the show is *really* like."

I did. It was very different. Miss Thompson and the boys let fly for almost forty minutes with all the vitality they had been sparing in the afternoon. Out came the voices, up went the heels, down went the Williams Brothers on their faces. Miss Thompson looked taller, thinner, younger, and, in a white, long-sleeved silk blouse and white slacks that only she or a pencil could wear, she danced and sang grown-up songs in a grown-up way, and the whole thing emanated a kind of adult fun one usually associates with places other than night clubs. The effect was a combination of ballet, barber shop, roughhouse, and penthouse that never for a moment got out of hand but always seemed as if it might.

Since the evening I heard Miss Thompson and the boys (and don't think this is a one-woman act with background; it's a strictly communal enterprise) I find there are a num-

ber of people who assume I have an inside track to getting tables at the Directoire. I haven't, at least not any more, and besides, Miss Thompson and friends will probably be in London by July. Maybe TWA or Pan American will be glad to transport you there. I can think of many worse reasons to spend the summer in England.

## Sheep Come in a Flock

**M**OST of the obvious things that can be said for the power and scope of the motion-picture camera are said by the camera itself in "Wonder Eye," a one-reel, semi-documentary movie that has appeared commercially in about six thousand theaters. "Wonder Eye" tries to show off the camera, accelerating the growth of plants, slowing down the graceful skill of high-jumpers, taking you from the spectacular corona of the sun to the X-ray motion of the bones beneath human skin. As a film about films, you might expect it to appeal to the same kind of special interest as, say, a book about book-collecting—and educational films are notoriously dull. Stuart Legg, whose company produced it, can thus be forgiven the modest satisfaction he takes in the fact that "Wonder Eye" has made money.

Stuart Legg is a slim, well-articulated Englishman with independently mobile eyebrows and dark, thinning hair. He came to this country after the war from Canada, where he was chief producer of the National Film Board under John Grierson, the man who gave documentary movies the head start in England that no one has since caught up to. In 1946, Stuart Legg, Maynard Gertler, and Raymond Spottiswoode set up an organization in New York to make documentaries, and Mr. Legg was made president. The name of his company is The World Today, Incorporated, and his business is making documentary movies for anyone who happens to want them—including such unlikely customers as the United Nations (which has its own UNESCO) and the Motion Picture Association (which has its own Hollywood). If you wanted to have a movie made about your own business, Mr. Legg would be somebody to see.

The offices of The World Today are in a combination film laboratory and studio build-



ing in the very far west upper Fifties in New York, next to 20th Century-Fox. Mr. Legg finds it convenient to work in a building that has already been fireproofed and has laboratories close at hand. "More things can go wrong in film-making than in any other profession," he says. "It's totally confused: one third temperament, one third chemistry, one third electronics." I went to call on him late one afternoon, not to get a movie made, but to ask impertinent questions about the films he had exhibited a short time before at the Museum of Modern Art: "Wonder Eye"; "Searchlight on the Nations," about how the UN communicates with the world; and "Borrowing in Subtraction," a short intended to help teach arithmetic to children. It appears from my notes that our conversation covered a great deal of ground, but in the course of it several problems that had always bothered me were cleared up and I'd like to pass on the few flashes of illumination that did it.

This column has commented before, for example, on the unaccountably poor technical quality of foreign films as they appear in this country, as opposed to their appearance in the original home theaters. (I risked the suggestion that the films are sabotaged when they arrive here by being kicked around on the floor.) Well, there is a reason for all those nicks and scratches and tinny sound tracks. "The trouble with foreign films," Mr. Legg said, "is that they only send a duplicate negative. You can't blame them, they want to keep their hands on the original. When we run them through the printer over here, there are three prints going into it: the dupe, the sound track, and the English titles. They've got clear celluloid just about to perfection now—the loss in quality isn't more than five per cent—but the trouble is that the dupes they make abroad just aren't good enough to print from. No printings we make from them can be as good as from Hollywood originals." He illustrated some of the headaches of this process from his own experience, for one of the jobs Legg and Raymond Spottiswoode handled recently was the preparation of the American version of an Italian film, Roberto Rossellini's "*Paisan*."

The copy of "*Paisan*" that they received was in terrible shape, especially the sound track. The English translation of the script provided for the titles by the Italians was en-

tirely literal, so that all the idioms were lost, and a new translation had to be made. "In the Florence sequence, where the Partisan is dying," Legg said, of a mistake that crept into the final version, "he says, 'Lupo is dead—he'll never mix any more drinks for me.' In Italian slang, to 'mix drinks' for somebody means to have an argument—and we missed that." They sent to Italy for the complete original sound track—"six reels of it for every reel of film we already had"—hoping to be able to piece it together over the bad spots. "Rossellini is one of the greatest living directors, but there are some things he just doesn't care about," is Legg's opinion. "The man with the mike may want to get it placed just right and Rossellini can't be bothered—he just wants to go ahead and shoot. So a character walks several feet away from the camera, turns around, and says something that you can barely hear." When the sound track finally arrived, it turned out to be on 17½-mm film; and when a laboratory was finally found that would handle it, the new sound proved to be out of synchronization with Legg's copy of the film. He proceeded to remake entire sections of the sound track, particularly those spoken by American soldiers in the cast who could be located. "You remember Joe from Jersey? Well, we had found him—back in Jersey." The remainder of the sound had to be co-ordinated with the film by hand and eye, and though Legg found it an "awful job" to do, he was pleased that few people noticed it.

As an actual maker of films, Legg has learned not only from Hollywood and British documentary, but has even gone to the theater-owners to find out what they like. "We asked the exhibitors what was essential in shorts for commercial use. They said: spectacle, human interest, novelty—and keep it down to one reel." Before making the children's arithmetic film, "Borrowing in Subtraction," he went around to "a lot of schools and talked to the teachers and to the children themselves. Hell, the kids practically wrote that picture for us." Legg, who is preoccupied with communication and has a nice primary sense of what a film is meant for, thus finds himself just as dependent on the public as any West Coast movie-maker. His reputation is artistically spotless and he need not cater to anybody, but even a documentarist must make use of vulgar aesthetic devices like "spec-

tacle, human interest, and novelty," Legg believes Hollywood is "sunk," but wholeheartedly admires its great technical resources: "It's the one place where you get everything you ask for—no matter what, no matter how absurd."

All of these matters brought us around finally to the hardest question of all: What holds back educational movies? Mr. Legg had spoken of the need for such movies, the astonishingly large number of projectors already in use, and the theoretical possibilities of film to "break down the walls of the classroom and bring the world in." But he agreed that "March of Time" newsreels and Capra's "Why We Fight" series are the only really "educational" films that most Americans have ever seen. There is a great deal of talk about the potentialities and nothing seems to get done. I suggested that there is an inherent limitation, that movies are too inflexible for teaching, and I told him what a friend had told me: that in the War Department they found that film strips (slides on film, in effect) worked better than films, since you couldn't stop a film to go over an obscure point with a slow student. At this juncture I'll let Mr. Legg take over:

"You know," he said, "nobody has ever given that any real thought except some God-forsaken Scots in Glasgow. They sat down and went over the principles of the whole business. They told us that long films weren't any use at all except outside the curriculum; the long jobs on civics or the post office were only for assembly, when they had time for them. If you're going to spend forty minutes on the geography of the United States, what use is it to have a twenty-minute film on New York State alone? They said they wanted films—dozens of them—each no longer than three minutes, and without sound track.

"Many of the children they were teaching came from the slums. The class comes to the subject of sheep—seventy per cent of them

have never seen sheep. Righto, bring up the projector. Three-minute film on sheep. Shot one: from a distance, sheep in a flock (sheep come in a flock, says the instructor). Shot two: middle distance, sheep, tree, man (that's how big they are). Shot three: close-up, curled horns (sheep have curled horns). Shot four: cloven hoof (sheep have cloven hoofs). Shot five: wool on the back (that's where wool comes from). Shot six: long shot again (sheep come in a flock). That's all. It was wonderful, we made hundreds of those things. They even put movieolas in the library; kid goes to the shelf, takes down not a book but a *film*."

Mr. Legg's enthusiasm is such that I hate to temper it by repeating his point. There *are* great possibilities for educational films provided they stay in a supplementary role, provided they don't attempt to do too much, provided they are concentrated on the purpose at hand. The World Today has been in operation less than two years, and it seems to be going at the problem of documentary movies in this same step-by-step manner. Mr. Legg, so far, has not tried to do much more with his cameras than show what they can do for anyone who wants to hire them, a method you will find elaborated in greater detail in the collection of John Grierson's journalistic pieces, published recently as *Grierson on Documentary*. It may have seemed slow and bumbling at the time, but this restrained salesmanship established much of England's present movie-making power. Stuart Legg may not be consciously imitating his teacher, but he hinted at something close to it. "You know what was the brightest thing John Grierson ever did?" he said. "He made one film—and then never made another. From then on he was getting money, talking to people, making it possible for others to make films. And that wasn't easy for him to do. After all, making films is fun."

—Mr. Harper



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

### The Maginot Line of America

*Robert Wood Johnson*

YOUNG reserve officers, sent out to the Far East in the months after VJ-Day to replace high-point seniors in the occupation forces, ran into a horde of eastbound refugees that overflowed military quarters, barracks, and every public habitation from Tokyo to the Golden Gate. This crowd packed all the planes and stood in line for hours waiting for even a little deck space on any home-bound ship. These were refugees from no enemy invader but from their own military forces. They were officers and men of our own armed services falling all over themselves to get home and sign out.

Where they had come from, many a combat vessel was left rocking helplessly at anchor when half of its crew went home. Important Army commands were left in charge of dazed underlings. Regular officers wearing affable smiles called meetings of their reserves and hailed the charms of staying in the service. Men and women of their audiences, some with tickets for the long voyage home already in their own pockets, could scarcely restrain

their laughter. Sometimes they didn't even try.

These service men were naturally eager to return to their homes and jobs and the joys of civilian life. We are not a military nation and, in the main, they were not men and women to enjoy the regimentation of military authority. But a misdirected use of this authority, most of them testified, stung them into an even greater haste to get out.

Some said they were sick of saying "yes sir" to officers who told them they were wrong when they were right. Some said they couldn't get away fast enough from a system where regulations were used to carry out refined sadisms and petty tyrannies. Others were fugitives from jobs assigned to them on the military theory of personnel placement: "Put a square peg in a round hole." But most of them were after a chance to get away and think for themselves once more. Where they had been, they said, there was only following the book. They were getting out—before somebody had a chance to change his mind again.

*Robert Wood Johnson, chairman of the board of Johnson & Johnson (surgical supplies), became a brigadier general during World War II and was vice-chairman of the War Production Board.*

SINCE they have been out, most of them have been solicited to join some manner of reserve corps or peacetime military activity. Nine out of ten have filed the invitations in the wastebasket with scornful laughter. The attitude of the average adult male in the United States toward peacetime service in the Army and Navy is reflected in the announcement made recently by Senator Chan Gurney, Chairman of the Armed Services Committee. He said that in the first eight months of the current fiscal year, the fighting forces had spent \$24,000,000 and employed 13,500 people to recruit a mere 197,445. And most of these were volunteers who signed up for the glamor of the new Air Force.

Part of the veterans' disgust stems from the failure of the Army to organize, equip, train, and direct the veteran officers and men who are already on record as being willing to serve in its reserve corps. There are said to be cliques in the regulars which are actively hostile to a reserve, and the Army certainly gives the impression that it does not want one. Otherwise, it would hardly be destroying the huge resources of voluntary manpower that have been made available to it.

Meanwhile, a moving-picture of a developing world crisis is being shown to Congress in serial form these days to back up requests for mountainous military appropriations. It is also being used to justify a plea for Universal Military Training, as well as conscription of young men to build up manpower. To my mind, neither UMT nor conscription is a proper measure in this day and age. An immediate crisis would call for soldiers trained in the technological fighting of the past war. In other words, the first step would probably be to call back the refugees. But most of these would now have to be deferred, so, in the end, we would once more face the long-term training of unencumbered youth in the complexities of modern warfare.

If it's a matter of building up a permanent defense force, that's something else again. I'd like to see such a job done by the United Nations, but the way things stand today that seems impossible. If we must do it ourselves, the merest schoolboy knows that millions of men cannot be thrown together overnight without confusion, waste, and inefficiency. Let's do it in advance this time, and while we're about it, let's do the thing right.

But if we are to build up our defenses, then why not UMT? Let's stop for a minute and see what UMT is like.

ALL legislation proposed so far revolves around the basic pattern presented by the President's Advisory Commission on Military Training, headed by Karl T. Compton. This pattern calls for a basic training period of six months, followed by three choices: (1) another six months of the same training; (2) enlistment in the regular Army, Navy, or Air Forces; or (3) enlistment in the organized reserve or national guard for from three to six years.

Used improperly, UMT could do unlimited harm by building up our already top-heavy military bureaucracy and indoctrinating our young people in the military way of thinking. By such an enormous increase in federally-subsidized students, we would lay ourselves open to the dangers of a new dependence on military finances and military policy.

At best, the UMT camps could only serve as glorified induction and sorting centers for advanced military training. For, in itself, a year's military training means little these days. A war fought with atomic bombs, radar, guided missiles, and supersonic planes would need trained technicians of a type that takes years in the making. No longer would it be possible to run our ships with insurance salesmen hastily converted into fire-control officers. Missile carriers are too complicated. No longer would we have time to train aviators by the cramming process, even if we could do it in eighteen months. We would need ready-made specialists in a matter of days.

And there is no use deluding ourselves that a few men could push some buttons and destroy the enemy in a flash. We would need plenty of soldiers, though not, perhaps, as many as the professional military would have us believe. Nor would they be youngsters who had spent a year drilling with rifles. We would need men of two types: (1) military occupation forces to seize and hold foreign bases and keep things going, and (2) a small, tremendously powerful striking force using the newest type of weapons. For this force we would need technicians of the highest caliber.



For the advanced training of the technical soldier, it can readily be seen that all types of UMT so far discussed depend on the voluntary co-operation of the inductee. As a matter of fact, it is my opinion that any effective form of advanced military training—for regulars or reserves—will have to be run on a voluntary basis, in peacetime at any rate. Anything else only adds up to what I call Universal Military Compulsion, which a nation of our traditions will not tolerate for long. So whether they come in through UMT or not, our young men and women will have to be sold on the services if they are to give the time, year in and year out, that it takes to prepare for modern warfare.

And this will take some selling. At least with the veterans of the recent war, whom we'll need for leaders. It won't be so hard to sell the youngsters. But they won't stay sold if we don't deliver the goods. There is only one way, and that's to be honest—and make the services so attractive that they will bring in the best caliber of young people and keep them. Get this process started and you won't need Universal Military Training.

## II

**B**UT before this happens, there'll have to be changes made. First off, you'll need a whole new set of personnel practices. Even the very meaning of the word "personnel" as used in the services is far removed from its meaning in business and the professions. In the services, the meaning stems from the feeling that the officers must always stand ready to force men to do things, or to act against their will. From this premise grows much of the dissatisfaction so rampant in the services. Discipline does require authority, especially for the recalcitrant few. But true discipline grows out of confidence in a leader's ability, intelligence, and sense of justice.

Modern management has made tremendous progress in personnel relations. We need to apply some of its findings to the armed services. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't be a bad idea to have all military officers assigned to the American Management Association for a period of training. They might also study with some of the good labor unions and attend university classes devoted to human relations. The military officer of the future

should be specialist in personnel, in the proper sense of the word.

We have found in industry that you must allow a man to retain his dignity or you lose the man. This is no less true in the services. But industry is still trying to define what that dignity consists of. It involves pride in the job and pride in the work turned out. It involves a feeling of "rightness" in the relationship with the man above, an assurance of being taken care of in an emergency. This belief in the dignity of man shows up everywhere in the American scene. You can see it in Grant Wood's painting of the hired man sitting down with the farm owner to eat a dinner cooked by the owner's wife. It is glamorized in the cow hands who are heroes in Oklahoma. Even Paul Bunyan, the mightiest of the loggers, didn't have to be a mill owner.

One way to improve human relationships in the armed services would be to do away with all the brass and braid and officer insignia. In a modern age, all these things are a sad mistake. They date back to the day when the military men were looking for a way to awe the peasants. Today we are not dealing with peasants but with well-informed men and women. They must be treated accordingly. The chairman of the board of General Motors does not find it necessary to wear insignia. Neither does a vice president of the Chase National Bank. Their colleagues know them and that is enough.

Too much brass does funny things to people, and in the wrong direction. Inspecting war plants during World War II, as a brigadier general in the Army of the United States, I found out that the only way I could talk to the workers in the plants was to get rid of all my insignia. On my inspection trips to the munitions plants, the commanding officer would show me through the factory with great ceremony. I counted this time as lost. Afterward, I would take off my hat and tunic and go back through the plant alone. I had to fight everybody to get to do this. Then and only then could I get the workers to open up about their work, their hours, their pay, how the job was going, and how they liked the boss. Until that time, I didn't know what the plant was like.

I believe all commissioned officers should wear the same designation of rank, both as to tunic and insignia. Let it be something like

a single star for everybody from the second lieutenants to the top generals and admirals. Non-commissioned officers could wear a somewhat different star in all ranks.

**I**NDUSTRY has learned that people work best if they have some voice in saying how things are going to be done. This is the core of our democracy. "Worker-management committees" could be set up in the Army and the Navy just as they were in war plants. It is high time the services started thinking in terms of the human being instead of the "military man."

Better human relationships and a voice in the management are intangibles that must be included in the military prospectus. But to bring good men and women into the regulars, you've got to offer plenty of tangible things besides. You must give them and their families a decent place to live. For married people, a house on a par with those of their equals in industry. For single men and women, at least a single room with reasonable comforts—except, of course, during field operations. Today's barracks are long, barren rooms devoid of privacy and in themselves an insult to the soldier's dignity. The whole concept is as obsolete as the sailing ship and the log cabin. Good recreational facilities must also be provided. The whole military environment must be revolutionized.

There must be a properly graduated scale of pay, based on the assumption that the man who goes into service has as much right to the amenities of life as the man who goes into business.

In order to enjoy his benefits, your enlisted man wants equitably rotated tours of duty. If he has to be stuck on a jungle island, he wants to know when he can get home again and not live in daily fear that his transfer will be snarled for years in a ball of red tape.

These men must have educational opportunities on a par with their fellows in civilian life, not only mechanical training but a chance at a liberal education in such subjects as English, history, psychology, and music. It is not necessary for the services to become educational institutions themselves but facilities can be made available.

Freedom to quit is very important. Men and women must know they can get out of the service, except in an emergency. They

should be able to sign up for a specified time, with an escape clause for good and sufficient reasons.

There must be a clear channel of promotion from bottom to top. Whether factory worker or soldier, a man must have a chance to win recognition and exercise whatever power of leadership is in him. He must not be stifled by a system where promotion becomes a cut-and-dried matter of seniority or a shameful matter of bowing and scraping for political favor. Advancement must be rapid, honest, and based on what a man achieves. Seniority of itself is a crippling and devastating influence.

Along with the opportunity to get ahead, a man wants a free choice as to what he is going to do. It must be possible for both officers and men to do the work for which they are fitted without fighting their way through stupid and sometimes malicious opposition from superiors all up the line.

It is particularly important for the reserve to have an unobstructed chance at the occupation he chooses, for in many cases this will be his avocation, his hobby, the thing that brings him into service. Most reserves are in the reserves only because it gives them a chance to do the thing they like to do—to fly an airplane, monkey with an engine, or learn something about radar. It was this attraction of a glamorous occupation that early this year brought the Air Force up to its quota of 312,000 and forced that service to stop all enlistments pending a new authorization.

### III

**W**HILE the first thing the reserve wants is a chance to follow his avocation, the second is a decent relationship with his regular officers. Many a good man has steered clear of a reserve commission because he knows he will buck up against discrimination in favor of Academy graduates. Almost any officer who served in the recent war will give you horrible examples of this for as long as you want to listen.

One of the main steps in making military service attractive to young Americans—reserve or regular—must be the elimination of West Point and Annapolis as they exist today. Despite their many conspicuous merits, these military academies are the fountainhead of



the military caste system which dominates the professional officers of both services. This system sets up insurmountable barriers between the enlisted men and an officer aristocracy and teaches blind obedience to the orders of a ruling class. It creates bitterness from one end of the service to the other. There are numbers of very excellent exceptions, but in the main these academies pour men into a mould and turn out automatons who never had a chance to think for themselves. The evils and abuses of the system are many and well known, but most public inquiries that that set out to correct them are met with a "cover-up" where loyalty to class exceeds loyalty to society.

But here is another sad fact about our professional officer personnel. Large numbers of the well-qualified graduates leave the service after they have paid for their education in service to Uncle Sam. The mediocre tend to remain in the military shelter. The public has no way of knowing of their incompetence.

Our system of training our regular officers should be entirely integrated into our educational system so that all of them are turned out in our regular colleges and universities. West Point and Annapolis should be converted into post-graduate institutions, no longer Army and Navy but co-ordinated with the merged services.

Annapolis and West Point have many highly emotional champions. I should like to remind them that the United States Marines are unusually effective in combat and otherwise. Generally speaking, the Marine Corps has been built to its present point of effectiveness outside the tutelage of the trade schools. Officers recruited from our ROTC universities, especially those in the Middle West, have unrivaled records. Virginia Military Institute, the Citadel, the University of Oklahoma, the University of Minnesota, and other great schools have contributed mightily to this superlative fighting force. True, there are some class rings in the Marine Corps, a few from West Point, and several from Annapolis. This comes in handy, as the Marine Corps receives its orders from the Navy. If there were no class rings in any service, then perhaps the situation might change.

Our system of military education should produce for us a class of professional officers who are specialists in engineering, produc-

tion, procurement, personnel, and general administration. It will, of course, produce experts on combat, just as it does today.

**B**UT the ivy walls have not in the past supplied us with all the ingredients for a modern industrial war, and they certainly won't in the future. Such is the scope and complexity of global war that in another conflict we should again have to bring in as reserves a large number of specialists in industry, management, science, and the professions. These men should be selected in peacetime and trained for a part of each year so that they would be able to pick up their jobs immediately in case a war should break out. For this training, they could be organized into a sort of War Service, with or without uniform.

But to get such men in peacetime, it would be necessary to guarantee them freedom from the military and Civil Service shackles that made them flee Washington as from a plague when World War II was over. Too many of them still remember the red tape, the extravagance, the inefficiency, the bad planning and general obfuscation that put their orderly souls in purgatory. Too many of them know that it was the fault of the professional military that we produced two, three—yes, four and five times as much as we needed to get the job done, that we thus magnified the war and dislocated the civilian economy for years afterward.

Little can be done without changing the whole concept of war and war planning in the minds of the professional military. This can be done, I believe, only by changing the military management. A good deal of streamlining has already been done in the services in carrying out the unification act and more is on the way. However, we still have to take a most important step. That is to ensure civilian control at the top.

There is too much military influence today in the high councils of the nation, as Hanson W. Baldwin reminded us in *Harper's* last December. It may endanger our democratic liberty. For although many officers have acquired a truly democratic tolerance and understanding, nevertheless, generally speaking, the military man shows the effect of having been drilled by training and experience in an undemocratic system. He has been

taught to make his decisions without regard to human feelings. He has been taught to maintain himself by force; therefore he is potentially a "man on horseback." He has been taught to believe in discipline and conformity; therefore, he is likely to be hostile to new ideas. He is used to having men think alike; this is fatal to the honest differences of opinion that are a part of our politics. We have many military men of high character and ability. But few of them are the men to be our civilian leaders and it is up to us to see that they do not try to run our government.

The new system, set up in the unification act, of topping the immediate military organization chart with a civilian secretary of defense as well as three civilian service secretaries, is a step in the right direction. However, it does not go far enough. If the military influence continues to grow around them, the influence of the civilian secretaries could easily be undermined.

The primary step to correct this situation is to put a new executive staff at the top. Over and above the armed services, civilian agencies, and civilian economy should be a small but powerful war board, based on the concept of all-out authority. Congress should be asked to create such a board and place it directly under the President. It should have five members, no one of them from the armed services. Three should be chosen from the ranks of industrialists, scientists, educators, and labor leaders—top-flight men from all walks of life; and one from each house of

Congress, preferably not from the Armed Services Committees. Such men have been lobbied and junketed too much. In passing, it is interesting to know that we register the lobbyist for the peanut-growers' association but not the military lobby. These five men should be advised, not directed or bossed, by the military command groups who should be kept on the organization chart below them.

**T**O PASS compulsory-service legislation without an almost complete reorganization of the military management for war is putting the cart before the horse. Actually, the present proposals for military training are only admissions of failure. When today's military fails, it always turns to compulsion—the draft law, Universal Military Training, the seizure of property, and the control of public services. Total war means total direction of every segment of our national life toward military victory. Turn this direction over to our professional military men and we would come out at the other end of such a total war with most of our rights gone.

Management is a state of mind. On the one hand, you have management by compulsion, the kind you find in the services today. On the other hand, you have leadership with enthusiastic followers. If enforced military training is allowed to encourage and enlarge upon the malpractices of our present military system, it will weaken our defenses from the top down. It can easily become the Maginot Line of America.



# Roman Holiday

A Story by Robert Lewis

THE American said, "You wanted to see me, Maestro?" Maestro Arista, seated behind his desk, lifted his head. There was no expression on his long, ugly, leathery face. "Yes," he said at length. "Sit down."

The two regarded each other. "How do you feel?" the Maestro asked.

"All right," the American said.

"You're early," the Maestro said.

"I thought perhaps you might want to see me."

Maestro Arista, fencing-master, sighed and looked around his office. It was a large room, with a high ceiling. Photographs of various champion swordsmen, in positions of attack or defense, covered the painted brick walls. There were several action shots, most of them blurred, which had evidently been taken many years before, during the infancy of photography. One of them showed the Maestro as a young man scoring a point against an opponent, who stood frozen in an awkward position of surprise, looking down at his chest, where the Maestro's saber was bent upward in a high arch. The bronze plate beneath the picture read, "Genoa, 1910. Professional Championships of Italy. Saber. Professor Alcide Arista, First Place." On the opposite wall was an oil painting of a large man with heavy black moustaches ending in sharp points. Underneath was the inscription, "Professor Rodolpho Arista, 1852-1913. The Greatest of Them All." This was the Maestro's father.

"Have you seen the paper?" the Maestro asked. The American nodded. Opening his drawer, Maestro Arista took out the *Corriere*, folded to the sports page. The date-line read, "Bologna, October 10, 1941."

Pointing to the lead article with his gnarled forefinger, the Maestro read, "'American confident of victory in Bologna-Ferrara meet.'" He stopped, and put on a large pair of horn-rimmed glasses, which perched precariously half-way down his nose. "Look at the picture," he said. To the right of the article was a photograph showing the American leaning back comfortably on a chair at a table of a sidewalk café, regarding the camera with an air of confidence. The Maestro pointed under the photograph and read again, "'Who's afraid of Ponti? asks American.'" "

"I know," said the American. "I saw it."

Pushing his spectacles higher on his nose, Maestro Arista leaned forward and read slowly, emphasizing his words with gestures of his paw:

"The Bologna-Ferrara fencing meet, which will take place at 1700 today in the *salle d'armes* of Maestro Alcide Arista, former three-weapon national champion, has aroused considerable interest among sports fans, who are aware that the winning team will proceed to Rome to participate in the all-sectional championships, Category 2, for the Mussolini Cup. In preparation for this important contest, Maestro Donati of Ferrara has re-organized his foil team. This unexpected move places Tommaso Ponti, hitherto considered the most powerful foilsman of the province, with all due respect to Bologna's Del Vecchio, in the No. 3 position instead of his usual No. 1. Curious to discover the reason for this surprise demotion, our reporter yesterday interviewed Maestro Donati and Ponti at Ferrara, and learned that Ponti is being primed to meet Maestro Arista's new secret weapon, an unknown swordsman whom, it is rumored in the cafés, the Bolognese fencing-master has

imported from America for his No. 3 spot, in a desperate effort to account for one additional point against the redoubtable Ferrara."

The American lit a cigarette. Maestro Arista said to him, "Up to here, of course, this is nonsense. You have been with us for months, and we have never made a secret of you. This talk of importing is too idiotic even for the cafés, where almost anything is possible. As if I would import a fencer from America! Would you come to Italy to find a baseball player? No, the reporter made that up. Who was he?"

"A man named Bianchi," said the American. "A heavy-set man, with a dark complexion and a little beard the size of a postage stamp under his lip."

Arista shook his head. "I know the *Corriere*. There's no such reporter on their staff. They must have brought him in from outside."

"He was from Naples." At the Maestro's raised eyebrows, the American explained, "His accent."

Lowering his head again, the Maestro read on:

"In the realization that our fencing public would be interested to know more about this mysterious American swordsman, our reporter today made private investigations in Bologna and unearthed his whereabouts."

("Of course," the Maestro interpolated drily, "he could come to me.")

"We found him at a café, where he had been drinking heavily."

("I had one vermouth," said the American, "and a cup of coffee.")

"In answer to our question, he asked, 'Ponti? Ponti? Who's Ponti?' We explained that Tommaso Ponti had been for years the undisputed champion of Ferrara and of the ——— Infantry Division, of which he is a reserve officer, and that it would be his good fortune to cross blades with Ponti during the meet today. The American, who refused to give his name, did not appear to be impressed by Ponti's formidable record; dismissing airily the possibility that Ponti might defeat him in the contest, he expressed curiosity as to why Ponti was not at ——— with his division. We hastened to beg him not to discuss military matters in public and expressed surprise that he should pretend to know the location of any of our troops, in view of the splendid solidarity of

the Italian people behind the holy war against our perfidious northern neighbor and her even more perfidious ally, Great Britain. At this he smiled mysteriously and changed the subject. The only other statement we could elicit from him in regard to the meet today was that he intends to teach us Italians a few things about the sword, and that he is going to write his name, whatever it is, on Ponti's overinflated chest."

The Maestro drew back his lips over his teeth and said, "I know you did not say that."

"No," said the American.

"The last paragraph," said the Maestro. He read:

"This formidable swordsman from the other hemisphere is somewhat above middle height and slender. Although he appears to be wiry and quick, the effect of his dissolute life shows on his face, which might otherwise be called handsome. He is on the rash side of thirty. It is our impression that in every respect he compares unfavorably with Ponti, who towers over him physically and morally. We are sure that a large audience will be present at the contest today to witness the attempt of this bragging American to autograph and deflate the hitherto unbeatable Ponti."

THE Maestro tossed the paper aside and deliberately removed his spectacles. He looked tired. For the first time the American noticed how many lines he had in his face.

"Listen to me, my son," Maestro Arista said. "I must ask you some questions, in order to protect myself. This is perhaps more serious than you think. How much of this report is true?"

The American said, "Yesterday a reporter who called himself Bianchi introduced himself to me while I was sitting at the café. He asked me if I was the American fencer on Maestro Arista's team. When I said yes, a photographer snapped a picture, without asking my permission. In answer to the reporter's questions, I said that I was Bologna's No. 3, that I expected to do my best today, and that I hoped to win. He did not ask my name, he did not mention Ponti, and there was no military discussion of any kind. The whole thing took three minutes and left me wondering why anyone had thought it worth while to interview me in the first place."

"I believe you," the Maestro said. He got up and began to pace slowly up and down. "I



believe you," he repeated. He made a helpless gesture. "That only makes it worse, of course."

"Yes," the American said. "What's behind all this? Why did he make up that fantastic story?"

"That's not too hard to figure out. Italy is at war and America is selling war materiel to our enemies. Americans are not too popular here at the moment. Most of them have returned home. Your consulate refuses any further responsibility for you. There have been incidents. You yourself last week——"

"I know," said the American.

"Excuse me," said the Maestro, stopping before the American's chair and putting his hand to his chest in his characteristic gesture, "it's none of my business, but why don't you go home? They must have made it very uncomfortable for you. Why do you stay?"

The American thought, Perhaps I can explain it to him. He would understand. Or would he? Do I understand why myself? How can I tell anybody that in the five years I have been here Italy has become a sort of second home for me, that I love everything but the politics, that I will not be pushed out until I am ready to go? Can I tell him that I want to be here when Mussolini is destroyed by the substratum he has never reached and that I want to be around to watch the real Italy come into its own again?

At the American's long silence, Maestro Arista said, "Forgive me. It doesn't really matter. You doubtless have your reasons. I'm sure they are not political."

"No, I can assure you they're not."

"Well, then." The Maestro resumed his pacing. "You are a fencer. You practice in my *salle*. You take part in our tournaments. You become good. Because of your victories you deserve a place on our team, and professionally I am obligated to place you No. 3, regardless of politics. One day a black-shirted jackal from the mayor's office comes to pay me a visit. He has come to talk to me about you. Oh yes, they take that much interest in you. The authorities are concerned. Why does Maestro Arista place a foreigner on his team, when there are many Italian swordsmen for the place? Is Marino no longer with us? I answer that for twenty-eight years I have trained and selected the team without any outside interference, and my father did it before me. Let a

Bolognese fencer defeat you before judges and I will give him your place."

The American said, "Maestro, you will get into trouble over me. Why not replace Marino in No. 3? His record is excellent."

"You beat Marino. You are the best man for the spot."

"Maestro——"

"Listen to me. I am an old man. For years I have watched the encroachments of these Fascist animals. I say nothing, I am not concerned with politics, I teach the sword. But this is too much. I will not let them pick my team. What of my integrity? What of my honor?" The Maestro paced up and down, his hand at his chest. He burst out, "To hell with their politics! I am still a man. I rub myself of them."

"Your blood-pressure," the American said.

"I spit on my blood-pressure." But he walked to his desk and sat down. In a quieter voice he said, "I do not know these tricks. You will stay at No. 3. If Ponti defeats you after this lying report, you will be held up to public ridicule, which may make you leave Italy. I don't know. That's up to you. I'm doing what I have to do."

## II

WHEN the American walked into the locker room, most of the Bologna team were already there, putting on their fencing suits. Marino and Del Vecchio were talking, sitting side by side on one of the benches. A sudden hush came over the room. The white-jacketed attendant Attilio bent over the *épée* held between his knees and examined the tape with great care.

"Listen to me, all of you," the American said at once. "I will not stand for this nonsense. That newspaper article was a tissue of lies from beginning to end. Anyone who does not believe me is calling me a liar." His challenging glance swept the room. The men looked at each other for a moment. Then Marino arose and said to the room at large, "Idiots! What did I tell you?" A murmur arose and several of the men came over sheepishly and patted the American on the back. Silvestri, the No. 2, said, "I never believed it." Some one else said, "But why——" The American shrugged, and the questioner, falling suddenly silent, walked back to his locker.

Marino said, "You had better get dressed."

The American opened his locker and took out his heavy linen uniform. It had been freshly laundered. He nodded gratefully to Attilio, who winked back.

Del Vecchio, who was already dressed, put his hand on the American's shoulder and said, "How do you feel?"

"Fine. And you, champion?" Everybody called Del Vecchio champion, because for years no one had been able to replace him in the coveted No. 1 position on the foil team.

"Don't let Ponti impress you," said Del Vecchio. "He can be beaten."

Grinning, Marino said, "Of course. Otherwise he would be champion of the world."

One of the other men called out, "The Ferrara team has arrived."

Achille Ubaldini, an enormous man with the head of an overindulgent Nero, crowned with sparse, curly brown hair, came in and said, "The Ferrara team is here." Ubaldini was a nationally ranking saberman, in spite of his weight. He was generally treated with great respect, because he had a bad temper and was reputed to have fought and won six duels. He was in addition a very able director and had been selected to act in that capacity for the meet.

"Will you not fence saber for us today?" called one of the men.

"Idiot," said Ubaldini indulgently. "You know I am in another category."

There was a bustle at the doorway, and Maestro Arista ushered in a group of men carrying long bags over their shoulders. The American picked out Ponti at once. He was wearing a light topcoat, but was hatless, his black hair slicked back smoothly over his head. He was as tall and broad as Ubaldini, without the fat.

"He is a panther," whispered Marino in the American's ear.

Ponti set his bag down on the floor and took possession of the room with his eyes. He said easily, "Greetings, Bologna." Several of the men answered, "Welcome, Ferrara."

The newcomers found empty lockers and began to take their coats off. Ponti nodded at Ubaldini. "Achille," he said. Ubaldini nodded. "Ah, Del Vecchio, the champion," said Ponti. Del Vecchio, who had never been able to beat Ponti, flushed and turned to his locker.

Ponti sat down, still wearing his coat, and said, "We meet again." He looked around the room, smiling. His glance rested for a moment on the American, then flickered past him to Marino, who waved his hand airily. "A terrible thing has happened, my friends," said Ponti. "I who have been No. 1 for years have been beaten. I have been demoted. I am now No. 3." He was smiling. Several of the men looked at the American with curiosity.

"That is too bad," said Marino maliciously. "I am desolate to hear it, for I too have been beaten and so will not have the pleasure of meeting you today."

"Ah?" said Ponti, raising his black eyebrows. "And who—"

"You would never guess. Our Maestro has imported a killer from America, a gangster who has never been beaten. His record—"

Ubaldini said, "Be quiet, fool."

The American rose and said, "I am No. 3." Ponti got to his feet and came forward. They stood about two feet apart looking at each other. Ponti was almost a head taller. He seemed to dwarf the American. The other men fell silent, watching them.

"An American," said Ponti, at length. His smile was unpleasant. "And do Americans fence as well as fight with their fists?"

"A few of us."

"I thought Americans fought only with their fists."

"You are mistaken, I am afraid." They stared at each other.

Ubaldini said sourly, "Did you come here to talk, Ferrara?"

Ponti said, "I shall look forward to meeting you."

"You are very kind," the American said politely. At the same time, he thought, He must not have seen the article.

Ponti walked back to his bench and began to undress. He said something in a low voice to one of his companions, who laughed. The other men resumed their preparations. There was little talking.

Maestro Arista came in, talking to Donati, the fencing-master from Ferrara. The two stood just inside the doorway, talking and looking at the men in the room. Arista's face was calm, while Donati, a short stocky man with a military bearing, was defiant and sullen. In a little while they walked out into



the fencing room, where the buzz of the audience began to make itself heard.

THE fencing room was an enormous oblong. The building had been an armory, which Arista's father had bought from the government and converted to his use. The locker room, the Maestro's office and living quarters had housed military offices, while the fencing room itself had been the battalion's indoor parade ground. It was at least eighty feet wide, and almost twice that in length. The first Maestro Arista had laid down a dozen cork fencing-strips across the width, side by side; these were used for practice, while the main strip, twice as wide as the others, ran for the regulation forty feet lengthwise down the center of the room, cutting across the others. This was the strip used for tournaments and team meets. Parallel with the main strip and facing it were the bleachers, now full of spectators. The first row had been reserved for the military, and was somber with black shirts, livened only by bright campaign ribbons.

Across the fencing room, facing the bleachers, were two benches set against the wall. These were for the two teams. They were some thirty feet apart, and between them, also against the wall, were four armchairs, reserved for any of the Fascist great who might attend.

The American and Marino came out facing the audience. A murmur arose, followed by silence as heads turned toward them. Looking straight ahead the American said softly, "I am poison for you. You had better find a seat." "Not with those pigs," said Marino. "I sit on the bench." He walked to the Bologna bench, the nearer of the two, and sat down. The American set down his bag and kneeled to open it.

A shout echoed through the building, and a roar burst from the crowd. Looking up, startled, the American saw that the entire crowd was on its feet, arms extended in the Fascist salute, craning toward the entrance. Someone cried, "*Il podestà!*" The mayor, wearing the black uniform with decorations, walked across the center of the room, acknowledging the acclamation with waves of his hand. At his side walked a little man in a brown overcoat. His lower lip was protruded in an expression of distaste. When they reached the chairs between the two benches

he sat down first, without ceremony, while the mayor stood long enough to wave at the crowd again. A German, thought the American.

Del Vecchio came over. "Warm-up?" he asked. The American assented with a feeling of relief. He was about to pick up his mask when a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and spun him around. He found himself staring into Ponti's black eyes.

"So!" cried Ponti, brandishing a newspaper in his hand. "So! You are going to write your name on my chest!"

The American said shortly, "Keep your hands off me. I never said that."

"On my overinflated chest," Ponti repeated in rage. "You bragging fool! Who do you think you're dealing with? Do you think I'm going to swallow that?"

Knowing it was useless, the American still said, "Listen to me. I will say it only once more. I did not make the statements attributed to me in the newspaper article."

Ponti, thrusting his sleek head forward insultingly, said, "And I say that you did. You were foolish enough to say it then, and you're cowardly enough to try to back out of it now."

So that's the way it is, the American thought. This gambit has only one ending. Many things were clear to him at that moment. He caught a glimpse of Maestro Arista hurrying toward them. Almost regretfully, but unable to help himself, he said, "The whole thing was a deliberate lie, and you know it."

Ponti's slap across the face was too fast for him and sent him sprawling back against the bench, into the laps of his team-mates. A roar arose from the crowd. Some of the Ferrara team came running up and seized Ponti, while the American struggled to tear away from Marino and Del Vecchio. The water in his eyes from the slap blinded him, but he continued to struggle until they lifted him up bodily and carried him into the Maestro's office. There he became calm enough to wash his face with cold water. When he turned around, Ponti was seated quietly beside Donati. Maestro Arista, Marino, and Del Vecchio stood nearby, ready to prevent further violence. The American said sarcastically, "What happened to your anger, Ponti?" Ponti sneered and said something to his fencing-master, who rose and took Arista's arm.

"Come into the inner room," said Marino.

The American let himself be led into the Maestro's darkened private room behind his office, where he lay down on the couch. After a while Marino said, "They are talking in there. I'd better go see what's up." "No," said the American. "You'd better wait here. Do you think he went through that play-acting for a laugh?" Marino said, "I wondered if you knew." They fell silent. The American thought, If only I had got one in before they grabbed me. He felt curiously calm, even a little weary. He closed his eyes and dozed a little.

**M**AESTRO Arista entered and jerked his head at Marino, who got up and walked out. "*Americano*," said Arista. The American did not move. "*Americano*," Arista repeated. The American awoke and said, "Yes, Maestro."

"I have something to tell you. Ponti considers himself insulted. I pointed out on your behalf that it was he who struck the blow, but he says that you called him a liar. He wants satisfaction."

The American raised himself up on one elbow. He said incredulously, "But this is a joke!"

Maestro Arista regarded him steadily in the half-light. "No, son," he answered. "This is not a joke. This was very carefully planned in the mayor's office. Do you think the mayor and his German boss came here today because they are interested in sports?"

The American sank back and stared at the ceiling. "What do they want?" he asked finally.

"Ponti gives you two alternatives and a choice. Either to apologize to him before the audience over the loudspeaker, admitting first that you made the statements in the newspaper and then retracting them, or—"

"Or?" prompted the American at the Maestro's hesitation.

"Or to fight a duel, here and now."

"And the choice?"

"The weapon."

The American laughed. The Maestro put his hand on his shoulder. "That is my message," he said with something like pain in his voice. "I told Ponti not to be a fool, that I would not permit my fencing room to be used for such an illegal encounter, but they had thought of that too. The mayor came in, pre-

tended to listen to both sides of the case, and decided that Ponti was in the right. He told me that he would take the responsibility before the law and ordered me to bear Ponti's message to you." Maestro Arista paused for a moment. When he resumed, his voice was choked with bitterness. "He would not dare do so unless he had advance authority from Rome, even from Berlin. This is a sign. Those criminals are prepared for anything, even war with America. You are to be a sacrifice, an additional provocation, and that little German hyena out there has come to enjoy your death. But you can fool them yet. The two alternatives are not absolute. There is a third. You can get dressed and walk out. I do not think they will stop you."

The American turned his head to Arista. "And what would happen to you?" he asked. The Maestro made a gesture with his hand. "Thank you, but no," said the American, sitting up and putting his feet on the floor. The Maestro clutched his arm. "Then you'll apologize?"

"No," said the American. "I won't do that either. They know I can't, and so do you. Gently, Maestro, you are stronger than you think."

Maestro Arista released his arm. He said, almost wistfully, "If they would let me I would take your place. For all my years I could still—" He broke off and awkwardly stroked the American's hair in a curious paternal gesture. He said, "At least I can make sure that you get fair play. I will make them let Ubaldini direct. With your permission I will be your second."

"Thank you," the American said gratefully.

"He is too strong for you with the saber. He would force through your parries. Shall I say *épée*?"

"As you wish, Maestro."

Arista walked into the other room.

### III

**T**HE parley in the Maestro's office seemed interminable to the American, but when they called him out he saw by his watch that only ten minutes had elapsed. Ponti and Donati were seated side by side on a bench, while Maestro Arista sat behind his desk, his hand at his chest. Ubaldini, in the center of the room, said, "Here are the condi-



tions. The weapon will be épée, with the button removed, and sharpened. The bout will be fought on the center strip in full view of the audience, which witnessed the provocation and should witness the satisfaction.

"The duellists will fight without masks, stripped to the waist. The bout will end at first blood, if more than a scratch; in such a case, the decision to continue will rest with me. If at the end of fifteen minutes of combat neither man has been injured, there will be a five-minute rest, after which the bout will continue for another period of fifteen minutes.

"A man who retreats off the end of the strip three times will be considered as having lost that period. If both periods are lost in the same way, it will be construed as a full apology by the loser, plus the implication of cowardice. At the end of the second period the bout will be over, unless terminated otherwise, and the men will shake hands." Ubaldini looked at Donati. "Have I spoken your mind, Maestro?" "Precisely," said Donati. "And yours, Maestro?" Ubaldini said to Arista. Arista grunted, "My mind is unspeakable."

"Now I speak my mind," Ubaldini said decisively. "I have fought six duels and am here to brag about them. If either of you fights in a way that is not in accordance with accepted fencing-room practice, he will have to answer to me. As God is my witness, I will make him number seven. This is a civilized country."

Between set teeth Ponti said, "You smile, *Americano*? You do not think we are civilized?"

"I am not answerable to you for my thoughts," said the American, still smiling. At the same time he thought, Good. I must make him angry.

Ponti shouted, "I will make you smile in another way on the strip!"

"Very well. Save it until then."

"Enough!" cried Ubaldini angrily. Donati put his hand on Ponti's arm and said to Ubaldini, "Tell them about the team."

"Yes," said Ubaldini. "The team meet will proceed as scheduled. No. 1 will meet No. 1. No. 2 will meet No. 2. The duel will constitute the third match, and a victory will count toward the team score."

The American burst out laughing. It

seemed especially rich to him that his life should be narrowed down to the circumference of a zero on a scoresheet. He was still laughing when Ubaldini asked if there were any questions. He shook his head. Ponti snarled.

THE crowd had been growing restless. When Ubaldini appeared and walked to the microphone, they let out a shout, which doubled in intensity when the American and Ponti came out and walked to their respective benches. Ubaldini held up his hand. "The meet will proceed," he announced.

Del Vecchio, foil in hand, stopped by the American in curiosity. "What's up?" he asked. The American shook his head, and said, "Go in there and win."

Donati had sent in his No. 2 man in place of Ponti, a slender, left-handed redhead. Both started cautiously, Del Vecchio taking small steps forward with light taps on the blade. The redhead gave ground, trying to deceive the beats. He will stop-thrust from the outside, the American thought. If he relies on that with Del Vecchio, he will lose. Del Vecchio became aggressive, and the redhead broke time with a sudden extension in sixte. The champion swept his blade down with a cross to the low line and scored easily. The judge called it, and Ubaldini, directing, announced one touch for Bologna.

The redhead tried to break time again, but Del Vecchio's attack was given the preference. Marino said to the American, "He will change his game now." The American nodded. Now the redhead took up the attack. He was fast, and his lunge was long and forceful. Del Vecchio parried twice, without scoring on the riposte; on the third, the redhead made a 1-2-3 and arrived just above the hip. Del Vecchio nodded and went to the center of the strip. The score was two to one for Del Vecchio.

"Bravo!" shouted Marino, and pounded the American on the back. The redhead had tried the same thing, and Del Vecchio, with an ease that was almost contemptuous, had straightened his arm and arrived to the neck on the march. "He is shaken now," said Marino gleefully. "It is over."

Del Vecchio made the final two points by patiently tracking the baffled redhead to the

end of the strip, provoking a desperate stop-thrust by a false attack, and then going in with opposition. The score was five to one, and one bout was chalked up for Bologna.

The team welcomed Del Vecchio to the bench with slaps on the back. Maestro Arista arose from where he had been sitting at the other end of the bench, and nodded to the American. They walked into the Maestro's office, followed by Ponti and Donati, as Ubaldini announced the next bout. The crowd, seeing the men leaving the room and sensing that something was up, interrupted the announcement with cries and catcalls. Someone cried, "Come back!" Ubaldini tried several times to make himself heard, and began to get angry. Suddenly a hush fell on the room; at a word from the little man at his side, the mayor had risen and raised his hand. The black shirts in the front row stopped smiling and turned in indignation to the crowd behind them.

In the Maestro's office, Ponti and the American hurriedly pulled off their fencing jackets. The second bout had started. The click of the blades and the scuff of soft shoes on cork were audible through the door, which had been left partially open. Maestro Arista called the two men to his desk, where four épées lay side by side. They were the regulation épées, with large round aluminum bells and grooved blades; two of them had the Italian crossbar at the handle, while the other two had aluminum pistol-grips. All the *pointes d'arrêt* had been removed, and the tips filed smoothly into sharp points. "First choice to Ferrara," said Arista. In explanation he said to the American, "You selected the weapon."

Ponti picked up both Italian swords, whipped each of them experimentally in turn, and set one down immediately. The American picked up one of the pistol-grips and hefted it. The point seemed to him to pull a trifle to the right. The other was better, and he nodded.

At the door Maestro Donati said, "Ferrara's No. 2 is leading, 4-2."

Maestro Arista lit a candle and propped it firmly on his desk. As they watched he held each point in the flame for a few moments. Ponti, smiling sardonically, said, "It will not be from infection that he will die."

Donati said, "Ferrara, 5-3." He opened the door a little wider. They saw Ubaldini at the

microphone, holding up his hand for silence. His face was serious. The room became quiet. Ubaldini talked for fully five minutes. He explained the incident between Ponti and the American, the debate between the seconds, the decision to have the duel, and the various conditions by which the participants had agreed to abide. He warned that there would be no demonstration from the audience that might interfere with the contest. As if in support of his statement, a detachment of armed *carabinieri* filed into the entrance and stood against the wall. The audience followed his statement with attention. When he had finished the announcement the silence remained.

#### IV

AT THE command, the crowd, Ubaldini's stern face, the little man in the brown overcoat, the newly arrived *carabinieri* at the entrance, the Maestro's hand at his chest, Marino's clenched fists, all faded into an indistinguishable background. The world narrowed down to an expanse of cork strip, and a lithe catlike figure extending a murderous point at him. All his being rushed to a point immediately behind his eyes. His thoughts became actions.

He is stronger, he is quicker, he is more experienced.

I must be smarter.

Ponti's broad chest had become a narrow line. His arm was almost fully extended. All the American could see of it behind the protecting bell was the round muscle curving up from his biceps to the shoulder. His point hung motionless and black with candle-smoke between them, at waist level. He is out to kill me. This is incredible.

An electric charge rushed up his arm and wrenched at his shoulder. Ponti had made a slight movement of his fingers and met his blade. He is strong, he has the strongest hand I ever crossed. I must not give him my blade.

He had no plan, he was trying to find one. He retreated slowly, tense and watchful. Suddenly, as though a door had been opened, a roar penetrated to his ears and Ubaldini beat up their blades with a cane. The American had retreated off the end of the strip. Ubaldini said, "That's once. Do you understand?" The American nodded. He thought, He is eager. He is showing off. Can I use that?



In the center they fell on guard again at a safe distance. He thought, I must find out what he wants. Does he want to kill me or will he be satisfied with— Plonti's blade slithered down the inside of his, and snapped to the outside in a feint to the forearm. In automatic reaction the American followed the blade in a half-circle down and out, exposing the upper surface of his forearm for a fraction of a second. Ponti beat his blade contemptuously and stepped back. He could have come in, the American thought. What does he want? I must risk it again, but not so obviously. Perhaps I— He stepped forward, tightening his fingers on the grip to give a beat in septime. Ponti deceived over the blade, threatening the wrist, and the American, reversing his direction smoothly, attempted to envelop his blade with counter-septime. Ponti's blade deceived again. This time the American stepped back. That's twice he could have—I never even met his blade. He has brains in his fingers.

He is not playing with me or he would have made the opportunities more obvious to the audience he will not be satisfied with the arm he wants the body he could have hit the arm he wants to kill me I will be satisfied with his arm. But his only conscious thought was, I have the distance.

He had a plan now. He could not have expressed it in words. His consciousness, crowded to that point behind his eyes, transmitted it to his body in terms of reactions. He was not even aware of his body.

Come on, you. You are not eager enough yet. Let me refuse *your* arm.

Ponti came in fast as though he meant to follow through, but checked himself just out of reach. The American's blade was extended rigidly at his chest. The two froze still for a moment, then Ponti stepped back. The crowd thought the American had expected to hit and shouted in glee at his discomfiture. It convinced them, he thought. What about Ponti? Can he believe that I am stupid enough to stop-thrust to the body against a direct attack? I must make him believe it.

Not too close. Not too close. Get eager enough to come in from out of distance. Try it again. Believe it. But keep that margin of distance.

Ponti's naked torso was glistening under the powerful overhead lights. He is sweating. I

suppose I am too. But he is not tired. Let me show you again.

Ponti came in again, his hand not quite so high. I can see the upper surface of his forearm. Oh, no. I won't bite for that. The American pulled his arm back as Ponti's point slid under his bell, parried it and made an ineffectual riposte toward the body. It was two feet short. Another half-inch and I could have stopped to the arm. But that half-inch. He's testing me. Do you believe it now?

Yes.

I will stake everything on the distance. There is no other way. But not this period. You are not eager enough yet.

Ponti's magnificent body crouched still lower. His nostrils flared like a stallion's. That's it. Come on, you. Taking tiny steps to match those of his adversary, the American went back. The margin was always there but it grew narrower. That's too close. Deliberately, the American stepped off the end of the strip, and Ubaldini came between them. Ponti looked at the crowd and shrugged. A shout of laughter; someone cried, "Coward!"

They are enjoying it. All we need now is lions. So much the better. Egg him on. It all helps. Ubaldini, frowning, said to him, "That's twice."

This time Ponti opened with more confidence. Perhaps I have misjudged, the American thought. A momentary doubt arose in him. The violence of the attack startled him, set him back on his heels, almost made him release the precious stop that could be used only once. But Ponti's crowding gave him no time to pivot, and some vestige of control let the American hold it back. He weathered the storm, which left him shaken. One more like that and I— He backed away puzzled. But Ponti's increased eagerness reassured him, convinced him his plan was right. If only Ponti would risk everything on one long attack to the body! What's holding him back? He comes in too close. He wants no risk at all. I won't let you do it. Very well, then. For the third time the American stepped off the end of the strip, and Ubaldini stopped Ponti's gliding advance with his cane, and said shortly, "That's all. Five minutes' rest." In fury Ponti cried, "Stay on the strip, *vigliacco!*" Ignoring him, the American looked at Ubaldini's set face. He doesn't see it. Good. Perhaps Ponti won't either.

THEY tossed a towel to the American as he walked to the bench. He draped it around his neck, letting his breath out with a rush and relaxing his taut stomach muscles. Marino and Del Vecchio were regarding the floor between their legs. They were ashamed. Only Maestro Arista regarded him steadily. Mopping his face, the American said, "Will it work, Maestro?"

"You should have done it there at the end," Arista answered. "They will tell him." The American followed the Maestro's eyes to the Ferrara bench, and shook his head. "Even Ubaldini didn't see it," he said. The Maestro answered, "He is a saberman. But Donati—" The American said, "I had to risk it. He wasn't ready."

Sometime during the first period an additional group of *carabinieri* had come in. They clustered around the entrance. Their hobnailed shoes sounded ominously on the wooden floor. The American thought, if he kills me they will give him a medal. But if I kill him— He looked at the little thick-lipped German, who was smiling and nodding at something the mayor was saying. This is a civilized country, Ubaldini said. I wonder what the mayor said. Or what the Duce will say when the news of my death reaches his desk in the form of a neatly typed memorandum, which will distort the facts very glibly and end with a pious reflection on the superiority of the Italian gladiator over the American.

The crowd had applauded Ponti as he went to his bench. Now they whispered and watched Ubaldini, who stood with a stopwatch in his hand. "Time," he said finally.

They have told him. The American's heart sank. Instead of boring in with pressure and changes of engagement, Ponti began a series of beats and counterbeats. His blade moved only a few inches, but at each beat a shock ran up the American's arm. He could not get his blade out of the way. In desperation he answered the beats with beats of his own, but it was like beating a taut wire. His forearm began to ache.

This is dangerous. I am playing his game. If only—

Perhaps they didn't tell him. Perhaps they told him only to tire my arm. Break time once and see. But to the body. Wait for a counter-beat. Now. At Ponti's beat to the

outside, he used the force to carry his blade under and around and extended with a vicious grunt. It was short, as he knew it would be, but Ponti pulled up. He might have got my arm again that time. He still wants the body. But with or without a beat? Everything depends—

Without a beat. They didn't tell him. They didn't tell him. Back to the old game. Once off the strip and he'll be ready. Backing away with extreme caution, the American fended off the threatening point. It's almost close enough for him to risk it. He stepped off the end of the strip, and the crowd groaned. Ponti's face was furious.

All right, damn you. All right. You're ripe. Over the bell as he comes in. And don't miss. For God's sake, don't miss. He straightened up a trifle and fixed his eyes on Ponti's arm just above his elbow joint. It will straighten out as he comes in. Over the bell as he—

At Ponti's rush, the American pulled his feet together, rising to the balls of his feet and pivoting his body like a bullfighter to the right. At the same time his blade flicked out over Ponti's bell and caught him full on the shoulder. Ponti's blade was flat and cold against his chest. The force of the rush and the unexpected check carried Ponti to one knee before he toppled over. At the last minute the American, feeling the grating of the point against the bone, released his grip and watched the épée go over like a pendulum with Ponti, still fixed in his shoulder. He thought, It's too high. But it's just as well.

Before he walked off the strip, he looked up at the crowd. For the first time he was aware of the extent of their hostility. After the first stunned silence a growl arose. Several of the black shirts in the first row leaped to their feet. The little German, his face contorted with disgust, got up and walked across the floor toward the exit. The American turned on his heel and walked calmly toward the locker room. He thought, they will do nothing. It will be painful, but he will recover. But, walking the long distance down the floor to the door, with the crowd shouting behind him and the mayor staring anxiously toward the exit and the Maestro holding his hand at his chest and Marino pounding Del Vecchio on the back, he knew finally that he would have to leave, that the Italy he knew was no more.



# The Hickman Story

*John Bartlow Martin*

Drawings by Ben Shahn

THE oldest son of the Hickman family, Willis, twenty years old, went to the barber shop after work and got home about 8:15, and then they all were home who were coming home that night, the seven children and the parents. Another son was working. The father, James Hickman, a cleancut Negro of thirty-nine, serious of mien and small but tightly-knit of body, was getting ready to go to his night job. He "had bad feet" and he sent Willis to the floor below to get a bucket of water to bathe them. (The Hickmans had no running water in their attic room atop the tenement.) About nine o'clock, Hickman left for the steelmill. He was the head of this family.

Willis, and Charles, who was nineteen, and their mother helped the younger children with their lessons. The three in school—Leslie, fourteen, Elzena, nine, and Sylvester, seven—were really studying, and Velvena was playing at studying, though she was only four. After a half hour Mrs. Hickman, a thin quiet woman, went to bed. Soon the four younger children crawled in with her. Willis and Charles got into the other bed, first turning off the kerosene heater, cookstove, and lamp. They all fell asleep. It was then about 10:00 P.M. on January 16, 1947.

An hour and a half later Mrs. Hickman was wakened by fire. "I heard the paper popping" in the ceiling. She ran to the door to the

only stairway and "the fire and smoke hit me, fire came right to me, in the face," and she slammed the door and went to get the children up. Charles leaped through the fiery doorway naked and escaped down the stairs. Mrs. Hickman was about to collapse. Willis wakened; "fire was over my head, in the door, I threw the cover back, and burned my hand." He rolled out of bed, crawled beneath the smoke to the front window, kicked it out, started out, hesitated, looked back.

Dimly through the smoke and flame he saw his mother huddled in the corner near her four smallest children. The flames were upon them. He pulled her to the window. It was three floors straight down the bare face of the old brick tenement to the street. He straddled the sill and hung her outside and told her to kick out the window glass on the third floor below. She was too short, so Willis climbed out and, hanging by one hand, lowered her down. She scrambled to the second-floor window. He grabbed the third-floor window frame but it gave way and he fell to the ground, breaking his collar bone and leaving her dangling. A man below yelled to her to let go, and she did, and he caught her. Later a fire chief said, "I cannot understand how she escaped . . . it was a miracle," and the coroner said, "The Lord was with her." But her four children were dead.

*John Bartlow Martin, a frequent contributor to Harper's, wrote the extraordinary study of the Centralia mining disaster—"The Blast in Centralia No. 5"—which we published in our March issue.*

The night was cold, snow lay on the ground, but a great crowd gathered, this was a slum fire. Other tenants of the building streamed out, maybe forty of them. Neighbors took Mrs. Hickman and Willis to the hospital. The fire chief recalled, "It was a holocaust, it was one mass of fire rolling across that roof." But the firemen put it out in five minutes. Soon the street in the slum was deserted again.

Hours later, about 7:30 in the morning, gray daylight, a man alone came walking up the street, James Hickman, the father. He had been told at work that he "had trouble in my home." Out in front of the tenement a man was tinkering with an automobile, he had the hood up, and another man was pouring water over the steps of the building. Hickman started upstairs; "... a policeman hailed me and asked where I was going. I said I was going upstairs where I live. 'You can't go up there,' he said. 'Man, you tell me I can't go up there, what's the trouble? I am James Hickman, I live there.'" The policeman asked cautiously what floor he lived on. "I said the fourth and he said, 'Ah, you can't go up there, we had a big fire.' I asked him where were my children, he said he didn't know." Another tenant had appeared. "He said, 'Mr. Hickman, I hate to tell you this, four of your children is burnt to death.' And I weakened down to the ground." They carried him into the basement. Presently, Hickman recalls, "my mind referred back." He remembered that his landlord, David Coleman, had threatened to burn down the building if

the tenants didn't clear out. A neighbor recalls, "Mr. Hickman was walking back and forth. He said nothing. There were tears in his eyes. Mr. Hickman looked pretty bad, like he was losing his mind. After about one half-hour, some officers helped Mr. Hickman away."

**O**UR story is about James Hickman, a Negro. It is about his landlord, David Coleman, likewise a Negro, and their combat. It is also about slums and housing and race discrimination, the plight of the Negroes in the northern ghettos, the segregation that keeps them there and generates explosions, explosions like this fire and what came after it.

James Hickman, a man of rich brown color, was born February 19, 1907, "in the country" near Louisville, Mississippi. His mother and father were sharecroppers raising cotton and corn. They lived in a four-room shack. He was the youngest of four children; one was killed, the others left. At ten he went to work in the fields. At twelve he experienced a religious conversion. Forever after he was deeply religious. His mother and father separated when he was fourteen and he quit school. At sixteen he married a neighbor girl, Annie Davis. They lived with his mother and took care of her; she had tuberculosis. (She died in 1926 and for half a year Hickman grieved.) Their first child was born August 2, 1924. They named her Arlene, and Hickman made a vow to God: "I was the head of this family and had to make a support for them, I was a guardian to see for them as long as the days I should live on the land." He was then seventeen.

They moved to Fern Spring, "sharecropping cotton and corn, and vegetables for ourselves," his wife remembers. "We started farming at sun-up and stopped at sun-down. We were in the hilly part of Mississippi. I chopped cotton myself. . . ." They moved often, making a crop and giving birth to a child, then moving on, trying to better their lot. Some owners were fair, some were not. "We never could own the land." They moved to the Delta, land of milk and honey. They farmed the Delta seventeen years. One year, 1942, they made \$935, their greatest earnings in the South. Before the war they often made only \$100, one year \$28, some years nothing at all. When



*They moved to the Delta, land of milk and honey.*



they had a bad year "the bossmen . . . claimed that the cotton prices had failed." "When we got paid, Smith and Wiggins took their money first for food, clothes, fertilizer." Hickman says, "The landlord furnished everything. But you pays for it. And he don't work."

**A**FTER the children were eight or nine, they rarely attended school more than four or five months a year, sometimes only one; for if the parents didn't send them to the fields, Hickman recalls, 'the landlord'd be a-grumblin'. He'd say, get 'em busy, your grass is growin', this, that, or else he'd put a bunch in the fields and it'd come out of your pay in the fall. Work is all they look for you to do. They don't look for no school. The plow and hoe and such'll keep knowledge out of a person's head." Mrs. Hickman says, "We was very anxious to get up North where they had the opportunity to go to school and all these privileges," meaning by "privileges" freedom for a black person.

Nine children were born and the Hickmans reared them all, an achievement for Negroes in the South. One, Corene, was born blind and never talked, the only one afflicted. Hickman said, "We couldn't help her but I loved her just like I loved the rest of them." Hickman was stern with his children but he loved them with a surpassing love. Upon the birth of each he had repeated his vow to God to protect them and set them free. He wanted to take them North. He felt they were destined for great things. The ones born first disappointed him. "The oldest one was taken in the Army. The next one was kicked out of school. The daughter married. I said all right. These youngest children—I had told them all one night—'It seems like I can see a future for you.' I see in those four children that they possibly would be great men and great women some day. . . . I had a vision and the spirit said they would be great. . . ."

The Navy ordered Hickman to report for induction April 12, 1944, but the day before, men of his age were exempted "until further notice." He didn't know what to do, but the North had been tugging at him for a long time, so he went up there, worked ten months in a shipyard, went back South, then in the spring of 1945 went alone to Chicago, intending to find a job and a home and to bring his family North to stay.

**H**ow did Chicago look to this countryman? He'd visited Southern cities but Chicago was different. Bigger, of course, but more than that. "Here, it was quite different when I'd see peoples riding in the cars together, buses—in the banks and post office colored would be working," he said recently in his slow, deep, deliberate voice.



*"The plough and hoe and such'll keep knowledge out of a person's head."*

His oldest daughter, who had married, was living in Chicago and Hickman stayed with her. "A gentman picking up labor carried us over to a place to work"; Hickman thought it was the factory where his son-in-law worked but it was the stockyards, and he left. He got a job at Wisconsin Steel, far out at the Indiana line. He worked "on the crib," guiding the hot steel as it came off the hotbed. He was paid about \$1.25 an hour, an awful lot to him. Better still, "I could see what I was gittin'. On the farm I'd be charged for a lot of things, I couldn't see what it was for. In the factory work it come to my hand."

But soon the pleasures of earning good money and riding white men's buses palled. "I would see so many old raggedy buildings, I'd say my goodness, I see so many nice buildings and then others just propped, folks livin' in just to have some place to live." He was hunting a place for his family. Finding one



*They rarely attended school more than four or five months a year.*

proved difficult. Hickman was bucking what may be the nation's worst housing problem.

Chicago's Black Belt is a narrow strip of land seven miles long and a mile and a half wide on the South Side, in spots almost—but not quite—touching the gilded lakefront. This is America's second biggest Negro city. Here, and in several scattered communities, dwell almost 400,000 Negroes, a tenth of Chicago's population. When a housing project of 1,658 units was opened in 1941, more than 19,000 people applied to live in it. Since then about 100,000 more Negroes, drawn by the war boom and Northern freedom, have come to live in Chicago. Why do they all crowd into this one area? Poverty? Yes, to a certain extent; but well-to-do Negroes live here too. The law? No, our laws imply the opposite, freedom. Ethnological attraction, then, which draws any immigrant group together? Again, yes, to a certain extent. Ah, but here we can see the truth: the European immigrants, as their earnings and adaptation increased, scattered throughout the city, disappearing into

the general population. "Disappearing"—how can a black man disappear? He is not wanted. He is condemned to inhabit the areas that nobody else wants. Around the Negroes we have welded an iron ring of restrictive covenants and less formalized segregation enforced by violence. Thus trapped they turn upon one another. In this artificially restricted market, people of means bid high for hovels; rentals skyrocket; landlords gouge. Some of the landlords are white, some are black, all profit by the race-hate that makes their hovels desired. The Black Belt landlords squeeze tighter and tighter, and sometimes an eruption occurs, as in the Hickman case.

JAMES HICKMAN got off the night shift at the steelmill at 7:00 A.M. "I would leave the job and just ride, hunting for a place for my folks," till dark, rest a few hours, then go back to work. "Ride and ride, walk and walk. I'd knock on a door and ask. Workin' and lookin'." Ignorant of Chicago, he often got into strange neighborhoods. "Sometimes I'd get to where they wasn't nothin' but white folks, I'd be the only colored man walkin' down the street. I'd see houses and I didn't know who was living there till I'd knock on the door and they'd say white folks only. They'd tell me which hundred block was for colored. I'd catch the car and go back and get off there." Did he experience any unpleasantness? "My race talked more rougher than the other race. I was born in a country where there's nothin' but white folks and I knowed how to talk and carry myself and they treated me mighty fine."

He found plenty of empty flats. "But they didn't want nobody with children." Even a public housing project refused him because he had so many children. Real estate offices took his money and produced nothing. Their usual fee was between \$1 and \$5 "to enlist," plus a month's rent if they found you a place. One landlord wanted to rent a four-room flat for \$45 a month and sell the furniture for \$1,200. Another asked "a thousand dollars down and \$55 for twenty-five years, I didn't have that kind of money." But he had saved \$260 since coming to Chicago and he was willing to pay up to \$100 a month rent.

After six months, a barber offered to rent him a room in his own home. Hickman paid him a month's rent, \$30, and sent train fare



to his wife. She arrived with all the children on January 10, 1946, and Hickman met them at the station and took them out to their daughter's flat. Next day their furniture arrived from Mississippi, all their belongings, "meat and lard and everything but bread."

But the barber said the room wasn't ready yet. They put their furniture in their daughter's basement. Time passed. The Hickmans began looking for another place. A "real estate lady" found them one and they gave her \$25 and paid the landlady \$25 but the landlady returned their money; they couldn't have the apartment. They resumed their search, streetcars, pavements, want ads, realtors, all spring long. In June the barber called: they could have the room. They hired a truck for \$18 and took their belongings to the barber's home. The barber's wife met them. She said they couldn't move in; "she was the boss." They went away. They put the furniture in a warehouse. And started all over again, looking.

Hickman's daughter's landlord said there were too many of them, they'd have to get out. "We scattered," he recalls. On August 19, their daughter heard about a five-room basement flat where children were acceptable. Immediately Mr. and Mrs. Hickman caught a streetcar to the real estate office, paid \$5 a room "for listing"—\$23 cash and \$2 owed—

received the landlord's address, 2720 Prairie, and hurried there by taxi. It proved to be a stone relic of Gold Coast splendor, drawing rooms and even butler's pantries now rented out as "apartments." Far at the back, in a recess dark even at noonday, lived the man the Hickmans had come to see, David Coleman. He only rented a room here, this was not his building. He took them outdoors to talk things over. They sat down in his half-brother's two-tone Buick taxicab parked in the glass-strewn street in front of the mansion's big iron gates.

Coleman was a very black man, twenty-five years old, about five-feet-ten, solidly built. He asked \$200 rent in advance. Hickman said he couldn't pay so much. Coleman asked if he could pay \$150. "Then he stopped, he looked at me, he said you look like I see you somewhere Hickman." They had lived only about three miles apart in the Delta. Coleman said, "Well now. Maybe we can get together. You can give me \$100, can't you?" Hickman said he could but he wanted to see the apartment first. The three of them caught a streetcar.

## II

Now David Coleman had been born January 12, 1922, at a flagstop on the railroad in the Mississippi Delta. He was the last of eleven children; all but three of them died in infancy. "They just died," his mother says. "I don't know what of." He went to the fields full-time at twelve; later got a job driving a truck; married and had a child; and in 1943, lured by tales of freedom and high wartime wages, drove with his family to Chicago. They got along fine. The mother says, "We had a good job and a place to live. Nobody can do better." They came earlier than the Hickmans, before the housing screws were tightened quite so much, and they had fewer children. Coleman's wife died in bearing his second child. He married again; learned arc welding and once earned \$2.10 an hour; liked to think of himself as a business man and tried to dress like one.

In July 1946, he met a woman with a building to sell. He borrowed money and leased the building and later he bought it "on contract" for \$8,000, paying \$300 down, the rest monthly. He had a lot of trouble over this deal, as we shall see; indeed, it led to his death.



*"She was born in June and she was beautiful."*



THE building is on the West Side in an area once called Little Italy but now almost solidly Negro except for a few Mexicans. The best buildings are the churches and the factories. The buildings where people live are high brick tenements, patched-up wooden tenements, sheds. In between are vast wastelands, desolate open areas where buildings have collapsed or been torn down, the excavations partly filled with rubble. Broad Roosevelt Road, busy with traffic, cuts the section cleanly. A half block south is Washburne Street, our scene. It is a quiet street. A man is sitting idly on the iron railing in front of a house, tossing a pair of dice into the air and catching them, and a woman is sweeping the sidewalk with a broom, and now and then a child skates past, and that is all. The doorways of many houses are open, open onto a black void, the doors may be open or they may have vanished, and the houses look abandoned; but a woman is leaning on the railing, a hint of humanity packed inside. At the streetcorners are a Jewish delicatessen, a drugstore selling "Dream Books," the Temptation Cleaners, the iron structure of the El. In midblock, one of many in a row, is No. 1733, David Coleman's building. It is old, perhaps forty or fifty years old. It is high and narrow—it stands three stories high above an English basement but, built on a twenty-five-foot lot, it is only thirty-one brick-lengths wide. Two perpendicular rows of windows run up its face; in each is a panel of stained glass. To reach the upstairs flats you have to walk down a narrow gangway and enter a doorway halfway back along the side.

It was to this building on August 20, 1946, that David Coleman, as landlord, took Mr. and Mrs. Hickman. He showed them the basement apartment, offered at \$50 a month. Hickman recalls, "... the water was half a leg deep in the basement ... no windows, no lights, no nothing in there." A man who has since visited it says, "It was a woodshed really. The only impression it made on me was, this is how rats live." Hickman said it wouldn't do. Coleman said that in nine days a flat on the second floor would be available at \$50 a month, and in the meanwhile they could have a room in the attic for \$6 a week. Hickman testified later: "We walked up the stairs, it was so dark ... we almost had to feel our way. ... I am walking around looking at it,



*"We were anxious to get up North where they had the opportunity to go to school and all these privileges . . ."*

I don't like this. She said, I don't neither but surely we can stay here because we ain't got no place." They went outdoors and Hickman paid Coleman \$30 "to hold us." He went to the South Side, withdrew \$70 from his postal savings, and took it to Coleman. He got his furniture out of storage and that night he and his wife hired a taxi and took their six youngest children there—the two older boys moved in later—and they all slept there that night.

And so now, after more than a year, they had a home. It was an attic room about fourteen by twenty-one feet but the roof sloped so that you could stand up only in a fourteen-foot-square space. The three smallest children slept with Mr. and Mrs. Hickman and the rest slept in the other bed. There was no electricity; they used a kerosene lamp. There was no gas; they used a stove and heater burning kerosene. There was one window. There was no water; they had to go down to the third floor to use the toilet or to get water for washing or cooking. But it was shelter, and a place they could all be together with their things. And it was, they thought, only temporary.

The nine days passed, however, and ten more, and Hickman asked Coleman about the second-floor flat. "He said, Hickman, wait until the 18th and if those folks don't move out, I'll give you back your \$100." Hickman



agreed. But "on September 18th, he dodged me." Hickman began to suspect a runaround. Other tenants told him they'd had trouble with Coleman. On September 22 Hickman caught up with Coleman. He asked for his \$100 so he could use it to find another place to live. Coleman replied, "I won't pay you until I get ready." Hickman recalls, "I said I'd go to the law and make him give it back. He said he had a man on the East Side ready to burn the place up if . . . I had him arrested. . . . He said go ahead and have me arrested, I would be sorry. And," Hickman now says, "I really was sorry." But that day he said nothing, he went back upstairs. "I looked at my family, looked at my small children. . . . I . . . told my wife what David Coleman told me downstairs, I said I wanted peace, I have lived in peace for forty years, I asked her if there was laws in Chicago to take care of men like that, she said yes." On September 24 they got a warrant for Coleman's arrest. But the police never served it.

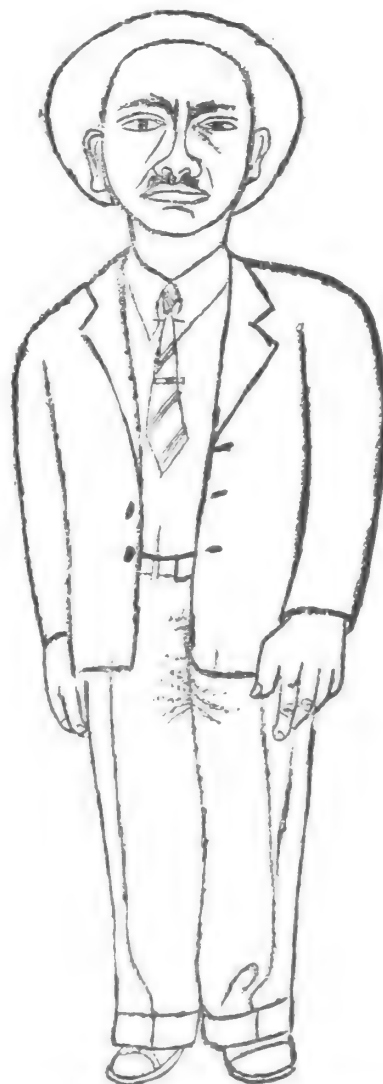
COLEMAN had leased the building July 27 from the owner, Mrs. Mary Porter Adams, a county social worker. About October 7 he took possession under his purchase contract. He had paid a rather high price and to meet the monthly payments he decided to cut the building up into more lucrative "kitchenette" apartments. He sent a contractor to the building, but the tenants obstructed him. Coleman arrived. An argument ensued. If he wanted to cut up the flats, they said, he would have to have the court evict them first. One recalled later, "He said: 'I am the owner, I don't have to go to Court to do that, I will get everybody out of here when I want to if it takes fire.'"

Another family man, Albert Jones, had rented the dismal basement for \$300, six months at \$50 a month. Coleman had promised to repair it but he didn't. The main water line into the building was broken and so the water ran onto the floor of Jones's "apartment"; to alleviate this condition the other tenants turned off the main valve outside the building, and by prearrangement one of them would go outdoors and turn on the valve for a few minutes each day while the others flushed all the toilets and drew water into slop jars and buckets.

The Hickmans took their blind backward

child, Corene, to a State hospital at Lincoln, Illinois. That left nine Hickmans in the room. "I worried about it day and night. I didn't want to bring them up in such living conditions." Hickman later testified that he never had lived so poorly in Mississippi as he had to live in Chicago.

Coleman refused to make repairs. Perhaps he hoped that hardship would drive the tenants out. Many bitter wrangles ensued. The tenants appealed to the OPA, the police, the fire department, the board of health, the water inspector. The only results: a policeman "come and looked and said it was awful," and the waterman shut off the water (probably because the bill wasn't paid). Nor was all this anything new; one tenant said, "We had been calling [the authorities] for the last few years," and violation of fire or building regulations—including insufficient fire exits—had been charged against various owners of this



*How can a black man disappear?*

building but only one fine—of \$25—had been levied. In December 1946, after a routine department inspection, Mrs. Adams was ordered to make certain repairs and to remove papers, lumber, rags, and combustible rubbish, and a little later the city building department ordered her and Coleman to exterminate rats, reduce illegal overcrowding, repair the plumbing, and "place premises in habitable condition or vacate same." But nothing was done and there is no evidence that the building department took any steps toward enforcement—until after the fire.

As we have seen, Coleman had bought the building on a shoestring. In November he leased it to Anthony Lee Barnett, Jr., who paid him \$425. But then Barnett discovered that Jones already had a lease on the basement and Hickman had a \$100 claim, so Barnett went to the State's Attorney and was advised to get a warrant for Coleman's arrest. Coleman fell behind in his monthly payments to Mrs. Adams. She visited the building about January 1, 1947, and was surprised to learn of Barnett's lease. The thing was a terrible muddle. That Sunday there was a fire in the flue. It did little damage but it aroused the tenants. They telephoned Mrs. Adams. She too wanted to get them out. One of them testified that she said, "Well, you are not paying enough rent there. . . . I am not going to fix anything. . . . It is not my fault because you got chil-



. . . drawing rooms and butler's pantries now rented out as "apartments."



. . . He got his furniture out of storage, and that night he and his wife hired a taxi and took their six youngest children there.

dren. . . . Just find yourself another place." Another tenant told Mrs. Adams he was going to have the plumbing fixed "and pay it out of the rents." She sent him an eviction notice. She told the Hickmans there were too many of them in one room. Hickman said he didn't know what to do; and she suggested he find another home.

That same week the fire chief, on a routine inspection, found nineteen people living in the attic: another family had moved into the rear room. The chief ordered this other family out, and they went.

On three nights that week the Hickmans heard "somebody tipping up the stairs to the door and tipping down." Hickman asked his wife, "I wonder what they are up to. Do you reckon that somebody would burn us up here?" Coleman had lived for a time in a small room at the head of the stairs and had left an old bed-frame and mattress and a trunk; now he came up and moved his trunk away. But he left the old bed-frame and the mattress, the mattress rolled up in the corner. A week later the fire started where the mattress was.

### III

HICKMAN was at work when the fire occurred. The police telephoned the steelmill and the foreman called for Hickman and a white man named Hicks went home by mistake. Not till almost 4:00 A. M. did they reach the right person. They told him he was wanted at the DesPlaines Street police station. The streetcar motorman told him where to get off but it was the wrong place and he walked around, lost. A man told



him to go back to State Street and take a car up to Roosevelt Road and transfer. He still couldn't find the station so he went home.

The police investigation was lackadaisical (a deputy coroner remarked: "If this fire happened over on Sheridan Road some place, we would have half the police force in here"). Coleman denied having threatened to burn the building. There was no direct evidence that he had had set it afire. But nobody could figure out an innocent origin and evidence indicated a strong possibility of arson. In the little room at the head of the stairs, investigators found a five-gallon can that nobody in the building recognized and it was half full of kerosene; one witness had seen a strange man running down the stairs the night of the fire; Coleman had removed his trunk a week earlier; firemen thought the fire moved suspiciously fast. But the coroner's jury, while "vigorously" condemning the condition of the building, confessed itself unable to determine whether the fire was accident or arson and recommended that the State's Attorney investigate further. The State's Attorney's investigation was feeble. The Coroner dropped the case. Nothing at all resulted. In April Coleman was fined \$350 and costs and Mrs. Adams was fined \$250 and costs for violations of the city building code—charges that could have been instituted months earlier, before the fire, but were not.

Hickman was convinced that Coleman had fired the building. And he felt justice had not been done. He was bitter. "Paper was made to burn, coal and rags. Not people. People wasn't made to burn." His son Willis remembers, "Before the fire he was out-going. Not after the fire. He wouldn't eat. He had nothing to say. He would sit with his eyes closed, but was not asleep." One night in April, Willis heard him in the bedroom, "talkin' to Elzena," the child of nine who had burned to death, and to Velvena, the dead child of four. He talked "at first faintly and then excitedly." Then he jumped out of bed and cried, "The Lord have mercy," and ran from the room.

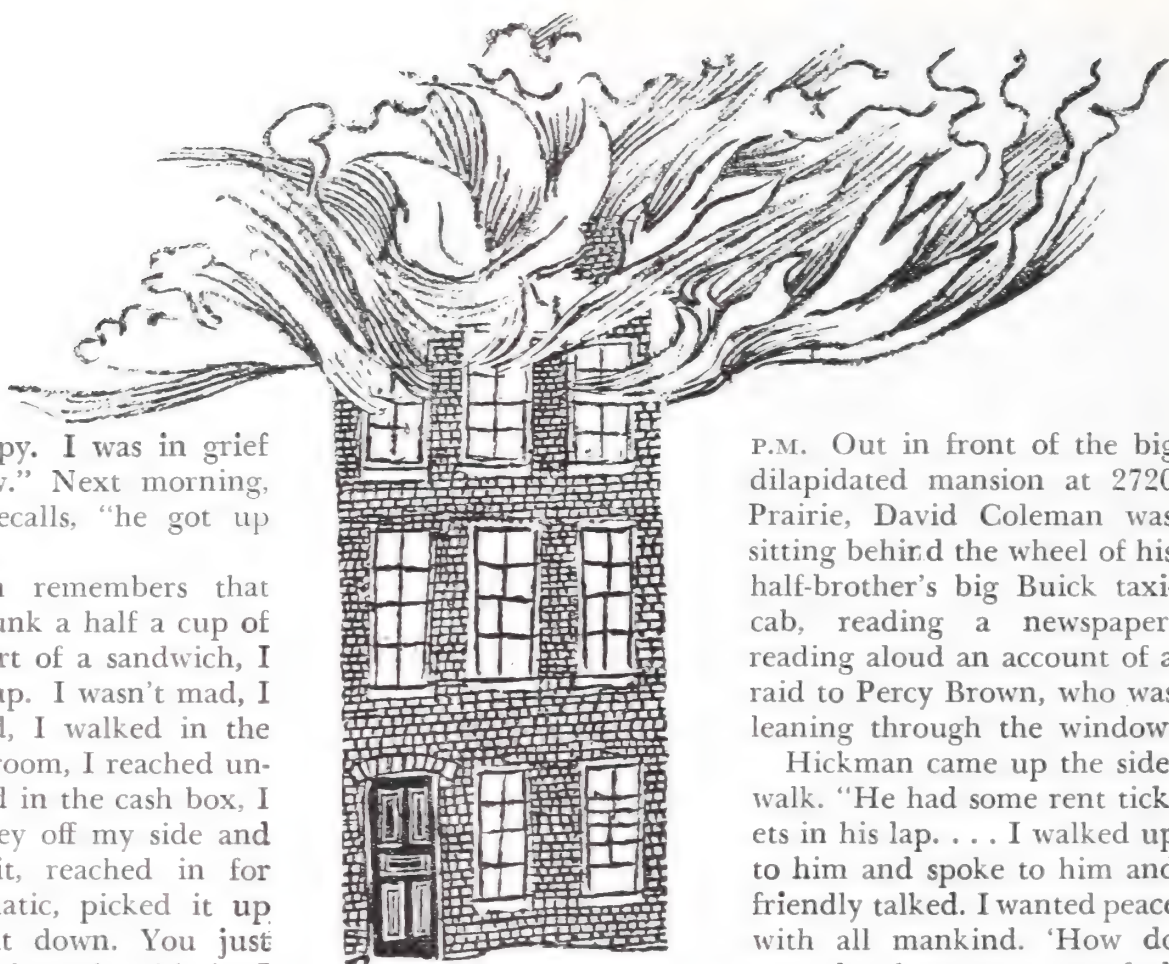
People of sympathy had got the Hickmans into a housing project, and Hickman had gone back to work, but his wife remembers, "He used to carry on practically every day. He would come home from work, sit down, and start talking about the children. 'My children got no cause to be dead. Other children are

playing. My children have a right to play too. They didn't do any harm.' The more we talked about it, the more I would get worried. He would say: 'I know what Coleman told me. After he said it would happen, it did happen.'" Coleman's threat "went through my mind like a clock, over and over again." He bought a thirty-two caliber automatic pistol, telling his wife it was "for home use"; he always had kept a gun around the house. A strike at the steelmill July 10 made him idle. He brooded more. "When I looked around, the oldest ones was gone and the youngest ones were too. It used to be if we wanted a drink of water the baby would get it. Now



*... and Velvena was playing at studying though she was only four.*

there was no one there. No one to say: 'Daddy, have you any candy?' There would be no happiness again until I would get in camp with God." He and his wife were officers of the Liberty Baptist Church. On July 15, Hickman said, "I got no mind to go to church," but they went. His wife recalls, "We had a Morning Star Club meeting." They got home about midnight. Hickman went to bed, got up, went into the boys' room, looked at them sleeping, looked at the pictures of the dead children. He got out his gun and polished it. He "turned the radio on—it didn't play so good. I started a verse to a hymn. I walked back and sat down on the studio couch. When I got to summing up my life, I saw my life



was unhappy. I was in grief and sorrow." Next morning, his wife recalls, "he got up quiet."

Hickman remembers that day: "I drunk a half a cup of tea and part of a sandwich, I was filled up. I wasn't mad, I wasn't glad, I walked in the . . . living room, I reached under the bed in the cash box, I took the key off my side and unlocked it, reached in for this automatic, picked it up and laid it down. You just got to go through with it. I laid it down again. I walked back and sat down beside my wife, I ain't spoke nothing to her. I walked back to the cash box, I picked up this gun, I knocked the safety off of it and wanted to see if it would hang. I put it back down, I can't go through with this. The voice kept speaking, you know your promise." This "promise" was the vow he had made to God to protect his children. "The third time I picked up this gun, I put eight in the magazine, knocked the safety off and threw one in the barrel." Still he paced the house and yard in torment; once he got a block away. But he came back: "The word was so sharp it was cutting like a two edge sword. . . . The third time I didn't return no more."

He caught a bus, transferred to a streetcar, and got off at 26th and Indiana. Coleman lived a few blocks away. "I stood there on the street. I didn't want to go through with what it was telling me. . . . [But] this was a vow that I made to this family in 1923 . . . and the answer is I wouldn't back up. So I walked on down to Prairie." It was a little before 1:00

*"I cannot understand how she escaped. . . . It was a miracle. The Lord was with her."*

P.M. Out in front of the big dilapidated mansion at 2720 Prairie, David Coleman was sitting behind the wheel of his half-brother's big Buick taxicab, reading a newspaper, reading aloud an account of a raid to Percy Brown, who was leaning through the window.

Hickman came up the sidewalk. "He had some rent tickets in his lap. . . . I walked up to him and spoke to him and friendly talked. I wanted peace with all mankind. 'How do you do, how are you feeling this morning, Coleman?' 'What do you want with me?' 'I come to ask you something about this arrest warrant, of the \$100 and causing this disturbance,'" that is, the fire.

Coleman replied "Yes, but I ain't going to pay you." Hickman recalls, "My mind got scattered. I took out my automatic and blazed him twice. He said: 'I'll pay you.' I said: 'It's too late now. God is my secret judge.' I said: 'You started that fire.' He said: 'Yes, I did.' I shot him twice more. . . . I thought he was dead." He wasn't but he died three days later.

Hickman walked down the street and away, the automatic still in his hand. He missed a streetcar, walked on, farther than he needed. "I had put a heavy load down and a big weight fell off of me and I felt light." He took a streetcar home and asked his son Charles, "Where is your mother? He said, down to Arlene's. I said, 'Tell her to come here, I got something to tell her,' so she came. . . . She said . . . 'They will find you.' 'I know.'" He waited till 4:15 P.M. before the



Homicide Squad arrived. They arrested him and took his gun. He confessed immediately. A coroner's jury bound him to the Grand Jury, which indicted him for first degree murder. He was jailed without bond. He had no money for a lawyer. It looked like at least fourteen years in the penitentiary and he could have been electrocuted.

#### IV

**B**UT suddenly to his rescue came some citizens—an organizer for the Socialist Workers party, Mike Bartell, and two labor union men, Willoughby Abner, a Negro and first vice president of the central CIO Council in Chicago, and Charles Chiakulas, president of a United Auto Workers (CIO) local. (Hickman was not then a CIO member.) Bartell had visited Hickman the day after the fire and at his behest a civil-rights lawyer, M. J. Myer, had represented Hickman at the inquest (subsequently, when Mrs. Adams had filed suits to evict the other tenants who kept on living in the burned building without paying rent, Myer and Leon M. Despres represented them, present-

ing the interesting defense that the building was unfit for human habitation and therefore no rent was due). Now Abner, Chiakulas, and Bartell formed a Hickman Defense Committee.

Myer, Despres, and William H. Temple agreed to defend Hickman. Abner recalls, "We had two objectives—to raise money for the defense and to educate the public to the horrible conditions these people lived in and the tragedies that can result." Others active were the Reverend James Luther Adams, a Unitarian minister and a board member of the Independent Voters of Illinois; Gerald Bullock, chairman of the Committee on Racial Equality; Franklin Fried, a unionist active in the AVC; and Sidney Lens, head of an AF of L local. Many such groups degenerate into luncheons and resolutions. Hickman's defenders worked hard, effectively, fast, and according to plan. One traveled all over the East on \$100, setting up local committees. They held rallies (Tallulah Bankhead, the actress, appeared) and put donation jars in Black Belt stores. Each member obtained mailing lists, publicity, and money from organizations he had access to.



*"Paper was made to burn, coal and rags, not people. People wasn't made to burn."*



*"When I got to summing up my life I saw my life was unhappy. I was in grief and sorrow."*

Hickman's trial began on November 10, 1947, before a white judge and a white jury, with four white lawyers out of five on both sides. The prosecution proved that Hickman killed Coleman, the defense claimed he did so while temporarily insane. Hickman himself occupied the witness chair for a day and a half, a small black man behind an oak panel, speaking freely in flowing narrative, sometimes in language almost biblical.

He said: "My feelings was that I was mistreated without a cause. I felt that my children was without a guardian, that they suffered death, that they ought to be free on land and living."

He said: "This was God fixed this. I had raised these children up and God knowed that vow I made to him . . . that these children was a generation to be raised up. God wasn't pleased what happened to them."

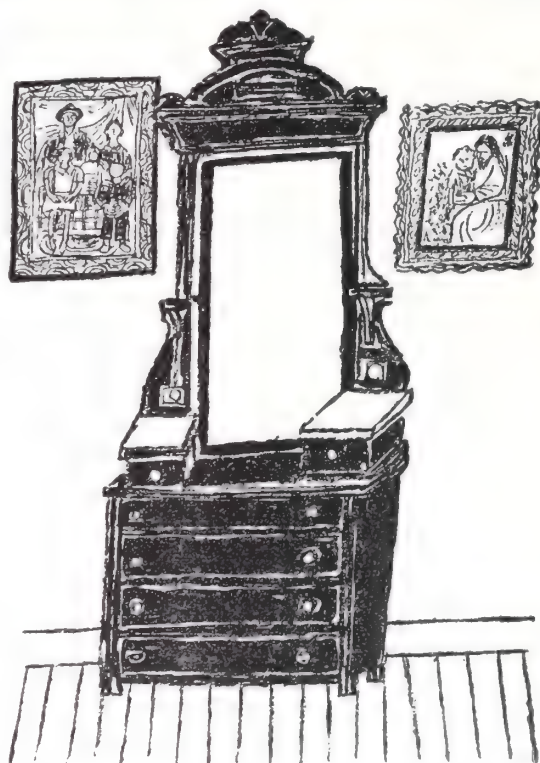
His lawyer asked him about blind Corene who had been taken to an institution: "Mr. Hickman, while you were up in the attic before the fire, did one of the children leave the family and go live elsewhere?" and he said, "Leave the family? Yes, sir," and the lawyer said, "Will you describe her—when was she born, what happened to her?" and Hickman began, "She was born in June and she was beautiful."

His lawyer asked him to describe "your feelings" between the fire and the shooting, and he replied: "I had two sons and two daughters who would some day be great men and women, some day they would have married, some day they would have been fathers or mothers of children; these children would have children and then these children would have children and another generation of Hickmans could raise up and enjoy peace."

The jury was out for nineteen hours and then reported hopeless disagreement. All six men and one woman reportedly voted for acquittal, the other five women for conviction. The jury was discharged. Hickman was sent back to jail to await a new trial.

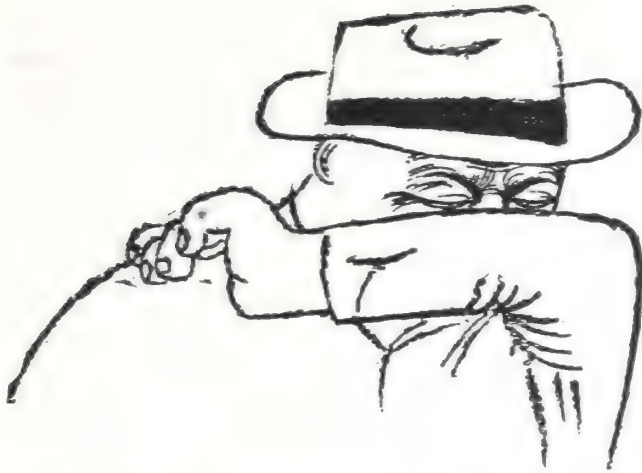
But by this time the Hickman Defense Committee's work had taken hold. Letters were rolling in on the State's Attorney from all over the United States. The Defense Committee finally reached an agreement with Assistant State's Attorney Samuel L. Freedman, and on December 16 Judge Rudolph F. Desort dismissed the murder charge, found Hickman guilty of manslaughter, and placed him on probation for two years. A few hours later he went home to his family for Christmas.

Before disbanding, the Defense Committee held its only luncheon meeting. Abner, a



*. . . looked at the pictures of the dead children.*





*"... and I weakened down to the ground."*

quiet softspoken man recalls, "Mr. and Mrs. Hickman thanked us from the bottom of their hearts, said they were very grateful." Abner said recently, "I don't know—at the start, you knew the thing was there, you couldn't just sit back and do nothing about it, it got inside you. We really felt good when it was over. It shows everything isn't in vain, it isn't all injustice, people will rally, it shows what can be done."

**N**OT quite everybody had rallied. Some organizations declined to do so. The Communists and the organizations they control or influence would not participate. The American Civil Liberties Union felt that no civil-rights issue was involved and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that no race issue was involved. Attorney Myer said recently, "Sure Hickman and Coleman were both Negroes—but there wouldn't have been any fire or shooting either if it hadn't been for restrictive covenants and the Negro slums."

And in truth Coleman as well as Hickman seems the victim of a system. The system of segregation that creates such tremendous housing pressures also creates opportunity for men weak by nature to exploit their fellows. Coleman happened to be black but it was white man's race prejudice that enabled him to exploit Hickman. And he was only the last of many men who had oppressed Hickman because of Hickman's color. The white planters of Mississippi had driven him to Chicago. Here Coleman took over. And he was able to take over because of the prejudice of Northern whites. The North has failed the Negro no less than the South, there is no place in

this country for a black man to go. In Chicago after the 1917-18 war the tremendous population pressure burst the bounds of the Black Belt despite bombings, arsons, and a major race riot. The same thing is happening today. And the greater the pressure of the blacks, the greater white resistance—more hurried meetings of "improvement" associations to draw new restrictive covenants, more rocks and bombs and "Molotov cocktails" thrown at newly-purchased Negro homes, more suspect fires that already within the past three years have killed a score of Negroes, more "street-car incidents" and "bathing beach incidents," more political speeches promising "racial purity." Even the government's efforts in the Negroes' behalf, public housing, have been resisted stoutly. It is profitable to rent fire-traps. The vested—and highly respectable—real estate interests of this city draw the iron ring ever tighter. (Who cares if they are corroding away the heart of the city? They also are pandering to our own prejudices.) Chi-



*"This was God fixed this. I had raised these children up and God knowed that vow I made to him . . . that these children was a generation to be raised up. God wasn't pleased what happened to them."*

cago's postwar housing record is one of complete failure; indeed, despite innumerable editorials and civic luncheons, bond issues and tub-thumping, in 1946 the city actually lost more dwelling units through fire and simple decay than it erected. The housing problem is bad everywhere in America, in no major city is it worse than in Chicago, and Negroes are at the bottom of the heap because we put them there and we keep them there. Now after a "people's war" Negroes are becoming restive; on at least one occasion since V-J Day only Negro restraint has prevented a major race riot; and the Mayor's Commission on Human Relations, which has done much to ease the dangerous tensions, has warned: "Unless more homes are provided, no one, regardless of good will or police power, can check the social conflicts which are inherent in this situation . . . we have all of the ingredients for social destruction."

**T**HE Defense Committee helped to get Hickman a new job. He and his wife and the remaining children, the three boys eighteen, twenty, and twenty-two, are living in a housing project near the airport, close to another project where in 1946 one of Chicago's most dangerous race flare-ups occurred. They intend to stay in Chicago.

Mrs. Hickman says, "I like Chicago. I used to like it very much when I had my children."

A year after the fire the old building at 1733 Washburne was deserted. After the shooting the tenants had quit resisting eviction and moved away, and almost at once another fire gutted the building. The windows have been boarded up, the attic is open to the weather, charred black timbers and jagged bricks and boards askew against the sky. In the alley dirty newspapers blow gently by a wrecked car, a woman is burning trash in a salamander, and in the center lies a dead rat. On a little mound of rubble behind 1733, an old Negro squats amid piles of junk, hat brim up, shoes broken, denim jacket patched; he is tending a little fire to burn the wood from barrel hoops, burning tin cans and buckets clean with fire. He moved here in 1919 from the South Side, the only Negro in his block, and for a time white kids broke his windows, "though I guess their folks put them up to it." It isn't as nice here as on the South Side. Why do people move over here? "Looking for some place to go." There's talk that the owner of 1733 is going to fix the building up and sell it. Will people live in it? "Sure," and he laughs. "If they fix it up, they'll soon be lined up here, putting in their application. People got no place to go."



*"If they fix it up, they'll soon be lined up here . . . . People got no place to go."*



# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

A NOVELIST called a character modeled on him Emery Heywood and I will use that name here. He and I were friends. I have sometimes thought of writing his biography but I never will: how do you write the biography of a mind? His thinking has colored much of mine. Proliferating it in my work since he died, I can no longer tell which of my judgments were first his. But also as time lengthens out, as his voice whispers more faintly in my memory, sometimes I find myself wondering if I may not have invented him. We invent some part of every friend we have, of course—to our hurt and the friend's. How much of Emery did I invent? He had as deep a sense of personal failure as any of us but was more tranquilly reconciled to it than most of us, he had a quiet mind—and in moments of quiet I sometimes feel a conviction that I made him up entire. He would have taken pleasure in that idea. He would have called it a form of dream. Dreams and the forms of dreams and their working-out in thought and feeling had come to be the job he worked at.

He was a historian, which is why I was led to him. But when I first met him he had already, as he put it, given up writing history in order to write about history. That is, the formal inquiries that the trade conducts had ceased to interest him; his fascination was to speculate about the emotion and especially the thinking of earlier eras in ways no historian can consider valid. And already he had penetrated a long way into the area of history that was to lead him on beyond it to deal with dreams. It is an area where nearly everything is illusion—but some things are not. No one can ever know precisely how much of it is not illusion, no one can ever be sure

that the outer edge of illusion is not touching the edge of a real thing, a thing misconceived, distorted, perceived at all only through rumor or legend or guess but nevertheless real. No one, I say, can ever be sure but Emery liked to try.

MAYBE I can explain it best by describing the circumstances that led me to seek him out and ask his help. I had yielded to a temptation that everyone who works with history should resolutely turn away from, the temptation to leave a main trail I was following and explore a bypath that forked off it. Once you begin such an excursion there is never an end to it till you set one by an act of will, and like all bypaths this one had kept on forking and I had kept on following the forks. Now I wanted to find out who were the first white men we could be sure had come into the territory I was working with, how early any stranger had traveled its natural routes. This was no proper part of the job I had first set out to do, and besides in such contexts "first" and "earliest" are only indexes of one's ignorance.

You must not use those words in history. When you say "earliest" you mean only the earliest you have been able to find out about. Your earliest men had predecessors and they had predecessors, and if you keep on looking you will find out who some of the predecessors were but you will never reach the first. But, and this is what sent me to him, on the way you will cross, as I found out I had crossed, into Emery's territory. In the territory I was exploring I had reached the Baron de Lahontan. Much of what Lahontan said about men who had gone farther than he into unknown wilderness was certainly

untrue. But, so my tenet held, no one can make up a lie out of nothing at all—what minute deposit of fact underlay Lahontan's lies? And also I had reached Moncacht-Apé, a wholly mythical person who the myth said had crossed my territory so early that you could not see him for the horizon-mist. But, I held, a myth cannot be wholly hope, fear, faith, credulity, or air—what was the grain of real sand round which Moncacht-Apé had first begun to form?

You see what I mean. Beneath the oldest, faintest writing on the earliest parchment you make out a few broken characters here and there. They must have been still earlier writing, they must have said something. It is never possible to restore them, to find out what they said and what it meant. But you always want to try, though you know you will fail if you do. To yield to such an impulse is easy if you know, as Emery Heywood knew, that belief and values have died in you, so you might as well do any one thing as any other and will be lucky if you find a thing that sometimes holds your awareness of futility at arm's length. He knew that the job he turned to would have no meaning for anyone but him, and no value even for him, but it flowed a clear color over what had been mere gray. Thus it was that an economic historian gave up his trade and was launched toward a study of dream by beginning to speculate about the earliest Europeans who sailed into the Western Ocean and reached the American continent.

Few subjects of human inquiry have been so thoroughly canvassed by learned and ingenious men. Emery did not try to add to the knowledge they had arrived at. But, though he mastered that heaped-up knowledge, and though his interest was first quickened by the earliest voyages that are factually established, his mind soon fixed on something else. He would scan as intently as possible the line where the mist meets the ocean, and the parting of the mist which reveals for a moment shapes that cannot be identified, and such shapes as may never be seen because they are deeper in the mist. The momentary contact of illusion and reality. The unknowable true thing on which the erring, believing, trance-bound mind of man built rumor or guess into legend. And so, eventually, the mingling of sight and thought and dream.

THUS legends say that various early Christian saints sailed out into the unknown Atlantic, and they say that at least three of them, St. Patrick, St. Malo, and St. Brendan, reached the American continent. In the stories of their voyaging, with great submerged beasts on whose back one lands as on an island, monsters of good will slaying hostile monsters just in time, stone boats driven by supernatural winds, volcanoes erupting suddenly from the sea—in those stories sometimes, through miracle and aura and the mist, comes a flash of something that has been experienced. Someone had been to an actual place—who, what place, at what time? No one will ever be able to determine but there is excitement in concentrating on the effort to determine all your intelligence and all that can be learned. Again, maps earlier than Columbus show land forms that must represent the American continent, so shaped and in such true latitudes that they prove someone had been there often enough to make sure of what had been glimpsed. Who were these people, at what times did they come, on what commerce or for what motive or as the result of what accidents? By what means, through what ether of ignorance and misconception, was their true experience transmitted to the men who made the chart?

This, I think, is where Emery began to turn from the voyages to the voyagers. They were the Portuguese and the Norse, and behind them the Bretons and the Irish, and behind them Moors, Arabs, Greeks, Phoenicians, and God knows what others. It was not their little boats of hides or green timbers that deflected him, or the currents and winds and shoals of the dark ocean—though he, who came from an inland city and had never been aboard a sailboat till he was past thirty, learned sailing and navigation to help him understand. I doubt, too, that he gave much thought to the courage, the hardihood, or darker barbarian qualities of the men who sailed northward and westward into the Atlantic. In the fable he was beginning to compose, he assumed that they were like all of us, like Emery himself, and so he took courage and beastliness and human pus for granted. The first faint line of the sketch he was beginning would be his meditation on the slow, the almost blind process by which a true thing, a geography we now know is true,



was separated out step by step from legend, ignorance, and guess. At each small step toward truth the hard, true thing would be wrapped in kelp-like error, and who could tell which was the true and which the misconceived thing? Each small step would cost there is no telling how many men drowned in the Atlantic, how many ships sailing into the mist of the unknown but never coming back out of it. But he did not care about the men or the ships. At each step he focused on the thinking men who dealt with the minute grain of truth in the mass of error. Who accepted the mass of error as the full harvest of human knowledge. Who made the maps and died in a consciousness of power and achievement but never knew that all the vastness of their knowledge contained only that single grain.

He would be dealing here with, say, the Hesperides which turned out to be the Madeiras, or the Fortunate Isles which turned out to be the Canaries—grains of truth embedded in legend from which eventually all the error was cleared away. But the next step would be the crucial one. I do not pretend to say just how he took it. It might be the circular island which the maps show (usually) westward from Ireland and whose flash-in-darkness name was Brazil, or the island shaped like a crescent southwestward from it whose name was Man or Mayda. They wander extensively as the maps grow more factual, and some learned men think Brazil may have been Newfoundland and Mayda may have been Cape Cod. But the point for Emery's fable is that no one can ever be sure, no one will ever determine what is fact and what is ignorance—or as he was beginning to say, dream—in this groping of the mind for truth. Or the crucial step may have been of a sharply different kind, say the legendary Island of the Seven Cities. Here my own history of fact touches for a moment Emery's history of dream, for the Island of the Seven Cities certainly projected on the mist the Seven Cities of Cibola, which my characters set out to find. But the point for him was that no one can ever determine whether or not there was even a single gram of experience in the legend: the Island of the Seven Cities is, in the language of his notes, "all dream." It is beyond the reach of any reagent that we can use to test for truth.

If I had to guess, I would guess Brazil. For Brazil was a horizon land, an island in the mist, but it was also something sure and solid which may well have been Newfoundland and which eventually, if still in the mist, passed on its name to the country we know today. And square in Emery's path was also the High Brasyl, which was never any island in any sea, was never any land anywhere, never actuality or fact or truth, but a land entirely of the mind's imagining, entirely enchantment or illusion. Surely Brazil and the High Brasyl, though different in origin and substance, came to mingle with each other in many minds, to be indistinguishable, and to substitute one for the other till no mind could know what it was dealing with. At least they signify or symbolize the two elements of his theorem.

THE first element was the single grain of solid, real experience embedded in myth and legend and ignorance as Brazil was fixed somewhere in The Sea of Darkness and Mystery (the Atlantic had that name in some old books), on which by the utmost power of man's intelligence there has slowly been built a knowledge of real things that will stand. The other element was the phantasm, fixed or floating in a different sea of darkness and mystery as the High Brasyl was, which never had any reality in it, which is wholly of the mind's terror or its hope, its dread of worse things than it has known or its pitiful imagining of better or more peaceful things. The crux came when Emery brought them together. When he was following Brazil or even the High Brasyl in old narratives and charts he was still, if only tenuously in his own mind, a historian. But when he superimposed one on the other he left history and cartography behind and entered a different field of study for which he never bothered to find a name.

It was neither psychology nor metaphysics, though it dealt with reality, illusion, and dream. He used the word *illusion* to mean something unreal which we mistakenly believe to be real but whose unreality someone else can perceive. His use of the word *dream* is not so readily compressible. The idea of sleeping dreams and of the waking ones that are called phantasies lapped it round, certainly, but did not enter in. Dream was il-

lusion which neither the dreamer nor the person outside it could ever test for reality. No one could tell reality in it from fiction or error or ignorance, and the dreamer (so to speak) could not know when, or if, he wakened from the dream. And if an individual man, so also men, so also nations. Man's knowledge was a mingling of real things with shapes of mist, and also it was a function of illusion and dream. Man, contemporary and historical, used his knowledge as rationally and logically as might be. But, an actor in a dream, himself the maker and the subject of the dream, he had no way of perceiving, still less of calculating or correcting or allowing for, the error that was a function of his knowledge. One of Emery's manuscripts is a long, witty, but deadly serious effort to derive mathematical formulas that might suggest (not express) the mutual interpenetration of the known, the indeterminate, and the phantasmal. The nation of Brazil, the circular island of Brazil, and the High Brasyl.

**S**O SOMETIMES while lecturing to a class about medieval trade routes or the growth of renaissance banking houses, Emery would break off to talk about dream. Copernicus or Newton, Lenin or Lincoln, Archimedes or Watt or Mendel, the Congress of Vienna or any Congress of the United States, Venice of the Doges or the British Empire, technocrats or Franklin Roosevelt's brain trust—he liked to set up against their confident actions a formula of dream. The ballistics of the error that cannot be perceived but is used as truth. Illusion in history, or history as a dream.

His students liked him for many reasons but I doubt if one in a hundred ever knew what he was driving at. His colleagues on the faculty never understood it but dismissed him as a historian who had gone dry and was compensating for professional failure with whimsicalities and conceits. But their contempt masked a fear of his ideas in which they sensed, without understanding its content, a cynicism that seemed to mock the very foundation of their own efforts. They were wrong. Emery's ideas were compact of man's helplessness and hopelessness, but they were not cynical. And they were not tragic. His history was intellectual history as irony, as farce if you will, but also as serenity.

Among his private friends, usually in the late night hours he loved (the hours of quiet—or of darkness?), he might bring the dream down from history to personal history, making each of us his own Prospero. If mankind's strange journey was dream-bound in ignorance and error, so was the strange journey of Everyman—and to look back was to know that you could never know which shapes had been mist and which hard rock, which cherished experiences were hallucinations, where if at all the most anguished or the happiest dream brought mist and the rock together. Thus to turn the historical fable into a fable of human life was exhilarating. It was an aesthetic, an artistic experience—and perhaps the truest thing to say of Emery is that the pattern of his thinking made him an artist.

But to do this was unwise in a way, for some of his friends, or at least one of them, could not help giving him a role in his own fable, could not help seeing the fable as an autobiography. My own historical tenet holds that though you may be the maker of your dream you can make it only out of what you are. I could not say to him that man's helplessness may have developed out of Emery's own, that the undecipherable illusion he bestowed on mankind may have come from his knowledge that he himself was deluded. I could not say that I read into his history chapters of his personal history, and especially a wife who had never thought well of him and another woman who for years had been warmth and kindness in his solitary meditations in the dark. (Both of them are dead now, too.) But I have always wondered if I did not know the very heart of his thinking, if that heart was not his knowledge that he had created both of them to an extent never to be determined, and could never know how much of either, as he knew them, might not be, in his own word, his dream.

**L**ATE one night I walked along a rocky beach with him—on the edge of The Sea of Darkness and Mystery, with nothing between us and Spain but water and perhaps the circular island of Brazil. We talked about history as dream and we both knew, as besides us only his doctor knew, that very soon he would be going farther into the illusion—or, the right word may be, leaving me caught



in it. A month later, in his study with its astrolabes and renaissance globes speckled with horizon islands, I took custody of the notes and fragmentary manuscripts he had bequeathed to me. Write the books I couldn't, he had said to me, or burn the stuff, or forget it—but all three options are impossible to me. His bequest will remain an equation, still unresolved, in a formula designed to reveal an ellipsis, the indeterminate thing, in an illusion that is not perceived.

Another man had the right instinct, the one who put at least some part of Emery in a novel. Fiction is the right place for the historian of fictions. He is not the hero of a

novel, not even an important character of one. He should be the character who holds the stage in one of those scenes that novelists like to write, scenes of prolongation and delay whose function is to heighten the emotion of more important scenes still to come. A character of no importance but of sensitive and exquisite and subtle thought—who affects those who are more important to the novel or more real. Emery would like that and would think it fitting. Following his own tenet, he might say that he is already a character in a novel that I have written without knowing where the true thing blends with the mist.

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—From a circular printed in 1888 by  
James W. Farrar of Washington, D. C.

# Back to Berlin

## The Diary of a Native's Return

*Ernest Borneman*

THE military train leaves Paris at eight in the morning and is supposed to get to Berlin about noon the next day. You get your quadri-partite visa from the Military Permit Office in Rue Greuze, and they give you two slips of paper with the stamp of the *Sécrétariat d'Etat aux Affaires Allemandes et Autrichiennes*. You take the first slip to the French State Railway Company, and they give you a ticket to Forbach. You tell them in the cool and patient manner that you employ with children, foreigners, invalids, and the very aged, that you have no particular prejudice against Forbach but that you had actually thought of going to Berlin, and with equal patience and greater warmth they urge you not to worry because this is France, a victorious power, and over there lies Germany, a defeated nation, and of course the trip through Germany is free of charge because you are a guest of the nation, *d'accord?* However, they add, the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits* makes its own arrangements and if you want to have a sleeper, you'd better take your other slip to Cook's and buy yourself a berth.

*D'accord.* So the next morning you get up at six because you can't be sure of getting a taxi in Paris at that hour in this third year of peace, and if you go to the Gare de l'Est by Métro, you've got to give yourself an hour to be on the safe side. But naturally, with the

perverted humor that has earned the Parisian cab-driver a stronghold in the myth of France, three of them have simultaneously decided to unload their fares within a radius of fifty yards from your house at the precise moment when you step out of your front door. You whistle, and they converge. After some exchange of French and Slavic wit, the best man wins, and you are off in a cloud of garlic, gasoline, and white wine.

This gets you to the station approximately fifty minutes ahead of time, but the train is already packed. It is an old game in France, and everyone plays it. Somebody tries to charge you for something which you think should be free—say, a reserved seat in a train—and you try to beat him at the game by getting in under the deadline. So there are the winners now, grim and proud, holding their conquered places, and when you dump your baggage on your reserved seat, you are duly recognized as alien corn. Embarrassed, you walk out again to get yourself a newspaper, a cup of coffee, and a glass of white wine to start the day according to custom.

Fortified in body and mind, you are about to return to your compartment, when the day's agenda is suddenly brought home to you with a vengeance. You are passing the third-class carriages, and out of them sweeps a flood of German dialogue; it is a flood that carries all sorts of associations—some of them

*Ernest Borneman, whose previous Harper's articles have been concerned with motion pictures and jazz music, has recently returned to Europe to work for UNESCO in Paris.*



pleasant enough with the sweet nostalgia of childhood, but most of them so deeply steeped in horror that you stand still for a while, trying to adjust yourself to it here and now.

In the window of a third-class carriage you see your reflection—a young man, slightly graying at the temples, in a gray suit, a blue coat, and a black homburg; give him a UN brief-case and a rolled umbrella, and you need no guide to place him in time and space. And here he stands, shivering at the sound of a tongue he has nearly forgotten. A face stamped with the habit of anonymity shows blankly in the mirror; fifteen years ago it was a child's face, and the expression was anger and hope and sometimes fear, and too often there was a reason for fear and anger and too rarely a cause for hope.

Behind the face in the mirror is a solid wall of German baggage, unmistakable in its texture of bleached straw and vulcanized fiberboard. The conductor walks past, breaks the image, and steps into the train. Before you, as you follow him, you see the map of the new Europe opening out: a railway corridor crowded to bursting point with the humble and the homeless. They sit and stare; conversation has ceased. You talk to them; they reply with apprehension. Time has changed nothing. We are back among fear and poverty.

Fifteen years ago there were twelve of us in a room in Berlin, and it was my birthday. I knew the faces: they had grown with me from childhood to adolescence. Of those twelve, who had formed my image of the world in the malleable years, five died in the early battles—Madrid, Addis Ababa, Dachau, Sachsenhausen, Auschwitz. One is still fighting in Palestine and one in China. I myself left Berlin for America. Four stayed behind in Germany, and now I was going back to find out what had become of them. My mother was dead, all my mother's relatives had been killed, and now I was going to take my father back with me to Canada. That was the mission, and when it was accomplished, that would be the end of the German chapter in our lives.

But now in the train, even before it began moving toward Berlin, doubt had crept in. It was the sort of doubt you had felt during that last German summer when your friends

began to leave you and the world grew lonesome around you. One night, at a fancy-dress ball, one of your friends would appear in a brownshirt, and it would be funny enough for the three or four of you who knew the joke. The next day you met him in the street and he was still wearing the uniform, and you told him it wasn't really funny any longer. The third time you saw him with the shirt on, you began to wonder. Round about the fourth time, you stopped wondering and tried to remember what you had been saying to him the last three times. That night you would pack and move out of your room.

That was the year of apprehension when the faces in the street were like faces seen in a dream; and here, in the crowded railway corridor, fifteen years later, we were back among the faces in the dreamlike horror of *déjà vu*. Nothing had changed; distrust, suspicion, fear were once again stamped in every face with the deep gray dye of hunger and defeat.

Then the train moves.

**B**AR-LE-DUC, Thiancourt, Metz—at Forbach, a sleepy border town, there is a halt of more than an hour, while customs officials surround the train. But there is no passport control, no currency control, no customs control. Saarbrücken also is passed without inspection, and suddenly the quiet Sunday afternoon is filled with the sound of machinery; it is the first indication you get that you are entering a workshop which knows no holiday, and it is an impression which remains with you as you penetrate more deeply into Germany: houses being repaired, rubble being cleared, roofs patched, streets rebuilt. In the dusk of the evening the factory lights are burning late, the slag falls steadily in the steelmills, the smoke of the chimneys merges with the fog of an early April night.

In between there are other things: ruins, a Hitlerian model village with farmers' cottages as uniform as an SS battalion; more ruins; then the grinning teeth of tank traps taking a bite out of the quiet forest; ruins again and then a group of community buildings three stories high with a deep roof that runs up at least another three stories, the whole thing strung together in long lines and open rectangles, the modern paraphrase of a medieval community tied together in bondage; more

ruins; children sailing paper ships in a stream, and then suddenly miles of burnt-out railroad trucks piled together like a cumulative image of waste and failure. So darkness falls from the sky.

## II

THE next day we pass Magdeburg at 10:00, Wannsee at 1:00 and get into Tegel at 2:30. Behind Magdeburg there is a vast Russian army camp busy with artillery training in the early morning breeze; the men look cheerful, well-fed, and as rosy as the dolls in "*Petroushka*." At Potsdam the ruins begin again: this is where I begin to recognize my past—a hill in the park at Sans Souci where I used to sit with my first girl; an open-air restaurant where our teachers took us during school outings; Wannsee Station where I got off every weekend to walk to my boat-house; the path where Herbert and I walked the day he decided to leave Germany; Grunewald, where they had that old glass-roofed film studio of the silent days, the first studio I ever worked in; Westkreutz, where they built the exhibition halls that were the playground of my childhood; and now the bridge where Kaiserdam crosses the *S-Bahn* tracks, five minutes from the house in which I was born.

Here I know every stone. I can sketch out the cornice the bombs have knocked off that house; I can tell you what the coal-bunker looked like in that building which no longer stands; over there, between No. 7 and No. 9, there was a hole in the fence that linked the backyards—one of the countless secret passages in the fairy-tale land of our childhood; this is where I chased Hanna, her of the long auburn tresses, and she slapped my face and I didn't dare show myself in that street for three weeks; this is the lane where we fought the local storm troop and I got that razor cut over my eye which never healed; and there, God help me, is where Lucy lived, and up in that room of which you can still see one corner and the foot of a brass bed among the rubble and the smashed walls, that is where I first slept with a woman, and that is the bed I know better than my own. My God, was there ever a morning like that one in June when we came out into the sun and knew that after that night nothing would ever be the same again?

This is where it gets less familiar. Past the canal; up into the industrial district of northern Berlin; past Gesundbrunnen where they fly a red flag, the first flag I have seen since coming to Germany; past the first locomotives with Russian lettering; along the stretch of single-track rails, and up into the French sector where it gets quiet and residential again with little one-family homes neatly set off in their plots of grass and no more ruins in sight.

The French, who sponsored my trip, have sent me a car. Monsieur B., the man I am supposed to meet, is courteous, well-bred, and urbane. I tell him that I have no German money to pay the porter, and he tells me not to worry. As it turns out, he pays him off in cigarettes, and I discover that I can get along without money.

Monsieur B. asks me whether I want to stay at the French Press Camp or whether I have made my own living arrangements, and I tell him that I would like to live with friends in the British Sector. I don't want to tell him that I am going to see my father, whom I haven't seen for fifteen years, and that I am afraid of what I may find.

We drive through Berlin in a roughly southwesterly direction, emerging at the "alley of victory" where the military heroes of German's history were sculpted into sugarcandy marble of a singular unpleasantness. Today, among the broken remnants of Barbarossa's horse and the great *Kurfürst's* tricorne hat, Berlin's citizens are quietly raising cabbage and potatoes in a wilderness of rusty cans, coiled wire, and broken flowerpots. There is a nightmare quality of juxtaposed objects about the entire Tiergarten landscape. The trees have gone, and in the cold afternoon sunlight the lonely man with the watering can among the splintered tree trunks bears the gnawing doubt of a Chirico canvass.

The car bumps and your head hits the ceiling. "That," says Monsieur B. with fatherly attention, "was a *Trümmerbahn*. You must watch out for them. They lacerate Germany like holes in a Gruyère."

"A what?"

"*Eine Trümmerbahn*," he repeats. "A neologism of the new era—*Trümer* for rubble, *Bahn* for railroad—rubble-railroad. Narrow-gauge. Very obstinate. Always right across the driveway on principle."



"What for?"

"To clear away the mess of broken buildings and create new messes out of broken automobiles. A sort of vicious circle. Very effective."

At this point we have reached the Technical High School, where A.S. used to study before they killed him in Spain, but if Monsieur B. hadn't told me so, I wouldn't have known it, for here there are no landmarks left. At the "Knee," the corner of Bismarckstrasse and Hardenberg Strasse, where I used to turn every morning to go to school, there is nothing to tell you that there is even a driveway left until you are right on top of it. The Schiller Theater, the Municipal Opera, the Piccadilly Cinema are empty shells: these were the theaters where my youth was spent; here I saw "*Faust*," "*Macbeth*," "*Kabale und Liebe*," "*Hamlet*," "*Woyzeck*," and "*Käthchen von Heilbronn*" for the first time. Here I saw the first movies that made me decide to make movies myself some day. Here I played my first part as a stage extra in a dreadful performance of "*Minna von Barnhelm*." Here is nothing now except the dead shell of an era with a black tomcat stalking three sparrows and a boy in a dyed Hitler Youth uniform idly kicking a tin can across the heaps of neatly stacked bricks.

We pass the local police station where they took me with sixty other children after the great street battle in 1926 that tore the district apart for three weeks; here now is the Lietzensee, the park in which most of my childhood was spent; and this is where my father must be living now.

The number he gave me was 109, but there is nothing but ruins here. Now we must have passed it, for the numbers are going down again.

**M**ONSIEUR B. makes a U-turn and we are driving back, past the Lietzensee, to the ruin at the corner. This is No. 109. We get out, and I decide to explore.

The street-door is ajar, and as you enter the house, the cold damp air of a deserted building meets you like a ghostly breath. The stairs are intact, but the windows in the staircase have lost most of their glass. On the first floor, a notice by the one remaining doorbell reads: DO NOT RING HERE. NO

ONE WILL ANSWER. DOOR WON'T OPEN. TRY BACKSTAIRS.

On the second floor a bomb has ripped out most of the corner, but a wooden barrier cuts off the gash and gives a rough illusion of warmth and paneling. There is a doorbell with a sign which reads: RING ONCE FOR NEUMANN, TWICE FOR EINTHAL.

"Care of Neumann" was what my father had said. I ring, and a kind-faced, sad-eyed woman opens the door. I say: "*Wohnt hier Herr Bornemann?*" and I realize that it is the first word of German I have spoken since stepping on to German ground. It seems to have come back as naturally and as casually as if I had never forgotten it.

She says, "Come in," in a quiet voice, and takes me through a corridor into a large bright room so German in every piece of furniture and decoration that it seems more like a symbol than a place to live. There, at a table, sits my father, reading.

He gets up and comes towards me and he looks exactly like Thomas Mann. His hair has turned white, but he is slim, well-preserved, agile, and relaxed.

"Well, my boy," he says, "so you are back." He is very moved, but he says no more. He puts his arms around me and then puts his hands on my shoulders and quietly steps back. His head still turns at a left angle when he is curious. He looks at me speculatively and says, "You've gone gray and you look a little nervous. You should take care of yourself."

At this I begin to laugh. Here I am, having come out of the peace of the New World to save my old man from the European madhouse, and here he is, looking more relaxed than I have been in years and counseling me courteously to take it easy.

He turns around towards the woman who has shown me in and says, "This is Frau Neumann. We are going to be married next week."

### III

**T**HIS is how it begins, and after that nothing is the way you have imagined it. We go out and walk through the streets, and he tells me the story that he never explained in his letters.

Five years ago, after my mother's death, he came home at night in the middle of a raid

and found his house burning. Since he had long doubted the real value of the Reichsmark, he had taken his savings out of the bank and bought goods with them. Now, with his house, his furniture, and all his goods burnt, he was penniless. He went to the police, got "bombed out" papers for himself and his housekeeper, and walked away into the night.

That was the time when my Red Cross messages to him ("18 WORDS ONLY: PLEASE WRITE LEGIBLY IN BLOCK LETTERS") began to come back to me in Canada marked "ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN" and we gradually came to accept the fact that he was dead or in the concentration camp. What he was doing instead was much more cheerful: he was walking all across Germany to work underground in Bavaria and find a place to hide my mother's friend, Frau Neumann, under the name of his gentile housekeeper for whom he had obtained legitimate papers after the night of the fire. When peace came over the mountains in the guise of a Negro tank battalion, he took the way they had come, walking through Austria to Italy in the hope of finding a boat to take him to Canada. Turned back at the Italian border, he walked right across Europe to Denmark, was turned back the second time in trying to cross the frontier, and returned defeatedly to Berlin, where Frau Neumann paid back hospitality with hospitality by putting him up in her apartment and slowly feeding him back to health and strength. After a year of this, they decided to get married. This was the time, of all times, that I had picked to take him back to Canada.

We returned as darkness fell. "With three CARE parcels a month and all the other things you send us, we live better than most Germans," my father says. "Please don't draw conclusions from our dinner."

I had forgotten what a German dinner was like. You don't get a hot meal. You get tea, bread, and now, instead of butter, margarine. "The margarine in the CARE parcels can't be spread on bread," Frau Neumann says. "It's too hard. So we have to use German margarine. It doesn't taste good, and it has very little fat content, but it's the nearest thing to butter we've got." With it there is liver loaf and corned beef loaf out of the

CARE parcels. There is no milk, no sugar, no fruit, no salad, no vegetables.

After dinner we talk. Father wants to go to Canada, but not without Frau Neumann. I can get him in as a first-degree relative, but not her. And even if I did get her in, where would they live? I have a small apartment in Ottawa, large enough to house one more person in an emergency, but certainly too small for two. Also, despite all food shortages, the two of them here in Berlin enjoy a certain largeness of living which is quite alien to us in Canada. When we have a few thousand dollars to spare, we buy a car. To them a car is a luxury, but they have all the comforts of the bourgeois tradition—oak furniture, cut wine glasses, damask table cloths, Gobelins, Delft plates, Meissen china, Japanese teacups that are almost weightless—and all this in an apartment at least twice the size of mine. They will not be able to afford any of this in Canada. They can take nothing with them and they are too old to start working again.

Yes, they are talking of starting an open-air restaurant, or a tea shop, or a stamp collectors' store. But it is the dream of old people, and suddenly they are defeated. They sit there; the tea has grown cold; conversation has stopped; and the conflict that can't be bridged with any amount of confidence, kindness, and patience, has opened a chasm between them. She wants to stay in Berlin, because she fears loneliness, separation, and the uncertainties of another continent. He wants to go to Canada because all his dreams are on the other side. Yet they are linked, and neither can move without the other.

It was the same when my mother was alive: then it was she who wanted to go back to Canada, and my father, who loved Europe and didn't believe the Nazis would last long, who wanted to stay. So they stayed both, and it cost my mother her life. What will happen to these two if they stay? Both of them think that war will come and that it will be fought in Germany. They are as dispassionate about the project as they would be about a thunderstorm or the passing of the seasons; yes, certainly they would prefer the sun to shine, but if it rains there is little you can do except take out your umbrella. As for taking sides, it seems as strange a thought to them as if I had suggested to them that they should take sides for the summer in opposition to the



winter. "All you can do," my father says, "is move to a better climate. And that's what I'm trying to do."

They are not demoralized: they have become amoral. They have so consistently dissociated themselves from their own government that dissociation from all forms of government has become a habit. They are not anarchists: they have no more confidence in anarchism than in any other form of political organization. Nor are they aggressive in their distrust of politics. They simply take it for granted that my own willingness to take sides is the outcome of my own life: I have a stake to defend, and quite obviously I should defend it. As for them, they find little to choose between the great powers because they do not believe that the powers themselves have much choice.

They like the ease and comfort of America, but they take it for granted that it is the result of a historical accident: America is so large and so rich in natural resources that any sort of political system was bound to have made a success of the nation. They are afraid of Russia, but they take it for granted that Bolshevism will mellow with success: let the Soviet Union win the next war, and for the first time the Communists will be able to relax and put their talent for organization to a constructive purpose. And so on—whichever way you pose the question, the answer always emerges as a sort of Kantian antinomy: you can't have it both ways, and whichever way history may turn, there is going to be trouble for somebody and fun for someone else; so the best you can do is wait to see which way the wind turns and put up your umbrella if it begins to rain.

#### IV

**T**HIS turns out to be the German pattern—a common denominator that runs from the Neo-Nazis of the "National Democratic party" to the rank and file of the "Socialist Unity party." Of my four friends who survived in Berlin, one has joined the new Socialist-Communist bloc, another one has joined the Roman Catholic church and votes for the Christian Democrats, the third has sharpened the general distrust of a defeated people into a political weapon of savage cynicism, and the fourth has come

close to accepting the tenets of fascism in the new manner of the "National Democratic party."

A.K., who was a Communist in 1933, is a Communist still. He lives in the Russian sector of Berlin and is a streetcar conductor. He earns 50 marks per week, *i.e.* six cents at the free rate of 300 Reichsmark to the dollar. He says that he refuses to indulge in the "bourgeois corruptions of the black market." His mother, who is sixty-two, works as a "*Trümmerfrau*," *i.e.* as one of the countless pitiful old ladies who are clearing the country of its mess of rubble. She gets half the pay he gets, three cents a week, but she also gets the rations of a heavy worker (Card 1), whereas he gets only Card 2, *i.e.* worker's rations, so that between the two of them they manage to live on the bare borderline of starvation. He says that he has not had enough to eat in three years, and he holds America responsible for it. "If Germany were united, and if America were not trying to keep us out of competition in the world market, we could produce everything America produces, and make it cheaper and take every market away from them. With the agricultural resources of the Soviet Union and the industrial power of Germany, there is nothing to stop us from conquering the world without any recourse to war. America knows it, and so she has to keep us divided."

"Aren't you underrating American productive power?" I ask him.

"I'm not doubting their productive power; I'm doubting their willingness to sacrifice. A nation that thinks it can save its political destiny by charity has already declared itself politically bankrupt. You win the world because you're ready to die for it. You don't win it by bribing your neighbor with the droppings from your table."

He is a gaunt, angry, impatient man. He is utterly contemptuous of everything that runs short of perfection, and in this he is more of a Romantic German than a scientific socialist. His self-martyrdom, his faith in the Spartan way of life as the only moral way of conduct, and his obsession with the need and the willingness to lay down his life as proof of a superior social loyalty are essentially amoral qualities: they are the result of a vanishing faith in the content of socialism and a growing absorption in its means.

L.G., who was a medical student when I knew him in 1933, is now practicing as a doctor in the British sector. He was a member of the Red Students' Association at the University when I left Berlin, but he worked with a Catholic cell in the German underground from 1935 to 1943, and in 1944 he joined the Roman Catholic church. He is a general practitioner, very highly respected by his patients, and an active advocate in the slow German fight against the black market. He carries ration card No. 3, for "NORMAL CONSUMERS," and he gives me a breakdown of his monthly consumption:

Potatoes .....	12,000	grams
Bread .....	12,000	"
Meat .....	1,200	"
Cereals .....	1,200	"
Vegetables .....	1,000	"
(canned or dried)		
Sugar .....	600	"
Fat .....	300	"
Ersatz Coffee .....	150	"

The price of these rations is approximately 500 RM per month. His earnings are approximately 1,200 RM per month before taxes. He says that the minimum cost of a reasonably decent life in Berlin would amount to 12,500 RM per month. I ask him what he thinks we should do to bring about an improvement of the situation.

He says, "Have faith." I say, "You don't live on faith alone," and he says, "Yes, you do. We have become corrupt through lack of faith, and we live poorly because through faithlessness we slide deeper and deeper into economic misery." I ask him about the Marshall Plan, and he says, "We are grateful for it, but it is not enough. America is a materialistic nation; so is Russia; so are we. There is little to choose between them all. They will go down to perdition together if they forget that there are virtues above charity."

"This is defeatism," I say. "You ask for the sky, and if you don't get it, you reject the piece of bread which is offered to you."

"I do not reject it; I am grateful for it. Yet I reject the spirit in which it is offered. I will not have charity degraded into a political weapon, not even if the enemy is the Kremlin."

"You pastured yourself in the garden of the Kremlin once."

"I was young, ignorant, and sinful."

At this point I become very angry and I behave badly. I say, "You are as faithless and as disillusioned as my father, who calls himself a humanist. And you are as willing to exchange the substance for the ceremony as A.K., who calls himself a Communist. You have become as thoroughly corrupted by Nazism as if you had been in the Party instead of fighting it. You have wasted your life and your courage and your great gifts for a sham."

He looks at me quietly and says, "I pity you."

B.R., who is a cabaret artist, was a young poet of some promise when I left Berlin in 1933. He later changed his name, which was Jewish; and his mother, who was gentile, swore an oath in a Nazi court that the boy was born out of an extra-marital liaison with a famous German actor. This wasn't quite as reprehensible as it sounds because it was probably true and because B's Jewish father—or foster-father—was dead by the time the Nazis came to power.

B., like all of us in our student days, had been close to the Communist party, but had never been a member. Now he has fun at the expense of the Soviet Union in a series of brilliantly disruptive sketches written and delivered by him in one of the good cabarets in the U. S. sector of Berlin. I ask him about his present political loyalties, and he says, "I have none. You've got to grow up some day. Political loyalties are adolescent fancies. A man may join a political party, or play along with it, because he wants to get something out of it, and I, for one, wouldn't complain if he does. But if he really believes in it, then I'm sorry for him, poor sucker, because the boys who run the show will break his spirit sooner or later."

I say, "You sound like a collaborator. How did you manage to get yourself denazified?"

He laughs and says, "I probably could have got myself denazified easily enough by just writing a few good sketches about the foibles of the boys in the Kremlin. As it happened, I didn't get myself nazified in the first instance. I'll admit that I didn't have any moral scruples, but I certainly had aesthetic ones. Never was there a ruling class with less taste, humor, grace, charm, wit, and all the other things I really like in life. No, brother, no fear: I might collaborate with crooks, if they



are charming enough, but not with yokels, even if they are honest."

R.D., who is Jewish, was working with his father, who owned a chain of hotels when I last saw him in 1933. The father committed suicide in 1934, and R., who was a Communist, went to the Soviet Union. He worked for five years in Bero-bidjan, the Jewish Soviet Republic, then went into the Red Army, fought his way through to Germany and stayed there. He says that he became convinced that something was wrong with Communism when he saw the first Soviet films and plays and heard Soviet music and the Soviet radio for the first time. "Except for Pudovkin and Dovzhenko and three or four others, there's nothing in Soviet movies that is superior to a Hollywood B-picture, and most of them are worse," he says. "And the theater! There hasn't been a good Soviet play since the Revolution. And the music—well you know what happened to Shostakovich and the others."

"Where do you find better films and better theater?"

"Here of course. Look at the theater in Germany now. Have you seen Brecht's play at the *Deutsches Theater*? Have you seen the new Zuckmayer play? Have you seen our new painters at Gerd Rosen's gallery? Doesn't Paris look dull to you after that? And where else do you find three operas running nightly without subsidies? And did you see "*Woyzeck*," the film I mean? Doesn't it make all other movies look like amateur stuff? Tell me now, you've been around too."

"You've become awfully patriotic all at once."

"No, I've become smart. Hitler was right. This is the most brilliant nation on the face of the globe. In Berlin now, if you are smart, you can live better than anywhere else the world over. You can buy a great painting for \$300, some of the best porcelain, china, glass, bronze, and pewter for a tenth or a hundredth of what it costs in New York or Paris. You can get anything you want: just ask for it."

"Give me a list of the simple things, the things you would need to pad out your daily rations. What would they cost?"

He writes it out:—

1 roll (white) .....	3 RM
1 egg .....	15 RM

50 kg soft coal.....	60 RM
1 lb. powdered milk.....	150 RM
1 pair silk stockings.....	200 RM
1 bottle liquor .....	250 RM
1 lb. butter .....	280 RM
1 pair of Nylons.....	300 RM
1 lb. tea or coffee.....	350 RM
1 lb. cocoa .....	400 RM
1 man's shirt .....	850 RM
1 pair of shoes.....	1500 RM
1 suit .....	6000 RM

As he writes, he says, "Convert into dollars and compare to New York prices. Everything less than a tenth of your retail prices—am I right?"

"What are you, a black marketeer?"

"There's no such thing as a black market. Since there is no legal market for foreign trade, there is no legal market for domestic trade. I'm a Darwinist. Hitler taught me that. He killed the Jews because they didn't kill him first. This time I'm going to be on top. I'm not going to be kicked around again by anyone."

"Why don't you become a Zionist?"

"Palestine's too small. Germany is much better. I've joined the National Democratic party. We're going to take the best things out of Hitler's lesson, leave out the anti-Semitism, leave out the concentration camps, leave out the war, but keep the organization of the nation as a tight productive machine that can out-produce and undersell everyone in the world. You know that the Americans can't keep the world market if they screw up their prices with strikes, forty-hour weeks, and other nonsense."

"You know that you're saying practically the same thing A.K. said to prove why the United States wants to make war on the U.S.S.R.?"

"Old A. is no fool. Pity that he's a Communist. He's too bright and too honest. They'll have to purge him soon."

## V

THOSE were the friends of my youth. If there is one common denominator between the four of them, and between each of them and the thirty or forty other Germans who spoke to me at length, it was a common lack of interest in moral judgment. Even L.G., who spoke of faith, was using it as a metaphysical concept. Others, like B.R. and

R.D., were replacing morals with aesthetics, or with an admiration for efficiency as if it were a self-sufficient category. You found them bitterly attacking the U.S.S.R. or the U.S.A., and when you tried to pin them down, you didn't get an attack on communism or on capitalism, but little cynical slogans like: "The Russians are dirty, they eat with their hands. . . . The Americans have no manners, they always talk in a loud voice. . . . All Russian women look dowdy, they have no sense. . . . All American women are empty-headed, they don't care for anything except money and clothes. . . . The Russians took our machinery away, and then let it rust by the railroad track. . . . The Americans, with all the resources they have at their disposal, should have won the war in four months instead of four years; the fact that it took them so long to defeat us, shows that they just can't organize."

The Neo-Nazi myth runs like this: as the victor, you can do pretty much as you please in a defeated\* country. You can kick us around, and we won't dare to protest, for if we had won the war, we would have done the same to you. But since you proved yourself the better man in combat, we also expected you to prove yourself the better man in administration. Since you haven't done so, we

might as well have the old regime back. It was pretty cruel too, but at least it was efficient, and in any case it was our own.

The intellectual myth which runs side by side with it, pretending to have nothing to do with its vulgarity, goes like this: the Nazis were crude, ignorant upstarts—small wonder they were defeated, and good riddance too. Obviously, since you've defeated them, you were the more civilized people. But if you don't give our foolish German masses some sort of image to which they can tie their idea of civilization, they may wish their old bosses back sooner or later, and we won't be able to stop them. Hurry up, it's time.

THE day I left Berlin, alone and without much hope of solving my father's problem, I called up my four friends again. That day A.K. was carrying a banner in an SED demonstration, L.G. said he was sorry he had caused me to lose my temper, B.R. said that he expected to get a U. S. visa next month, and R.D. said that he was going into the U. S. Zone to work for the NDP in the forthcoming elections.

The plane at Tempelhof was full of weeping women, bewildered children, and solemn husbands. That was the day the Soviet fighter crashed into the British airliner over Berlin.

## *For G. B. S., Old*

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

WHEN the mind burns  
the external is swallowed  
nor can cold  
censor it when it launches  
its attack

Sever man  
into his parts of bird and fish  
Wake him  
to the plausibilities  
of those changes  
he contemplates but does not dare

Until by acceptance  
he forfeits  
the green perspectives  
which frightened him off  
to his own destruction—

the mirage  
the shape of a shape  
become the shape he feared  
his Tempest frozen  
into a pattern  
of ice.



# Palm Springs: Wind, Sand, and Stars

*Cleveland Amory*

Pictorial Comment by Lucius Kroll

*Oh, give me a home  
Where the millionaires roam,  
And the dear little glamor girls play—  
Where seldom is heard  
An intelligent word,  
And we round up the dollars all day.*

**A** HUNDRED miles southeast of Hollywood, on the edge of the desert backing up against Southern California's second highest mountain, there is a windswept oasis which looks rather like an abandoned Cecil B. DeMille movie set and which from November to April each year has a population of approximately 25,000. From May to October it has 2,500. The inhabitants of this gaudy region live for the most part in glorified bungalow courts, dress in bejeweled dark glasses and as little else as the law allows, and give their address as Palm Springs, California.

They are a kindly, civilized people. They grow grapefruit so sweet you do not need sugar on it, and they grow lawns without topsoil, from seeding to cutting, in seven days. But just how their habitat became America's most fashionable desert resort—it is not only the Palm Beach of the West but also the admitted mecca of the Hollywood mink shift—has puzzled many observers. It would seem to have taken miracles.

Roughly speaking it did. Among other things it took such widely different personalities as the late Marilyn Miller and Albert

Einstein, such widely different events as a New York City political scandal and the suicide of an Australian tobacco millionaire, and such powerful influences as the sun-tan craze and the emergence of a new American Society.

It is, of course, an artificial place. But Palm Springs is perhaps the most honestly artificial of all major resorts. The song quoted above, sung by minstrel Johnny Boyle in the lobby of the Desert Inn, the most conservative in town, is witness to this. So is the favorite motto of the Inn's manager, Earl Coffman, one which might well serve as the motto for all of Palm Springs. "Early to bed and early to rise," says Earl, "and you meet few prominent people."

From its airport, which is larger than La Guardia and is run by an attractive divorcee, to its jail, which has good western sun exposure and takes its prisoners out to all meals, Palm Springs sells glamor. It has no business except resort business, and its dollar sign is not delicately hidden but blatantly out in the open. "Don't bawl out our waiters," reads the sign in The Stables, the best patronized eating place in town. "In their bracket they don't have to take it." When business at the bar slackens late in the evening, Trav Rogers,

*Cleveland Amory, author of The Proper Bostonians, began an informal series of reports on holiday resorts with "Newport: There She Sits" in our February issue.*

popular proprietor of the place, bellows, "Everybody buy a drink!"—and everybody does. Palm Springs' reputation for largesse is substantiated by well-publicized figures which prove it to have the highest per capita swimming-pool rate in the country; and though the resort's boom has tapered slightly, the lush new Palm Springs Biltmore, which opened last January, paid \$17,000 for its liquor license alone and proudly offers rates as high as \$87.50 per day.

For years the favorite running gag of The Springs, as the place is affectionately called, has been told of someone looking at some obviously underprivileged Palm Springsians and saying, "Well, *they're* certainly not millionaires." To which the obvious answer is, "No, but they were when they got here."

**I**N THIS sort of atmosphere Palm Springs' true pioneers, a band of fifty Cahuilla Indians whose reservation land checkerboards eight and one-half of Palm Springs' twenty square miles and who derive close to \$100,000 a year in rentals (of dubious legal status), have long since stopped being colorful or quaint. Among their properties are what gave Palm Springs its name, a group of four mineral baths. In these, if you are a confirmed health-through-misery seeker, you can dunk yourself quicksand-style in slimy, sulphurous mud for a period of twenty minutes for seventy-five cents. Though this is the longest you can spend in Palm Springs for so little,

the Indians now make a ten-cent cover charge for the use of a towel.

Palm Springs gambling, which operates against State law, is characteristically wide open. In the days of a one-time gaming establishment there were occasionally complaints. According to local legend, one patron declared after several sessions that he would not go to the place again without rubber gloves because he did not like to get near so many electric wires without them, and a woman once registered formal notice that the magnets in the roulette wheel had enticed the hairpins out of her coiffure. By and large, however, these people were looked upon as not getting into the spirit of the thing. And while no such charges have been leveled at Palm Springs' present-day establishments, the "139" and the "Cove," they do a business estimated by the police—from a distance, of course—at half a million dollars a year. The popular proprietor of the "139" becomes particularly annoyed when questioned about his policy of providing free taxicab service from the leading hotels and restaurants in town. "We only did that in the days of gas rationing," he says indignantly.

This past season the resort was treated to at least one affair which local leaders boast could have happened only at Palm Springs. This occurred when a prosperous-looking hail-fellow gentleman named Nathan Bernstein attended the auction of the new Sunset House apartment development. It was a sale which had been advertised as far East as the *Wall Street Journal*, and some five hundred of Palm Springs' best turned out for the event.

With some aplomb Mr. Bernstein ignored the bidding until it reached \$130,000 and then quickly outbid seven other customers, including a Seattle millionaire, to win his apartments for \$155,000. Writing a personal deposit check for \$15,500 on the Beverly Hills branch of the Security First National Bank, and signing it Ned Bennett, he disdainfully brushed aside the feeling of the auctioneer that the check should be certified, reminding him that he was a resident of one of the town's leading hotels. The deal consummated, he was being congratulated by all present when he was approached by the Palm Springs Chief of Police, an amiable man who was runner-up to Paul Lukas in the Palm Springs tennis championship a year ago.





"Ned," said the chief, "may I speak to you privately?"

"Yes," said Bernstein, alias Bennett, "by all means privately," and waving a last goodbye to the admiring crowd, he put an affectionate arm around the Chief and marched off to jail on the matter of a \$19.78 bum check charge issued by a local grocery store.

This was somewhat inconvenient for Mr. Bernstein, since he wished to sell the apartment house for more than he paid for it before his check bounced. To the credit of the Police Chief he was unable to do this. It was left to the Palm Springs *Limelight News*, however, to provide a suitable windup to the event. In an editorial in which it expressed itself as willing to bet that the auctioneer would not have taken an uncertified check in any other community, the paper concluded with a touching note to its readers:

That's a swell reputation for a resort to have and we're all for it. But Villagers have to remember that such a reputation brings in its wake a lot of Nathan Bernsteins, alias Ned Bennetts. A little caution mixed in with our high-spirited attitude on finance won't do us any harm.

## II

"THE early history of Palm Springs," says a booklet advertising the resort, "is lost in antiquity." This is undoubtedly just as well, for in some ways the history which remains seems none too precious.

The father of the town was Judge John Guthrie McCallum, who was a San Francisco attorney but not a judge and who in 1884 first sought out the mineral baths in Palm Springs for the health of a son who had contracted tuberculosis. Hard on the heels of the Judge who was not a judge arrived a Doctor who was not a doctor but who always prefixed his name with "Dr." His name was Welwood Murray, and in 1886, in a building which he characteristically borrowed instead of bought from McCallum, he established the town's first hotel. Attracting such guests as Robert Louis Stevenson, George Wharton James, John Muir, and Vice President Fairbanks, Murray not only attempted to doctor them with remarkable medical theories but also firmly established the area's tradition of sharp financial practices. In the evenings he entertained with tales of his world-wide travels. "No matter

what town you would mention," says a guest of those days, "Murray had always been there and had founded the most famous business."

In 1908 Murray had as one of his last guests Mrs. Nellie M. Coffman, the daughter of a Santa Monica hotel-keeper. Now in her eighties, a kindly, motherly woman widely hailed as the mother of Palm Springs, Mrs. Coffman had an earache when she arrived, and though she has always been a firm believer in a sort of desert Christian Science for all types of illness, she had a hard time at first. "That first night at Murray's," she says, "I prayed I might leave the desert."

Nonetheless, Mrs. Coffman also believed Palm Springs had a future. A year later, on \$2,000 down, a \$2,500 mortgage, and a ninety-day grocery credit, she founded the famed Desert Inn, which today sprawls over twenty-five acres of land which would sell in the neighborhood of \$2,000 per front foot. Since she is now writing her own autobiography she gives interviews reluctantly and stands by one quotation. "I had a conviction," this runs, "that Los Angeles would some day be a big, crowded, noisy city. I wanted a sandpile for them to play in."

CURIOUSLY enough, the first time the Desert Inn was filled to capacity was in 1916, when a movie company, thus establishing a precedent for later days, came to town on location. In 1926 Mrs. Coffman was also treated to the advent of two distinguished authors, England's John Galsworthy and America's Louella Parsons. Galsworthy stayed only a short time but Miss Parsons stayed through the season, fortifying her prestige by regularly using the lobby telephone, the only one in town, for most of her business. In her autobiography, *The Gay Illiterate*, Miss Parsons clearly states her connection with the growth of Palm Springs "The movie people started coming down from Hollywood to Palm Springs," she writes, "to see me, and before either of us knew it, Nellie had more business than she could handle."

Actually the rise of Palm Springs as a fashionable resort did not become noticeable to the uninitiated until some five years after Miss Parsons had left the place. Even Mrs. Coffman was none too responsible, for the event occurred, not at the Desert Inn at all, but at a far flossier place known as the El

Mirador Hotel. This establishment, complete with Palm Springs' biggest swimming pool, was built in 1928 at a cost of close to a million dollars.

After the market crash in October 1929 the Mirador looked like a white elephant. But Palm Springsians moved fast. A group of the leading American Plan hotel men in town, more or less reluctantly joined by the conservative Coffmans, banded together into an organization known as the Palm Springs Associates. With the aid of \$100,000 and the services of two able promotion men, Tony Burke and Frank Bogert, the former a British newspaper man and the latter an ex-stable boy at the Deep Well Ranch who had a borrowed Leica camera, they made Palm Springs a household word in America, or at least came as near to this as they could, considering the material with which they had to work.

Particularly useful to the Associates in their early days was the late Samuel Untermyer. Widely publicized as the first lawyer in the country to charge a million-dollar fee, Untermyer had a concrete Mediterranean-style house terraced in three tiers into Mt. San Jacinto. Untermyer liked publicity himself and he liked guests with large news names. In 1934, topping his list, he invited Mr. and Mrs. Albert Einstein, then fleeing the Nazis, to visit him. Einstein did not like publicity as well as his host, but he was easy prey for the resort's promoters because he spoke practically no English. On one trip to the desert on which he was shadowed he commented "*Gut*" to some bit of scenery, and this was freely translated into a nation-wide interview in which the scientist credited Palm Springs with virtually everything unobtainable elsewhere in the world.

In the same manner the late Mayor Jimmy Walker, fleeing investigation proceedings in New York and stopping first at the Untermyer home and later at the Mirador, was nationally quoted as having found his Shangri-La in Palm Springs. He made the statement to Little Bear, a Cherokee Indian who headed the welcoming committee which staged a mock holdup of Walker's train upon its arrival. At that particular moment, of course, Shangri-La for the Mayor was as far from New York as possible.

Though the Associates were not averse to random scenic shots—Constance Bennett bi-

cycling in shorts was a favorite—they concentrated on the Mirador. No top-ranking representative of the press was ever charged a nickel at the hotel, and those attracted ran the gamut from Lord Beaverbrook to Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. When the father of Barbara Hutton pulled into town with two Rolls Royces—the second bearing his servants and drawing a trailer—and ignored the Mirador in favor of camping on the desert, irate Palm Springsians promptly declared open season on him. In short order he reported to the police the loss of all his dress clothes, including a complete set of black pearl studs and cufflinks.

From the Mirador pool, which was the first swimming pool in the country to have a trough dug underneath and a plate glass window installed for underwater breast-and-leg photography, pictures of stars and starlets emanated to the four corners of America. The bare midriff dress reputedly originated from beside the Mirador pool, and the most famous single picture was a so-called "Beauty and the Beast" shot of the late Marilyn Miller, the Sunshine Girl, tanning herself beside shorts-clad Jimmy Durante.

ONE or two genuine events also helped to publicize the resort. One of these was the coming to Palm Springs, for relief from his headaches, of Freeman Gosden, the Amos of Amos 'n Andy. With Charles Correll he broadcast his show daily from the Mirador Tower. This was obviously good for promotion, but even better was an event which also took place at the Tower at a time—the spring of 1933—when the world outside Palm Springs was in serious trouble. One of the hotel's most distinguished guests, an Australian tobacco millionaire, one day excused himself from the nurse who always accompanied him, bypassed the men's room where he was apparently headed, and climbed briskly to the balcony outside the Tower. After first attracting the attention of everyone around the pool, he did a few limbering up exercises and then plunged to his death ninety feet below. Palm Springs was shocked, of course; but since the suicide occurred at high noon on a Sunday it was, in the final analysis, more grist for the mill and hit the front pages all over the country.

There is no question that the work of the Associates paid off. Palm Springs doubled in



size even in the depression years, 1929 to 1934, doubled again from 1934 to 1939, and has lately, from 1945 to 1948, doubled a third time. Today the Mirador is a general hospital, but the crowd which frequented it became in many cases so enamored with Palm Springs that they began building homes of their own.

**A**FTER the Associates had convinced the world that Palm Springs was the place where, as the slogan ran, "The Sun Shines on the Stars," the movie stars began to take root. The pioneer was Paul Lukas, who in 1935, on one acre for which he paid \$500, built a conservative two-bedroom house which cost him \$4,750. Though his home has no swimming pool, and thus is socially suspect, he was offered \$42,000 for it only this past season, and the land on which it is located now runs about \$4,000 an acre.

Other stars were not so conservative. Outstanding are the home of Al Jolson, the interiors of which were conceived by the art director of Columbia Pictures—and look it; the home of Darryl Zanuck, whose lawn is lighted for night croquet, and hence is called "The Ball Park"; and the home of Frank Sinatra. The latter, newest of stars' estates and built in sixty days this past winter at a cost of \$110,000, is featured by a swimming pool built in the shape of a grand piano. Sinatra is proud of his pool but declares he is even more proud of the fact that his house is the only one he knows of which has a master showerbath with sunken faucets. To visitors he demonstrates that it is completely bump-proof.

Palm Springs' No. 1 showplace is the home of industrial designer Raymond Loewy. The author of the Studebaker car and well-known in the streamlined field, Loewy designed his house in one evening and in one fell swoop carried Palm Springs' swimming pool architecture to its logical conclusion. Loewy's pool, which is kidney-shaped, occupies one-half of the total floor area of his home and even enters part of the living room and front hall. Though his home is both attractive and exciting, his pool is so difficult to avoid that at his housewarming party a year ago two of his guests, actor William Powell and singer Tony Martin, took a step backward from the front door and fell in. Promptly Loewy also took a full-clothes dip, a practice which he feels makes his guests in such a situation feel more

comfortable. Loewy declares that the cost of his house, which has two bedrooms, quarters for one servant, and no dining room, was "well under \$100,000," in spite of a charge of \$15,000 to have power and telephone lines placed underground in order not to interfere with his desert vista. "The philosophy of this place is," he says, "that the day is over for expensive houses."

More important to Palm Springs social life than any private home is Charles Farrell's famed Racquet Club; in fact, its fashion show, which takes place on or about October 15 each year, officially opens the resort's social season. Born in 1900, Farrell, who worked his way through Boston University as a professional host in a chain restaurant and later starred in "Seventh Heaven" and other pictures, is both socially and politically the most important man in town. (A few weeks ago he was elected mayor of Palm Springs.) At the fashion show each year he proves he wears his honors lightly by dressing in white tie, top hat, and tails and somersaulting into the swimming pool.

A good-natured, nervous, absent-minded man, Farrell founded his club in 1934 with Ralph Bellamy—"as a hangout for the gang," he puts it—and now is sole owner. He can put up seventy-five guests at a time and does some



UNIVERSITY  
PUBLIC

\$400,000 worth of business a year. The club has two hundred yearly members, who have paid \$500 initiation as well as \$10 a month dues, and fifty seasonal members, who pay \$200 a season but no dues, together with a host of rather nebulous members-in-waiting who are always talking about joining up but never do, meanwhile using the facilities of the club on guest cards or through "knowing Charlie."

The club is built around a large bar, which has glass walls on two sides, one facing the tennis courts and the other the swimming pool, and thus gives even nonparticipants in sports the impression of activity. There is an elaborate buzz system at the gate, and officers of the club are proud of its reputation for exclusiveness. "We've stopped a lot of important people," one declares. "We stopped Mickey Rooney three times."

In 1934, before the club even had a bar, it attracted in one weekend a foursome which consisted of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Marlene Dietrich, and Leslie Howard, and it has been doing just as well ever since. Spencer Tracy now has his own house right on the grounds, and other celebrities from Sam Goldwyn and Jack Benny on down the line regularly vie with one another for weekend privileges. Though actual swimming is looked upon with disfavor, tennis is of a high order, and movie stars play side by side with such Racquet Club notables as Pauline Betz, Jane Stanton, Donald Budge, and Frank Shields. Some idea of the informal tone of the club was indicated by a letter Farrell sent out to all members in the heat of this past season:

When calling for reservations, please call reservations and not C. Farrell unless you want to drive me ca-razy. And, No. 1. If you want to make friends and influence people, please don't make a reservation and then send someone else. No. 2. Please don't send people to the club that you wouldn't bring with you or have at your house. No. 3. Please have a little consideration for the reservation department as we have 35 rooms and over 200 members. If everyone wants to send their friends and relatives our 35 rooms won't last very long. . . .

Just keep your sense of humor and don't give me a hard time because you can't always get the reservations you want.

And I love you too,

CHARLIE

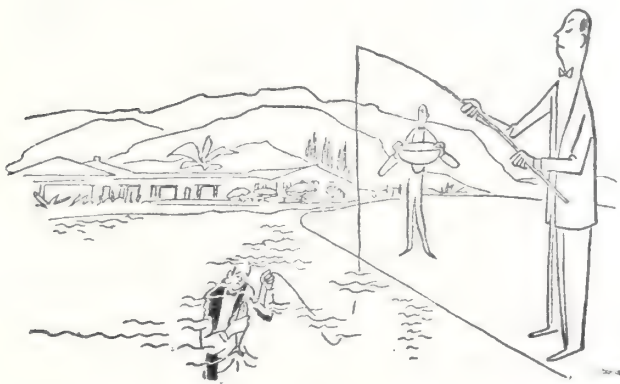
Lately the Racquet Club has been challenged by a new million-dollar rendezvous which is architecturally a far more impressive venture and which is called the Tennis Club. Designed by the noted Negro architect Paul Williams, this breath-taking establishment was begun two years ago, and the building which contains its dining room, bar, and kitchen was actually built right into the San Jacinto mountainside at a cost of half a million dollars. Though, like the Racquet Club, the Tennis Club is a commercial proposition, it was conceived by a group which represents the stricter element of Los Angeles Society and which, with the possible exception of Walter Pidgeon, who is acceptable even in Pasadena, has little to do with the movie set. Compared with its rival club, whose membership is some forty per cent Jewish, the Tennis Club has less than a dozen Jewish members among its seven hundred-odd total. And according to President Lee Bering, an ex-Los-Angeles restaurateur, it has only about the same number of movie people. "We have just the quieter ones," Bering declares, "like the Robert Taylors, Rudy Vallee, and Bob Hope."





In contrast to the Racquet Club, which allows children on the premises only two weeks a year, at Thanksgiving and Easter, the Tennis Club prides itself on being a family club. It has nothing as flamboyant as the Racquet Club's two-foot-high chessmen to decorate its lawn, but, since it nestles against the mountain, it has less trouble with the wind for its tennis, and in the evening it discourages slacks or shorts on the dance floor.

The Tennis Club also has what is considered an impressively aristocratic fishing custom. Every evening at cocktail time, Tennis Club members who wish trout for dinner are privileged to catch their own. The fish, brought into the club in aerated tanks or iced milk cans, are locked in a small brook, and as each member steps up to his position, he is handed a ready-baited line by a white-coated



waiter. After he has caught his fish, he hands his line back to the waiter, who unhooks it and carries it to the chef carefully marked so that each member can get the fish he himself caught.

During the past season, however, there was no fishing at the Tennis Club. There were plenty of fish but there was no water to put them in. There was a drought.

### III

THE new American Society, of which Palm Springs is perhaps the most prominent resort example, consists of the maharajahs of moviedom blended as conspicuously as possible with an assortment of industrial moguls. This assortment, at the Racquet Club at least, has included everything from the country's largest banker to a bona fide yo-yo king. Shunned by most fashionable East-

erners, with the exception of New York's Stork and "21" set and such Manhattan industrialists as hover on the fringe of this group, the resort is also traditionally avoided by San Franciscans. The latter regard Palm Springs as one of Southern California's major evils and have their own Carmel for lengthy stays and Lake Tahoe for briefer periods. Nonetheless, Palm Springs draws heavily from the Midwest—Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Minneapolis are always represented—and also does surprisingly well in the Northwest. "I'll take Seattle people," says Frank Bogert, who is now the proprietor of the new Thunderbird Ranch, and is well aware that guests from Los Angeles sometimes depart for home during bad weather. "When the wind blows, they're here."

Wherever its members come from, however, Palm Springs Society is Hollywood-dominated. This is particularly true in the matter of dress, and even extends to the Tennis Club, where movie people are none too welcome. "Even I gave up dressing here," says Adolphe Menjou, a pioneer homebuilder. (Menjou, incidentally, feels very strongly on the matter of women in shorts. "I would call Palm Springs," he says sternly, "the home of the varicose vein.") The Hollywood domination is also evident in the matter of conversation. Around the Racquet Club bar the talk is of *the* industry, and there is no mistaking which industry this is.

Even such an accomplished name-man as Walter Winchell has been brought up short. Learning from a long distance telephone conversation at the Racquet Club bar that George Marshall wanted copies of a recent column, Winchell was delighted. "*George Marshall wants them!*" he said happily to Farrell. The owner of the Racquet Club feigned a puzzled look, then asked quietly, "Which George Marshall, Walter?"

Farrell then explained to the columnist that as far as he was concerned there were three George Marshalls—first, the director who gave him his first lead in a picture; second, the owner of the Washington Redskins; and third, and finally, the General and Secretary of State. "Hell," he says affably, "the first two are both good customers. The General hasn't ever been to the club."

Farrell was joking, of course, but there is no question that just as Newporters get ex-

cited over the appearance of Mrs. Vanderbilt at Bailey's Beach, or Palm Beachers welcome the Duke and Duchess of Windsor, the Racquet Club is titillated by the advent of its most distinguished members. When news is passed around that Joan Crawford has phoned from Beverly Hills and is on her way, everyone wonders whether the waiters will have her milk and crackers—she likes them ready in her room when she arrives—prepared to her satisfaction, and also whom she will be bringing with her. This latter is always an important question. Everyone wants to know who will be with Clark Gable and, by way of contrast, the arrival of Errol Flynn, with Mrs. Flynn, can prove almost equally interesting.

Non-movie talk around Palm Springs pools often concerns itself with the ever-pressing problem of the turn-in prices on Cadillacs and the perennial complaint of all resorters, particularly charming in the case of The Springs, that the place isn't what it used to be and that it is too bad the visitor didn't see it in the old days before all the riffraff came. Although no one individual has ever matched the standing record of the Southwest in drinking—it was set by the late Herbert Uihlein, of Milwaukee, at the Arizona Biltmore Hotel in Phoenix, at seventy-five highballs in one day—the liquor consumption at the resort is extremely heavy. This is in keeping with a social life whose pace is so demanding that at the last Big Top Ball, the season's outstanding fancy dress affair, the prize-winning costume was that of a man who came in bathrobe and slippers with painted circles under his eyes and announced himself as a Palm Springs houseguest.

At the Racquet Club drinking starts in the morning with a cocktail called the "Bloody Mary." This is a drink ostensibly served to relieve hangovers and consists of tomato juice, Worcestershire sauce, and vodka. Once downed it makes any other accomplishment on the daily schedule seem easy. The official Racquet Club Cocktail, or "Sneaky Pete," as it is sometimes called, is made up of the following:

2 oz. orange juice  
juice of 1½ limes  
1½ oz. Southern Comfort  
1 dash Falernum

The resort Society at Palm Springs has also had a high reputation for untrammelled con-

duct. Priscilla Chaffey, for eleven years editor of the *Limelight News*, makes no attempt to deny the charge. "The climate here," she says frankly, "is sexy." As a young reporter she recalls jokingly asking the late Alvah Hicks, head of the Palm Springs water works, what was the latest scandal in town. "There isn't any," replied Hicks briefly. "We're too broad-minded for scandal."

If Palm Springs laxity is celebrated, Palm Springs culture is not. The Palm Springs Book Shop has the dubious distinction, among men in the book business, of having what they call "the cleanest stock in the West." By this they mean that there is a better turnover of old books than at any other store of comparable size. The shop accomplishes this, it readily admits, by catering to the wishes of many actors and actresses and other Palm Springs homebuilders who wish books for their libraries but are not particular about content. "We have a flat rate per shelf," says one bookseller, "and we can get rid of anything if the color on the jacket's all right with the interior decorator."

#### IV

OF LATE years there has been a disturbing trend on the part of more conservative groups at the resort to beat a path out into the desert away from Palm Springs. Off to a good start in this race, since they left years ago, are the resort's oldest and most socially correct ranches, Smoke Tree and Deep Well, which are located two miles out of town. Smoke Tree is the only ranch in the vicinity to have actual home owners on its property and has also a system of screening applicants as severe as that of any New York club. The rural delights of Deep Well, which also caters primarily to the blue-jean horsy set, are in the equally severe hands of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, who rank as the deans of Palm Springs' ranchers. "Don't write a word about Deep Well," says Mrs. Bennett. "We don't want people to come here because they think they're going to meet fashionable people."

Ten miles out of Palm Springs a new 1,620-acre venture known as Palm Desert is an even sharper illustration of the trend to get away. To open next fall, under a board of directors which includes such names as General H. H. Arnold, Edgar Bergen, and Harold Lloyd, it



is called the Shadow Mountain Club and advertises that it will be "The Community of Your Dreams." Apparently beyond the stage of calling attention only to such features as a 130-foot figure-eight swimming pool, one roadside sign declares firmly: "We are going to have a library and an art museum."

Twenty miles from Palm Springs is La Quinta, the so-called Ritz of the Desert, which has an exceptionally loyal clientele and is in great demand by publishers, authors, hypochondriacs, Greta Garbo, etc., all of whom feel they have either culturally or socially outgrown Palm Springs. Twenty-five miles away, even more exclusive Society prevails at the one thousand-acre ranch of industrialist Floyd Odium and his wife, the speed aviatrix Jacquelin Cochran. Rated the most famous private ranch in the West, it has entertained as many as three full generals in one weekend and has not only the best golf course anywhere in the vicinity but also guest houses, each of which has its own individual sand dune. Odium opens his golf course to the public and charges greens fees which enable him to operate it at a profit. Golfers are also privileged to buy Jacquelin Cochran cosmetics direct at the caddy house.

Palm Springs' answer to this disturbing trend is to be found in what is undoubtedly

the most ambitious project currently being attempted at any resort in America. This is a five-million-dollar undertaking which will enable people to go 8,500 feet up Mt. San Jacinto via a twelve-minute aerial tramway ride. Although it has not yet gone beyond the promoting stage, it is expected some day to make Palm Springs not only a desert resort and a ski resort at the same time but also a place where people will stay all year round.

To veteran Palm Springians the tramway may be the answer. Among the resort's strongest enthusiasts must be ranked the two Netcher brothers, Townsend and Irving. Chicagoans who inherited their money from the Boston Store, they are internationally known playboys who have been going to Palm Springs for so many years that they find it difficult to leave when the season is over. To leave before the end of the season would be unthinkable.

In March of this year when the present Mrs. Irving Netcher, the former Roszika Dolly, suggested such a step to her husband, she was greeted with a statement which is stern indication of Palm Springs' hold on at least one segment of its clientele. Netcher's reply was quiet but firm.

"There's nowhere else to go," he said. "It's too early for the Riviera."



# Catalina

## *A Novel in Three Parts—Conclusion*

W. Somerset Maugham



### XXVI

DOMINGO gave Catalina his hand and helped her up onto the horse so that she could sit on the pillion behind him. It was still and warm, but high up in the heavens there was wind and little clouds sped across the sky, black but edged with the silver of the shining moon. The countryside was deserted and they might have been riding in a world of which they were the only denizens.

"Uncle Domingo."

"Yes?"

"I'm going to be married."

"Make quite sure of it, child. It is a sacrament necessary to salvation, but one which men in general hesitate to avail themselves of."

They passed a sleeping hamlet and beyond it was a clump of trees. As they came to it a figure detached itself from their shadow. Catalina slipped off the horse and flung herself in Diego's arms. Domingo dismounted.

"Come, come," he said. "You'll have plenty of time for that sort of thing later. Get on the horse, both of you, and be off."

The lovers rode for an hour and Catalina talked her head off. She could not imagine anything more like heaven than to ride

through the night in the open country with her arms clasped round her lover. "I could ride like this to the end of the world," she said.

"I'm hungry," he answered. "Let us stop here and see what is in those saddlebags."

They were passing a wood and he reined in the horse. Catalina was well aware that his appetite just then was not for food and drink and a tremor of desire tingled down her body; but it had needed the admonitions neither of the Prioress nor of Domingo to tell her that it was very imprudent to let a man have his will of you until the Church had sanctified the union. She knew that men have an instinctive disinclination to marry and she had known cases of girls who had yielded to their lovers only to have them refuse afterward to fulfill their promises.

"Let us ride on, dear," she said. "The Prioress said we might be pursued."

"I'm not frightened," he said.

He passed his leg over the horse's head and slipping to the ground lifted Catalina off the horse's back. She was in his arms and he kissed her on the eyes and on the mouth. He took hold of the bridle and with his arm still about Catalina's waist made for the wood. But at that moment a sharp shower of rain fell upon them. They were both startled, for the night had seemed fair and they had not



noticed the black cloud over their heads. Now Diego was as brave as a lion and would have faced armed men with intrepidity, but he was terrified of rain. Moreover he had put on his best clothes before starting and could not bear to get them wet.

"It's not raining over there," he said, pointing a little way down to the other side of the road. "Let's run."

But they had no sooner reached the spot he indicated than the rain suddenly began to fall there too and more heavily. Diego gave an exclamation of annoyance.

"It's only a local shower," he said. "If we ride quickly we shall get out of it."

He mounted, helped Catalina up, and clapping his spurs into the horse's flanks galloped down the road. But no sooner had they got away from the wood than the rain stopped as abruptly as it had begun. He looked up at the sky. There were dark clouds behind them, but ahead the sky was blue and serene. They rode in silence. After a little while, perhaps half an hour, they came to a little copse.

"This'll do," said Diego, reining in the horse.

Again the shower came suddenly, as it did three more times before Diego cried in exasperation, "This is the strangest thing I've ever seen in my life."

"Almost a miracle," she murmured.

Diego gave it up as a bad job. They went on through the night. At last the sun rose. They were on the top of a little hill and looking down saw in the gray dimness of dawn a small village. They entered the village and suddenly the horse stopped dead.

"What's the matter with you, you brute? Get on with you," cried Diego, digging in his spurs.

The horse did not move. Catalina began to laugh and he turned on her furiously. "What is there to laugh at?"

"Don't be cross with me, my love. Don't you see where we are? The church."

Diego, frowning, looked and he noticed for the first time that the horse had stopped in front of the church which was on the very edge of the village.

Just at this moment the priest, who had been saying his Mass, came out of the church and hurried up to see if he could be of help.

"It's providential that this should have occurred at the church door," said Catalina, "for

we were looking for a priest to marry us."

She turned her back on them, raised her skirt, and quickly got a gold piece out of the bag the Prioress had given her. With her bewitching smile she showed it on the palm of her hand.

"But who are you?" he asked doubtfully. "Why do you want to be married in a strange place and in such a hurry?"

He did not take his eyes off the glistening coin.

"Have pity on two young lovers, father."

"Follow me," said the priest, and re-entered the church.

The ceremony was speedily performed and Catalina Perez was joined in holy matrimony with Diego Martinez.

THE priest had told them that some fifteen miles along the road was an inn where they could get lodging and there they decided to stay the night. They rode in silence for three or four miles.

"Are you happy, dear?" asked Catalina at last.

"Of course."

"I will be a good wife to you. For love of you I will work my fingers to the bone."

"There will be no need for you to do that. There's plenty of money to be made in Seville by a clever man and no one has ever taken me for a fool."

"I should think not indeed."

They were silent again for a while and it was Catalina who spoke again.

"What is the matter with you, darling?" she said.

"Nothing."

"Look at me, sweetheart. I'm hungry for a glance of your eyes."

"How can I look at you when the road is full of ruts and holes?"

"Why are you vexed with me?"

He took some time to reply.

"The showers last night, the odd behavior of the horse this morning. It does not augur well for our future happiness if whenever we have a difference of opinion a miracle will occur to let you have your own way. A man should be master in his own home. It is a wife's duty to yield to her husband's wishes and it should be her pleasure."

Catalina had her arms round him and he felt them shaking.

"You won't make it any better by crying," he said.

"I'm not crying."

"What are you doing then?"

"Laughing."

"Laughing? It's no laughing matter, woman. It's very serious and I have the right to be disturbed."

"You are very sweet, my darling, and I love you with all my heart, but sometimes you are not very sensible."

"Explain," he said coldly.

"The Prioress told me that I owed the favors I have received at the hands of Our Blessed Lady to my virginity. It appears that in heaven they set great store on that. It may be that when I have lost it I shall receive no more."

Upon this Diego turned as far around in

the saddle as he could and there was a sly smile on his handsome face.

"Blessed be the mother that bore you," he cried. "We will put the matter to the test without delay."

"The sun is growing warm. It would be pleasant to rest for a while under the shade of trees till the heat of the day is past."

"That is the very thought that was passing through my head."

"And unless my eyes deceive me there is a wood not more than a mile away that will do very nicely."

He gave the horse a touch of his spurs and galloped hell for leather till they came to the wood. He jumped off and lifted Catalina down. It was cool and dark under the trees and a trickle of water flowed down the bed of a tiny stream. The spot was propitious.



## XXVII

**W**HEN they emerged from the wood, Diego leading the horse, the sunrays flamed less fiercely.

"It was just as well to make assurance doubly sure," he said.

"Treble," she murmured, not without a certain smug selfsatisfaction.

"That is nothing, child," he returned with a very pardonable complacency. "You do not know yet of what I am capable."

"You are as shameless as you are adorable," she said.

"I am as God made me," he answered modestly.

They rode on slowly for six or seven miles and then saw in the mellow light of the late afternoon a disorderly building by the roadside. That was evidently the inn of which the priest had spoken.

"We shall be there very soon. Are you tired, sweetheart?"

"Tired?" she answered. "Why should I be tired? I'm as fresh as a lark."

They had ridden a good forty miles and

since the day before she had not slept more than an hour. She was sixteen.

They were in the plain now and the country stretched widely on both sides of the road. The harvest had been gathered and the fields were brown and dry. Here and there grew a few gnarled oak trees; here and there a grove of age-old olives.

They reached the inn. A group of people were sitting on benches at the door; they gave the two travelers a glance of curiosity, but otherwise took no notice of them. They appeared sunk in a lethargy of gloom. When the landlord came he told Diego in a surly tone that there wasn't an unoccupied bed in the place. A troupe of actors had arrived the day before to give a performance at a neighboring castle where its lord, a grandee of Spain, was celebrating the marriage of his son and heir. The people on the benches, evidently the actors of whom he spoke, stared at the young couple with a somewhat hostile indifference.

"But you must find us something, mine host," said Diego. "We have ridden far and can ride no further."



"I tell you, I have no room, Señor. They are sleeping in the kitchen, they are sleeping in the stables."

In the Spain of that day innkeepers provided only lodging and the traveler had to bring his food with him. But at this moment the steward of the great lord arrived with a kid and a hunk of pork so that the actors might be well fed for their coming performance. Grudgingly, Catalina and Diego were told they might have a share.

The landlord presently called them in and they sat down to supper, the actors still frowning and indisposed to talk.

"And where, pray, is Master Alonso?" the landlord asked, looking around. "Has he not been told that supper is ready?"

"He will not come," said a middle-aged woman who played duennas, wicked stepmothers, and widowed queens and was also the wardrobe mistress. "He says he has no heart to eat."

"An empty stomach only makes misfortune doubly hard to bear."

"If you will not think me impertinent," said Catalina, "I should like to ask you what the trouble is."

THEY were only too glad to tell her, for it was very much on their minds. The company belonged to Alonso Fuentes, who also wrote many of the plays they acted, and his wife Luisa was his leading woman. Early that morning she had run away with the leading man and taken with her all the cash she could lay hands on. It was a catastrophe. For Luisa Fuentes had been a great attraction and they were well aware that it was she that had brought the money into the box office. Alonso was in despair. He had not only lost a wife, but an actress and a source of income. It was enough to upset any man. Now their tongues were loosened. The men reviled the perfidy of woman and wondered how such a fine creature could throw herself away on the indifferent actor their leading man had been. The women on the other hand asked how any woman could be expected to stay with a bald fat man like Alonso when she had the chance of a handsome young fellow like Juanito Azuria. The conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the abandoned husband. He was small and plump, no longer young, with the rubber face of the

actor of many parts. He sat down morosely.

"This is my last meal on earth," he said, "for after supper I have every intention of hanging myself."

"Have no fear," the wardrobe mistress murmured to Catalina. "Alonso will not hang himself tonight because he has to give a performance tomorrow, and once an actor always an actor. He won't disappoint his public."

"It is not the injury to my honor that has driven me to desperation," said the actor, "but the loss of the two most important members of my company. We have to play tomorrow, but how can I give a performance without actors?"

"I could very well play the part of Don Ferdinand," said one skinny fellow.

"You?" cried the actor-manager scornfully. "How could you with your horse face and your shrill voice play the part of a gallant, audacious, headstrong, and passionate prince? No, that is a part *I* could play, but who is going to take the part of the lovely Dorotea?"

"I know the lines," said the wardrobe mistress. "It is true that I am not so young as I was . . ."

"Very true," Alonso interrupted, "and I beg to remind you that Dorotea is an innocent virgin of unsurpassed beauty and your mature figure suggests that you may at any moment give birth to a litter of pigs."

"Is it possible that you are referring to *Truth with Zeal even Heaven can Move*?" asked Catalina, who had been following the conversation with attention.

"It is," said Alonso, not without surprise. "But how did you know?"

"It is one of my uncle's favorite plays. We used to read it together. He often said that Dorotea's speech when she indignantly rejects the dishonorable advances of Don Ferdinand is equal to anything that the great Lope de Vega has written."

"Do you know it?"

"By heart."

She began to recite, but then, noticing that the company were watching her with curiosity, was seized with shyness and, faltering, stopped. "Go on, go on," cried the actor.

She blushed, smiled, and plucking up her courage, started again and spoke the long tirade to its end with so much grace, pathos, and sincerity that they were all amazed. Several indeed were moved to tears.

"Saved," cried Alonso. "You shall play Dorotea with me tomorrow and I will play Don Ferdinand."

"How could I?" she said in a fright. "I should die. I have never acted. It is impossible. I should be struck dumb."

"Your youth and beauty will make up for any deficiencies. I will help you. Listen, fair one, you alone can save us. If you refuse we cannot play and there will be no money. We shall be reduced to begging our bread in the streets."

The rest of the company joined their entreaties to those of Alonso Fuentes and in the end Catalina agreed, with Diego's willing consent, to rehearse the play and if the rest thought she acquitted herself with credit to risk a performance; so after supper the table was pushed to one side and the rehearsal begun.

She had a good memory and she had recited the scenes in which Dorotea appeared often enough with Domingo to be tolerably sure of her words. She did remarkably well and Alonso was confident that with another rehearsal next morning she would be competent to appear before an audience. She was flushed and happy and looked so beautiful that he felt certain her inexperience would pass unnoticed.

"Go to bed, children," he said to his company, "and sleep in comfort. Our troubles are at an end."

"But where can we sleep? Diego asked. "There are no rooms."

"Nonsense," said Alonso. "Has not my wife Luisa gone? And the vile Juanito? You shall have their beds, and both in the same room!"

## XXVIII

EARLY next morning they rehearsed the play again and then carriages arrived to take them to the Duke's castle. But at the last moment Catalina's heart failed her and crying that she could never face the ordeal of appearing before an audience, she begged Alonso to let her stay behind; he flew into a passion and telling her it was now too late to withdraw bundled her into a carriage and seated himself beside her. She was in a flood of tears, but with the duenna to help

him, he managed presently to calm her and by the time they arrived she was sufficiently composed.

A stage had been erected in the courtyard and when the gentry had eaten their fill the actors were summoned to give their performance. The distinguished audience was not a little amused by Alonso in the part of a gay seducer, for it was not one that his appearance made plausible; but they were charmed by Catalina's grace, the music of her voice, and the elegance of her delivery, and when the play was over paid her many fine compliments. The Duchess asked that they should be presented to her and all were astounded by their beauty, the modesty of their demeanour, and their gallant bearing. The Duchess gave Catalina a gold chain and the Duke, not to be outdone, took a ring off his finger and gave it to Diego. Alonso likewise was richly rewarded and the company returned to the inn.

They had barely got down from the carriages when Alonso bowed before Catalina. "I will speak bluntly," he said. "I invite you to join my troupe."

"Me?" said Catalina, astounded.

"Though you still have everything to learn, you have gifts that it would be a sin to waste. You do not yet know how to act. But if you will place yourself in my hands I will make you the greatest actress in Spain."

Catalina seemed unable to speak a word in reply. Alonso Fuentes had caught the look she gave Diego and now with a smile turned to him.

"You have good looks, young fellow, and a fine presence. There is no reason why with experience you should not be able to make yourself useful in suitable parts."

"He can sing like an angel," Catalina cried.

"All the better. There are few plays in which there is not a song or two to enliven the proceedings. Well, what do you say?"

"What do you think, beloved?" asked Catalina, with her most charming smile.

She had in point of fact by now made up her mind to accept it, but she well knew that men like to think they decide matters for themselves.

"You will not only be helping me in my difficult situation," said Alonso, "but you will be benefiting yourselves, for you will visit with me the most famous cities of Spain."



Diego's eyes sparkled. He could not but see that this would be vastly more amusing than to sit for twelve hours a day on a tailor's bench.

"I've always wanted to see the world," he smiled.

"And you shall, my sweet," said Catalina.

"Master Alonso, we will gladly join your troupe."

"And you shall be a great actress."

"*Olé, olé!*" cried the other members of the company.

Alonso called for wine and they drank to the health of their new comrades.



## XXIX

SINCE at that time there were no theaters in Spain, plays were given in courtyards where the windows and balconies of the surrounding houses could serve as boxes for the nobility and gentry. The ceiling was the blue heaven except in the height of summer when awnings against the sun were drawn from roof to roof. In front of the stage were a few benches and round the courtyard others, arranged stepwise, for the respectable middle class. The common people stood on the bare ground, the men in front and the women, squeezed together in a boarded off space, behind. Partly for fear of fire and partly for morality's sake the performances took place in the afternoon. The scenery consisted of a single backcloth, and change of scene was indicated by the players' words.

The elopement of Alonso's wife with the leading man had caused him to change his route and when they had played at Manzanares he set forth with his company for Seville where he knew he would be able to engage an actor for the parts which his own age and appearance prevented him from playing himself. They went first to Ciudad Real, a rich city, and from there to Valdepeñas; they made the ascent of the Sierra Morena and entered Andalusia by the rocky defile called the Puerto de Despeñaperros. They crossed the Guadalquivir and at last reached Cordova, where they played for a week; then, after following for a while the noble river, they came to Carmona, where they gave a performance, and finally reached Seville. Master Alonso engaged the actor he wanted and they

settled down for a month. After that they took to the road again. It was a hard life. The inns they slept in were miserable and the beds so bad and filthy that, tired though they were and exhausted by the heat of summer or chilled to the bone by the cold of winter, they often preferred to sleep on the floor. They were bitten by fleas, stung by mosquitoes, tormented by bugs and vexed by lice. When they were playing they rose at dawn to study their parts. They rehearsed from nine till twelve, dined, and went to the theater; they left it at seven; and then, however weary, if they were wanted by persons of consequence, the mayor, a judge, a nobleman who was giving a party, off they had to go and give another performance.

IT DID not take Alonso Fuentes long to find out that Diego, notwithstanding his good looks and his self-assurance, would never be much of an actor, so he allowed him to sing the songs with which the plays were interspersed, for his voice was pleasing, and to play small parts. On the other hand he took pains to make an actress of Catalina. He knew his business and had a vivid sense for theatrical effect; she was an apt pupil and a quick student, so that under his tuition, which was intensive and sometimes brutal, she ceased in time to be a clever amateur and became a competent professional. Alonso was rewarded for his trouble, for she found favor with the public and brought prosperity to the company. He enlarged his troupe and extended his repertory. Among others he engaged a young actress called Rosalia Vazquez, partly to console himself for the loss of his wife and

partly to play seconds, for the boy who had been used to play them had by then lost his treble voice and was starting to shave. Moreover Catalina had first one baby and then another, so that it was necessary to have a good enough actress to replace her when childbirth for a period kept her out of the bill.

Thus three happy, strenuous years passed. By then Catalina had learned all that Alonso Fuentes could teach her and the two children she had borne to Diego made it difficult to continue a life of incessant wandering. Her beauty and her talent had attracted the attention of influential persons and more than one had suggested that she and Diego should form their own company and establish themselves in Madrid. Some in their admiration for her gifts went so far as to offer financial assistance. Now Alonso Fuentes was not only manager, director, and actor, but also author, and every year, mostly during Lent when play-acting was prohibited, he turned out two or three plays. It had not escaped Catalina's notice that in the plays he wrote presumably to show *her* off to best advantage the parts he wrote for Rosalia Vazquez tended to become more and more substantial.

"Things can't go on like this," she told Diego.

And he agreed they couldn't. They talked and talked, and then, one day, Catalina conceived the bright idea of sending for Domingo Perez. He had been an actor himself, he was a playwright, and if they finally decided to go into management for themselves they might put on one or two of his plays and he would certainly be able to put them in touch with authors. Diego approved, so she wrote to him. She had already written three or four times, first to tell him that she was married, well and happy, and then to announce the birth of her children; but knowing how bitterly it would grieve her mother, she had thought it better not to say that she and Diego were become strolling players. She asked him now, but without giving any particular reason, to visit them at Segovia. They were spending Lent there, partly because it happened to be Alonso's native city, but chiefly because his company had been engaged to play a religious drama in the Cathedral at Easter and it was now in rehearsal. It was Alonso's latest play and he had chosen the life of Mary Magdalen as his subject.



### XXX

**D**OMINGO, always glad of a jaunt, no sooner received Catalina's letter than he hired a horse, packed food and a couple of shirts in the saddle bags, and set out. He was pleased on his arrival at Segovia to find Catalina with her husband and children installed in a decent lodging and delighted to see that she was even more beautiful than before. She was then nineteen. Her face had lost its appealing childishness, but had gained perfection of line. Her figure was as slender as ever and she moved with an enchanting grace. She was a woman now, a very young woman certainly, but a woman of character, sure of herself and conscious of her beauty.

"You look prosperous enough, my dear," he said. "What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, we'll come to that later," said Catalina. "First tell me how my mother is and how is everyone at Castel Rodriguez and what happened after we ran away and how is Doña Beatriz?"

"One thing at a time, child," he laughed. "And remember I have come a long way and I am thirsty."

"Run to Rodrigo's and get a bottle of wine, dear," said Catalina, and Domingo smiled when he saw her dive into some recess of her petticoats and taking out a purse give Diego a few coins. "I shan't be a minute," said Diego as he went out.

"I see that you are prudent, sweetheart," grinned Domingo.



"It didn't take me long to discover that men can't be trusted with money and if a man has no money he can't get into mischief," she laughed. "But now answer my questions."

"Your mother is in good health, she sends you her love, her piety is exemplary, and it is doubtless for that reason that the Prioress gives her a pension so that she is no longer obliged to work."

When he had told her all the gossip he demanded news of herself, what she was doing.

"Can't you guess? How often have you told me of the days when you wandered over Spain under the burning sun of summer, in the bitter cold of winter, barefoot, not to save your boots but because you had worn out your only pair and with but one shirt to your back?"

"God in heaven, you're not strolling players?"

"My poor uncle, I am leading woman in the celebrated company of Alonso Fuentes and Diego sings and dances and is a much better actor than Alonso will allow."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner?" cried Domingo. "I would have brought half a dozen plays with me."

At this moment Diego returned with the wine and while Domingo drank Catalina told him how it had come about that she and Diego had become actors.

Then they told Domingo what was on their minds. He was a prudent man and when they had finished, said that he was not prepared to advise them one way or the other till he had seen them act.

"Come to rehearsal tomorrow," said Catalina.

"A very good idea. And are you pleased with your part?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Not altogether. I play Mary Magdalen. It's well enough at the beginning, but it falls off in the last act. I don't appear in the last three scenes at all. I've told Alonso that as the play is about me I should be on at the end, but he says he must follow Holy Writ. The fact is, the poor man has no imagination."

Diego took Domingo to the tavern to which Alonso Fuentes and other members of his troupe were in the habit of going and introduced him not only as Catalina's uncle, but also as at one time an actor and now a playwright. Alonso received him with civility and

the elderly scrivener quickly gained the good graces of the company by his wit, his good humor, and his stories of the hardships in the old days of a strolling player's life. Alonso consented to his attending a rehearsal and he went next day.

He was amazed by the naturalness of Catalina's delivery, the eloquence of her gestures, and the grace of her movements. Alonzo had taught her well. She had an ear for verse and a lovely voice. She had gaiety and pathos. She had sincerity. She had power. It was astonishing that in three years she had learned so completely the technique of her art. She seemed incapable of uttering a false note. And her native gifts, her acquired skill, the self-control she had learned by experience were all wonderfully enhanced by her great beauty.

When the rehearsal was over Domingo kissed her on both cheeks.

"Dearest one, you are very nearly as good an actress as you think you are." And he advised her to have no fear, to leave Alonso, and set up for herself in Madrid.

She flung her arms round his neck.

**B**UT it was not only his desire to see his niece and her husband that had led Domingo to undertake the somewhat arduous journey from Castel Rodriguez to Segovia; he hoped too to see his old friend Blasco de Valero. He was curious to know how he fared in his exalted station. So, for the next few days while Catalina and Diego were busy with their rehearsals, he wandered about the city and managed to scrape acquaintance with a good many people. From them he learnt that the mass of the population looked upon their Bishop with veneration. They were impressed by his piety and the austerity of his life. But Domingo learned also that he had aroused the hostility of his chapter and of the city clergy. He had been shocked by the looseness of their lives and the negligence with which many of them performed their religious duties. With zeal but with little discretion he started upon a passionate campaign of reform. The clergy, with very few exceptions, bitterly resented his harsh intolerance. Those who dared were openly defiant, the rest contented themselves with passive resistance. The people approved his strictness and did what was in their power to support him. There had been in consequence unfortunate occurrences

and the authorities had been obliged to intervene. He had brought not peace to the city, but strife.

WHEN Catalina's play had been presented, with enormous success before a huge audience, Domingo decided to call at the episcopal palace. He was at length shown into a room no larger than a cell. The Bishop rose and took Domingo in his arms and warmly embraced him.

"I thought we should never meet again, brother," he said with an affectionate cordiality that surprised Domingo. "What has brought you to this city?"

"I am a restless fellow. I love to wander."

The Bishop, dressed as ever in the habit of his order, had aged. He was emaciated, and his lined face was haggard.

"How long have you been here, Domingo?"

"A week."

"And you have waited so long to see me? That was not kind."

"I did not wish to intrude on you before, but I have seen you more than once. In the processions of Holy Week and in the Cathedral on Good Friday and again at Easter, and at the play."

"I have a horror of these performances they give in the House of God. In other cities of Spain they give them in the plaza and I do not disapprove of them since they edify the people, but Aragon is tenacious of its old customs and notwithstanding my protests the chapter has insisted that they should be held in the Cathedral as has been done from time immemorial. I attended only because it was a duty of my office."

"The play was reverent, dear Blasco; there was nothing in it to offend you."

A puzzled frown darkened the Bishop's brow.

"During these three years I have thought often of our last meeting, Domingo, and of what you said to me. At the time I paid little attention to it. It seemed to me no more than the paradoxical, cynical talk in which you have always indulged. But since I came here, in the loneliness of this palace, your words have haunted me. I have been tortured by doubt. I have asked myself if it is possible that my brother the baker, modestly doing his duty in his lowly station, has served God better than I who with prayer and mortifica-

tion have given my life to His service. If so, whatever others think, whatever I myself thought for one rapt moment, it was not I that performed the miracle, but Martin."

The Bishop was silent. He looked at Domingo with searching eyes.

"Speak," he said. "Speak and by the love you once bore me, tell me the truth."

"What is it you want me to tell you?"

"You were certain then that it was my brother who was chosen to effect the cure of that poor girl. Are you certain of it now?"

"As certain as I was then."

"Then why, why was I granted the sign that dispelled my trembling hesitations? Why did the Blessed Virgin use words that might so easily give rise to a mistaken interpretation?"

"You are a difficult man to speak freely to, my dear," Domingo said. "I do not want to say anything that may be an offense to you."

"Say on, say on," cried the Bishop with something like impatience.

"Do you remember that on the occasion to which you just referred I told you how surprising it seemed to me that among the infinite attributes that men ascribe to God they have never thought of including common sense? There is still another that has even more completely escaped their attention, and yet, if a creature may venture to judge of these things, it is of even greater value. Omniscience would be incomplete without it and compassion forbidding. A sense of humor."

The Bishop gave a slight start, seemed about to speak, but stopped himself.

"Do I shock you, brother?" Domingo asked seriously, but with a faint twinkle in his eyes. "Laughter is not the least precious of the gifts that God has granted us. It lightens our burdens in this hard world and enables us to bear many of our troubles with fortitude. Why should we deny a sense of humor to God? Is it irreverent to suppose that He laughs lightly within Himself when He speaks in riddles so that men, deceived in their interpretation, may learn a salutary lesson?"

"You put things strangely, Domingo, and yet I do not know that there is anything in what you say that a good Christian need reject."

"You are changed, brother. Is it possible that in your old age you have learned tolerance?"



The Bishop gave Domingo a quick, inquiring glance, as though, surprised by his remark, he wondered what he meant; and then looked down at the bare stone floor. He seemed to be plunged in thought. After a while he raised his eyes and gazed at Domingo as though he wanted to speak, yet could not quite bring himself to.

“**A** VERY strange thing has happened to me,” he said at last, “and I have dared to tell no one of it. Perhaps providence sent you here today so that I might tell you, for you, my poor Domingo, are the only man in the world that I can call my friend.”

Once more he hesitated. Domingo, watching him intently, waited.

“As bishop of the diocese I was obliged to attend the play they gave in my Cathedral; someone told me it dealt with the life of St. Mary Magdalen; but I was not obliged to listen or to look. I abstracted my mind. I prayed. But my soul was weary and disquieted. So it has been ever since I came to this city, I have suffered from distraction and dissipation of spirit. I have felt myself despoiled of everything so that I could neither love nor hope. My understanding has been in darkness, my will dry, and I have found no comfort in the things of God. I prayed, as I had never prayed before, that He might see fit to succor me in my deep affliction. I was oblivious of my surroundings. I was alone with my sorrow. Suddenly I was startled by a cry and I remembered where I was. It was a cry, a cry so moving, so pregnant with significance that against my will I was compelled to listen. Then I remembered that they were acting a play. I do not know what had passed before, but, listening then, I understood that it had reached the point where Mary Magdalen and Mary, the mother of James, bringing spices, came to the sepulchre where Joseph of Arimathea had laid the body of Jesus, and found the stone rolled away. And they entered in and found not the body of Jesus. And as they stood there perplexed a traveler came to them and Mary Magdalen told him what she and the other Mary had seen. And then, because he knew nothing of the terrible events that had taken place, she told him of the capture, the trial, and the shameful death of the Son of God. The description was so vivid, the

words so well chosen, the verse so mellifluous that even if I had not wanted I should have been forced to listen.”

Domingo, holding his breath, leaned forward eagerly.

“The speech rolled on line after line. There was a fiery indignation in the voice of that woman who played the Magdalen when she told of the betrayal of Jesus, and a fierce anger seized the multitude in the Cathedral and they shouted curses on the traitor; her voice was broken with anguish when she told how they had scourged Our Lord, and the people gasped with horror; but when she told of the agony on the cross they beat their breasts and sobbed aloud. The pain in that golden voice, the heart-rending pathos in it, were such that the tears ran down my cheeks. There was a tumult in my soul. My spirit quivered as the leaves of a tree quiver with a sudden flurry of wind. I felt something strange was about to happen to me and I was afraid. I raised my downcast eyes and gazed at the speaker of those lovely, cruel words. She was of a beauty I have never seen on earth. It was no woman who stood there, wringing her hands, with streaming eyes, it was no actress, but an angel from heaven. And as I looked, spellbound, on a sudden a ray of light transfigured the dark night in which I had so long languished; it entered my heart and I was rapt in ecstasy. It was a pain so great that I thought I should die, but at the same time it was a delight so sweet; and I felt myself released from the body and a stranger to the flesh. At that happy moment I tasted of the wonderful peace that passeth all understanding, I drank of the wisdom of God and I knew His secrets. I felt myself filled with all good and emptied of all evil. I cannot describe that bliss. I have no words to tell what I saw and felt and knew. I possessed God and in possessing Him possessed everything.”

The Bishop sank back in his chair and his face shone with the recollection of his great experience.

“The desires of hope no longer afflict my soul. It is satisfied in its union with God, so far as in this life it is possible, and it has now nothing of this world to hope for and nothing spiritual to desire. I have written a letter in which I have begged His Majesty to allow me to resign my ecclesiastical offices and dignities so that I may retire to a convent of my order and spend the remainder

of my life in prayer and contemplation."

Domingo could contain himself no longer.

"Blasco, Blasco, the girl who took the part of Mary Magdalen is my niece, Catalina Perez. When she ran away from Castel Rodriguez she joined the troupe of Alonso Fuentes."

The Bishop stared at him with amazement. He was dumbfounded. Then with a sweetness Domingo had never seen on his face before he smiled.

"Truly the ways of God are inscrutable: how strange are those He has chosen to lead me to my goal: through her He wounded me and through her He healed me. Blessed be the mother that bore her and all glory to God, for when she spoke those heavenly words she was inspired by Him. I shall remember her in my grateful prayers to my dying day."

### XXXI

DOMINGO walked back to his lodging, a skinny, elderly man, with great pouches under his eyes, a reddish nose and not a dozen teeth in his head, an old reprobate in a patched cassock green with age and spotted with wine-stains and the droppings of food; but he walked on air. He would then, as he had once told the Bishop, have changed places neither with emperor nor pope. He talked to himself aloud and waved his arms, so that passers-by thought he was drunk: and drunk he was, though not with wine.

"The magic of art," he chuckled gaily. "Art also can work its miracles. *Et ego in Arcadia natus.*"

For it was he, the despised playwright, the dissolute scapegrace, who had written those lines that had so profoundly affected the Bishop. It had come about after this wise:

Catalina had not been dissatisfied with the first two acts of the play Alonso had written for her. But when she discovered that she had little to do in the last act, while Rosalia Vazquez dominated every moment of the action, she was incensed. She quarrelled with Alonso just long enough to know that she was wasting her breath, and then took her troubles to Domingo.

"Stop quarreling," he told her. "Be gentle and conciliatory to Alonso. And give me two hours alone with your script of the play."

And so that afternoon she had been able to call upon Alonso with her most delightful smile upon her face.

"You were right," she said to him, "but I am an actress and I feel that when I stand at the sepulchre of our risen Lord I should have more to say."

"And what, pray?" he demanded.

"It would be wonderfully effective if I narrated the story of Our Lord's betrayal and trial and death. It would need only a hundred lines."

"Out of the question," he cried impatiently. "How could I write a hundred lines and rehearse them in time? How could you learn them?"

Catalina smiled sweetly. "Well, it happens that my uncle and I have talked it over and he agreed to write the scene himself. I have learned the lines by heart."

"You?" cried the manager to Domingo.

"The eloquence of your play excited me," said Domingo with sly humility, "so that I was as one possessed. It was as if you were holding my pen."

The manager finally consented for her to recite the lines, and to his astonishment he was moved from the very opening phrase. Before the speech was done he was sobbing and great tears were rolling down his cheeks. He saw that Domingo was crying too.

"Well, how was it?" Catalina said with a cherry smile when she was finished.

Alonso tried to make his tone gruff and businesslike. "The lines are tolerable for an amateur," he said. "If you insist you may play the scene in the performance tomorrow."

We have learned of the profound effect which the lines had upon the Bishop. They, and Catalina's reading of them, had a more worldly effect upon Rosalia Vazquez. Indeed, the play was hardly done before the entire company of players was rent by a violent quarrel.

Everyone shouted and waved at once until Catalina at last quieted them by leaping upon a chair. She announced that she and Diego were leaving the company at once to create their own company and settle down in Madrid.

Before night fell, Catalina and Diego and their two children, with Domingo in attendance, left Segovia and set out with high spirits upon the road.



## XXXII

**D**ON BLASCO, his resignation having been accepted, retired to a remote convent of his order to spend the last of his years in the contemplation which Aristotle declared was the end of life and which the mystics have thought precious in the eyes of God. After some years his strength failed and though he appeared to suffer from no definite disease it was plain to those about him that it would be no long time before he was released from the burden of the flesh.

One morning Friar Antonio went to his old master's cell. It was winter and snow was on the ground. The cell was bitterly cold.

"You have a good color this morning, Señor," he said. "I haven't seen you look so well for days."

"I am very well. I have just seen the Greek Demetrios."

Friar Antonio repressed a start, for of course he knew that Demetrios had years before, as was only fitting, perished at the stake.

"In a dream, Señor?"

"No, no. He came through that door and stood by the side of my bed and spoke to me. He was exactly as he had always been, in that same threadbare robe he wore, and with the same benignity in his expression. I recognized him at once."

"I asked him how he fared and he said well. When I told him what cruel pain I had suffered because he was in hell he laughed lightly and told me that before ever the flames had consumed his body his soul flew to the meadow at the parting of the ways and thence, because he had lived in holiness and truth, to the Islands of the Blest. And there he found Socrates, surrounded as always by young men of a comely aspect, asking and answering questions; and he saw Plato and Aristotle walking together in amicable converse."

"And when he had talked for some time in the friendly way in which we used to talk long ago in Valencia the cock crew and he said that he must leave me."

Friar Antonio thought it better to humor the invalid.

"And did he say why he had come to see you?" he faltered.

"I asked him. He said he had come to bid me farewell since after this we should never

meet again. 'For tomorrow,' he said, 'when it is no longer night and not yet day, when you can just see the shape of your hand, your soul will be released from your body.'"

"It was a dream, Señor," cried the poor friar, distraught. "I beseech you to believe it was a dream."

Don Blasco made a sound which in anyone else you would have called a titter.

"Don't talk nonsense, son," he said. "It was no more a dream than it is a dream that I am talking to you now. It is no more a dream than this life, with its sin and sorrow, its anguished questions and mysterious secrets, is a dream, a dream from which we shall awake to life eternal which alone is real."

Friar Antonio asked permission to stay by him through the night, and soon Don Blasco fell to quiet sleep. The taper spluttered and went out. It was black night. The hours passed. At last Don Blasco made a slight movement. Friar Antonio in the heavy darkness could not see, but he had the intuition that his dear friend was feeling for the crucifix which hung by a cord round his neck. He placed it in the old man's hands, but when he wanted to withdraw his own he felt it lightly held. A sob broke from his throat. In all those years this was the first time that Don Blasco had given him a sign of affection. He tried to look into the eyes that once had shone with so intense a light, and though he could not see, he knew that they were open. He looked down at the hand that gently clasped his over the crucifix and as he looked he was aware that the blackness of night was not so impenetrable; he looked and he was on a sudden terrifying aware of the shape of an emaciated hand. A faint sigh escaped Don Blasco's lips and something, he did not know what, told the friar that his beloved master was dead.

**D**OÑA BEATRIZ lived to a great age in full possession of her faculties and might have lived longer but for an untoward accident. On hearing of the beatification of her old enemy Mother Teresa of Jesus she had taken to her bed for three days, but when in 1622 she received news of her canonization she was seized with such rage that she had a stroke. She recovered consciousness, but on one side was completely paralyzed and it was evident that her end was

near. Fear was an emotion unknown to her and she remained calm and collected. She sent for her favorite friar to hear her confession, after which she gathered her nuns around her and gave them suitable counsel for their future conduct. A few hours later she asked for the Blessed Sacrament. The priest was again sent for. She asked pardon for her sins and begged the weeping nuns to pray for her. For some time she lay in silence. Suddenly in a loud voice she said:

"A woman of very humble origins."

The nuns who heard her thought she referred to herself, and were deeply moved by this mark of humility. But her niece, the subprioress, knew better. She knew that the words referred to the rebellious nun who was become Saint Teresa of Avila. They were the last uttered by Doña Beatriz Henriquez y Braganza, in religion Beatriz de San Domingo. The Holy Oils were administered and shortly afterward she died.



### XXXIII

**I**N MADRID, Catalina and Diego were successful even beyond their hopes and Catalina became the rage of the town. Many fine gentlemen sought to obtain her favors, but though she accepted their presents with graciousness they received in return no more than a smile of her beautiful eyes and a pretty speech. She became then as greatly admired for her virtue as for her beauty and genius. She sent for Domingo and he came with a dozen plays in his wallet. She produced two of them.

Diego, notwithstanding his comely presence and his assurance, never succeeded in being anything but an indifferent actor. Fortunately, however, he proved himself a good business man and an efficient manager, so that with the years they became rich. They had long

before agreed that it would be indiscreet to speak of the supernatural occurrences of which Catalina had been the occasion, and so, neither when they were with the strolling players, nor later, did anyone discover that she was in any way connected with events that for a time had been much talked about. Though, as she suspected, no more miracles took place to disturb the course of their married life.

She continued to play the parts of persecuted virgins to an advanced age, and a Dutch traveler who went to Spain in the reign of Philip IV has left it on record that though she had grown corpulent and was several times a grandmother, such was her grace, the melody of her lovely voice, and the magic of her personality, before she had been on the stage five minutes you forgot her age and figure and accepted her without question as the passionate girl of sixteen she was representing.



# What Happened in Butte

*Joseph Kinsey Howard*

**T**HE astonished citizens of the greatest mining camp in the world are watching a leopard change its spots right before their eyes. Anaconda Copper, austere overlord of Butte, has hit the sawdust trail.

Soft words and community singing are heard in tired streets which have echoed to decades of epithets and gunfire and yells for martial law. Stilled periodically are the greedy chatter of slot machines and the slap of poker chips; church bells sound a triumphant welcome to clear-eyed congregations, and at times there's hardly a hangover on the Hill.

Economic maturity and community social consciousness have come to Montana's beat-up metropolis. They are welcome in always hospitable Butte, but never was a host caught so poorly prepared. The beds are unmade and the dishes unwashed, there are cockroaches in the kitchen and rats in the cellar. If the newcomers can't be diverted by a trip out to the night-blooming suburb of Meaderville for drinks and steaks and a turn at the wheel—and these arrivals cannot be so diverted—then there's nothing to do but clean up the place. . . . After determining, of course, if they're going to stick around long enough to make it worth while.

There is every indication that they have come to stay. The Anaconda Copper Mining Company has announced for its "richest hill

on earth" one of the most prodigious underground operations ever undertaken, a project whose initial development costs exceed twenty million dollars, which assures—for the first time—community continuity through at least two generations, and which promises to terminate the weary old camp's enervating cycle of boom and bust.

And that is not all. "The Company," damned in Montana throughout a quarter century for moral insensibility and inept public relations, has suddenly gone in for civic benevolence on a scale hitherto undreamed of in that State, and rare anywhere.

Its Butte employees are members—free—of a brand-new, half-million-dollar club, unsurpassed for luxury in any American industrial center. A community association is the recipient, no strings attached, of a new two-million-dollar hospital. Another non-profit community agency, independent of the Company, has the latter's two-million-dollar guarantee to support a project to erect five hundred homes, some of which are already built and sold. And, finally, the awestruck taxpayers are being importuned to accept a Company gift of lots for a civic recreation center and please to put the bite on Anaconda for \$400,000 in new taxes which will represent nearly half the cost of the completed playground.

Meanwhile the Ministerial Association, suddenly become militant, has succeeded in

*Recent events in Butte have prompted Mr. Howard to break a resolution never again to write about that city. He is the author of Montana: High, Wide, and Handsome and several Harper's articles.*

forcing one shutdown of the town's notorious game rooms, and a "blue ribbon" citizens' group has pledged a fight to the finish with the tin horns who have victimized Butte for decades. And in the new Employees' Club the bosses from the sixth floor of the Hennessy Building, which houses Anaconda's top brass, form a bowling team called the "Elevator Boys" which rolls in competition with CIO miners on glistening new alleys—and joins the muckers for beer downstairs after the game.

Nothing remotely like this ever happened before. Decades of distrust cannot be eradicated overnight, so some cynics think Anaconda is cooking up a plot which will be even more Machiavellian than anything Montana has known in the past; they are cagily watching for the gimmick. Other and simpler souls just think the Company has gone nuts.

Probably both groups are wrong. The Company is investing vast sums in a mining operation of a type never attempted before, one which promises to enhance its competitive position in world metal markets. It needs harmonious employee relations and a stable payroll in a stable community. In the old days more than half of the miners who "rustled" for jobs in Butte were single men, reckless and rough and improvident. Today the pattern is reversed: seventy per cent are married; and though choosy, they're steady. Butte has never been a family town. It is reasonable to suppose that Anaconda executives on the ground, the men directly charged with the success of the new enterprise, have decided that Butte shall become a family town—or else.

## II

**C**. F. KELLEY, chairman of the Anaconda Company Mining Board, came from New York in September 1947 to address a Butte Chamber of Commerce banquet. Kelley had spoken frequently before this group, invariably offering rhetorical reassurance to the timid business men of the community which has been described as the most vulnerable in America to economic forces beyond its control. He reminded them, as he often had before, that Butte's fabulous mountain still holds the greatest mineral wealth known to be concentrated in such a small area anywhere on earth, that the wide veins of

ore in which its riches are embedded show no sign of exhaustion though some of them have been followed to a depth of nearly a mile.

He reviewed the spectacular production record of "the Hill." Since copper was discovered in a silver mine about seventy years ago, the Butte district—four square miles—has yielded thirteen and a quarter billion pounds of it. That is a third of all the copper used in the United States during that time, a sixth of all used in the world. With the copper came three billion two hundred million pounds of zinc, a billion and a half pounds of manganese, six hundred million ounces of silver. Butte Hill, pouring more than two and a half billion dollars into the treasury of A. C. M., has made it the world's foremost non-ferrous metal company, operating in fifteen States and several foreign countries.

But none of this was news to Butte, and none of it was particularly heartening. It is impossible to determine for more than a few years ahead, Kelley admitted, just what reserves remain in Butte's wandering high-grade ore bodies, tapped by 7,500 miles of tunnels and drifts and crosscuts. Veins which "apex" on the Hill and may be mined there a few hundred feet below the surface plunge thousands of feet underground down on "the Flat"; they are faulted and fissured always, and some day inevitably they will be finished. That day is not yet in sight.

At this point in previous speeches Kelley had sat down, to receive the customary tribute of applause to the city's aging (Anaconda's big chief is now in his seventies) feudal lord. This time he kept on talking. "I propose now to speak," he said, "of what will be the greatest period in the history of Butte." He then made the first public announcement of "an entirely new project through which will be recovered billions of pounds of metals which under existing methods would be lost to a needy world."

**T**HIS was "the Greater Butte Project." The announcement should have electrified the Butte Chamber of Commerce, but it is only now, almost a year later, that the local significance of the development is being dimly sensed in the town which John Gunther described in *Inside U.S.A.* as "almost literally dying on its feet." Because of



the depth of its mines, Butte has been one of the highest-cost districts in the world, subject to calamitous shutdowns when prices softened. By virtue of the new project, which will drastically reduce average costs without curtailing customary operations, production can be maintained in periods of weakened markets and layoffs can be expected to be less frequent and less severe. All of that spells unprecedented stability for the city of Butte.

But invalidism crushes the spirit of men and of towns, and Butte had been long diseased—to the extent that it seemed almost to have lost the impulse for recovery. It had long since ceased to bother to cover its ugly sores. Between 1930 and 1940 it had lost 3,000 of its 40,000 people. During the war it lost thousands more, and after the war it lost hope. The highest wage scales in history failed to lure men back to the mile-high city of mile-deep mines, the city of grimy store fronts and glittering gambling joints, of political scandals and hoodlum scares. Butte was well on its way to becoming the biggest ghost town in America, and only a few of its people seemed to care.

Today's estimates indicate it has regained 8,000 of its people—virtually all of its war-time and postwar loss. From a low of about 2,500, the mine payroll has risen to about 5,500. The Company needs still another 1,500 miners and for the first time in years is confident it will get them. Pay is above war-time levels: the "base rate" is \$10.15 a day, and miners underground average about \$14 a day on individual "piecework" contracts. Work has begun on "the Greater Butte Project." Its first and most dramatic phase is the driving of the largest mine shaft ever dug in the Western hemisphere into the heart of Butte Hill—a hole 36 feet 6 inches long and 9 feet wide and 3,500 feet deep.

Butte's economic experience of half a century has been hand-to-mouth. The new project can change that; and the Company now acknowledges, perhaps tardily, that an industry which dominates a city and a State cannot live by and for itself alone. "We must have and maintain," said Kelley, in concluding his speech, "a community of which we and our wives and children can be proud, a community that will be attractive to family men and women as a desirable place for the raising of their sons and daughters."

For the next few years Butte will offer to students of social transition a community sample unique in America, in some respects comparable to a bomb-damaged city in Europe which is required to learn new economic functions as it rebuilds. And, as in Europe, it will be the temper of the town rather than the tens of millions to be spent there which will determine the quality of living in the new Butte.

### III

THE spirit of a community cannot be wholly destroyed. That of Butte survived, through depression, war, and depopulation, in the hearts of Tim Sullivan and a few determined men who rallied to his appeal when their town was down and almost out. The new structure will be erected partially upon the foundation they laid.

Tim Sullivan is a native of Butte, to which his mother came in an ox-drawn wagon. At fourteen he was a "nipper"—tool boy—in the mines; today he is a prosperous manufacturer of valve assemblies, heaters, boilers, and other metal products, the head of one of Butte's few industries which are independent of the A. C. M.

In the spring of 1946, a year and a half before there had been even a whisper about "the Greater Butte Project," Tim set out to see if anything could be done to shore up the city's collapsing economy. He remembered a meeting which Catholic Bishop Joseph M. Gilmore had called several years earlier in an attempt to persuade quarrelsome factions to forget their grievances and work together to save Butte. The Reverend Dr. J. J. O'Connor had presided at that meeting. Tim went to Father O'Connor and the two Irishmen talked over the plight of their city, which they love as only Irishmen could love Butte and Boston. (The two cities, believe it or not, have a lot in common.)

Out of their conversation grew the Butte Development Association, the first cross-section, community-wide organization in the history of the town dedicated solely to civic improvement. The Anaconda was not in on its formation, and though now affiliated through individual memberships, it is not dominant. Tim, its president, and the Association can stand on their own feet. The

directorates include representatives of industry, labor, and business; the first contribution to the treasury was one hundred dollars from the Miners' Union.

Tim brought industrial engineers to Butte to survey opportunities and liabilities. Their initial report, published in full-page advertisements paid for by the Association, sought to avoid outright offense but told the truth. The report deplored public apathy, wrangles between management and labor, lack of aggressiveness in small business, an outmoded political structure. Industry—which meant chiefly the Company—was cited for neglect of its community responsibilities, especially failure to help provide adequate recreational facilities. Labor heard about its archaic working rules and its uneconomic six-hour day for building craftsmen.

The Association went to work on several projects: recreation center, new hospital, surveys to develop opportunity for new industry and business. Before long its chief energies were devoted to providing livable homes for the new people it hoped to persuade to come to Butte. There were vacancies—but Butte had built only about 150 private homes in the preceding fifteen years, so the available residences were not of a type to attract house hunters.

THE first of the Association's housing projects was well under before the Kelley speech promised new security to Butte. Thirty-one homes of four and five rooms, some with extra stories which would accommodate more bedrooms, were erected on residential lots acquired for a nominal sum from the Company. Well insulated and modern, the houses were priced at \$6,950 to \$8,000—their actual cost, since the Association, which acted as general contractor and broker, took no over-all profit. In December 1947, Butte observed "Housing Day," when the first completed homes were sold. Anyone employed in Butte could buy, on easy terms. The same day ground was broken for the second project, to have 175 homes. Its forty-acre site is clear of buildings, so this project will benefit by more up-to-date "garden city" planning. Miners and other craftsmen who are capable of building their own homes may do so here if their plans are in harmony with the project's general pattern; and they may

purchase materials at low cost from the Association, which buys in huge quantities.

The ground-breaking ceremony on "Housing Day" was attended by thousands. They watched—some of them rather incredulously—while Ed McGlone, Anaconda vice president, and Oscar Hills, president of the Miners' Union, took turns with a spade. As plans developed for still more ambitious projects, the Company came forward with a blank check guarantee of up to two million dollars to assure that the banks would accept the Association's paper. Up to the present, however, indebtedness has totaled less than \$200,000, and this is being repaid rapidly as houses in the first unit are completed and sold.

The objective is five hundred new homes, within a year or two. When it has been achieved, Tim and the Association can turn their energies to almost equally pressing tasks. Butte's business district must be cleaned up and modernized. Its governmental structure is sadly in need of reform. Its City Hall is a red brick ruin with a medieval dungeon in the cellar. It needs a new library, more attractive schools, and better streets. But probably many functions as yet unforeseen will be entrusted to the Development Association in the future, for it is no longer a desperate gesture but has become an important social implement: the community rebuilding of which its founders dreamed has been made feasible by "The Greater Butte Project."

#### IV

MINING techniques which are to be employed in the new project are not themselves new; but never before have they been used at such depth as is contemplated in Butte. Nor have they ever been wholly employed, as they will be there, to recover low-grade copper ore from already mined-off areas.

"The Greater Butte Project" is designed to obtain the remaining mineral values from mines which have been worked for the past sixty years as high-grade operations. It supplements but does not supersede the continuing mining of high-grade ore by conventional methods in other Butte areas, or in the same area but at greater depth. The workers it will require will be in addition to the force heretofore employed.



As ore was removed by conventional methods from the Hill, the stopes were filled with waste rock. These "gobs"—as the filled working spaces are designated—and the low-grade pillars between the mined-out regions contain copper and other minerals, but in smaller quantities than in the major veins. The key to economic recovery of this low-grade ore is in the great tonnage now available and a mining process (known technically as "block caving") which reduces labor and transportation costs by permitting the handling of larger quantities of rock by fewer men than was possible by the other method. Conventional mining entails the blasting out of a few feet of ore at a time in a drift or stope; in the new operation, ten blocks of low-grade material, each block 136 feet long, 100 feet wide, and hundreds of feet thick, will be "developed" at the same time.

**C**ALCULATIONS by Company engineers and exploration of the project area have disclosed that it contains 130 million tons of low-grade ore, to a depth of 3,500 feet. There is more below, but investigation has not proceeded beyond this level. On nine different horizons, more than 22,000 feet of drifts and crosscuts have been opened in the main ore zone; samples (112,000 tons of them) removed from these cuts have definitely fixed the copper content of the whole body to be 1.37 per cent, as against an average 4.5 per cent in Butte's high-grade operations.

The mining process is relatively simple. The giant shaft—so big that special engineering techniques had to be developed for handling twice as much material as is ordinarily removed from a shaft—will be sunk first to 2,200 feet and later to 3,500. From the foot of the shaft, a haulage way as big as a railroad tunnel will pierce the rock mass. "Raises" (shafts ascending at an angle) will be driven up about 52 feet from this haulage way and will be connected at their upper extremities by a drift—a smaller, horizontal tunnel—which will run at right angles to the haulage way. From the drift, small "finger raises" will be thrust vertically eighteen feet up into the block of ore, undermining it. The block will shatter and slowly cave in, subsiding into the drift, where steel-rail screens known as "grizzlies" will have been set over the mouths of the angled raises. In the drift, miners will

break up rock which is too large to go through the screens. The ore will slip down through the raises into waiting mine cars in the haulage way. Gravity does most of the work.

Bigger mine cars, bigger locomotives, and bigger "skips" (buckets which carry ore to the surface) will help to cut costs. The cars will carry five tons each, in hundred-ton trainloads; present cars have a capacity of three tons. Skips will rocket to the surface 2,500 feet a minute, carrying twelve tons each and dumping out of the bottom of the bucket; the present skips carry three to eight tons and have to be up-ended for dumping. The shaft will be fireproof, lined with concrete slabs—requiring construction of a special concrete plant. In the shaft will be two skip compartments (skips are counterbalanced: one rises as the other descends) and a service cage large enough to handle a mine locomotive. Later this service compartment will be converted into two additional skipways, after a second shaft for service only has been put down.

**T**HE production schedule of the new project calls for an output of 5,000 tons of ore per day by the end of the third year, 10,000 tons daily in the fourth year, and at least 15,000 after the second shaft is in operation. Recovery of the ore known to be available above 3,500 feet will take at least thirty-five years. After that the same methods can be applied to deeper levels in this area, or to the many other sections in the Butte district whose low-grade ore reserves have not yet been fully investigated.

To solidify the blocks and to extinguish fires which are present in the heretofore abandoned areas, nine million tons of tailings will be brought from the nearby smelter town of Anaconda and pumped into the old mine workings. This requires construction of new rail and loading facilities at Anaconda, twenty-five miles from Butte. These tailings, waste from the copper concentrating operation, were originally muck in the Butte mines; now they are returning to the mountain whence they came. Plants will be erected to mix the tailings with water; the resulting solution will run through pipelines underground and permeate the old "gobs." Since the "fill" material in the "gobs" has become oxidized through the years and much of the

copper has become soluble, the water, brought back to the surface, will carry off copper in solution which will be recovered in a new precipitating plant. Filling the area with tailings began before the shaft was started, so this "leaching" process provided the first metal recovery from the project.

To process the augmented volume of ore which will come from Butte, plant expansion and additional workers will be necessary at Anaconda, site of the reduction works, and at Great Falls, where the Anaconda's copper refinery is located.

When the job is all done, generations hence, part of the mountain will be hollow. There will then be some subsidence of the surface; but because the upper limit of the ore body is eight hundred feet underground and because loose, broken rocks fills twice as much space as the tightly-packed material it will replace, no awesome man-made canyon will develop. Nevertheless there will someday be a crease in Butte's crown.

## V

**O**FF shift, the workers on the new project—along with all other Company employees, their wives, or husbands—can avail themselves of the recreational resources of the new Employees' Club. Twenty thousand are doing so every month.

To create the Club, the Company purchased and partially rebuilt a long-vacant, five-story downtown hotel at a cost of more than \$400,000. Two floors and the basement are now in use; the other floors may be used later for Club activities, or may be converted into office or residential quarters. Operation of the Club costs about \$5,000 a month; membership is free, and members elect Club officers. The first president was Hills, president of the Miners' Union; the present one is Richard Leary, a machinist. The manager is Johnny Good, young Butte war veteran college-trained as a recreation leader. Joe L. Markham, a local newspaper executive, represents the Company as managing director.

Membership terminates when an employee "severs connections with the Company" and because of the turnover in mine employment new cards are issued every few months. However, when a brief strike of AF of L electricians—the only test of its kind in the Club's

first year—extended beyond the expiration date of current membership cards, new ones were issued for the striking craftsmen.

The Club contains several lounges, a combined ballroom, movie theater, and auditorium; restaurant and banquet kitchen; ten bowling alleys; soft drink and beer bars, and basement game rooms for cards, pool, shuffleboard, and other pastimes. Special events are staged at least once weekly, and popular entertainments must be repeated so night shift workers can see them when they change shifts once a month. Questionnaires were submitted to all Butte employees to determine their major interests and the Club is constantly broadening its program: art and home-economics classes, the latter conducted by the agricultural extension service, were recently instituted. Best attended so far are bowling, community and choral singing, and entertainments presented by the diverse racial groups of Butte, usually featuring folk music and dancing.

The day the Club opened—March 16, 1947—nearly 17,000 Butte citizens streamed through the building. There had been widespread skepticism: many doubted, in view of Butte's turbulent labor history, whether such a radically new departure in employee relations could win early acceptance. But the Club filled so urgent a need in the recreation-starved town that it caught on at once. Old animosities were laid aside within its doors. "Definitely a successful venture from the start," said the *Miner's Voice*, official newspaper of Butte Miners' Union No. 1. That union, affiliated with the International Union of Mine, Mill, and Smelter Workers, CIO, has a half-century record of toughness; it was once the union of Big Bill Haywood. The *Voice* now carries a regular column of Club news, as do the local dailies.

Some militant unionists have complained that it has become more difficult, because of the distractions offered by the Club, to bring out the membership for meetings and to get committee work done. They acknowledge that union discipline is the local's responsibility, but officers face criticism if they become so interested in Club activities that they neglect their union duties. So far there is little if any suspicion that the management, through the Club, seeks to promote company unionism; extreme caution, however, will



have to be exercised by the Company lest this suspicion arise and destroy the Club's work.

The Club has done more to effect a moral transformation of Butte in a year than crusades had accomplished in fifty. Gambling houses were soon complaining bitterly of "business" lost to the Club. Its basement cardroom, where chance-minded players may risk small stakes but escape payment of a house "cut," and the many other resources available without cost, ultimately may doom the downtown "clip joints" if nothing else does; it is difficult to see how they can compete if the Club survives.

It is this, more than any other single phase of the "new era" in Butte, that hints of a change in the Company's community policy. Butte's notorious "wide open" character (at one time the Chamber of Commerce was given to boasting about it) was popularly attributed to Company eagerness to keep its footloose miners broke so they couldn't drift to other jobs. Whether the Company did actually encourage vice and gambling or merely closed its eyes to their presence, its failure to move against them contributed to the impairment of Butte's moral fiber.

But sole responsibility did not rest with the Company. The people of Butte are citizens of an American community which, despite its economic domination by one industry, is politically free. They have the privileges, and obligations, of citizenship. W. Guy Banister, the local special agent of the FBI, made that clear one night in a pregnant speech at a Chamber of Commerce dinner. (In Butte, everything happens at Chamber dinners!) Banister said:

If the citizens of any community never raise their voices against the pattern in which they live, the pattern of adultery mixed with respectability, of graft mixed with the time-worn democratic slogans, of vice supporting charity and religion, and religion by inaction condoning vice, then you get the kind of law enforcement you deserve. It may not be the kind you want, but it is what you deserve. The quality of law enforcement is then a responsibility of the citizens of that community.

The Ministerial Association took up Banister's challenge. One Sunday every member preached on the text, "Jesus Weeps Over

Butte"—but the aroused clerics didn't stop with exhortation, as they had before. News stories and advertisements, sermons and parochial admonitions carried on the attack. The fire was especially hot under the most vicious gambling element, the "keeno" (bingo) operators; their victims were housewives and business girls, their "take" the family grocery money or savings. Demands were served upon local law enforcement officers for a clean-up. They were ignored. The churches took their appeal to the State capitol in Helena. Sheriff Al McLeod of Butte received a letter from the Attorney General which he told reporters was "personal." The gambling joints closed.

The gamblers were not licked. They have a big investment and occasional shutdowns are written off as a routine business expense. Within a few weeks they were operating again—but the embattled pastors thereupon were impressively reinforced. The Company's Butte dailies announced, on page one, the creation of "Citizens, Incorporated," a community association with the avowed aims of seeing that the law was enforced and promoting good citizenship. The thirty-odd incorporators included leading merchants and professional men, labor representatives, the assistant to the president of Montana Power Company, and an attorney associated with Anaconda. This distinguished outfit, unique in Montana history, immediately served a demand upon the Attorney General for another clean-up, and one that would stick.

**M**ONTANA statutes are somewhat ineffectual when it comes to fixing responsibility for law enforcement; there is, for instance, no provision for regular sessions of grand juries. Therefore law in the mining city may continue for a long time to be a weak reed: there is a saying that "anything can be fixed in Butte." But the gamblers can be busted. Here again it will be the temper of the town—public opinion as voiced by "Citizens, Incorporated"—which will decide; that, and the Employees' Club, and the civic center.

The civic center will be the first public playground Butte has ever had within its corporate limits. Well-equipped Columbia Gardens, gift of a "copper king" decades ago, is two miles out of town, whereas the new

recreation area will be within easy reach of most of the major residential sections. Its "plant" will cost a million dollars, to be financed by a county bond issue for which petitions were circulated this spring with active Company encouragement. Special significance attaches to the governmental unit: were it a city bond issue, Anaconda would escape relatively lightly because Butte's founders obligingly drew the city limits so as to dodge most of the Company's mines. But as the largest county landowner, Anaconda will be stuck for \$400,000 of the bond issue, in addition to donating the site and paying additional taxes annually for the playground's maintenance.

Although it is calling upon other Butte taxpayers to help build the recreation center, Anaconda is assuming the entire cost of the new hospital, now in the planning stage. It will be a 150-bed institution with room for expansion; about \$1,500,000 will be invested in the building and another \$500,000 in equipment. The Butte Community Memorial Hospital Association, a non-profit corporation, has been created to operate it; the trustees include several merchants, an attorney, a consulting engineer, a cement company manager, and an officer of the Engineers' Union, CIO. The Company has no representation and will have no connection with the hospital after it is built. It also has assumed the obligation of enlarging a Catholic hospital in the smelter town of Anaconda because that institution will have to broaden its service as the new project adds employees to the plant there.

## VI

THE Company's hopes for Butte were implicit in Kelley's speech, but some of the local executives are given much of the credit by their fellow townsmen for the apparent reorientation of A.C.M. policy. For the first time, the business community and

even a lot of the miners appear to feel that the "sixth floor's" concern for Butte is not only enlightened employment practice but also reflects the fact that some of the bosses really like the place.

It is no secret that the Anaconda's executives didn't care for Gunther's unflattering appraisal of Montana, their Company, and Butte in *Inside U.S.A.*, and they probably were not pleased when that best-selling book carried his astringent report into hundreds of thousands of American homes. The average Butte reader, it is safe to venture, was no happier about it: in private conversation he might confess to opinions almost as invidious, but he has had a bellyful of uninvited social diagnosticians and tends more and more to resent their published findings. (He will resent this one.)

"On the Montana level," Gunther wrote, "the company is criticized on a number of scores." He listed seven, with supporting detail: "incomparable and monumental" stinginess; political domination of the State; vindictiveness toward opponents; the development of defeatist attitudes in the citizenry; discouragement of new industry; control of the press; and inadequate support of education.

On the Butte level the Company would seem now to be making some progress toward elimination of complaint Number One. That does not herald a Montana millennium by any means; it would be naïve to read such magnanimity into the Company's hard-headed plans for its subject city. Nor does the Company's spending, welcome as it may be in Butte, look like extravagance: Anaconda's net income reached a record high of \$42,500,000 last year.

Nevertheless it's a start. The key item in Gunther's seven-point brief was the fourth. In the eradication of defeatism, prosperity and enlightened management policy in Butte can be a big help—but the people of Montana have a job to do, too.



# *Sense of Humor*

A Story by V. S. Pritchett

*Drawing by Bernard Perlin*

IT STARTED one Saturday. I was working new ground and I decided I'd stay at the hotel over the weekend and put in an appearance at church.

"All alone?" asked the girl in the cash desk. It had been raining since ten o'clock.

"Mr. Good has gone," she said. "And Mr. Straker. He usually stays with us. But he's gone."

"That's where they make their mistake," I said. "They think they know everything because they've been on the road all their lives."

"You're a stranger here, aren't you?" she said.

"I am," I said. "And so are you."

"How do you know that?"

"Obvious," I said. "Way you speak."

"Let's have a light," she said.

"So's I can see you," I said.

That was how it started. The rain was pouring down on the glass roof of the office.

She had a cup of tea steaming on the register. I said I'd have one, too. What's it going to be and I'll tell them, she said, but I said just a cup of tea.

"I don't drink," I said. "Too many soakers on the road as it is."

I was staying there the weekend so as to be sharp on the selling job on Monday morning. What's more it pays in these small towns to turn up at church on Sundays, Presbyterians in the morning, Methodists in the evening. Say "Good morning" and "Good evening" to them. "Ah!" they say. "Churchgoer! Pleased to see that! Teetotaler, too." Makes them have a second look at your lines

in the morning. "Did you like our service, Mister—er—er?" "Humphrey's my name." "Mr. Humphrey." See? It pays.

"Come into the office, Mr. Humphrey," she said, bringing me a cup. "Listen to that rain."

I went inside.

"Sugar?" she said.

"Three," I said. We settled to a very pleasant chat. She told me all about herself, and we got on next to families.

"My father was on the railway," she said.

"The engine gave a squeal," I said.

"The driver took out his pocket-knife and scraped him off the wheel."

"That's it," she said. "And what is your father's business? You said he had a business."

"Undertaker," I said.

"Undertaker?" she said.

"Why not?" I said. "Good business. Seasonable like everything else. High class undertaker," I said.

She was looking at me all the time wondering what to say and suddenly she went into fits of laughter.

"Undertaker," she said, covering her face with her hands and went on laughing.

"Here," I said. "What's up?"

"Undertaker!" She laughed and laughed. Struck me as being a pretty thin joke.

"Don't mind me," she said. "I'm Irish."

"Oh, I see," I said. "That's it, is it? Got a sense of humor."

Then the bell rang and a woman called out "Muriel! Muriel!" and there was a motor bike making a row at the front door.

"All right," the girl called out. "Excuse me a moment, Mr. Humphrey," she said. "Don't think me rude. That's my boy friend. He has no business turning up like this."

She went out but there was her boy friend looking over the window ledge into the office. He had come in. He had a cape on, soaked with rain, and the rain was in beads in his hair. It was fair hair. It stood up on end. He'd been economizing on the brilliantine. He didn't wear a hat. He gave me a look and I gave him a look. I didn't like the look of him. And he didn't like the look of me. A smell of oil and petrol and rain and mackintosh came off him. He had a big mouth with thick lips. They were very red. I recognized him at once as the son of the man who ran the Kounty Garage. I saw this chap when I put my car away. The firm's car. A lockup, because of the samples. Took me ten minutes to ram the idea into his head. He looked as though he'd never heard of samples. Slow—you know the way they are in the provinces. Slow on the job.

"Oh, Colin," says she. "What do you want?"

"Nothing," the chap said. "I came in to see you."

"To see me?"

"Just to see you."

"You came in this morning."

"That's right," he said. He went red. "You was busy," he said.

"Well, I'm busy now," she said.

He bit his tongue, and licked his big lips over and took a look at me. Then he started grinning.

"I got the new bike, Muriel," he said. "I've got it outside."

"It's just come down from the works," he said.

"The laddie wants you to look at his bike," I said. So she went out and had a look at it.

When she came back she had got rid of him.

"Listen to that rain," she said.

"Lord, I'm fed up with this line," she said.

"What line?" I said. "The hotel line?"

"Yes," she said. "I'm fed right up to the back teeth with it."

"And you've got good teeth," I said.

"There's not the class of person there used to be in it," she said. "All our family have got good teeth."

"Not the class?"

"I've been in it five years and there's not

the same class at all. You never meet any fellows."

"Well," said I. "If they're like that half-wit at the garage, they're nothing to be stuck on. And you've met me."

I said it to her like that.

"Oh," says she. "It isn't as bad as that yet."

It was cold in the office. She used to sit all day in her overcoat. She was a smart girl with a big friendly chin and a second one coming and her forehead and nose were covered with freckles. She had copper-colored hair too. She got her shoes through the trade from Duke's traveler and her clothes, too, off the Hollenborough mantle man. I told her I could do her better stockings than the ones she'd got on. She got a good reduction on everything. Twenty-five or thirty-three and a third. She had her expenses cut right back. I took her to the pictures that night in the car. I made Colin get the car out for me.

"That boy wanted me to go on the back of his bike. On a night like this," she said.

"Oh," she said, when we got to the pictures. "Two shillings is too much. Let's go into the one-and-sixes at the side and we can nip across into the two-shillings when the lights go down."

"Fancy your father being an undertaker," she said in the middle of the show. And she started laughing as she had laughed before.

She had her head screwed on all right. She said, "Some girls have no pride once the lights go down."

Every time I went to that town I took a box of something. Samples, mostly, they didn't cost me anything.

"Don't thank me," I said. "Thank the firm."

Every time I took her out I pulled the blinds in the back seat of the car to hide the samples. That chap Colin used to give us oil and petrol. He used to give me a funny look. Fishy sort of small eyes he'd got. Always looking miserable. Then we would go off.

Sunday was her free day. Not that driving's any holiday for me. And, of course, the firm paid. She used to take me down to see her family for the day. Start in the morning, and taking it you had dinner and tea there, a day's outing cost us nothing. Her mother was dead; her father was something on the railway, retired.



EVERY time I was up there Colin used to come in looking for her.

"Oh Colin," I used to say. "Done my car yet?" He knew where he got off with me.

"No, now, I can't Colin. I tell you I'm going out with Mr. Humphrey," she used to say to him. I heard her.

"He keeps on badgering me," she said to me.

"You leave him to me," I said.

"No, he's all right," she said.

"You let me know if there's any trouble with Colin," I said. "Seems to be a harum-scarum sort of half-wit to me," I said.

"And he spends every penny he makes," she said.

Well, we know that sort of thing is all right while it lasts. I told her, but the trouble is that it doesn't last.

We were always meeting Colin on the road. I took no notice of it first of all and then I

grew suspicious and awkward at always meeting him. He had a new motor bicycle. It was an Indian, a scarlet thing that he used to fly over the moor with, flat out. Muriel and I used to go out over the moor to Ingley Wood in the firm's Morris—I had a customer out that way.

"May as well do a bit of business while you're about it," I said.

"About what?" she said.

"Ah ha!" I said.

"That's what Colin wants to know," I said.

Sure enough, coming back we'd hear him popping and backfiring close behind us, and I put out my hand to stop him and keep him following us. biting our dirt.

"I see his little game," I said. "Following us."

So I saw to it that he did follow. We could hear him banging away behind us and the traffic is thick on the Inglev road in the afternoon.



"Oh let him pass," Muriel said. "I can't stand those dirty things banging in my ears."

I waved him on and past he flew with his scarf flying out, blazing red into the traffic. "We're doing 58 ourselves," she said, leaning across to look.

"Powerful buses those," I said. "Any fool can do it if he's got the power. Watch me step on it."

But we did not catch Colin. Half an hour later he passed us coming back. Cut right in between us and a lorry—I had to brake hard. I damn nearly killed him. His ears were red with the wind. He didn't wear a hat. I got after him as soon as I could but I couldn't touch him.

Nearly every weekend I was in that town seeing my girl, that fellow was hanging around. He came into the bar on Saturday nights, he poked his head into the office on Sunday mornings. It was a sure bet that if we went out in the car he would pass us on the road. Every time we would hear that scarlet thing roar by like a horsestinger. It didn't matter where we were. He passed us on the main road, he met us down the side roads. There was a little cliff under oak trees at May Ponds, she said, where the view was pretty. And there, soon after we got there, was Colin on the other side of the water, watching us. Once we found him sitting on his bike, just as though he were waiting for us.

"You been here in a car?" I said.

"No, motor bike," she said and blushed. "Cars can't follow in these tracks."

She knew a lot of places in that country. Some of the roads weren't roads at all and were bad for tires and I didn't want the firm's car scratched by bushes, but you would have thought Colin could read what was in her mind. For nine times out of ten he was there. It got on my nerves. It was a red, roaring, powerful thing and he opened it full out.

"I'm going to speak to Colin," I said. "I won't have him annoying you."

"He's not annoying me," she said. "I've got a sense of humor."

"Here Colin," I said one evening when I put the car away. "What's the idea?"

He was taking off his overalls. He pretended he did not know what I was talking about. He had a way of rolling his eyeballs, as if they had got wet and loose in his head, while he was speaking to me and you never

knew if it was sweat or oil on his face. It was always pale, with high color on his cheeks and very red lips.

"Miss MacFarlane doesn't like being followed," I said.

He dropped his jaw and gaped at me. I could not tell whether he was being very surprised or very sly. I used to call him "Marbles" because when he spoke he seemed to have a lot of marbles in his mouth.

Then he said he never went to the places we went to, except by accident. He wasn't following us, he said, but we were following him. We never let him alone, he said. Everywhere he went, he said, we were there. Take last Saturday, he said, we were following him for miles down the bypass, he said. But you passed us first and then sat down in front, I said. I went to Ingley Wood, he said. And you followed me there. No, we didn't, I said, Miss MacFarlane decided to go there.

He said he did not want to complain but fair was fair. I suppose you know, he said, that you have taken my girl off me. Well, you can leave *me* alone, can't you?

"Here," I said, "One minute! Not so fast! You said I've taken Miss MacFarlane from you. Well, she was never your girl. She only knew you in a friendly way."

"She was my girl," was all he said.

He was pouring oil into my engine. He had some cotton wool in one hand and the can in the other. He wiped up the green oil that had overflowed, screwed on the cap, pulled down the bonnet and whistled to himself.

I went back to Muriel and told her what Colin had said.

"I don't like trouble," I said.

"Don't you worry," she said. "I had to have someone to go to all these places with before you came. Couldn't stick in here all day Sunday."

"Ah," I said. "That's it, is it? You've been to all these places with him?"

"Yes," she said. "And he keeps on going to them. He's sloppy about me."

"Good God," I said. "Sentimental memories."

I felt sorry for that fellow. He knew it was hopeless, but he loved her. I suppose he couldn't help himself. Well, it takes all sorts to make a world, as my old mother used to say. If we were all alike it wouldn't do. Some men can't save money. It just runs through



their fingers. He couldn't save money so he lost her. I suppose all he thought of was love.

I could have been friends with that fellow. As it was I put a lot of business his way. I didn't want him to get the wrong idea about me. We're all human after all.

WE DIDN'T have any more trouble with Colin after this until Bank Holiday. I was going to take her down to see my family. The old man's getting a bit past it now and has given up living over the shop. He's living out on the Barnum Road, beyond the tram stop. We were going down in the firm's car, as per usual, but something went wrong with the mag and Colin had not got it right for the holiday. I was wild about this. What's the use of a garage who can't do a rush job for the holidays! What's the use of being an old customer if they're going to let you down! I went for Colin bald-headed.

"You knew I wanted it," I said. "It's no use trying to put me off with a tale about the stuff not coming down from the works. I've heard that one before."

I told him he'd got to let me have another car, because he'd let me down. I told him I wouldn't pay his account. I said I'd take my business away from him. But there wasn't a car to be had in the town because of the holiday. I could have knocked the fellow down. After the way I'd sent business to him.

Then I saw through his little game. He knew Muriel and I were going to my people and he had done this to stop it. The moment I saw this I let him know that it would take more than him to stop me doing what I wanted.

I said:

"Right. I shall take the amount of Miss MacFarlane's train fare and my own from the account at the end of the month."

I said:

"You may run a garage, but you don't run the railway service."

I was damned angry going by train. I felt quite lost on the railway after having a car. It was crowded with trippers too. It was slow—stopping at all the stations. The people come in, they tread all over you feet, they make you squeeze up till you're crammed against the window, and the women stick out their elbows and fidget. And then the expense! A return for two runs you into just

over a couple of quid. I could have murdered Colin.

We got there at last. We walked up from the tram stop. Mother was at the window and let us in.

"This is Miss MacFarlane," I said.

And mother said:

"Oh, pleased to meet you. We've heard a lot about you."

"Oh," mother said to me, giving me a kiss. "Are you tired? You haven't had your tea, have you? Sit down. Have this chair, dear. It's more comfortable."

"Well, my boy," my father said.

"Want a wash," my father said. "We've got a wash basin downstairs," he said. "I used not to mind about washing upstairs before. Now I couldn't do without it. Funny how your ideas change as you get older."

"How's business?" he said.

"Mustn't grumble," I said. "How's yours?"

"You knew," he said, "we took off the horses: except for one or two of the older families we have got motors now."

But he'd told me that the last time I was there. I'd been at him for years about motor hearses.

"You've forgotten I used to drive them," I said.

"Bless me, so you did," he said.

He took me up to my room. He showed me everything he had done to the house. "Your mother likes it," he said. "The traffic's company for her. You know what your mother is for company."

Then he gives me a funny look.

"Who's the girl?" he says.

My mother came in then and said:

"She's pretty, Arthur."

"Of course she's pretty," I said. "She's Irish."

"Oh," said the old man. "Irish! Got a sense of humor, eh?"

"She wouldn't be marrying me if she hadn't," I said. And then I gave *them* a look.

"Marrying her, did you say?" exclaimed my father.

"Any objection?" I said.

"Now Ernest dear," said my mother. "Leave the boy alone. Come down while I pop the kettle on."

She was terribly excited.

"Miss MacFarlane," the old man said.

"No sugar, thank you, Mrs. Humphrey. I

beg your pardon, Mr. Humphrey?"

"The Glen Hotel at Swansea, I don't suppose you know that?" my father said. "I wondered if you did being in the catering line."

"It doesn't follow she knows every hotel," my mother said.

"Forty years ago," the old man said, "I was staying at the Glen in Swansea and the head waiter. . . ."

"Oh no, not that one. I'm sure Miss MacFarlane doesn't want to hear that one," my mother said.

"How's business with you, Mr. Humphrey?" said Muriel. "We passed a large cemetery near the station."

"The whole business has changed so that you wouldn't know it, in my lifetime," said my father. "Silver fittings have gone clean out. Everyone wants simplicity nowadays. Restraint. Dignity," my father said.

"Prices did it," my father said.

"The war," he said.

"You couldn't get the wood," he said.

"Take ordinary mahogany, just an ordinary piece of mahogany. Or teak," he said. "Take teak. Or walnut."

"You can certainly see the world go by in this room," I said to my mother.

"It never stops," she said.

Now he began talking about how the town had changed, and how it was all bicycles over the new concrete road from the gun factory. Then traction engines and cars. They came up over the hill where the A.A. man stands and choked up round the tram stop. It was mostly holiday traffic. Everything with a wheel on it was out.

"On that stretch," my father told me, "they get three accidents a week." There was an ambulance station at the crossroads.

We had hardly finished talking about this, in fact the old man was still saying that something ought to be done, when the telephone rang.

"Name of MacFarlane?" the voice said on the wire.

"No. Humphrey," my father said. "There is a Miss MacFarlane here."

"There's a man named Colin Mitchell lying seriously injured in an accident at the Cottage Hospital, gave me the name of MacFarlane as his nearest relative."

That was the Police. On to it at once. That fellow Colin had followed us down by road.

Cry, I never heard a girl cry, as Muriel cried when we came back from the hospital. He had died in the ambulance. Cutting in, the old game he used to play on me. Clean off the saddle and under the Birmingham bus. The blood was everywhere, they said. People were still looking at it when we went by. Head on. What a mess! Don't let's talk about it.

She wanted to see him but they said "No." There wasn't anything recognizable to see. She put her arms round my neck and cried "Colin, Colin," as if I were Colin, and clung to me. I was feeling sick myself. I held her tight and I kissed her and I thought "Holiday ruined."

"Damn fool man," I thought. "Poor devil," I thought.

"I knew he'd do something like this," she said.

"There, there," I said to her. "Don't think about Colin."

Didn't she love me, I said, and not Colin? Hadn't she got me? She said, yes, she had. And she loved me. But, "Oh, Colin! Oh, Colin!" she cried. "And Colin's mother," she cried. "Oh it's terrible." She cried and cried.

We put her to bed and I sat with her and my mother kept coming in.

"Leave her to me," I said. "I understand her."

Before they went to bed they both came in and looked at her. She lay sobbing with her head in the pillow.

I could quite understand her being upset. Colin was a decent fellow. He was always doing things for her. He mended her electric lamp and he riveted the stem of a wine glass so that you couldn't see the break. He used to make things for her. He was very good with his hands.

She lay on her side with her face burning and feverish with misery and crying, scalded by the salt, and her lips shriveled up. I put my arm under her neck and I stroked her forehead. She groaned. Sometimes she shivered and sometimes she clung to me crying, "Oh, Colin! Colin!"

MY ARM ached with the cramp and I had a crick in my back, sitting in the awkward way I was on the bed. It was late. There was nothing to do but to ache and sit watching her and thinking. It is



funny the way your mind drifts. When I was kissing her and watching her I was thinking out who I'd show our new autumn line to first. Her hand held my wrist tight and when I kissed her I got her tears on my lips. They burned and stung. Her neck and shoulders were soft and I could feel her breath hot out of her nostrils on the back of my hand. Ever noticed how hot a woman's breath gets when she's crying? I drew out my hand and lay down beside her and "Oh, Colin, Colin," she sobbed, turning over and clinging to me. And so I lay there, listening to the traffic, staring at the ceiling and shivering whenever the picture of Colin shooting right off that damned red thing into the bus came into my mind until I did not hear the traffic any more, or see the ceiling any more, or think any more, but a change happened—I don't know when. This Colin thing seemed to have knocked the bottom out of everything and I had a funny feeling we were going down and down and down in a lift. "Colin, Colin, Colin," she said, and her fingers were hooked into me. I got out and turned the key in the door.

In the morning I left her sleeping. It did not matter to me what my father might have heard in the night, but still I wondered. She would hardly let me touch her before that. I told her I was sorry but she shut me up. I was afraid of her. I was afraid of mentioning Colin. I wanted to go out of the house there and then and tell someone everything. Did she love Colin all the time? Did she think I was Colin? And every time I thought of that poor devil covered over with a white sheet in the hospital mortuary, a kind of picture of her and me under the sheets with love came into my mind. I couldn't separate the two things. Just as though it had all come from Colin.

I'd rather not talk any more about that. I never talked to Muriel about it. I waited for her to say something but she didn't. She didn't say a word.

The next day was a bad day. It was gray and hot and the air smelled of oil fumes from the road. There's always a mess to clear up when things like this happen. I had to see to it. I had the job of ringing up the boy's mother. But I got round that, thank God, by ringing up the garage and getting them to go round and see the old lady. My father is useless when things are like this. I was the whole

morning on the phone: to the hospital, the police, the coroner—and he stood fussing beside me, jerking up and down like a fat india-rubber ball. I found my mother washing up at the sink and she said:

"That poor boy's mother! I can't stop thinking of her." Then my father comes in and says, just as though I was a customer:

"Of course, if Mrs. Mitchell desires it we can have the remains of the deceased conveyed to his house by one of our new specially sprung motor hearses and can, if necessary, make all the funeral arrangements."

I could have hit him because Muriel came into the room when he was saying this. But she stood there as if nothing had happened.

"It's the least we can do for poor Mrs. Mitchell," she said. There were small creases of shadow under her eyes which shone with a soft strong light I had never seen before. She walked as if she were really still in that room with me, asleep. God, I loved that girl! God, I wanted to get all this over, this damned Colin business that had come right into the middle of everything like this, and I wanted to get married right away. I wanted to be alone with her. That's what Colin did for me.

"Yes," I said. "We must do the right thing by Colin."

"We are sometimes asked for long-distance estimates," my father said.

"It will be a little something," my mother said.

"Dad and I will talk it over," I said.

"Come into the office," my father said. "It occurred to me that it would be nice to do the right thing by this friend of yours."

We talked it over. We went into the cost of it. There was the return journey to reckon. We worked it out that it would come no dearer to old Mrs. Mitchell than if she took the train and buried the boy here. That is to say, my father said, if I drove it.

"It would look nice," my father said.

"Saves money and it would look a bit friendly," my father said. "You've done it before."

"Well," I said. "I suppose I can get a refund on my return ticket from the railway."

But it was not as simple as it looked, because Muriel wanted to come. She wanted to drive back with me and the hearse. My mother was very worried about this. It might upset Muriel, she thought. Father thought it

might not look nice to see a young girl sitting by the coffin of a grown man.

"It must be dignified," my father said. "You see if she was there it might look as though she were just doing it for the ride—like these young women on bakers' vans."

My father took me out into the hall to tell me this because he did not want her to hear. But she would not have it. She wanted to come back with Colin.

"Colin loved me. It is my duty to him," she said. "Besides," she said, suddenly, in her full open voice—it had seemed to be closed and carved and broken and small—"I've never been in a hearse before."

"And it will save her fare too," I said to my father.

That night I went again to her room. She was awake. I said I was sorry to disturb her but I would go at once only I wanted to see if she was all right. She said, in the closed voice again, that she was all right.

"Are you sure?" I said.

She did not answer. I was worried. I went over to the bed.

"What is the matter? Tell me what is the matter," I said.

For a long time she was silent. I held her hand, I stroked her head. She was lying stiff in the bed. She would not answer. I dropped my hand to her small white shoulder. She stirred and drew up her legs and half turned and said, "I was thinking of Colin."

"Where is he?" she asked.

"They've brought him round. He's lying downstairs."

"In the front room?"

"Yes, ready for the morning. Now be a sensible girl and go back by train."

"No, no," she said, "I want to go with Colin. Poor Colin. He loved me and I didn't love him." And she drew my hands down.

"Colin loved me," she whispered.

"Not like this," I whispered.

IT WAS a warm gray morning like all the others when we took Colin back. They had fixed the coffin in before Muriel came out. She came down wearing the bright blue hat she had got off Dormer's millinery man and she kissed my mother and father good-bye. They were very sorry for her. "Look after her, Arthur," my mother said. Muriel

got in beside me without a glance behind her at the coffin. I started the engine. They smiled at us. My father raised his hat, but whether it was to Muriel and me or to Colin, or to the three of us, I do not know. He was not, you see, wearing his top hat. I'll say this for the old boy, thirty years in the trade have taught him tact.

After leaving my father's house you have to go down to the tram terminus before you get on to the bypass. There was always one or two drivers, conductors or inspectors there, doing up their tickets, or changing over the trolley arms. When we passed I saw two of them drop their jaws, stick their pencils in their ears, and raise their hats. I was so surprised by this that I nearly raised mine in acknowledgment, forgetting that we had the coffin behind. I had not driven one of my father's hearses for years.

Hearses are funny things to drive. They are well-sprung, smooth-running cars, with quiet engines and, if you are used to driving a smaller car, before you know where you are, you are speeding. You know you ought to go slow, say twenty-five to thirty maximum and it's hard to keep it down. You can return empty at seventy if you like. It's like driving a fire engine. Go fast out and come back slow—only the other way round. Open out in the country but slow down past houses. That's what it means. My father was very particular about this.

Muriel and I didn't speak very much at first. We sat listening to the engine and the occasional jerk of the coffin behind when we went over a pot hole. We passed the place where poor Colin—but I didn't say anything to Muriel, and she, if she noticed—which I doubt—did not say anything to me. We went through Cox Hill, Wammering, and Yodley Mount, flat country, don't care for it myself. "There's a wonderful lot of building going on," Muriel said at last.

"You won't know these places in five years," I said.

But my mind kept drifting away from the road and the green fields and the dullness, and back to Colin. Five days before he had come down this way. I expected to see that Indian coming flying straight out of every corner. But it was all bent and bust up properly now. I saw the damned thing.

He had been up to his old game, following



us, and that had put the end to following. But not quite; he was following us now, behind us in the coffin. Then my mind drifted off that and I thought of those nights at my parents' house, and Muriel. You never know what a woman is going to be like. I thought, too, that it had put my calculations out. I mean, supposing she had a baby. You see I had reckoned on waiting eighteen months or so. I would have eight hundred pounds then. But if we had to get married at once, we should have to cut right down. Then I kept thinking it was funny her saying "Colin!" like that in the night; it was funny it made her feel that way with me, and how it made me feel when she called me Colin. I'd never thought of her in that way, in what you might call the "Colin" way.

I looked at her and she looked at me and she smiled but still we did not say very much, but the smiles kept coming to both of us. The light-railway bridge at Dootheby took me by surprise and I thought the coffin gave a jump as we took it.

"Colin's still watching us," I nearly said.

There were tears in her eyes.

"What was the matter with Colin?" I said.

"Nice chap, I thought. Why didn't you marry him?"

"Yes," she said. "He was a nice boy. But he had no sense of humor."

"And I wanted to get out of that town," she said.

"I'm not going to stay there, at that hotel," she said.

"I want to get away," she said. "I've had enough."

She had a way of getting angry with the air, like that. "You've got to take me away," she said. We were passing slowly into Muster, there was a tram ahead and people thick on the narrow pavements, dodging out into the road. But when we got into the Market Square where they were standing around, they saw the coffin. They began to raise their hats. Suddenly she laughed. "It's like being the King and Queen," she said.

"They're raising their hats," she said.

"Not all of them," I said.

She squeezed my hand and I had to keep her from jumping about like a child on the seat as we went through.

"There they go."

"Boys always do," I said.

"And another."

"Let's see what the policeman does."

She started to laugh but I shut her up. "Keep your sense of humor to yourself," I said.

Through all those towns that run into one another as you might say, we caught it. We went through, as she said, like royalty. So many years since I drove a hearse, I'd forgotten what it was like.

I was proud of her, I was proud of Colin, and I was proud of myself. And, after what had happened, I mean on the last two nights, it was like a wedding. And although we knew it was for Colin, it was for us too, because Colin was with both of us. It was like this all the way.

"Look at that man there. Why doesn't he raise his hat? People ought to show respect for the dead," she said.

# That German Who "Should Have Been Dead"

## *A Communication*

### *To the Editors:*

CEDRIC BELFRAGE's article "The German Who Should Have Been Dead," in the June issue of your magazine, was of particular interest to me, since I had ample opportunity to observe Emil Carlebach's activities and attitudes while I was myself a prisoner in the concentration camps of Dachau and Buchenwald (1938-1945), detained both as a socialist and a Jew.

The main thesis of Cedric Belfrage's article appears to be that Carlebach, while avowedly a member of the Communist party and acting according to their directions, had shown by his actions in Buchenwald and later as one of the editors of the *Frankfurter Rundschau* that he was a superior fighter against fascism and of such moral caliber that his removal from the Frankfurt editorial board must come as a shock and an embarrassment to all anti-fascist Americans. I shall omit from this letter a discussion of the meaning of the advocacy of a "popular front," of co-operation with non-Communists by Carlebach when he was an editor of the *Frankfurter* paper; the experiences of all who wish to preserve their political independence not only in name, whether in the Soviet Zone of Germany or in Eastern Europe, should be sufficient to allow an evaluation of the real meaning of "co-operation" in the Communist vocabulary. What I am concerned with is Carlebach's conduct as a prisoner in a concentration camp.

For seven years I was in close contact with Carlebach. In the early years we maintained friendly relations; Carlebach even used his influence in my behalf at a number of occasions. This situation, however, changed the

moment Carlebach became the leader of the Jewish branch of the Communist party at Buchenwald. From 1942 when he became the only Jewish Block Senior at Buchenwald—a post which he held until the liberation—Carlebach used his position openly for the exclusive purpose of working for the Communist party; he declared quite frankly that for him only his friends counted, that everybody else might as well perish. Only during the last year of the war, a change of his phraseology became noticeable when, in line with the new tactics of the Party, he advocated a broad "front of the responsible prisoners"; "responsible" meaning in professed agreement with the policies of the Communist party and Soviet Russia. As a result, Carlebach was surrounded by a coterie of flatterers, of people who became Communists and celebrated Carlebach as their leader in return for advantages they obtained in the distribution of food and work. Covered by this political idealism, corruption flowered in his sphere of influence; older and respected prisoners had to work hard while Carlebach's young friends enjoyed the advantages of privileged prisoners. Carlebach usually surrounded himself with "yes-men," but never attempted any serious political education and never missed a chance to rob the prisoners of some of their precious little time for leisure by treating them to one of his half-hour-long discourses.

Moreover, I myself was an eye witness to two acts of brutality which cannot be excused by any political arguments. The first was that of a Jewish doctor who was transferred to Buchenwald from another camp. Rumor had it that this man had committed a crime against fellow prisoners which, from the camp



point of view, deserved to be punished by death. Without even attempting to verify the facts, Carlebach ordered some of his young followers to finish this man. Only the intervention of some older prisoners saved him from being beaten to death; he was transferred to the hospital with serious head and other injuries. An investigation which the responsible prisoners at the hospital undertook revealed that the rumor was based on a personal act of vengeance and, while suffering for months from his injuries, the doctor was completely rehabilitated in the eyes of his fellow prisoners.

The second case concerns a Turkish Jew, of over sixty, hard of hearing and with a serious heart ailment, a man whose chances to survive were slim. One evening he rose from his bunk to go to the toilet, but did not reach it; he relieved himself in the dormitory. Now such things happened very rarely since everybody realized that in a Buchenwald dormitory great care had to be taken not to let sanitary conditions deteriorate below their low level. There could, therefore, be no need to punish this man as a deterrent to the others. Yet Carlebach beat the old man so brutally that he lost his senses and died a few days later in the hospital.

For these two cases there can be no excuse; Carlebach was at that time neither under any particular strain nor tired out; he had not worked for years but enjoyed the relatively easy life of a Block Senior. In addition, his cultural and educational background should have helped him to preserve some sense of justice even under the trying conditions of life in the KZ.

It may be said that in evaluating Carlebach's conduct I am using the standards of the "outside world," that conditions in a concentration camp produced a different set of values in no way comparable to those we are accustomed to. A few words, therefore, of the more general aspects of life at Buchenwald:

In the years before 1940, the political prisoners led, indeed, a heroic fight against the criminal element, the "Greens," and most of them paid for these efforts with their lives. During this time the fight was, indeed, directed against the SS and their henchmen among the prisoners. But early in the war Buchenwald was transformed into an indus-

trial plant forming part of the German war economy. An efficient and smooth administration of the camp became imperative, and upon orders from Berlin political prisoners were increasingly used to fill the numerous posts in the camp administration; thereafter, the "Greens" were found more useful as henchmen in the extermination camps. Seen against this background, two things become clear. First, that an underground political activity at Buchenwald consisted not so much in working against the SS, but rather in working with them and using the opportunities offered by obtaining positions in the administrative machine for the establishment of contacts with other prisoners, the organization of groups, the elimination of undesirables. Secondly, ruthlessness and brutality were not a necessary condition of survival. Some of Carlebach's Party comrades, although in the same position of authority, have become symbols of decency because of the manner in which they did everything in their power to ameliorate conditions and often to save the lives of their fellow prisoners. To them it was more important that somebody was a "good guy" than that he followed the Party line.

Do we, then, really have to weep for Carlebach? Certainly he, too, suffered from the years in concentration camps; and certainly he stood his ground as a trusted worker for the Communist party. But to paint him as a champion of liberty and human dignity is to do a great injustice to those who kept their sense of human values intact despite all persecutions, and even in the concentration camps; to the thousands who have survived without becoming partners to the crime; to the ever greater number of those who paid with their lives for their unwillingness to save themselves by aping the methods of their persecutors; who had ideals which could not be preserved by any compromise with SS bestiality. All these, physically alive or dead, were the real victors over concentration camps—not those who by their present stand prove that it was not so much the concentration camp that they objected to but rather the distribution of the parts to be played by their inmates, guardians, henchmen, and prisoners.

—Ernst Federn

# The Partition of Ireland

*Herbert L. Matthews*

**I**N THE Bible, Solomon never had a chance to cut the baby in two. History has fewer scruples and does it often. India was the latest example and Palestine is now dividing itself painfully into Siamese twins. In the nineteen-twenties there was Ireland. The process is always painful, like any operation, and the wounds take long to heal—if they ever do. It is always like a divorce (to change the metaphor) that only one party desires while the other fights it or goes on nursing a bitter grievance—in this case on the part of Southern Ireland against the co-respondent Great Britain.

As in all such imbroglios, the parties involved cannot be expected to look at the pro's and con's dispassionately. And anyway, when have Irishmen ever looked at anything dispassionately? The outsider who does so is like the third party who steps into any dispute; he gets a drubbing from both sides, or at the very least from the side he may feel inclined to judge more harshly. The easiest judgment of all is "a plague o' both your houses," after which you wash your hands and think of more important things.

There are, indeed, much more important things in this stormy world than the Partition of Ireland. You would not think so in Ireland, of course, where world affairs are believed to revolve around Partition and Anti-Partition like a tornado around its vortex.

The temptation to tell a Dubliner that nobody really gives a damn is strong, but it must be resisted, partly because it is an exaggeration and partly because any festering sore of this type can spread and become really nasty. Anyone who feels inclined to under-rate the importance of Ireland need only think of World War II and what it meant to have Ulster on our side and Eire neutral.

Moreover, a lot of Americans do seem to care a good deal, from the Catholic Irish-Americans of New York, Boston, and Chicago, to the Protestant descendants of Ulstermen scattered along the Atlantic coast and inland. Feelings were only recently stirred up when Eamon De Valera, defeated after sixteen years in office, toured the United States in March and talked of little else than Partition. One could be cruel and refer to Partition as "the last refuge of Irish politicians without a policy," and point to the fact that when in power "Dev" did little practical about it except to talk. It has always been a fine talking point, especially as it offers an opportunity to twist the Lion's tail. Dev, with his many solid gifts, has always been a demagogue of the first order.

So there again, one must resist temptation. The feelings on both sides of the border are real and intense, and are not to be comfortably swept away as demagoguery. In any event, De Valera is forcing the present gov-

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ernment to do something about it. The new Prime Minister, John A. Costello (pronounce it with the accent on the first syllable), feels as deeply as anybody and has already spoken about it publicly. Up in Belfast, the alarm has been sounded and the Prime Minister there, Sir Basil Brooke, has replied in kind. The combatants have squared off, ready for a hard fight, with both keeping a wary eye on the referee in London.

AS A MATTER of fact, Dublin wants the referee to decide the fight right now. That was the principal theme of De Valera's speeches on his American tour. He said it again and again, from Boston to Tulsa to Los Angeles. Addressing the members of the Massachusetts Senate and House of Representatives on March 30, for instance, he referred to Northern Ireland as "the British-occupied part of our country," and continued: "That position is being subsidized by Britain and upheld by force of British arms. What would you Americans think if an outside Power dictated a division of your people?"

There are solid arguments against Partition, but before going any further it might be just as well to put on record that arguments like the above are utter nonsense. Ulster is not "British-occupied" any more than Scotland and Wales. Together with England, they all form the United Kingdom. The Protestant Ulsterman considers himself as much a Briton as the Scot or Welshman.

Moreover, Northern Ireland is not being "subsidized by Britain." On the contrary, it contributes more to Great Britain from the financial and economic viewpoint than it gets. In fact, it is perhaps the only region in the world today that has a favorable balance of trade with the United States. Britain would be worse off today without Ulster's linen, shipbuilding, and engineering industries and agricultural products.

Northern Ireland is not "upheld by force of British arms." It would take force, and plenty of it, to end Partition in present circumstances. And finally, the statement that Partition was "dictated" by London is extremely debatable, to say the least, considering that the Protestant Ulstermen, who outnumber the Catholics in the Six Counties by two to one, always fought Home Rule.

The importance of arguments like those put forward by De Valera, or the type that refers to Ulster as "a police state, whole and entire" (to cite Joseph Scott, President of the American League for an Undivided Ireland), is not in their accuracy, for in fact they are quite inaccurate. It is in their effect, and in the fact that most Southern Irishmen believe them or choose to believe them.

There is no use getting impatient about it. Partition is a real issue, involving passionately held beliefs. An outsider whose interests are necessarily academic and international in their scope must try to understand what it is all about and how it happened. Then one can draw more or less valid conclusions for the future.

## II

SIR Basil Brooke, and other officials in Ulster, like to stress what they call differences of ideology, or as he recently put it, "war between irreconcilable ideas." A neutral observer (and for that matter most Irishmen) must feel that the primary and basic difference is one of religion, because it takes the form of Protestant versus Catholic. However, there are, of course, other very important explanations for Partition—historical, racial, social; there is the question of political allegiance; economics plays a big role; and last, but by no means least, there are strategical questions involved of the first order.

A lot depends on the date from which you start. The "Government of Ireland Act," which accomplished the juridical separation of Northern Ireland from the Irish Free State, was passed in 1920. "The Ulster Plantation," when land was distributed to Englishmen and Scots in six of the northern counties, started in 1610. Or you can go back to the days when Ireland was all Celt and Hibernian, racially and religiously homogeneous.

Whatever you do there is an argument. Ulstermen still point with pride and obstinacy to the remains of the Black Pig's Dyke, a great wall built by Ulstermen in the third century A.D. to keep out the southerners. They even tell you that St. Patrick began his work of converting Ireland in eastern Ulster in the early part of the fifth century.

Such arguments also approach the border

of nonsense. What counts in Ireland, as it counts on an immensely greater scale in the New World, was the permanent colonization by people of another race and religion. The great difference was that in the Americas the Europeans spread everywhere and dominated or absorbed the original inhabitants. In Ireland, the Scotch-English Protestant colonist was barely able to cling to one corner of the island and to this day is in a minority of four to one on a population basis.

A dissident minority was set up in a "mother country"—a situation paralleled in India by the Moslems and Hindus, which has now led to another Partition. The same thing is happening in Palestine. The colonist creates vested rights in time, and he naturally clings to them. He remains an unleavened lump, instead of melting into the pot.

That is what counts in Ireland today. Every July 12 the Orangeman fights the Battle of the Boyne all over again. The original battle was fought in 1690 between an ex-Dutchman, William III, and an Englishman of Scottish descent, James II. It was a little battle, with small forces on both sides, but it was decisive and a turning point in British and European history.

The background of the battle was not racial but religious. The victory of the Protestant Prince of Orange gave the Ulstermen a security that was not threatened until Gladstone came out for Home Rule in Ireland in the 1880's. Protestant Ulsterman can claim that they fought Home Rule from beginning to end. Their roots were in Great Britain and they did not want them to be cut. The question of right or wrong depends on the extent of the rights that one believes should be granted to a minority—and a small minority at that, if the island as a whole is considered.

**T**HERE never was any question, however, about the desire of that minority to remain in the United Kingdom, nor is there any doubt about it today. In the Irish general election of 1918 the Sinn Fein swept the polls everywhere, except in Ulster. In 1921, a year after the "Government of Ireland Act," Southern Ireland was offered Dominion status and Northern Ireland was given the right to vote itself out of the arrangement—which it did.

There began a desperate time of shootings, bomb outrages, and incendiarism in Ulster by the Irish Republican Army of which the Ulstermen have vivid memories. They still keep the "Civil Authorities [Special Powers] Act" on their books as a precaution against recrudescence of that violence. It was that fear which led the Northern Ireland Government to ban an Anti-Partition parade in Londonderry on St. Patrick's Day this year. "We know the I.R.A. is still there," Sir Basil Brooke said.

This is no place to go into the stormy history of the years that followed, when De Valera led a successful struggle, that was both a civil war and a bloodless political conflict with Britain, to make Eire into what he was to call the "sovereign independent democratic State of Ireland." To be sure, according to the Constitution of 1937, this consisted of "the whole of Ireland," but that remains an aspiration.

The political struggle was one of allegiance. Ulster clung to her relationship with the United Kingdom and hence remained an integral part of the British Empire and Commonwealth. Eire cut one link after another until only one tenuous thread remained—the King's nominal right to sanction the names of Irish diplomatic and consular representatives. Sean McBride, the new Minister for External Affairs, even wants to sever that last link, and it will probably go.

### III

**S**O THE pattern was fixed. On the one side there is Eire, or Southern Ireland, or the Twenty-six Counties, and on the other there is Ulster, or Northern Ireland, or the Six Counties. Eire is a homogeneous, Catholic mother country, so completely independent that it was able to remain neutral in World War II. Ulster is stuck away in the northeastern corner of the island, occupying only one-sixth of the total area, with one-third of the population, and of that population only two-thirds is Protestant. Ulster has a Parliament of its own, which deals with local legislation and administration, but it is a unit of the United Kingdom, and played a vital role in World War II.

The political pattern is a result, not a cause. Belfast and Dublin are only three



hours apart on the train, but you feel as if you have gone from one country to another. Belfast is a British city, a Victorian city, like Glasgow or Manchester, with all their ugliness, discomforts, austerity, and gloom. The best hotel is dingy in every respect and its food is atrocious. The Ulsterman, like a true Briton, eats merely to live, not to enjoy food. Yet there is life, energy, and prosperity—the best kind of prosperity, for it is widely shared.

If civilization be defined as “the production and enjoyment of the conveniences, the elegancies, and luxuries of life,” you must go to Dublin to find it. The architectual setting is still English, but an older, finer, and more elegant style, for it is Georgian. The atmosphere is European in the Continental sense—first-rate hotels, splendid food, shops bursting with luxuries. The country as a whole and the people are very poor, but for those who can afford it there is grace and opulence.

The people on both sides fit the settings, and in their characters alone one can find an explanation (although not necessarily an excuse) for Partition. The granite-faced Ulsterman is steadier, harder, more practical, more enterprising and active, more logical, less emotional, less romantic, less gracious, less eloquent, more skeptical. His is a race of peasant farmers, of administrators, soldiers, and merchants, a young, vigorous, and pioneering people. His conversation is practical, not theoretical. Down in Dublin the talk is abstract, brilliant, argumentative for the sake of argument; it flows and bubbles like a stream, flashing in the sunlight, a real “gift of the gab.” There is no blarney stone in Ulster—more’s the pity!

But when it comes to fighting spirit there is nothing to choose between the two, which is another good explanation for Partition. “This is the only place in the world where we still kill each other for the love of God,” a wise old Ulsterman remarked—with some exaggeration, to be sure.

**R**ELIGION is, indeed, the basic reason for Partition, just as it is in India. The historic schism that divided Europe into Catholic and Reformed Churches in the sixteenth century is still a living conflict in Ulster. Everything depends on “Where a man hangs his hat on Sunday.” Religion cuts

straight across internal politics, so that even the labor vote is Unionist or Nationalist (Anti-Partition), according to whether a man is Protestant or Catholic. While Great Britain went Socialist in 1945, Ulster maintained its rigid pattern, and still has a fairly Conservative government.

The Protestants have always stood together against the Catholics. You can tell how any local election will go by counting the Protestants and the Catholics, each of whom will vote for his co-religionist. The Nationalists and the Southern Irishmen claim that the constituencies were originally divided so as to give the breaks to the Unionists. That may have been true; when it comes to gerrymandering neither side has much to learn in Ireland. But the fact remains that as Ulster is constituted there are two Protestants for every one Catholic, and however fairly the boundaries were drawn that advantage would have persisted.

A curious paradox of the situation is that there is no religious intolerance as such. There is no interference with worship and there are no social distinctions because of religion on either side of the boundary. The Protestant Ulsterman calls Eire a priest-ridden country and says that he would not in any circumstances want to become a part of it. As a Presbyterian, Methodist, or Evangelical he has a distaste for “Roman Catholicism,” as he calls it, but so long as it does not interfere with his daily life he does not care.

In Eire, the very small Protestant minority has found complete tolerance. Religion is no problem because there are not enough Protestants to create a problem. In Ulster, the Catholic minority is large and it has a hinterland of twenty-six counties full of more Catholics. To the Protestants it is a Fifth Column. Moreover, it is aggressive, and it is out to overthrow the existing order. Hence, the religious clash takes a political form.

**T**HESE obstacles to ending Partition are formidable enough, but they are bolstered by other factors. Ulster has a higher standard of living than Eire, on the average. There are better social services, a better educational system, higher wages, a sounder agricultural economy, and an industrial structure that, with its great shipbuilding, linen, and engineering industries, is with-

out parallel in Eire. De Valera tried desperately to build up industry in Eire. He erected a high tariff wall, gave generous government subsidies, and permitted inordinately high profits. In the process he neglected agriculture, which is the real basis of Eire's economy. As a result, he left the new government with an unhappy legacy.

The hard-headed Ulster business man would have something to say about ending Partition. The worker, who might have to accept lower wages and poorer social services, is not likely to be tempted in present circumstances. The peasant farmer, who shares the relative prosperity and security of agriculturalists in the United Kingdom, would have little inducement to unite the island.

The practical Ulsterman asks, anyway, "What is the use of being politically independent of Britain and economically dependent?" Eire slashed away at every political link there was, and yet today as much as 95 to 98 per cent of its trade is with the United Kingdom! Out of Eire's currency backing of £42,000,000, about £35,000,000 is in British securities. Something like half of its imports come from Britain. There is a British sterling debt to Eire of £400,000,000.

When Eire's emigration to the United States had to be reduced to a trickle in the 1930's, and since, there was only one outlet for surplus population—Great Britain. There are now something like a quarter of a million young Irishmen and women working in "Pagan England." Many, many thousands of Irishmen volunteered to fight in the British Army in World War II. Indeed, the Irish boast that they had a higher percentage of their population in the Empire forces than Ulster. As many as 150,000 Irishmen and women worked in British war factories.

It is all right to hate the English and call them all sorts of names (the English are used to being called names). It is all right to call Eire "an independent, sovereign state." But the hard facts of the case show that Eire is in many ways more intimately linked to Great Britain than any other member of the Commonwealth.

**T**O BE SURE, the Irishman can point to his neutrality in World War II as proof of his independence and as a threat to the future if Partition is not ended.

That sword cuts both ways. An outsider, and especially an American, would be inclined to say: "Thank God for Ulster"! On January 24, 1942, De Valera protested against the landing of American troops in Northern Ireland—over which he had no jurisdiction. On March 7, 1944, when President Roosevelt protested against Eire's neutrality, De Valera said: "It is the logical consequence of Irish history and of the forced partition of a national territory."

However, on November 19, 1940, De Valera had been interviewed by a United Press correspondent, who asked him this question: "Would you abandon neutrality if the British agreed to end Partition, and let the Six Counties unite with the rest of Ireland?"

"That is to ask, shall we barter our right to freedom in order to secure our right to unity?" Dev replied (and, incidentally, published the reply, himself, later). "To suggest that the undoing of Partition might be made dependent on our going into this war is to fail to understand our whole position."

It might be argued that De Valera has gone the way of all politicians and there is another government. But the new "Taioseach," John A. Costello, does not feel any differently. He has said as harsh things about the British as De Valera, and he has threatened neutrality in the "cold war" against Russia if Partition is not ended. In his St. Patrick's Day broadcast to the United States, Costello asked for American support "in healing divisions among Irishmen," and claimed that Irish-Americans would not sympathize fully with the European Recovery Program so long as Partition persisted.

**G**RANTING his thesis—which is a doubtful one, to say the least—what about Americans who are not of Irish descent? Moreover, what about Americans whose ancestors came from Ulster?

Costello, in that same broadcast, recalled Andrew Jackson, "who declared that he had not one drop of blood in his veins that was not Irish." True enough—but Andrew Jackson's parents came from Carrickfergus, on Belfast Lough.

Ulster, in fact, claims a role in the ancestry of no fewer than fourteen of our thirty-two presidents. When the *Times* (of London)



correspondent recently cast doubt on that high figure. St. John Ervine, the playwright, himself an Ulsterman, wrote an indignant Letter to the Editor. "It is established that John Adams and his son John Quincy Adams, James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, James Polk, James Buchanan, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses Grant, Chester Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, Woodrow Wilson, and the two Roosevelts were partly or entirely of Ulster origin," he wrote.

Ervine named many other names, and there is no doubt that when it comes to Colonial and Revolutionary times in the United States, the Protestants from Ulster had it all over the Catholics from the rest of the island. That should not matter, one way or another. It has point only because, politically speaking, the so-called Irish-American vote has come from descendants of what is now Eire. It has been vociferous, well-organized, and influential—and it still is, although one wonders whether interest and passions are not dying out in the new generation. Ties of that sort to "the old countries" invariably weaken.

One must remember, too, that something like 300,000 or more American soldiers were in Ulster during World War II, and they proved later that genuinely pleasant memories remained. Among other things, there were 1,800 war brides and 500 children to maintain the ties.

The problem, from Eire's point of view, is to create enough nuisance value in the Irish-American vote to bring pressure to bear upon the British government to try to end Partition. The argument being made in this article is that this is not feasible and that anyway, the case is being presented in a distorted way.

A picture of Ulster is being drawn that is far from reality, and even if anti-British feeling were fanned to the requisite pitch in the United States (which seems impossible) there is no reason to suppose that London would be forced to act. No one can predict the future, least of all nowadays, and it is conceivable that a desperate situation might arise in which Britain would have to abandon Ulster. But so far as the foreseeable future is concerned, this is quite out of the question. No British government, whatever its party com-

position, would lift a finger to end Partition. Many reasons for this could be deduced from what has been written here, but the single fact that without Ulster Britain could not have survived World War II is enough to settle the issue for this generation.

#### IV

THERE is, then, the possibility of a forceful solution. De Valera has hinted at it now and then. In Los Angeles, during his recent trip, he said: "If we had the military strength to prevent the division of Ireland by force we would have done so." It would be even more difficult—in fact, quite impossible—now.

Among the peaceful solutions, there is the one to transfer the powers now held by London to Dublin, leaving Ulster with a fair degree of autonomy. Sir Basil Brooke recently called that "a farcical solution," and it is certainly not acceptable to the Protestant majority of Ulster in present circumstances. Whether it may prove so at some future date remains to be seen.

Another possible political solution is that the Labor party in Ulster should gain enough strength so that, allied to the Nationalists, a new government could peacefully vote Partition out of existence. That possibility is remote, since the Labor vote in the last analysis would be swayed by all those considerations of wages, social services, standard of living, allegiance, and above all religion, that have already been mentioned. Moreover, the Labor party in Britain would not support such action.

Many Irishmen have been trying to take comfort in the higher birthrate of the Catholic population and have argued that in time the Catholics, even in Ulster, will outnumber the Protestants and thus be able to vote for unity. Even that argument does not hold water. Since the famine of 1846, Ireland's population has been declining. Eire is said to have the lowest marriage rate in the world, and late marriages are the rule.

The Northern Ireland government recently had its Registrar's Office prepare a secret report on population and religion. It showed that the Catholic population of Ulster is not gaining on the Protestant nearly so quickly as everybody thought. At the rate

they are going now, by 1970, the Catholics will have gained only 3 per cent over the present ratio of one to two. To wait on the population, therefore, will need patience indeed.

## V

**I**S THERE then no hope of ending Partition? It would be a pity to have to say so, since it is abnormal and highly unsatisfactory for a small island to be split in two permanently, in a world where unity is becoming more and more desirable. The Southern Irishman has a passionate conviction that Ireland will once again be united some day—and one must hope he is right.

However, there is only one way unity can be achieved, as things look now. It must come by agreement. As someone pointed out recently, in this connection, when you want to marry a woman you woo her, not abuse her. Eire must make it desirable for Ulster to end Partition, and then it will end without any fuss or conflict. When conditions in Eire are such that the Ulster worker, farmer, and industrialist see it is to their advantage to join up, they will be inclined to do so. When the Protestant Ulsterman has been persuaded that he will not be a part of a "priest-ridden state" and there will be no disadvantage in his minority position, the religious argument will cease to have validity.

When Eire forgets its ancient grudge against Britain, takes its normal place again in the Commonwealth, and drops its neutrality, the problem of political allegiance will have been solved.

All this, however difficult to foresee, is far from impossible. Indeed, events are moving slowly but surely in these directions. The powers that be in Dublin have long realized that economic and social reforms are necessary and they are coming gradually. The grip of the Church upon political, social, and educational affairs has not perceptibly weakened, to be sure, but one must remember that Catholicism, from the Vatican outward, is

very much committed to the struggle against Communism. And this, among other things, is breaking down Irish isolationism. Russia is doing what Germany could not do. The average Irishman in Eire had no aversion to Fascism or Nazism, and could see little to choose between the Britisher and the German. Today the lesser evil, for a vast majority of Irishmen, is the Briton, and his clergy would crack down on him hard if he felt or acted otherwise. The old animosities are dying as the generation of 1916 passes away. Hundreds of thousands of young Irishmen and women have fought with the British and still work with them, and are even marrying them! They have learned that hatred is easy to sustain only against an abstraction. The real, live Briton is not as bad as they thought.

There are hopes of ending Partition. One should cling to them and encourage them—but there is no use harboring false ideas or false impressions of the real situation. It may be that the Irish pattern of Eire and Ulster has become fixed, in exactly the same sense as Spain and Portugal. Vested interests grow stronger as the years pass. An existing situation becomes more and more difficult to alter, the longer it lasts. The effort required, inside and out, becomes greater and greater.

Ulster does not want a change; Eire is in no position to bring one about. The world, and especially Great Britain, does not really care enough. These are harsh truths, but they are truths, and it would be wrong not to face them.

Beyond them, one can argue about right and wrong, justice and injustice. No effort has been made to do so in this article—which is, perhaps, cynical. The philosopher and the moralist might well condemn what has happened. A working journalist can only record the facts.

Perhaps the day will come when the world has so changed that the records of the journalist describe a state of affairs satisfactory to the philosopher and the moralist. For the sake of the Irish, I trust they will not have to wait that long to end Partition.



# After Hours

“ADVANCING American Art” was selling at five cents on the dollar at the Whitney Museum in New York during June, and a group of artists found this a pretty tiresome state of affairs. These were the pictures over which there had been such a fuss a year ago, the very ones that the State Department had collected for overseas showing as part of its cultural information program. They included the picture of the circus girl by Kuniyoshi that had prompted the President of the United States to say, “If that’s art, I’m a Hottentot.” They also included the pictures that Congressman Busby of Illinois had derided as “communistic propaganda.” You could buy them (at sealed-bid auction) for five cents on the dollar only if you happened to be an educational or other non-profit institution. Artists’ Equity took the auction as an opportunity to attack the government’s action in disposing of the pictures through the War Assets Administration, and to put in its plea for government sponsorship of the arts.

This is what happens when the government gets to messing into art. Somebody always gets into trouble and nearly everyone who cares in the least is resentful. It has been pointed out by a number of art writers and museum officials that if there had been a committee of museum directors to support the State Department purchase of pictures, the collection would have had some official backing and Congressmen would have been less likely to make fun of it. There is some truth in this. Our museums represent tremendous investments of cash, and Congressmen, especially of the persuasion who attacked the “advancing” paintings, have a rather awed attitude toward capital investment. When it came to the show-down in

Budget Committee hearings, Secretary Marshall could only admit that he was “baffled.” Mr. LeRoy Davidson, who had collected the pictures, was flattened by Congressman Busby’s steam-roller technique, which mainly consisted of calling the artists “Communists,” and Mr. Benton, lately of Benton & Bowles and at that time the director of the State Department’s information program, retired in the face of withering fire because he didn’t know about modern art. A few experts with the prestige of museums behind them might have given even Congressman Busby pause.

But they might not have. Suppose Artists Equity got its way and we did have a government sponsored art program. That would mean an Office of Art in, let’s assume, the Department of the Interior, with quarters just down the hall from the Office of Education. The Commissioner would be a political appointee who would get a budget and an allotment of Civil Service jobs rating from CAF 2 to P 9, which he would fill with “experts,” “expert consultants,” and office workers. Before you could say palette-knife he would be involved in a jurisdictional dispute with the Commissioner down the hall about whether art education was his province or the province of the Office of Education. He would be attacked by half the painters and sculptors for being too conservative and by the other half for being irresponsible. In an attempt to make his office count for something he would make a try at getting a bill through both houses for Federal Aid to Museums, and the museums would be first on one side of the fence and then on the other trying to decide whether this would help them or interfere with their independence. The bill wouldn’t get out of Committee anyway. So the Commissioner would exercise his prerog-

atives as art arbiter by telling the State Department what kinds of art it should send overseas, and soon there would be cries from Greenwich Village to the Big Sur about that bureaucrat who has set himself up as art dictator, and who the hell does the government think it is anyway to tell us what is good art and what isn't?

So we'd be right back where we started. Artists want support, but they don't want interference. They want freedom to paint as they please, but they want the government to sponsor what they produce. Somewhere along the line there is a canceling-out process. When the government acts as an arbiter of taste (and how could government sponsorship avoid that entirely and do anything at all?) it is performing an individual function in a group fashion. That's all right so long as there is a clear line to follow. In Russia all art is assumed to serve a socio-political purpose, so that when the government says "this is art," the artists and the public have to agree. Not so here. Art for most of our artists and consumers is a personal matter, not to be regimented, not to be decided upon either by ukase or, for that matter, by democratic processes. When I decide what pictures I shall buy for myself, that is not a democratic process; it's an entirely selfish and personal one. So it is with any sponsor of the arts. So it is even with museums which have a curator of paintings who buys what he believes in. Sometimes his trustees turn him down or fire him, but the assumption is that he's there because of the quality of his taste and of his experience. Is it inconceivable that we could ever get government sponsorship of art which was really democratic (*i.e.*, representative of the will of the people) and at the same time satisfy the "advancing" artists? The best we could expect would be an art that would satisfy a government-appointed committee which then would be subject to the erudition of Congress. And artists, who regard juries of their peers with the greatest suspicion and constantly decry the jury system for the selection of exhibitions, would certainly be no happier. If artists as a byproduct of their investigations should happen to create a very large and devastating noise, as the scientists did, then a sufficiently frightened Congress, backed by the Secretary of Defense, might appropriate funds for pure artistic research.

But like the scientists, most artists don't want their work used for propaganda purposes, much less devastation, and would be as shy as the scientists now are about being half-coddled, half-bullied by the government.

Of course there is something essentially wrong in all this that goes far beyond the question of government sponsorship of the arts.

It is the whole problem of the lack of standing of the artist in the community. Artists are inclined to blame this on "a failure of education," but if I were an artist the last place I would go for sponsorship would be the government. Artists' Equity in its statement about the auction of the State Department pictures pointed out that "the United States is the only major country in the world without a sponsored cultural program." I'm not sure just what that means, but I can think of several nations that sponsor culture, and have in the past, and it seems to me that they are and have been (at least so far as painting is concerned) much more interested in perpetuating the academic and in promoting the past than in fostering the experimental and the advanced. Governments are inclined to play safe in these matters. It is true that during the recent war, before the fever of investigations got started, our Office of War Information and the British MOI did manage to assume a friendly attitude toward advancing art; but the atmosphere of crisis can't be sustained, and art, along with everything else, becomes fair game for the political ferrets.

The machinery for handling the distribution of art in this country is extensive and by no means used to its full capacity. Our museums have before sent and will again send exhibitions to foreign countries without regard to the whims of Congressmen. They can send as advanced art as their taste and consciences dictate, and they can do it with dignity. And what is to keep Artists Equity from organizing its own shows? Until artists can get enough public backing in their own towns and cities and in their States to support the contention that the government should sponsor art, they would do well to cultivate the home folks. They have plenty of battles to win in their own backyards before they march up Pennsylvania Avenue and take on the boys with the big axe on Capitol Hill.



## Fun on Wheels

LAUNCHING a new car these days has all the airs (and some of the graces) of launching a debutante in the days before the Depression. The similarities run all the way from the locale (a ballroom) to the quality of the decorative young ladies who participate, the pawing of the model just launched, and a stag line of young men all dressed alike.

Anyway, this is my impression after having attended the coming-out party for the new Fords which was held at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. As I arrived an organ was playing "There's A Small Hotel," somewhat incongruously. There was a large crowd of people who, like myself, had come to sip the delights of new beauty. There were young women in white two-piece dresses and caps handing out programs and plastic buttons for the lapel. There were young men in dark blue coats and pale gray pants politely answering questions, demonstrating air control systems and carburetors. There were five or six cars on a large turntable with a suitably pert young lady at the wheel of each. One of them was knitting a white sweater as she went round and round under the towering construction of gold and red and white stripes that made a sort of glistening mushroom above them. There should have been champagne. There wasn't. But wait.

All this frivolity is, I feel, symptomatic of something that is happening to life on wheels. The living-room trend toward semi-circular venetian blinds in the backs of high visibility cars is paralleled by the tendency of nearly everything except hearses to imitate the sportive carefreeness of the station wagon. There is *nothing* that you can do in your own home that you can't do now in a car, and I have evidence to support my contention. Here are three items that have come to my attention in the past few weeks.

First, a friend of mine reports that she went to see a boat off recently and as she was leaving the pier, two well-dressed, middle-aged ladies got into a long black limousine driven by a chauffeur. There was an extra uniformed man on the box, as they used to say. When the ladies got in he followed them and sat on one of the little seats. He had a guitar, and was strumming it softly as the car drove away.

The other two have to do with buses. I recently spent several hours on a "land yacht," a converted forty-one-passenger Greyhound bus. It sleeps five people, has a galley, two toilets, several closets, a compass, a log book, and sherry glasses with anchors painted on them. It is driven by a pilot and a co-pilot. The only drawback is that it isn't allowed on parkways. Officials won't believe it is a private car.

The other bus is hearsay. A couple I know were invited to dinner (and "please be prompt") in New York recently, and after they had been given a few martinis, they and the other guests were loaded on a big bus in which there were buckets of champagne and a four-piece orchestra. They drove around from restaurant to restaurant, on a very rigid schedule, having each course in a different place. They ended up the evening out in Westchester somewhere, and stayed there till the champagne ran out.

## How to be Happy though Healthy

A TRIBE in the mountains of Northern India, by the name of Hunza, appears to consist entirely of serene, good-natured, and healthy individuals. I am indebted for this information to Mr. J. I. Rodale, of Emmaus, Pennsylvania, who has just written a book called *The Healthy Hunza* and provided me, inadvertently, with a staple of quick-frozen conversation. The difficulties that might often come up, moreover, in introducing the virtues of the Hunza at the dinner-table have been eliminated by the appearance of several books—Mr. Vogt's *The Road to Survival*, Mr. Osborne's *Our Plundered Planet*, Mr. Bromfield's *Malabar Farm* (still better, Mr. E. B. White's verse review of it), or even Mr. DeVoto's articles in this magazine—all of which emphasize Man's continued dependence on the soil. Conservation used to be a dead issue, but now it can again be rung in to fill the pauses. Soil, eh? Did you know that the Hunza do not succumb to ulcers, dyspepsia, and cancer? Barring complete irrelevancy, it is possible to get at least one's neighbors on right and left talking about the Hunza before the madrilene has melted. For the point of Mr. Rodale's book, and of his earlier *Pay Dirt*, and of a magazine he also edits, is that the Hunza practice

"organic gardening," putting back into the soil everything they take out of it.

This tasty conversational tidbit, for city-grown gardeners, turns out to be full of calories, especially for members (like myself) of the fraternity of the compost pile. The true organic-gardening devotee—when, for example, he uses the word *chemical* to describe modern commercial fertilizers—will snarl, expose his molars, and doubtless increase the flow of his digestive justices. It is a passion of near-religious proportions, which seems to increase in direct ratio to separation from professional country-farming. The hot, barren city streets silently accuse us, so we take up with a theory that assuages our guilt: that *chemicals* are poisoning the fertility of our soil, which can be restored only by re-adopting the natural, age-old methods of the Hunza. These, briefly, are to fertilize (no chemicals) only with compost, the combined product of decayed vegetable matter, animal waste, and natural rock mineral—relative quantities varying according to each enthusiast. Everything goes into the compost pile, but you have to watch the theory carefully. Limestone is not a chemical, but superphosphate (since its manufacture requires a strong acid) is. Table salt, on the other hand, the product of *two* strong acids, is not, since it is normally found in "nature," the key word. The Hunza and Rousseau's "noble savage" would get along just fine.

But Mr. Rodale, I fear, exaggerates the importance of "organic gardening" to the good health that the Hunzas undeniably enjoy. He compares them with surrounding tribes, always to the latter's disadvantage, and does not mention religious variations that would alone cause a difference between healthy and unhealthy diet—"organic" or otherwise. When he compares the Hunza to the Kashmiri, he is soon reduced to vague and generalized attacks on the Kashmiri character, which is better than he thinks, and in any event this kind of argument can be turned back on the Hunza. Mr. Rodale makes a great deal of the latter's good nature, but admits himself that until several generations ago (when the British arrived) the Hunza were marauding bandits, who came down out of the mountains and beat up all the undernourished neighbors they could find. If centuries of "organic gardening" has anything to do with character, is

the effect cumulative or must the potato and tomato be introduced by the British (the Hunza never had them before) in order to detonate it? My own theory, a result of a careful examination of the photographs in *The Healthy Hunza*, is that their conversion from banditry was effected not by diet but by an entirely different weapon of civilization visibly introduced by the British—the button-down collar. And the last word on "organic gardening" is probably that of a government soil expert: "Many of the recommended practices are excellent, although not always for the reasons given."

In short, all of those who have celebrated the virtues of the compost pile during the past year or two, from Mr. Bromfield through and including the Department of Agriculture, seem to me to miss the main point. It is no simple question of fertility alone. The true glory of a compost pile—for me at least, and I suspect for a good many other amateur gardeners—lies in the way it panders to the miserly instincts. Thrift (well, maybe stinginess) as always seemed to me a deep-grained compulsion which seldom finds a satisfactory outlet. Any effort to hoard a little money, for example, is promptly discouraged by one's family or the Bureau of Internal Revenue. When I squirreled away bits of string and tinfoil, I always felt a little silly. Book collecting doesn't work for me either, because nearly all my friends are bibliokleptomaniacs. The result has been a creeping neurosis, which broke out in snarls, twitches, and a distressing habit of hiding crusts under the rim of my plate at dinner.

The compost pile cured all that. It has given me a perfect excuse for unlimited hoarding—every fallen leaf, every weed, grapefruit rind, and blade of clipped grass. Moreover, nobody accuses the composter of being anti-social or of undermining the national economy by oversaving. On the contrary, he is widely regarded as a wholesome fellow, dedicated to enriching the soil in deep communion with God and Nature. Best of all, the miser's trove is never lost. Every spring it goes back into the garden, to raise more green stuff for another orgy of hoarding. This, rather than a few vitamin-packed vegetables, is the real reward of gardening: a little compost a day keeps the psychiatrist away.

—Mr. Harper



# Harper's MAGAZINE

## President Dewey's Strange Bedfellows

*Elmer Davis*

Pictorial Comment by Bernarda Bryson

**I**N ALMOST every speech delivered at the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia there sounded the same strange note, as raucously discordant as would have been the intrusion into "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which appeared to be the theme song of the convention, of a few phrases from "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" which was the retrospective theme song of the most recent Republican administration. That discordant note, heard even in the address of Mr. Hoover, was a call for leadership—often, frankly, for A Leader. This from the Republicans is amazing; and not merely because for the past sixteen years they have lived on denunciation of the tyrannous leadership of That Man in the White House, who no matter what his name belonged to the opposite party. Traditionally the Republicans have been an oligarchic party—I use the word

in its literal, not its invidious sense: a party of group leadership. When accident confronted them with strong individual leadership in their own party they reacted against it more violently than in the opposition. Theodore Roosevelt made a great deal of noise; but his fellow-Republicans so compassed him about that in domestic affairs he was only a noise, rather than a force, for righteousness; and the only reason the party oligarchy did not succeed in pulling the rug out from under Abraham Lincoln was that he happened to be a smarter politician than any, or all, of the rest.

Yet now they call for a Leader. One Washington correspondent, listening to those appeals in the Philadelphia convention hall, observed that "they've been used to going along with Papa for sixteen years, and they don't know what to do without him." But

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they ought to know what to do without him, if they live up to their own best traditions. In retrospect it appears that the ideal Republican President (excluding the eccentrics, Lincoln and Roosevelt) was William McKinley, who regarded himself as only a *primus inter pares*; a chairman of the board, superior in prestige rather than authority; a harmonizer and accommodator who made our government of co-ordinate, co-equal, and too often conflicting powers work together with a rare synchronization.

That is not the kind of potential President the Republicans have dealt themselves this time. They asked for a Leader and it looks as if they have got one; and most of the domestic news of the next four years may be about whether he suits them any better than the leaders whom accident bestowed on them in the past. (Lincoln was an accident in the sense that most people didn't know much about him, except that he was not Seward.) But this time it was no accident; the convention which nominated Dewey functioned as a convention should, and gradually shook itself down to the candidate who was the residual, if not the initial choice of the immense majority; the man the delegates would prefer if they couldn't get their own man. They were aided in reaching this conclusion by the tact of the Dewey managers, who did not rely on their majority to bull things through, who gave the opposition its run; who seemed concerned to leave as few sore spots as possible (with a single noteworthy exception, to be discussed later) and sacrificed spectacular demonstrations of superiority for the sake of harmony. With the result that Dewey appeared as far more clearly the choice of the convention, and of the party, than is usually the case when there has been a real fight.

I write four months before the election; and in those four months any number of things might happen, at home or abroad, to upset what now seems the certainty of Republican victory. If those things have happened by the time you read this, read no farther; what follows is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. But as of July 4 it seems pertinent to speculate how the Republican party will get along with its new papa; and perhaps more to the point, how Papa Dewey will get along with a turbulent family of children by his wife's earlier marriages.

## II

I do not know Mr. Dewey, nor am I a Republican. (For the record, I have no political affiliation, as becomes a voteless resident of the city of Washington; if I still lived in New York I should belong to the Liberal party, to the left of the organization Democrats and to the right of the fellow-traveling Laborites.) Accordingly what follows is an estimate by what the Masons call a profane, excluded from the inner secrets and dependent on what he can find out.

The Republicans call the Democrats a discordant coalition, and justly so; but so are the Republicans, though their discords are muffled for the moment by the prospect of victory and gravy. They include men who kept cool with Coolidge (and later almost froze with Hoover) and men who raised hell with Coolidge and Hoover both. They include Joe Pew and Joe Grundy, George Aiken and Wayne Morse; Colonel Robert R. McCormick, who thinks Grand Rapids is in Europe (and hence abominable), and Warren Austin and John Foster Dulles, who are willing to work with Democrats to try to rebuild the world. They will get a lot of votes this year from farmers who thank the Republican Congress for the high prices they are getting, and have not yet decided who is to blame for the high prices they have to pay. But the solid core of the party is and always has been, since the GAR veterans began to die off, the men who regard it as the defender of the property interests of the country—men who sincerely believe that if you take care of the prosperity of the rich, the poor will get along all right on the crumbs that fall from the children's table.

But that solid core is by no means so solid as it used to be; a good deal of it has moved with the times—has realized that the prosperity of the rich is largely dependent on what they sell to the poor, and consequently will be not too brilliant unless the poor have something to buy with. Some of them still stick to the old-time religion but a good many of them have learned—and have also learned that America lives in the world, much as we may deplore it, and consequently in mere self-interest had better try to make the world more livable. The difference between the Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of today and the





Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of thirty years ago is an extreme example of the way Republican thinking has moved; but there is plenty of other evidence that much of the party knows that the year is 1948, not 1920.

Both the ticket and the platform reflect that realization. Dewey is a conservative, but a practical conservative of the streamlined modern type; and voters who might be concerned over even that much conservatism could be mollified by his deliberate selection for second place of Mr. Warren, the most progressive candidate before the convention. Republicans of the old school must have gone home a little bewildered by the realization that they had nominated a Presidential candidate whose position on foreign affairs was, at least until the campaign opened, substantially identical with that of the man they were trying to beat; and a Vice-Presidential candidate who stood with Mr. Truman on so important a domestic issue as conservation. The platform was a very good one too—except that practically everything the Republicans prom-

ised to do, in domestic affairs, was something they could have done in the past two years if they had really wanted to. The Senate, in the main, did want to do it; if the Republicans could run on their Senate record they would be hard to argue with. But they must run on the total record of the Eightieth Congress; and the Democrats immediately realized that the record of the House of Representatives is the glass jaw of the Republican party. They will be poking away at that glass jaw all through the campaign; they may not be able to hit it hard enough for a knockout, but they can cause Mr. Dewey a good deal of embarrassment by compelling him to keep covering up.

Immediately after his nomination Mr. Dewey did his duty and said it was a very good Congress; so did Mr. Warren, unperturbed by the fact that he had sharply criticized it only a week before. But these general endorsements will have to be particularized as the campaign goes on; what do you think, Mr. Dewey, of the record of the House of

Representatives on housing—the United Nations—federal aid to education—reciprocal trade agreements—appropriations for foreign aid—reclamation and conservation? Endorsement can be contrasted with his own performance, his statements of belief; repudiation would only increase the bitterness of men most of whom are bitter enough already. It will take considerable agility to walk the tightrope between the two.

Yet he will have to try to walk that tightrope. The leaders of the House of Representatives had already been repudiated by their party's convention, in implication if not in plain words; but they are still going to be in there next year, leading the House of Representatives, controlling the money which a Dewey administration would need to get anything done, with a veto over the legislation which a Republican White House might want.

### III

THERE are some antediluvian troglodytes among Republican Senators, but they have even less influence than their counterparts on the Democratic side. The Republican Senate leadership—Vandenberg and Lodge in foreign policy, Taft and Millikin in domestic affairs—has been able and intelligent; conservative certainly, on the domestic side, but a modern and moderate conservatism.

But in the House—call the roll of leaders: Speaker Joe Martin, from Massachusetts; Floor Leader Charlie Halleck, from Indiana; Party Whip Leslie Arends, from Illinois; and the chairmen of the major committees—Harold Knutson of Minnesota, Ways and Means; John Taber of New York, Appropriations; Leo Allen of Illinois, Rules; and Jesse Wolcott of Michigan, Banking and Currency—momentarily important because his committee killed the housing bill. To which a still more appalling prospect must be added: with the retirement of Ham Andrews of Buffalo, one of the best men in the House, the chairmanship of the Armed Services Committee will fall by the inexorable operation of seniority to Dewey Short of Missouri, who is about as fit for that position as I am to replace Joe Di Maggio in center field.

Of this lot Joe Martin is much the best. As

President—and for a little while this spring he seemed a serious danger in case of a deadlock—he would not have been an asset to the republic; but he has the virtues as well as the faults of the pure politician. He knows that tact and consideration are better than bull-headed force; that there are certain things it is not wise to do even if you have power to do them; that a solution which leaves no one too dissatisfied is better than a resounding victory, with the losers itching for revenge. But the others—they are men of principle; they believe that what is good for business is good for the country; they believe that money is worth more than anything you can buy with it; they believe that the inhabitants of the rest of the world are a lot of moochers, whom we can safely disregard when we get tired of bestowing handouts.

They are not only men of principle but men of power. The doctrine of Congressional supremacy has always been a latent premise of Republican thinking; and men who fought the Democrats through fourteen years of minority opposition have had their consciousness of authority sharpened by these past two years when a Republican majority in Congress faced a Democrat in the White House. They have tasted raw meat in a battle with a Democratic President, and it won't be easy for a Republican President to get them back on a milk diet.

For they are sore. They managed to take out of the original draft of the platform the phrases that directly rebuked them; but everything the platform advocates is something they either would not do, or did only when they were kicked into it; and in the contest for the nominations, their noses were rubbed in the dust. That Joe Martin never got more than eighteen votes for the Presidency was no great surprise, even to Joe Martin; he had no chance except in a deadlock. But there was a serious prospect that Charlie Halleck might restore Indiana's time-honored function of supplying the nation with a Vice-President. He passed up a complimentary vote for the Presidency, as Indiana's favorite son; he threw the whole vote of Indiana to Dewey on the first ballot; and he had a right to expect his reward. He probably didn't realize that all the Democrats were praying that he would get the Vice-Presidential nomination, which would have made him and the House record



an albatross hung around Dewey's neck; for a day or two it looked as if he were in. (There is some reason to believe that the Dewey people encouraged the Halleck boom, as the best way to head off Bricker.) When the bad news came that Warren had got the nod, Halleck's friends hoped he would at least be permitted to make the nominating speech; but he was not. There were three seconding speeches; one hears that Halleck was offered a chance to make one of them, but rebuffed it as an addition of insult to injury. And this to a man who had delivered Indiana's twenty-nine votes—twelve of them the votes of men who preferred Taft—at a time when twenty-nine votes amounted to something. The leaves of every sycamore on the banks of the Wabash are quivering yet, with indignation at what was done to Charlie Halleck.

And Charlie Halleck will be in there next year, leading the majority in the House of Representatives, with no reason whatever to go out on a limb again for the sake of the man in the White House.

**S**O WITH some of the committees. Our government of three co-ordinate branches sometimes seemed, last winter, to have become a government of two co-ordinate branches—the Rules Committee and the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. Each of them seems to regard itself as what used to be known in the German Reichstag as the Head Committee—authorized to disregard what any other committee may have done, to go over again what other committees have already thrashed out, to overrule at its discretion the decisions of committees to which legislation has been assigned by regular House procedure. The chairman of any committee of the House of Representatives may legitimately regard himself as a fairly dignified figure; but again and again I have seen those men treated, by the Rules Committee, like schoolboys brought before the principal for writing dirty words on the blackboard. There is a strong suspicion that in some of the Rules Committee's obstructionism this spring, Chairman Leo Allen was fronting and taking the rap for the House leadership. But not in all of it.

As for the Appropriations Committee, what it can do under a determined leader was lately demonstrated by Chairman John

Taber's fight to cut down the appropriation for the Marshall Plan. It took all the weight of Republican leadership, national, senatorial, and in the end even some from the House, to bring him down; and even then they had to insert some language to save his face. The Marshall Plan is likely to be the principal feature of American foreign policy in the next Administration. It will need a new appropriation every year, and John Taber will still be in there swinging his meat axe. To be sure, as an orthodox New York Republican he was for Dewey before the convention; and after the convention he said he anticipated no trouble with President Dewey over Marshall Plan appropriations. Dewey would run it so well, said Mr. Taber, that he could get along with less money. But what happens if Dewey decides that he needs more money than John Taber thinks he needs? That meeting of the irresistible force and the immovable body will be something to see.

Then there is Harold Knutson of Ways and Means—the great tax-cutter. As I write he is proposing to reduce taxes by another four billion dollars next year; Dewey will be so efficient, says Mr. Knutson, that he can easily take four billion out of federal expenditure. It is not clear just where he could take it out. It will be a miracle if expenditure for national defense can be much—or at all—reduced next year; some expenditures on veterans will go down, others will go up; Dewey cannot reduce tax refunds, or interest on the national debt. Of course there is always international financing—the Marshall Plan and so on. Three billion of this year's Marshall Plan expenditure was charged back against last year's surplus, by an ingenious trick that cannot be repeated. Dewey has vigorously advocated the Marshall Plan, with money enough to make it work; there is no reason to believe he would change his mind. If you set aside all these untouchable items in the budget, and others which fulfil continuing commitments or pay for authorized contracts, you haven't got four billion dollars left. But if Dewey can't save four billion dollars out of three billion dollars, to make up for Harold Knutson's tax reduction, whose fault is that? Not Harold Knutson's.

These are some of the stepchildren Papa Dewey is taking on when he marries the widow. He is not to blame for their bad

heredity but he is the man who will have to raise them.

## IV

**M**AYBE he can do it. He has been an able Governor of New York, with easy domination of the legislature. To be sure it is a tradition of almost thirty years' standing that New York always has a good governor, of whatever party; and a Republican Governor can always dominate the legislature, which is Republican practically by constitutional fiat. Still Dewey has done well whatever he has had to do; and he has an able group of men around him. Those who have watched them in operation, as I have not, seem impressed by their cold machine-like efficiency; they use such terms as the managerial revolution, the precision of the meat chopper, etc. But those men showed at the convention that they could be tactful and moderate, too, when they felt it advisable. As a prospective Palace Guard, they make Mr. Truman's collection of personal intimates and advisers look like the German Volkssturm.

But they are only the General Staff; a good part of the force behind them consists of feudal levies locally controlled, some of whom may have to be put in their place. Perhaps the most important of these elements is the Pennsylvania faction controlled by ex-Senator Joe Grundy; they rendered great services to Dewey and will render still more in the campaign, for they are the boys you need when it comes to raising money. They have earned an important place and will get it, but the Dewey people will have to see that it is not too prominent a place; for after all there is thirty years' difference between the Dewey and the Grundy types of conservatism and there must be men in Pennsylvania to whom Dewey looks like a dangerous liberal. He will look that way to the House leaders too, when they can get past personal resentment to consider his policies. For the next House may be more reactionary than this one, if Henry Wallace's party succeeds in what now seems its major purpose, knocking off the few remaining liberals. Dewey may not look too dangerously liberal to you and me but he might to the next House of Representatives.





So, if he is wise, he is probably praying that he won't win too sweeping a victory—one that would leave no effective opposition in Congress. You need that to hold the party together; the New Deal began to slip immediately after the election of 1936 had left it with no opposition worth bothering about—except in its own party, where an opposition sprouted very soon. Even more than Roosevelt, Dewey will need an opposition that will keep Congressional leaders on their toes. For under Democratic Presidents it has been assumed in theory, and has usually worked out in fact, that the leaders of Congress try to carry out the policies of the Administration. But, Republican theory—especially as developed during sixteen years of Democratic administration—encourages Congressional leaders to believe that they are as good as the President. If the present House leadership puts its weight behind the Dewey policies it won't be from love of Dewey, or respect for his office.

IT MIGHT do so, however, from a lively appreciation of favors to come. A new President has patronage to distribute; and Dewey took care to reassure the boys on that point on the night of his nomination—not in the dignified but somewhat cloudy idealism of his acceptance speech, which must have left many delegates wondering what they were there for; but in his later remarks down town, when he promised the biggest house-cleaning ever seen in Washington. The boys could understand what that meant—turn the rascals out.

Yet, with the extension of civil service, patronage is pretty much limited to the top jobs. With the increase of governmental activities there are more of them than there used to be, but filling them will not be as easy as it looks; the problem that plagues every President—whether to appoint a competent man, or a man with strong Congressional support—would be harder than usual for Mr. Dewey. He has been proud of his success in getting able men to serve the state for less than they could make in industry; but he will find that the United States government can offer them even less, in many cases, than the State of New York; and men who serve at personal sacrifice in Washington will be exposed to a hazard almost unknown in Albany.

In sixteen years of Democratic administration, a good many Republican Congressmen have come to assume that any man serving in the executive branch of the government (even if he is a Republican, as many of them are) is a scoundrel if not a criminal; and under legislative immunity they can abuse him at length, on the floor of Congress or in committee hearings, with no danger of having to prove their charges in a suit for libel. That habit will not be easily abandoned, even under a Republican President. Every official Mr. Dewey may appoint, even on the recommendation of a Congressman, will have got a job some other Congressman wanted for a friend of his; recourse to retaliation by personal abuse will be easy, and most of the men serving the new Administration will not be used to taking it. It is worth recalling that in two conspicuous instances of Congressional persecution of executive officials last winter—persecution which drove them both to resignation, though one resignation was withdrawn at the personal request of the President—the victims were Republicans of unimpeachable orthodoxy and conservatism. In each case the ground for persecution was the same—the victim had a relative who associated with Communists. Congress has sold itself on the theory of guilt by association, even to the third or fourth degree. Any man who is invited, next winter, to give up a fifty-thousand-dollar job in private industry and take a ten-thousand-dollar job in Washington had better run over the list of his cousins first, and make sure that none of them has any friends whom a Chicago *Tribune* Congressman would regard as suspicious.

CONGRESS has left Mr. Dewey—if he is elected—a particularly nasty problem in the appointments to the Atomic Energy Commission. As you may remember, the original law provided staggered terms for the five Commissioners—one year, two years, and so on up to five; so that only one would ever go out of office at a time and continuity of policy, operations, and experience would be assured. But Republican mouths watered at the prospect of those five jobs—especially on a commission which might eventually be able to give private monopoly a toehold in what is so far a purely governmental enterprise. A bill was introduced to turn them all

out next year; Senator Hickenlooper managed to get them a reprieve for two years, but in the middle of 1950 they all must go.

That is, unless the President decides to reappoint them. By that time they will have had four years' experience in the management of our atomic-energy operation; it would take a new man a long time to be worth as much as any of them; and incidentally three of them are Republicans. So Mr. Dewey might decide to continue them in office; but the Senate must confirm them, and some eminent Republican Senators have gone out on a limb in opposition to the Atomic Energy Commissioners. Their attack was directed chiefly at Chairman David Lilienthal; a possible compromise would be to drop Lilienthal and keep the rest. But Lilienthal is the kind of administrator that Dewey, on his record, might be expected to want to keep. Also one element in the attack on Lilienthal—not in the Senators who spearheaded it but among some of their supporters—was pretty clearly a desire to “get the Jew.” Getting a Jew just because he is a Jew is a pastime not popular in New York, which Mr. Dewey will want to carry in 1952; nor does Mr. Dewey's record suggest that he would have any sympathy with that sort of thing anyway. But if he leaves Lilienthal in there, he will have trouble on the Hill; even if the Senate confirmed him, the House Appropriations Committee could always knock him out of office by such personal legislation as was directed this year against Reclamation Commissioner Mike Strauss. That would be an interference with Executive prerogative, and Mr. Dewey looks like the kind of man who would take Executive prerogative seriously. But Congress takes Congressional prerogative seriously, too.

## V

**A**SIDE from that, it does not look, now, as if President Dewey would have much trouble with the Senate. He has given vigorous and effective support to the Vandenberg foreign policy; the exigencies, or supposed exigencies, of the campaign may lead him to deviate from it; but we have had plenty of examples of Presidents who talked one way in October and behaved another way in March. Mr. Dewey is likely to be, or try to be, a very Presidential President; but he

will hardly forget that a chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has more than once put a President in his place—even a President of his own party.

Still—aside from our dealings with Russia, which depend in large degree on how the Russians behave—two issues of foreign policy may rise to plague him. There are the reciprocal trade agreements. The House this spring voted to authorize extension of the law permitting them for only a single year, and to handcuff the President in making them; Senators Vandenberg and Millikin managed to take most of the handcuffs off, but a one-year extension was all they could get. The cloven hoof of Democratic authorship is stamped all over the reciprocal-trade policy; but it has been useful economically and still more so morally. Mr. Dewey is for the Marshall Plan; in considerable degree its economic success depends on the increase in international trade, and abolition of the reciprocal-trade policy would have a very bad psychological effect the world over. Yet plenty of men in Congress would like to abolish it and go back to the old-fashioned protective tariff. Some of those men might trust a Republican President with more authority than they would give a Democratic President; others would not. In June Mr. Dewey favored extension of the program for the full three years, and said he believed that a Republican administration could avoid the abuses that had caused so much of the criticism. But what caused most of the criticism, in orthodox Republican circles, was not the abuses but the mere idea.

Mr. Dewey has said a good deal about aid to China. Now the aid-to-China program has two kinds of supporters—those who want to help China as well as Europe and those who talk about China as an excuse for doing nothing, or not enough, for Europe. Mr. Dewey himself clearly belongs to the former group; many men to whom he may come under obligation belong to the latter. The less he says about China in the campaign, the less the danger that he will have to dig himself out of a hole afterward.

In domestic affairs the Senate will continue to be led by Mr. Taft. I see no reason why Mr. Dewey, in the White House, could not get along with him reasonably well. Dewey has three times tried for, and twice received,



# Airliner to Europe

## Notes from a Passenger's Diary

*Anne Morrow Lindbergh*

### *Afternoon*

**L**A GUARDIA FIELD—I'm dropped at the air terminal, my bags on the pavement. But one can't see the field any more; it's hidden by this imposing palace of transportation, stretching for blocks on either side of me. I feel like Rip Van Winkle, returning to a place I used to know well, now completely transformed. Surely this was the site of North Beach, long before it was a transatlantic airbase. It was from here that Charles and I took off for the Orient in 1931 in our little seaplane; and three years later, for our survey flights around the North Atlantic.

I remember a dreadfully bumpy road in from Northern Boulevard. No terminal then, just hangars and runways and a ramp, down which our red-winged *Sirius* slipped into Flushing Bay for its long take-off—overloaded, as usual, with emergency equipment. What emergencies we prepared for in those days: a rubber boat, sail, and oars, in case of a forced landing at sea; a sledge and snowshoes in case of a forced landing on the Greenland Icecap; a bug-proof tent, machete, and snake-serum, in case of landing in the jungles of South America; a crash-proof radio, sleeping bags, flying suits, head-nets, etc., and about

a quarter the personal baggage a passenger takes today. I remember how hot I was in my jodpurs, wool shirt, and helmet. You had to be dressed for all weather in those open planes.

Now it's all taken for granted—safe, easy, comfortable. Just as taken-for-granted as train travel, and yet—flying has still kept this essential characteristic—much more informal. It's the casualness that astounds me. These bustling crowds, hurrying in and out the entrance in their cotton dresses and business suits, hatless, carrying paper parcels—they might be setting out for a day's picnic in beach-wagons.

**A** PORTER picks up my bags and hustles me into the air terminal. A great rotunda studded with ticket offices, baggage trucks, waiting benches, newsstands, slot machines; passengers and redcaps milling about, disappearing down the roped lines of exits. All this conglomeration under the dome where murals are painted of the history of aviation.

The history of aviation—how old that makes me feel! I've covered much of it in my nineteen years of flying. Those men in shirt-sleeves swinging propellers. Those open green grass fields, open hangars, open-cockpit planes. Flying used to give you a feeling of openness. Aviation belonged to the air then,

*In Listen! The Wind (published in 1938) Mrs. Lindbergh described what open-cockpit transatlantic flying was like in 1933. The strikingly different flight described here took place in 1947.*

and you were in the air. Now you go into a closed rotunda, and scuttle down a subway passage with crowds of other passengers. A few seconds' dash in the sunshine to the boarding ramp (rolled up like some piece of medieval war-machinery), and up the steps into that dark pullman car of a plane. Soft carpets, upholstered armchairs, curtains, and only a little round peephole of a window from which to look at the sky—the whole sky! Flying has shut out the sky.

**W**HEN I left the air-terminal, I left America. Left the crowds, the parkways humming with cars; left the slot-machine luxury of America, where one can always put in a nickel and get out anything—Coca Cola, root beer, orange juice, lemon-and-lime, grape juice, "Quench-Ur-Thirst," and four or five different kinds of compressed food bars, chicken-lunch, peanut brittle, candy bars, and cigarettes. Already one sensed the contrast between America's richness and the poverty of the rest of the world. Soon we wouldn't be able to put the nickel in the slot and get out anything. But this—this was America. It was all here. Put your nickel in, press the button, the lily cup drops down, the grape juice flows after—like heaven.

## II

**T**HE passengers settle into their armchairs and adjust for the precise angle of ease. Coats away, newspapers unfurled. No one looks out the window. The engines are warming up for take-off. No blast of air, no deafening roar, no need to stuff cotton into the ears as before. One still fastens the seat-belt for take-off—almost the only rite left to remind me that I'm in a plane.

As I finger the good tough-textured belt, I think of many take-offs, sitting in the rear cockpit on a hard parachute-cushion, looking at the back of Charles' creased leather helmet. His first warning shout above the noise, "Got your belt on?"; his second brief, "All set?" The terrific blast of wind, the hair whipping in one's eyes, the holding of one's breath. The roar, the surge, the run—then the quiet miracle of lifting.

Here—no miracle. No one looks up; no one waves; no one holds his breath. They relax, unfasten their seat-belts, and take the chewing

gum out of their mouths. From long habit I glance at my watch. It is exactly 4:15 as we leave the ground, but one can hardly feel it.

**B**OSTON, 5:05, not yet an hour's flight, and then out to sea. A boat far below. If I were in a single-engined plane, that boat would mean something to me. Those boats we saw crossing the South Atlantic—they meant so much! The touch of man, civilization, possible help, in a hostile waste of ocean below. But today, in a multi-engined airliner, one has no sense of risk. The world below is not hostile; it is calm and fair. "The sea being smooth, how many shallow bauble boats dare sail upon her patient breast."

**I**'VE been up in the cockpit, talking to the pilots. Here—windows on all sides—one can see the sky again. I can't help feeling this is where I belong—alongside the radio operator with his earphones on, the navigator with his maps spread out. Shop talk. He uses a bubble sextant, too, as I did over the South Atlantic.

Land again—Nova Scotia. How familiar the face of the earth is to me from the air—the dark earth strewn with all those bright lakes, and this second landscape of clouds moving across it. Familiar, but somehow not as beautiful as before. The salmon-streaked sunset over a sea of clouds is only a picture-postcard sunset. It doesn't move me. I am separated from it. (We are eating chops on plastic trays.)

Night, and no stars. Only the tiny spotlights in the ceiling of the cabin needle the darkness. Outside, gray clouds, beneath and above. We're flying blind; but I'm not afraid. The clouds aren't real, either—this is just movie weather. I feel as if I understood, for the first time, the superstition that one mustn't look at the new moon through glass. One shouldn't look at *anything* through glass. One can't really see it; one is insulated from it. To see, one must feel also. In other words, one sees with the whole body, not just with the eyes.

Suddenly, the slowing of the engines, and below us, in the wilderness of lakes and woods and swamp that I last flew over on the survey flight in 1933, there's a whole Christmas tree of lights. It looks like a city: lighted runways, hangars, restaurants—the



complicated paraphernalia of a transatlantic airbase. (We landed our seaplane on a lake, I remember, in a tearing wind, and refueled from rowboats in sou'westers.)

**I** RECLINE to sleep about eleven. The Frenchmen across the way are still talking furiously. Two of them want to sleep, but the third, fresh on from Gander, keeps up a marathon until the others join in. I can only hear snatches: "*D'accord, d'accord*"—"*Evidemment, mais . . .*"—"*Par conséquent.*" How French "*Par conséquent*" is! They are always seeing the logical, irrefutable conclusion—though, not necessarily acting on it.

I'm so often struck, listening to Europeans talk, at how much they know, how wise they seem about life. Americans sound like children next to them. And yet I think the American is more inclined to act on what he knows, to implement his vision—as far as it goes. One sees it on the most superficial levels. Something wrong with the car—the plumbing—the baby-carriage? Out come the tools. Fix it. Right now. I think it carries over onto more important levels, too. We have the habit of implementing our knowledge, our beliefs, our vision, in action. Perhaps it is inherited from pioneer times, perhaps as a people we simply have that advantage of youth: we've never yet seriously been stopped. At any rate, the implementation of vision is a great gift—possibly the greatest the new world has to give the old. The trouble is, of course, that our vision isn't long enough; we don't see far enough, hardly outside our own borders or our own experience. Does one have to *feel* in order to see—in every field?

### Morning

**I** SEEM not to sleep at all, but at three A.M., by my watch, I wake from partial rest to brilliant sunshine. Everyone up, and coffee being passed. I remember now the phrase that had taken my breath away when I heard it as a girl in Mexico City. This man who had flown across the Atlantic, who had beaten time, had said in such a dry, matter-of-fact way, "Only about two hours of complete darkness over the ocean." He'd had a moon to help him on that first flight—almost nothing else.

At six-thirty we sight our first land. ("Which way is Ireland?" Charles had shouted twenty years ago, diving down over the little fishing fleet he sighted off the coast.) This morning it doesn't give me that leap of excitement at land approached after long expectancy. Again it seems perfectly unreal. I'm not at all sure this strange swift travel makes one feel any nearer to Europe. One is enclosed in a vacuum with no sense of the element one is passing through. In the slow boats one always had a sense of the element. All those miles of real salt water were not a separation; they were a bridge uniting two worlds. But this—No. We have passed through space—not air. I feel as if I'd been hurled in a rocket from one planet to another. America is light-years away.

**S**HANNON—thatched roofs, wet roads, sheep and cattle in the fields, haycocks. Here and there a wisp of smoke, a thin pencil line drawn straight up from a chimney. No wind. It is raining—the British Isles drizzle—women in waterproofs. We hurry through the rain, down another rabbit-run to a dining room. I sit with the Frenchmen in damp silence at a long table. We pass prunes and ham and eggs across to each other at this unidentified meal. Breakfast or lunch? It is 7 A.M., by my New York watch; 12 noon Irish time. The French, I suspect, are frozen by the foreignness of this heartily Anglo-Saxon meal.

**E**NGLAND below—those green-hedged fields and round towns, smiling and sunny, with a few clouds grazing over the rolling countryside, like sheep; the russet-peaked oast-houses of Kent, where I lived for two years. So peaceful, so unchanged it looks from the air, one cannot imagine the fierce struggle of the war—or the fierce struggle now to exist.

It occurs to me that America looks on Europe as an air-observer looks on the earth below. He is near it—yes; he can see it spread out at his feet. Modern communication, transportation, science have brought him right on top of it; but he is insulated from it, by his power and freedom, by his mechanical and material genius, by the infinite resources at his ground base, which keep him safe above it, at this great height, from which he can observe so well—and need feel so little. He is

comfortable, well-fed, aloof, and superior. This is the terrible thing—the curious illusion of superiority bred by height; the illusion of being a god, that one has looking down on those pill-box houses, those pocket-handkerchief fields, those Noah's Ark animals, those ant-like human beings. The illusion of irresponsible power. One must never forget that Satan tempted Christ from a mountain top.

### III

THE point of Cherbourg, then the long beaches of France. The Frenchmen get very excited. I pull out my map. We all go and look out of the windows—these same Frenchmen I could not touch across the prunes and ham and eggs. They point out the Invasion beaches (“*Voilà! C’est Omaha!*”), still scattered with the wrecks of boats, imbedded in the sand or half sunk in the shallow water. Threads of them, like strands of seaweed or a line of driftwood left by the tide. I see the metal ramps up which the guns went. There are dunes here and in some places bluffs. But not a tree for cover—pitilessly bare.

Inland, no sign of war—just as before. The gentle French landscape has the same pattern of fields, marked off carefully but irregularly. A patchwork quilt with every patch cultivated; only an occasional darker green square of scrupulously preserved forest, where a manoir or a chateau has kept the land intact. Closer to Paris, the fields become thin slivers, raying out in all directions from a town. (How thin the slice of land for each person in most of Europe.)

And the towns have a pattern, too. On the ground one hardly notices the pattern of a town. But from the air, it stands out like the formalized flower on a rug. These towns all follow the same design, round like a flower, not in straight lines like modern cities. Always that cluster of red-roofed houses circling the church, as though it were the heart of the town. Traditionally, of course, it was. I am seeing in this town pattern the physical manifestation of a philosophy, the form of a civilization which was oriented by religion. In Europe, I realize again flying over it, one still sees everywhere this old town pattern. In America, it exists only in the small New England villages, a reminder of the basis of the civilization we have in common.

Today, looking down into the heart of these French towns, I notice something else about the pattern—the church square. There was always space left around the church. Practically, this meant room to see the church, to gather, to meet, to have festivals and fairs. But to me, the space also indicates a respectful distance, a reverent drawing back, a dropping to one's knees before something sacred. A recognition that though the church was at the center of life, it was also on a different level from it. It was Holy Ground. Space here is a symbol of reverence—reverence toward God, reverence toward man's inner life, reverence also toward the beauty of man's handiwork—the physical expression of the spirit.

A sense of space—a sense of reverence—how rare it is today, at least in America. In Europe, I think, looking down on these squares, there may be more of it left, in spite of the restricted borders and crowded countryside.

### Afternoon

NOT quite seventeen hours from New York (half the time Charles took on his first flight) and the Seine is below us. Impossible to realize. Time, robbed of its usual punctuations, loses its substance. Properly filled with sunsets and sunrises, time used to be a bridge between two worlds. Now the bridge has been erased. The landmarks below are unreal. And yet this is the Seine, serpentine, unmistakable—that old river winding its way in easy circles down the countryside. I remember Charles saying it had led him into Le Bourget on his first flight. “It was too dark to pick out anything on the ground that night—except the Seine.” And how many times, years after, he and I had followed it flying into Paris from Brittany or London in the fading twilight—a satin ribbon holding the light long after all the land was dark.

Now the suburbs of Paris spread out on all sides, rows of red-roofed houses, highways, factories, new construction. And in the midst of this confused modernity, Versailles—those beautiful oblong mirrors set in green velvet, the formal gardens like pieces of embroidery, the lines of poplars, standing up stiffly like the teeth of a comb. The familiar spike of the Eiffel Tower, a needle in the haze, is the last



touch of unreality. This is not air travel, I think absurdly; this is a glossy-finished advertisement of air travel.

But to the Frenchmen the landscape is real. They are already at home, back in their own element. They put their papers away into portfolios, reach for coats and hats as casually as a carload of commuters pulling into a Connecticut railroad station on the evening train. As they expand in the warm stream of home atmosphere (a French gulf-stream seems to flow through the cabin, lifting language, gestures, people, gently like sea plants in its current), I sense how much I am the outsider, high and dry on the banks. The foreigner, the stranger from another world. A stranger who has made a swift and easy passage from the new world to the old, but not fooled by the ease of passage into thinking the two worlds are one.

To me, they are still separate, and the problem is how to bridge the gap. It is not bridged, except technically, by seventeen hours of swift flight. Why do we imagine that technical ease of transportation and communication automatically unites people. Proximity does not necessarily bring understanding. The Germans and the French have lived next to each other for generations, able to go from door to door by foot, but it has not brought them closer in spirit.

There are mental oceans and emotional light years that separate people.

It seems to me the same in national fields as in personal, in the age of aviation as in that of the horse and buggy; one can feel joined half a globe away or separated in the same room. One is united by common experience—what one suffers, what one hopes, what one believes in common. In this sense, perhaps, we are bridging the gap with Europe. I felt closer to Europe remembering the oast-houses of Kent, or recognizing the basic pattern of a New England village in a French town. The Frenchmen and I were closer, poring over the map of Normandy, looking down at the Invasion beaches. Here the air observer is not insulated from the ground below. He has a real connection; he remembers; he feels; someone he knows has fought up those beaches.

An airplane, like a horse, can't make friends for a man; it can only carry him closer to his friends. The miracle of communication—and I still believe it is the greatest miracle in life—is not in the machine but in the man.

“**N**O SMOKING please—fasten your seatbelts—passengers disembarking will please have ready their passports, their custom-forms. . . .” Another routine New York-to-Paris flight is terminated.

# *The Italics are Mine*

A Story by A. L. Barker

*Illustrations by  
Marvin Bileck*



I REMEMBER the day when I first realized that my husband would like to kill me. There were crowds of people on the Common, wandering about because it was Sunday and they had nowhere to go. I could see them from our bedroom window, and down below I could see Ernest in the garden brushing his shoes. Ernest is my husband and I could tell just by looking at his back that he knew I was watching him.

Ernest is like a skinned rabbit, small like that, and colored. His chin is blue, his hair dark auburn and so thin that his scalp shines through, but his cheeks and arms and his neck are white. He wears yellow flannel shirts with gray stripes and separate stiff collars. Even in the hot weather he never goes out without his waistcoat; on weekdays he has a nickel watch chain looped across, on Sundays a silver one.

That's the sort of man my husband is, and you would think there wasn't room in him for anything but rabbitry, for small tepid thoughts and fears. I thought so until I saw

him brushing his shoes that Sunday. He knew I was watching, he looked up and smiled at me. He had no reason to smile—except at what was in his mind—for my throat still ached with screaming at him.

It was the same every Sunday, whenever he was at home all day. Toward the afternoon I couldn't stand the sight of him any more and I lost my temper. He tried everything he knew to avoid that. He reasoned, he soothed, he begged, he kept silent, he got little presents and brought them to me, he told the doctor I was overwrought and had nerve tablets prescribed, he bought some special smelling-salts and I slapped them in his face and burnt him. It was no use, he always had to go out in the end; wet or fine, he had to go and leave me alone. I was better then. It was he who upset me, moving about the house like a little old maid, brushing up my cigarette-ash, washing the dishes with his sleeves folded back over his elbows.

Perhaps you wonder why I married Ernest.



I was young, I thought everyone would stop and look when I came. For twenty years I lived on my father's farm at a little place called Mingle in the West Country. I was pretty, and perhaps there wasn't anyone so green as I was. That was my father's and brothers' fault. My mother was dead; there was just my father, my four brothers, and myself. When I was fourteen I left school and kept house for them; I had to scrub and bake and churn. And they laughed me down, they were five big men with hands like timber and they preferred women to be green. They never told me anything, my ignorance was the family joke.

Ernest travels for a firm that sells farm tools. "Agricultural implement makers," he calls them. He came to our farm with a new reaper and he kept coming back on some excuse or other, just to see me. My brothers laughed at him, they used to slap him on the back till he coughed, and when I gave him a plate of dinner the same as they had, he pecked at it like a hen and my father finished it up in front of him.

I remember thinking he was like that because he was a gentleman. His fingernails were oval and clean and he smelled of good shaving soap. He asked my permission when he first kissed me, and took me into the market town in his car and we had tea in a hotel lounge. I thought it was always going to be the same, and that he would be my purse. We were married, and I expected my father and brothers to be impressed, but they weren't. They laughed so much people thought they were mad.

At first it was almost as fine as I'd hoped. We spent our honeymoon at Bournemouth in a big hotel, and I bought clothes and made Ernest take me dancing. I flirted, and I learned to drink, and when Ernest wouldn't buy me drinks there were others who would.

But when the honeymoon was over, we set up house and Ernest asked for a job in his firm's office so that he wouldn't have to travel about and leave me alone. I did everything I could to get him to stay in his traveler's job. He thought I was being unselfish, and in those days I didn't go so far as to say point blank that I didn't want him around.

I don't suppose I'm the only one who's been deceived like this; everything happens over and over again. The difference is in me, in

myself. It would be a pity for this to happen to anyone else; that it should happen to me is a tragedy—not just my tragedy.

WHEN I was on my father's farm, I felt there were many lives laid out for me. They were all glittering and compelling and it was time, not incapacity, which kept me from living them all. I could feel my powers, they were so great and varied it was like patching a sack with satin to make me scrub and bake. And now I am no better off; I am watered down, colorless—I am Ernest's wife. He had put himself in all those glittering lives; whichever one I choose, he is there first and it is no longer compelling, merely ridiculous.

Then I feel I must scream, I must pour some strength, some violence over his weakness. It is his weakness which makes my skin crawl; if I had done to my brothers any one of the things I have done to him, they would have thrashed and perhaps killed me. All he can do is to hold his silly little body quite stiff. And afterward he smiles and looks anxious and brings me things. He seems as if he cannot hate.

That was what I thought, and I was wrong. For a long time I thought he could not hate, but he could. There was room in him for it, and for something else besides, as I discovered later. And these things which are the things men do, did not make him a man. Instead, he made them into something small and poor and all of a piece with himself.

Yes, I thought, as I watched him at his shoes, he would like to kill me for what he is not—for being a woman to his rabbit. And I was not surprised. It was as if a voice had





said, "You know he would like to kill you?" and I had answered, "Yes, I've always known." What could be more natural, after all that happened between us? Only it was difficult to think of Ernest as natural.

I told Gregg about it. Gregg comes when Ernest is at the office, he runs his own business, he can walk out and leave it when he pleases. He often pleases. Gregg would make three of Ernest, he owns four department stores, soon he'll have a chain of them across

England. I ought to have married him, but Gregg's too wide-awake to get married. He can do better for himself. No one could twist Gregg any way he didn't want to go, he never fits round my little finger. That's why I feel Gregg isn't permanent. Meantime, he treats me well enough. I have the things most women want and can't get—clothes, chocolates, the best cigarettes, some jewelry—but not much and not very expensive, because Gregg is not serious about me.



Sometimes we go out, a good way out, and find a place to dance and have tea. Occasionally I tell Ernest I'm going home to see my father and brothers and Gregg and I get away for the weekend. Then everything looks clean and crisp to me, because I'm somewhere Ernest has never been. When I told Gregg that I thought my husband wanted to kill me, he laughed and said had I noticed that Ernest looked a bit like Crippen.

It never occurred to me to be afraid, because I knew Ernest would try to kill me in a little mean way which I could easily meet. What I felt was anger and disgust—anger at his daring to ape a full-sized man's emotion, and disgust at the sneaking thing he made of it. He couldn't lose his temper, his blood ran slower and colder when I insulted him. He wanted to kill me, but he could not come at it honestly in a rage, he crept about, nursing himself to some small spite to catch me unawares. I had only my instinct to warn me, he never gave away what he was thinking by a word or look. I tried to goad him and he only gazed at me as if he were drowning.

That Sunday, when he came back from his walk, I told him I would have to sleep by myself. My nerves, I said, were bad—there was no point in giving him the chance of taking me unawares any night in my sleep. It was a wise move, he was upset. He tried to plead with me. It must have put him out because he sat for a long time with his head in his hands.

A DAY or two later, I found the note. He had left out a suit to go to the cleaner's and I went through the pockets before I packed it up. He must have overlooked this note for it was half inside the torn lining. The paper was pink and the writing about as fine as a barn door.

It said, "Darling Ernest, when are you coming to see me again? I often think of the wonderful times we have together. I miss you so much but I know you are busy and I try not to mind. Please look after yourself and come as soon as you can. Your loving Laura." It was dated a couple of weeks back and there was no address.

I don't think I've ever been so surprised. For a long time I couldn't believe I could have been so wrong about Ernest. It was one of the things I had against him that I could read his thoughts—or what passed as thoughts

with him. I never read anything in them about a Laura, a mistress. I couldn't get over it, if he had been a man I would have understood; men have to do these things. But he wasn't a man, he was a weakling without any instinct except to creep.

It took me a while to get used to the idea of Ernest with another woman. It wasn't funny or provoking, it was squalid. That's what he does to everything he touches, even ordinary natural things—he smuts them.

I told Gregg about it that same afternoon. All he said was, "Good for Ernie. He ought to have a girl."

I could imagine what she was like—a poor mean scrap; Ernest couldn't afford to keep anyone worth-while. And unless that bit about missing him was just trade talk, she seemed to dote on having him around. I always thought Ernest was down below ground level—was there someone low enough to look up to him?

When he came home that night, I let him see there was going to be a scene. He hates scenes, I think he'd crawl on the ground to me to stave one off. I kept him guessing for an hour or so. He was on edge and couldn't eat his dinner properly. That annoyed me because I hate to see good food wasted. He apologized, holding his hands together to stop them twitching, and then he looked more like a mouse than a rabbit.

When I said I'd found a letter from his kept woman, he pretended to be bewildered. If I hadn't known his methods I might have been deceived. He kept asking what I meant, what letter, what woman. So I held it up for him to see, though I didn't let him get hold of it because I thought it might be useful to have.

He took one look, and then he actually smiled as if in relief. I suppose it wasn't the most incriminating letter I could have found. And he said—it was the best he could do at short notice—that the note was from his old landlady's little girl Laura, who was only twelve and bedridden from birth. When he was in digs there, he said, he used to sit by her in the evenings and cheer her up. Surely I hadn't been upsetting myself thinking he could even look at another woman? Didn't I know that there wasn't anybody, anywhere, who could hold a candle to me? Didn't I know that he worshipped me—yes, wor-

shipped—although the Bible said you should worship no one but God?

I did not let that impress me. I told him I was no idol, and while I had brains I would use them. The cripple-girl story was new, but not new enough, and I'd have to see him at Dr. Barnado's rocking the babies before I believed it.

He stared at me and said but surely I could see the note had come from a child—it was a child's writing.

"Just because your mistress is illiterate, doesn't prove she's a child or a cripple. I'm keeping this note, it's more useful to me than to you. But you'd better go and see her some evening. She says she misses you—what she really misses, of course, is the money."

That unnerved him, his face went the color of wax. He pleaded, he begged he was crazy to convince me that it was all a mistake, that he had never touched another woman; this was only his little friend writing to him, his little crippled friend who cut pictures out of magazines with him. He wanted me to go with him to see her and prove he was telling the truth.

I said I felt ill with all the commotion and was going to bed. He brought me up hot milk and biscuits. I poured the milk down the bathroom basin and hid the biscuits because I think he'll try to poison me. If I didn't know I can be a jump ahead of him all the time, I wouldn't stay in the house.

I WAS very careful. I arranged it so that he was never left alone with the food either before or after it was dished up, and once, when Gregg called me on the phone just as I was putting a pie on the table and Ernest was in the room alone with it for a while, I pretended I had a bilious attack threatening and I didn't eat any of the pie.

He must have thought I was simple because he tried to get me to take one of his indigestion powders. He carries them in a flat box in his pocket, as a man carried cigarettes. I daresay one or two of those packets are marked, and if they don't contain arsenic, it's something just as deadly. He's waiting for a chance to give it to me.

I don't know what his defense would be at the trial—no doubt he has some story worked





out, and I daresay he believes it already. He tells everyone I'm not strong and need to rest. It's a pity my looks and my country color don't bear him out. He's such a creature, he believes his own lies to make them true, and he thinks other people will take them for gospel.

I SHALL never know how he did it, but one day, almost a week after I found out about his woman, he managed to dose me with one of those powders. He must have done it at breakfast time, because halfway through the morning, just as I was getting ready to go to the shops, I suddenly doubled up with pain in my stomach.

I never thought anyone could suffer so. I rolled on the floor like an animal, with my knees up to my chin. The pain searched about inside me until there was no room for anything else, no time, even, to be afraid of what was happening.

When it eased, I crawled to the phone and called the doctor. I told him to come at once because I'd been poisoned. That wouldn't look too well for Ernest if anything happened to me.

Then I mixed a strong dose of soap and hot water. That made me sick and I thought perhaps I should be all right, but just as I was going back into the sitting room, the pain started again.

I fell on my knees in the hall and I think I prayed for it not to be so bad this time. Whether it was prayers or the soap and water that helped, I don't know, for the pain grew less and less and I was able to stand upright. I left the front door ajar and lay down on the settee.

I had no more pain before the doctor came. He wanted to know why I thought I'd been poisoned. I said it was just a conviction I had. He looked at me with his eyebrows up, asked a few questions, and gave me an emetic. This time I wasn't able to be particularly sick and he didn't look very impressed. He told me to go and get undressed so that he could give me a thorough examination. In the middle of it, I had the pains again and by the time they passed, he was more sympathetic.

He finished the examination, then he said I had appendicitis and would have to be operated on. The hospital was full to overflowing, but he thought he could arrange for me to go in the next day. The ambulance would

be round at eight and there was nothing to be afraid of.

I let him ramble on. I felt that this dose of poison had done its worst. The soap and water had removed most of it, and Ernest had probably miscalculated the amount anyway. The doctor helped me to bed and asked a neighbor to look in on me now and again.

Ernest was upset when he came home and found me still alive. Of course he pretended he was worried at my being ill and tried to tempt me to eat things he concocted in the kitchen. He didn't know I was aware of his plans; he hadn't sufficient intelligence even to wonder if I suspected. The doctor said it was appendicitis, and of course I was too ignorant of my own stomach to know the difference between appendicitis and poison.

He hovered round, smoothing my pillow, bringing hot-water bottles and fidgeting about whether I was too hot or too cold, until I was tired of it and I turned him out and locked the door.

Time after time during the night I heard him come outside and listen. He was impatient, and he was waiting to see what would happen next. He hadn't stopped trying.

At first I managed to doze a little, but I was tense and uneasy in my bed and I kept waking. I tried to plan what I should do; I wasn't in the least afraid of Ernest and it seemed to me I ought to be able to turn this poison business back on him, fix him with it for life. It would be justice for Ernest if his own plotting gave me the chance to roll him under my thumb and keep him there.

But I couldn't quite see how to do it and although I felt weak and groggy, I couldn't sleep because of the plans sifting through in my head.

IT WAS broad daylight when I got up and took three aspirins. Ernest was creeping about outside. He knocked softly on my door and I went and put my ear to the panel. I could just hear his breathing and the creak of the floor boards as he moved away.

I went back to bed and I was just thinking how it was no wonder people took to poisoning if it was so easy to fool the doctors, when the pain stabbed across and across me, sharper than ever. I curled up like a hand, and my face was forced down into the pillow so that I nearly suffocated.

It lessened for a minute or two and I only had time to realize that Ernest had caught me neatly by slipping poisoned pills among the aspirin tablets before it started again. I fainted then, and when I came round I was in the ambulance going to the hospital and Ernest was there, rubbing his blue chin and stooping about as if his breathing might disturb me.

I wanted to know how they'd got into my room. Ernest told me not to worry, he hadn't damaged the door because the key of the spare room fitted my lock. I saw that I'd been a fool for the third and perhaps the last time.

The next two days were lost to me. They were swallowed up in sleep and weakness after the operation. Yes, they operated; they took away my appendix and left me to be happy ever after. They have great faith, in these hospitals, in the power of the knife.

At first I tried to give them my opinion, but they knew better than that, and I thought anyway I'd be safer in the hospital until I

recovered from the poisoning and had my wits about me again.

So now I lie here and plan how to catch Ernest with his own bait. I don't need to read or be amused because I have a lot to think about. Ernest comes often to visit me—you see how simple and trusting they are; they think everything is just what it seems. Ernest is simple and trusting too. He imagines I'm deceived, that I believe in appendicitis and never think of poison.

But I know what it means when he brings me jellies and tries to hand me my cup of tea from the trolley. I know why he has asked for a week off from the office so that he can look after me when I go home. I know how these actions must be read, and when he says I am to have a change soon and go away by myself, I understand how far he means me to go.

Yes, I understand it all—that's why you will never read about my murder in the newspapers.





# A Long, Dark Night for Georgia?

*Calvin Kytle*

**T**HIS month a political twilight may fall over Georgia—already one of the dark spots on the map of American democracy. The night may be a long one.

For Herman Talmadge is ominously confident of winning the nomination for governor in the September Democratic primary. (In this one-party State that, of course, means the same thing as election.) He is a worthy son of "Ole Gene," the red-gallused, hate-spouting demagogue who died in December 1946. And Young Herman's lieutenants have openly boasted that once he gets to the State House, they will be "in the saddle for fifty years."

Many Georgians fear that this is precisely what is going to happen. They foresee an uninterrupted succession of Talmadge administrations—based on a political machine more efficient than Herman's father ever dreamed of and maintained by ruthless suppression of all dissent within the party. So real is the threat Talmadge poses that ex-Governors Ellis Arnall and Ed Rivers have stopped their war with each other to present a single front against him.

In a private conversation, one prominent Georgia liberal recently expressed his fears something like this:

"If Herman is elected, he and his people are going to play for keeps. They'll find some new way to keep the Negroes from voting.

After all, they've already vowed 'to stay one jump ahead of the Supreme Court.' They've also talked of deputizing every county sheriff into the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. My God, it's not inconceivable that from this bureau Herman could organize a personal gestapo that would make the one set up last year by Fielding Wright in Mississippi look like a Boy Scout troop.

"Not only that. From the day Herman's elected, you'll probably see more and more floggings and more and more cross-burnings. His election will act like a signal on people of Klan mentality. They'll consider themselves free to commit all manner of atrocities, all with impunity, all in the interests of 'true white Southerners.'"

**T**HIS may be an extreme view, but it is not untypical of the worries now troubling many Georgians. Because Herman tried to establish a rule by force once before—only last year—and he nearly got away with it.

Eugene Talmadge died just a month before he was to take office as governor; under such circumstances the State constitution does not clearly provide for a successor. Leaders of the legislature thereupon took it on themselves to name Herman, who had anticipated his father's death and had managed to get some six hundred-odd Talmadge faithfuls to

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write his own name on the general election ballot.

Having come to power in this curious fashion, Herman quickly entrenched himself. He shoved Ellis Arnall, the outgoing Governor, into the capitol rotunda, changed the locks on the doors of the executive suite, and then unwrapped his legislative program. Under the guise of "preserving white supremacy," he introduced a series of bills which would have given him complete control of the State's election processes—measures that would have paralyzed all party opposition.

The protest that followed was notable, even in a State where politics is seldom mild. Newspapers were flooded with more letters than they had space to print. Students marched on the State capitol. In some thirty counties, citizens rallied for mass demonstrations. Through speeches, resolutions, and telegrams, thousands of Georgians sent their legislators the simple reminder—drawn from the State constitution—that "all government, of right, originates with the people." Herman Talmadge was trying to steal the party, people kept mumbling; he mustn't get away with it.

If need be, some of them said, they'd create their own Democratic party, hold their own primary, and beat him in the next general election. The upshot was a grass-roots organization called The Aroused Citizens of Georgia, which promised to grow into a distinct party revolt.

But nothing came of it. By last spring, all the rebels were back safe and snug in the party yard. No second party developed; no similar upsurge of organized protest will confront Herman in this month's election.

Why did the 1947 movement toward a second party fail? Partly because the movement was largely illusory, its strength more potential than actual; and partly because, at the critical moment, Herman's bid for power was checked in the State courts. While public protests continued intermittently throughout the sixty-three days that Herman occupied the governor's chair, circumstances never required a full mobilization of anti-Talmadge sentiment, nor a sharp definition of the principle at stake.

After the first tumultuous week, the people's mood changed to one of uneasy sus-

pense. They were waiting for a ruling from the State supreme court which would decide whether Herman was to stay in office, or whether the lieutenant-governor, M. E. Thompson, was to take his place.

Once the dispute was settled for Thompson, the Aroused Citizens virtually disappeared. And a few weeks later, when Thompson vetoed the Talmadge-passed white primary bill, which would have stripped all election laws from the statute books and entrusted them to a few party leaders, the dramatic incentive for a second party was destroyed. The Democratic party had been saved, and arguments for a new party appeared academic and futile—as they had always appeared to the mass of Georgia voters.

**Y**ET there is a smouldering resentment toward the Democratic party in Georgia that could explode someday—perhaps soon—into organized rebellion.

During the past two years more and more sober-minded Georgians have come to believe that the Talmadge kind of demagoguery is perpetuated more through some inherent flaw in the party structure than through the strength of its peculiar appeal to rural voters. They have come to suspect, too, that the same economic forces which control Talmadge also control his opposition within the party.

So long as this control prevails, they wonder whether good government—even decent, sensible government such as Ellis Arnall gave them—can ever be made secure. In particular, a growing number of Georgia citizens are troubled by the Democratic party's persistent violation of an elemental principle of democracy: the right of every qualified citizen to vote and to have his vote counted.

The political scientists have been saying for years that Georgia's Democratic party works as an instrument for minority rule. It was not until the 1946 primary, however, that people generally were shocked into believing it. As usual, it was Eugene Talmadge who provided the shock. Talmadge won that primary, even though he received 16,000 fewer votes than the strongest of his three opponents—even though almost 100,000 more votes were cast against him than for him. He won it by means of a political machine which is unique in both its structure and its strength.



## II

THE machine that runs Georgia has no Hagues, no Pendergasts, no Crumps—no recognized leader, no formal discipline.

It is a product of history, and it operates naturally, almost inevitably, without any need for conspiracy. It depends on the money of corporations, the expert skill of a few politicians, and the exaggerated influence of local leaders in many small counties. Most of all, it depends on Georgia's astonishing county unit system.

This system—unheard of anywhere else in America—is a wonderfully efficient device for canceling the votes of a considerable part of the electorate. It means that State elections are decided not by the votes of 700,000 people (the number who voted in 1946) but by the votes of 159 counties. It means that representation in the legislature is based only remotely on population.

Under Georgia law, the eight most populous counties have three representatives in the lower house, the next thirty counties have two each, and the remaining 121 have one apiece. Now, the eight largest counties have a total population of 1,032,092, or about a third of the State's population; but they have only 24 representatives, or 11.7 per cent of the 205 members of the House. The Democratic primaries are rigged on a similar basis; each county is entitled to twice as many "unit votes" as it has members in the House. The result is that every election is tremendously weighted in favor of the sparsely-populated rural counties. The half million residents of Atlanta's Fulton County, for instance, carry no more weight at the polls than the 45,000 people of Troup County.

By disfranchising the people in the large population centers, the county unit system pares down the electorate to a number that can easily be influenced and, when necessary, manipulated. It also means that there is not one race for a particular State office, but 159 different races—one for each county whose unit votes must be won by a plurality within that county. This inflates the bargaining power of county political leaders, and puts a premium on any candidate's ability to deal with these local barons.

THE system serves as an excellent device through which a few wealthy corporation officials, a few skilled and ambitious politicians, and a corps of local county leaders can run the State to suit themselves.

The railroads which dominated Georgia politics at the turn of the century now share control with about ten other important economic groups. Perhaps the most powerful of all is the Georgia Power Company, whose chief political agent is generally recognized as the smartest fixer in the State; his influence is said to be so great that he normally names the officers and chairmen of the most important committees of the General Assembly. The pipe lines and the trucking lines have become an increasingly strong force in the past ten years. Others with a stake in politics—often a valid stake—include the liquor dealers, who face the perennial threat of new dry laws; the soft drinks people, who are perpetually scared of a soft drinks tax; the banks which have investments in all corporations; various independent contractors, who make their living out of State business; and the textile mills, whose owners have found that the best way to fight the unions is through prohibitive legislation.

Officials of these corporations play politics in Georgia for the same reasons that business men play politics everywhere—partly to defend their interests, partly to advance them. Nor is there anything original about their techniques. They contribute generously to the campaign coffers of *all* candidates for the most important State offices, keep the most influential lawyer-politicians on retainer, and maintain a troop of trained lobbyists to seduce members of the General Assembly.

These corporations do not express themselves through a single faction; they dominate all factions. Their preference in politicians includes both conventionally conservative men like Senator Walter George and colorfully conservative men like the late Eugene Talmadge. (Currently they are much put out with Ellis Arnall, who they say, insisted on carrying out a liberal administration in violation of a gentlemen's agreement.)

Money, of course, is the root of their power. They are the only people in the State who can afford to pay the high cost of politics. Experienced politicians in Georgia say flatly that no candidate for governor can expect to run

better than a sack race unless he is backed by at least \$100,000. Clearly, in a State where the per capita income is only \$804, it is the rich men who make up the campaign chests. That kind of money simply cannot be collected in small contributions from the zealous masses—although coins and dollar bills used to come unsolicited into Gene Talmadge's headquarters by the thousands.

Understandably, Georgia's corporation leaders are devoted to the county unit system. It has proved an almost impregnable defense against any serious threat to the *status quo*. Moreover, since the State is split into 159 distinct county governments—of which only the richest can provide adequate services for their people—this system helps preserve the ignorance and poverty on which their power depends. Finally, the politicians have told their corporate angels that the system sharply reduces the cost of electioneering. They point out that to conduct a precinct-by-precinct campaign in metropolitan Atlanta would cost at least \$15,000. As it is, the politicians can forget about Atlanta's six unit votes; the same amount of money spent on a dozen small counties will guarantee the delivery of as many as twenty unit votes.

GEORGIA counties vary widely in the character of their political leadership. In many counties, the person of most influence is likely to be the head of an old and prominent family, whose advice is followed mainly because the people still believe in the authority of a cultivated aristocracy. In others he may be a banker, or a big landowner, a dealer in farm equipment, or almost anybody to whom large numbers of people owe money—and who therefore can exert an implied threat of economic reprisal. Or he may be a doctor, a lawyer, a judge, a newspaper editor, or a preacher—someone who at one time or another has done some service for almost everybody in the county. In many counties, too, there is no one leader, nor a group of leaders of common mind, but two or more rival factions of almost equal strength, made up of semi-professional politicians motivated by a thirst for spoils.

Besides their acknowledged mastery of the people, these leaders either hold the key elective offices in the county—commissioner, sheriff, tax collector—or control the men who

do. They constitute the courthouse rings, and usually they fix the details of the election procedure—where the polls are to be located and who manages them, how and when the registration list is purged, and sometimes what kind of ballot is used. A few of them are men known for their aggressive honesty, but an alarming number are unashamedly venal. It is commonly reported, though impossible to prove, that about forty of Georgia's counties can be delivered for cash.

What it takes to win a State election, therefore, is the ability to know and deal with the political leaders in those counties whose combined unit votes will make a majority. This ability comes only after long experience in State politics. It requires an amoral attitude, a mind for details, a highly-developed gift for organizing, and a salesman's personality. A man with this sort of talent is indispensable to any winning campaign.

By all odds the most conspicuous and most resourceful of such men is Roy Harris, former speaker of the Georgia House and currently a prominent figure in the Talmadge camp. At one time or another, Harris has worked for every successful candidate for governor since Richard B. Russell moved up to the U. S. Senate in 1933. He managed three campaigns for Ed Rivers. With Rivers' approval, he managed Ellis Arnall in 1942. Then in 1946—disappointed because neither Rivers nor Arnall would encourage his own ambitions for the governorship—he went over to Eugene Talmadge. After Gene's death, he conducted the whirlwind campaign among legislators that put Herman in the governor's chair for two months.

Such spectacular successes have so awed the politically uninitiated that Harris is commonly regarded as something of a magician. He insists, however, that there's no mystery to Georgia politics. "To win in Georgia," he has said, "you've simply got to know the counties. You've got to know who the leaders are—I mean the real leaders. You've got to know how the counties line up, what counties are in the bag, what counties to work on, and what counties to forget about. You've got to be a smart organizer and work hard."

THIS system of fixed political controls endures not only because of the big money and ambitions of a few wilful



men. It is rooted deep in the culture of rural Georgia; it is perpetuated through the ignorance, the psychology, and the bad political habits of the mass of Georgia voters. No democratic reforms can get to first base without some support from the people of the small rural counties; who make up sixty-five per cent of the State's population. But these are the very people who will resist them the most strongly.

A NEW party, in particular, would go against the grain of rural Georgia. To most farmers, it would appear as the trinity of their most deep-seated prejudices—the Negro, organized labor, and the city “radicals.” It would be difficult to say exactly which of these Georgians fear and hate the most. Since they have had no direct experience with unions they believe unreservedly the propaganda they read in the rural press, and that the president of the Georgia Farm Bureau (who fronted the drive for last year's anti-labor legislation) has told them—quite simply, that labor is the farmer's worst enemy, the destroyer of free enterprise, and a sinister agent of Communism.

Their attitude toward the Negro, of course, is historic. It is from these people that most lynch mobs are formed. It is from them that one hears most often that “a nigger's just like a hound dog—worse you treat him the better he likes you.” Their hostility toward city folks and city ways is as easily expressed: “Them and their money . . . them and their wicked talk . . . them and their education.”

Any reform movement would be further handicapped by the farmer's general indifference to a constructive platform. The routine political promises—better schools, more paved farm-to-market roads, improved hospitals, and so on—are made by all candidates, and viewed cynically by almost all voters. Personality, rather than a program, is what is demanded of the successful candidate. Above all else, he must somehow manage to make the poorly-educated, economically-depressed farmers feel that they are of superior worth as human beings. Eugene Talmadge owed his popularity to his ability to identify himself with them, to make them feel that they were better than the stuck-up city slickers. He put cattle to grazing on the lawn of the governor's mansion, in the middle of

Atlanta's fashionable Ansley Park, and they loved him for it.

Lack of interest in serious issues is accompanied by a happy unconcern for democratic practices at the polls, plus a remarkable tolerance for election frauds. Georgia has no mandatory secret ballot law, and selection of the type of ballot used is left largely up to each individual county. Only about 80 of the 159 counties have adopted a secret ballot. The reason was aptly summed up by one election manager, who—when asked if he wouldn't favor its adoption—said: “Why hell no! I think you oughta know how some a these lyin' sonsabitches voted.” Another reason, perhaps, is that most rural voters regard secrecy as of little importance. They say proudly that they don't care who knows how they vote, and they're inclined to think there's something sneaky about the man who does.

GEORGIA's cities have ballot irregularities, too, but there the citizen's sense of guilt is more articulate. It was a direct appeal to conscience that brought reform victories in two of the largest cities, Augusta and Savannah, in 1946; Fulton County alone has adopted voting machines.

In only a few of the rural counties, and then mostly in the county seats, is there any such educated regard for democratic principles. Votes often are sold for a dollar and a slug of stump rum; the dead and insane are voted; returns frequently are not counted at all, but concocted. In one recent county primary, votes were sold as openly as if they were at auction—as, indeed, they were. Going from candidate to candidate to seek the highest bidder, some voters received as much as fifty dollars.

One family of five sold their block of five votes for a hundred dollars (“Why,” commented a schoolboy, “those people can make more money selling votes than they can farming.”) All told, between thirty and forty per cent of the votes cast were estimated to have been bought.

Recent disclosures of such sensational abuses have moved some counties to launch clean-up campaigns. It is too early to say how effective they may be. In some counties they obviously won't get far, because of a general fear psychosis and the tight control of the county rings. More than a year ago.

The Atlanta *Journal* exposed some audacious padding of returns in the general election at Telfair County, the home county of the Talmadge family. About four hundred more votes, for example, were reported in the official consolidated returns than there were voters on the precinct tally sheets. The tally sheet from one precinct listed the names of thirty-four persons who either were dead, or had moved away, or swore they hadn't voted. The *Journal's* disclosures created quite a stir—everywhere but in Telfair County. These people hardly dared discuss them outside the privacy of their own homes. To date there have been no prosecutions. When a young veteran tried to organize opposition to the entrenched ruling clique, he was first beaten up and later defeated at the polls.

### III

FROM all of this, it would seem that the machine which rules Georgia is almost impregably entrenched in the Democratic party of the State. Consequently, a few heretics are coming to believe that the only way popular rule can ever be established in Georgia is through a second party.

For years they have tried to get some readjustment of the county unit system, but nothing seems more hopeless; no politician is eager to change a law on which his job depends. In 1946 they went to the federal courts, arguing that the system operated in denial of the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, and asking that it be outlawed as unconstitutional. They got no redress. Three federal judges admitted the system's "glaring inequality," but said that the remedy should be found through legislation. Their only way out, therefore, seems to be through another party.

The way out is hardly likely to be through Henry Wallace's party, however. Only 310 delegates showed up for the party's founding convention this spring, and it will come as quite a surprise if they manage to get on the November ballot. (To be recognized legally in Georgia, they must submit a petition of 55,000 signatures.) Far removed from the Georgia culture and the Georgia mind, Wallace himself seems the embodiment of all things foreign and hated which Georgians scorn so vehemently as "outside interference."

It's no longer absurd, though, to think that a significant number of Georgians might turn Republican. Recent public opinion samplings show that a good many life-long Democrats will vote the Republican national ticket this November, purely out of spite; they'll be hanged if they'll vote for Harry Truman and *his* civil rights program.

It looks really as if, for the first time since Reconstruction, the Republicans are about to make an active bid for a Georgia following. The local organization, after a long and enervating squabble between factions, is now securely in the hands of a group favoring party expansion. Tom Dewey has promised to help them. What's more, Ralph McGill, editor of the influential Atlanta *Constitution*, is now determinedly advising Georgia conservatives to go Republican. "The Republican party offers no comfort in the field of civil rights or State rights," he has been writing, "but it is not going to be as far left as the new Democratic party which is being constructed out of the one which died at Philadelphia."

To date, McGill's editorials have served chiefly to make the Republican party seem more respectable. This in itself is an important contribution. Heretofore, among the mass of Georgians, prejudice against the name Republican has been even stronger than the prejudice against Catholics; in 1928, when Republican strength was at its peak, Georgians cast 129,000 votes for Al Smith—a Catholic but a Democrat—and only 99,000 for Herbert Hoover, a Protestant but a Republican. Georgia is the only State in the Union that has never cast its electoral vote for a Republican.

But for Georgia to develop the strong two-party system McGill wants, it would seem necessary first that Georgia's Democratic party be purged of its present conservative leadership. It is remotely possible that that leadership might secede, leaving the way open for progressives to take over. But so far Georgia's leaders have refused to go along with the extremists among the revolting Southerners; they have shown no serious inclination to bolt. It may be, therefore, that the only way liberals can capture the Democratic party of Georgia is to leave it—leave it, form a new party of their own, and then ask the national Democrats for recognition.



GEORGIA has the raw material for such a home-grown, liberal party. It can be found among organized labor, among the one million Negroes, and among the white middle class of the cities. These are the groups which, since the Philadelphia convention, have emerged more clearly than ever as the authentic Democrats. They are the same groups which have been most neglected and scorned by Georgia's Democratic party.

At the moment, however, each of these groups must be considered an abstraction. Only the Negroes have an established political viewpoint, and they have it only on the fundamental right of suffrage. Labor is divided. The grievances of the urban middle class have just begun to take on clear shape. There is little liaison among the three, and absolutely no force to pull them together. Moreover, none really wants to have to start a new party. The only thing certain is that in each is the discontent of which reform parties are made.

Of the three groups, labor has been easily the most vocal. In 1947 the General Assembly enacted two bills which labor has interpreted as being even more hostile than the Taft-Hartley Act. They outlaw the closed shop, the union shop, mass picketing, and the involuntary check-off. Neither the AF of L nor the CIO has submitted peaceably. The AF of L has defied the State to enforce the law. The CIO, with more method, has put its plague on both Talmadge and Thompson.

Labor is pitifully weak, however. The unions probably hold at least a hundred thousand votes, but these votes are cast almost exclusively in the big cities—Atlanta, Macon, Columbus, Rome, Augusta, Savannah—where the county unit system makes them virtually worthless. Labor, therefore, is a political factor in only two of the ten Congressional districts and in eight of the 159 counties. To quote Roy Harris: "In a State election, we just forget about labor."

Labor would like to break loose from the shackles of the county unit system. Blocking any attempt, though, is the continued friction between the AF of L and CIO, plus the lack of political consciousness among AF of L members. The AF of L traditionally has sought to protect its interests by negotiating with the powers of the Democratic party,

rather than by educating its 200,000 members for political action. If labor ever does become a moving spirit behind a new party, the initiative almost certainly will have to come from the CIO.

SENTIMENT among Negroes for a second party—what little is expressed—grows out of this fact: in the counties where they have been able to vote in strength, their votes don't count; in the counties where they have their greatest potential strength, they are hardly allowed to vote at all. Their struggle to become a recognized political force is blocked on one hand by the county unit system, and on the other by the terrible tenacity of race prejudice.

Negroes have been allowed to vote in Georgia Democratic primaries only since March 1946, when the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that no person could be barred from the polls on account of color. Their voting record since then has been phenomenal; about 100,000 voted in the gubernatorial primary of 1946. (In the North Carolina primary that year, no more than 55,000 Negroes voted, and in most other Southern States Negro participation was considerably less.) Since then they've voted in perhaps forty county and municipal primaries.

In 1946 those Negroes who cast free votes opposed Eugene Talmadge solidly, and of this fact the Talmadge following has had much to say. If it hadn't been for Ole Gene, they argue—and if it hadn't been for the county unit system—the "niggers" would have taken over Georgia. For Negroes, however, the experience of 1946 carried a different kind of lesson. A cursory study of the primary returns showed that their votes can never carry much influence unless they manage to vote in reasonable numbers in the rural counties which hold the balance of power. Half their hundred thousand votes had been cast in the disfranchised cities, and the other half in areas where Negroes are few and the political temperament is predominantly anti-Talmadge anyway.

In only one of the 39 counties which comprise Georgia's Black Belt—those counties where Negroes actually outnumber whites—were Negroes allowed to vote in strength. They were restrained by fear, intimidation.

threats of violence, and (most effectively) by illegal purging of the registration lists. About 150,000 Negroes were registered for the 1946 primary. Legal and illegal purging in some 60 counties reduced that number to less than 125,000, and would have reduced it even more except for the firm intervention of federal judges. In the counties of the Black Belt most Negroes were kept from even registering. A Taylor County Negro who was murdered by a white man the day after the election was the only Negro in the county who had voted.

To make their newly-gained citizenship meaningful, Georgia Negroes can do one of two things. They can keep patient and go slow, hoping by exemplary behavior to win over more and more sympathetic whites in the tension areas; and they can keep trying through FBI investigations and court injunctions to moderate the wilful practices of election officials. Or, they can withdraw from the Democratic primary, and help form a new party in which the voting strength they have already earned in the cities might begin to pay off.

Unquestionably the Negro would prefer to stay Democratic, for the risks in a new party are incalculable. If he became the vanguard for such a movement, the result might be anything from an increase in routine discrimination to a series of explosive race riots. Furthermore, the Georgia Negro leadership has fought many years for recognition in the Democratic party, and it does not want to jeopardize it now. That's why most Negroes—many of whom have a deep spiritual attachment to Henry Wallace—are shying away from the Wallace party.

At the moment their main political objective is simply to establish a bargaining position. They mean to exchange their votes for some simple, concrete benefits, such as better schools, Negro policemen, street lights, and paved roads through the colored communities. In a State where virtually all officeholders are Democratic, they can expect to make their influence felt only so long as they vote Democratic.

They probably will stay Democratic, therefore, just so long as the Democratic party holds out some promise of granting them full enfranchisement. They might change their minds, though, if the Democratic party passes

measures to wipe out what strength they have already mustered. And Herman Talmadge has made it very plain that such repressive measures will be taken if he's elected governor.

**N**O LESS than labor and the Negro, Georgia's white city people have been victimized by the county unit system. More and more of them are beginning to protest. It's not uncommon now at a dinner party in Atlanta to hear some indignant housewife say, with the intensity of fresh discovery: "Did you know that in Fulton County it takes 106 votes to equal one vote in Chattahoochee County?" City people are also beginning to grumble about a system that makes them pay most of the State's taxes, yet gives them the least say about how the money is spent.

Few of these middle-class city folks have any clear understanding of the way in which the State's social and economic controls have been welded into the Democratic party. nevertheless, they have become overwhelmingly hostile to the Talmadge machine. Of the seven large cities in Georgia, only Savannah is known as a Talmadge town; and even there the Talmadge sentiment has been largely dissipated within the past two years as the result of a successful reform movement.

It would be absurd, of course, to assume that this anti-Talmadge feeling stems wholly from principle. In much of it—particularly in Atlanta—there is a wide streak of snobbery. All the same, it was members of the middle class—the sincere humanists, the intellectuals, the vaguely discontented, as well as the snobs—who revolted against Eugene Talmadge's meddling with the university system in 1942, and who fought hardest against his son's grab for power in 1947.

Ellis Arnall was their kind of governor. The return to old-style politics, which came with the close of his term, has been a great disappointment to them. They were momentarily happy over the court decision that put M. E. Thompson in the governor's chair. They soon learned, however, that Thompson's only hope for survival as a figure in the Democratic party was in alliance with an old-line machine that was almost as unsavory as Talmadge's—a machine headed by ex-Governor Ed Rivers, whose two administra-



tions are remembered mostly for subtle dealings in highway contracts, wholesale dispensation of pardons, and unrestrained use of the militia. Many of them will vote for Thompson in this month's primary only as the lesser of the two evils.

What little political consciousness there is in the city middle class is due largely to the work of a few non-partisan service organizations. The League of Women Voters has done much in the past few years to stir up concern over defects in the election process. A few years ago the Citizens' Fact-Finding Movement did a remarkable job in stimulating interest in the State's basic needs; it did its job so well, in fact, that Arnall credits his election and many of his administrative reforms to the spirit this movement provoked. The women's church societies have created a new awareness of the conflict between Christianity and the political exploitation of race.

But the Committee for Georgia, which represents the sole attempt to mobilize Georgia liberals for political action, has failed; its most active members were the officers who resigned last year after quarreling with its parent body, the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. In loyalty and political astuteness, no group of progressives has ever been able to match the powerful Georgia Farm Bureau, or a half dozen lesser economic groups.

There is serious doubt, too, that the mass of white collar Georgians would join any alliance with labor and the Negro. By many of these people, both are equally feared because they pose a constant threat to their cherished sense of superiority. Curiously, others who express tolerance for the Negro savagely distrust the unions.

Only a small minority—persons of painfully vicarious natures—have begun to identify their own interests with those of both Negroes and union members. They are the people who are down on the Talmadge blacklist as renegades, radicals, and "nigger-lovers." These people do not know quite what to expect if Herman should win the September primary.

In February a group of them met with Negroes at an Atlanta Lutheran church to discuss the President's Civil Rights Report. Along with the regular press reporters, there appeared two unfamiliar figures—one repre-

senting himself as a free-lance writer, the other as a photographer for the *Macon World*. While the photographer busied himself taking indiscriminate pictures of the audience—black men seated next to white women, black men shaking hands with white men—the other roamed throughout the parking area, pad and pencil in hand, methodically recording license tags. Before the meeting was over, few there had any doubts about who these men were.

They were staff members of *The Statesman*, Talmadge's personal newspaper, and they were gathering names for future reference.

#### IV

FOR all these reasons, it is clear that the existing raw material for a liberal party in Georgia cannot readily be crystallized into an effective political organization. Indeed, the only expressed sentiment for such an experiment, up till now, has come from a few professors and city intellectuals—a tiny and ineffectual group of pariahs, cursedly liberated from the shibboleths of Southern tradition.

At heart, the progressives in Georgia are not much inclined toward party politics. They are more interested in trying to work out some very basic problems. Like all gradualists, they have accepted the necessity of working within the boundaries of their existing society. In Georgia the truth seems to be that this society is not yet prepared for democracy. An enormous number of people either do not understand its simplest principles, or, understanding, flatly do not want it. Knowing this, many Georgia liberals would prefer to continue to work as they have been working—through the labor unions; through the churches to create a better understanding between the races; through the schools to develop better citizenship; through non-partisan service clubs to reduce fraud in elections—in short, to create a climate of opinion in which democracy eventually may be possible.

To enter active politics through a second party would make them suspect. If they got too far ahead of the people, they might lose what little effectiveness they already have. As long as they have the chance, then, they would

rather keep on working—painfully and slowly—as good Democrats, always hoping that their work might be speeded up by the return of Ellis Arnall, or by the emergence of somebody like him.

But today many of these people are wondering if they would have that chance in a Georgia ruled by Herman Talmadge. They don't take much stock in the soothing talk that, once in office, Herman will mend his ways. If he does set up the iron-handed political dictatorship which many of them expect, then they clearly must abandon all hope for reform and progressive government through the Democratic party. In that event, a new party might appear to be the last desperate remedy—in spite of their own reluctance and their scant prospects for success.

**I**NDEED, it is not unlikely that a few of the more aggressive representatives of labor, the Negroes, and the middle-class city white folks might make the attempt. They probably would call themselves Independent Democrats, or something similar, hoping to get the recognition of the national party whenever they come to power. At first they would try to work at the community level for basic election reforms; and when they had a following large enough to qualify in the general election, they would offer their own

nominees for State office against the regular Democratic machine.

This would mean a clean break with politics as it has been known in Georgia ever since the Civil War. The adventure would appeal only to the stout-hearted. Theirs would be no transient political movement, inspired merely by a distaste for Herman Talmadge. They would be aiming for nothing less than a revolution in Georgia's archaic political structure, and in the whole complex of economic control that goes with it. Against them would be arrayed the same forces that historically have exercised a genteel tyranny over sharecroppers and workers, kept Negroes in their place and whites divided, and deprived progressives of all resources of leadership.

At best, their task would have to be reckoned in years. At worst, it might be smothered almost immediately under a Talmadge reign of terror, which could make Georgia liberals just as helpless as those of Louisiana under Huey Long. In any case, they would make an earnest and courageous try. And if by some unlikely chance they should develop a leader of dramatic, colorful personality—a man cast in the red clay mould with a magical appeal for the common people of Georgia—it is just possible that in the long run they might succeed.



# On Horseback to Heaven: Charles Ives

*Paul Moor*

WHEN Charles Ives' Third Symphony won last year's Pulitzer Prize for music, most people, never having heard of him, set down his choice as merely another of the baffling selections the Pulitzer judges are famous for. The public's ignorance was understandable, for Ives' music, when noticed at all, was much more often talked about than played; the rare performances of his works were almost always on programs arranged by experimental groups, usually with small audiences. Practically none of the country's orchestras had played Ives' music, or has since. The performance of his Third Symphony which made him eligible for the Pulitzer was the first time one of his four symphonies had ever been performed intact. This event took place in the composer's seventy-second year. The winning symphony had had to wait thirty-nine years before receiving its first performance; by the time it was finally played, Ives had nineteen years since stopped composing altogether.

Charles Ives was not on hand at the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall the night of the premiere, which Lou Harrison conducted with the New York Little Symphony. Even in New York, where composers are highly clannish, few of them would know Ives if they saw him. For almost twenty years, his

health has forced him to live in seclusion. Every spring he and his wife move to their farm on Umpawaug Hill near Redding, Connecticut; around Thanksgiving they move into their house on East 74th Street in New York. Aside from heart trouble, which forced his retirement in 1930, Ives is troubled by diabetes and has cataracts on both eyes. He is impatient of such annoyances, for at seventy-three he is a vigorous, youthful, even agile man, although his cardiac condition requires him to stay quiet. His temper, though, is no quieter than during his salad days at Yale and tends to get the better of him when he gets into discussions with friends, for he has a lively interest in politics and a withering estimation of politicians: when he gets onto these subjects he soon finds himself shaking his fist and flaying the air with his cane.

To keep life from being too exciting to be healthy, Ives sees few people, and them only rarely and for brief visits. His telephone, which he abhors and will not talk over, has an unlisted number. When in New York he never leaves the house except for an occasional turn round the block; he carries a cane, he explains, not because he has any real use for it but to keep himself from going too fast. He does not own a radio or phonograph. His main contact with music today consists of

*When pianist Paul Moor wrote about Tennessee Williams for us in July, he reported that he was then learning to play Ives' "Concord" Sonata. Here he pays his respects to its composer.*

checking some of his scores which are finally being published. His proofs are blown up to twice normal size to spare his eyes, and even then he must follow a few minutes' work with a few minutes' rest. He has written an overwhelming amount of music—all of it before 1927, and most of it is still awaiting first performance. All of it he wrote without an audience, for it was too "advanced" to have wide appeal. When a visitor arrived at the Ives farm to offer congratulations for the Pulitzer award, Ives didn't even bother to shake hands, saying he had little interest in such prizes and terming them "the badge of mediocrity."

Among progressive American musicians and critics, the neglect of Charles Ives has for years been the cause of a kind of group guilt-complex, for there is not the slightest doubt among authorities both here and in Europe that Ives is one of the richest and most remarkable talents this country has ever produced. The unadventurous audience is usually the excuse for not performing radical new works, but, paradoxically, the salient reason for Ives' neglect is that much of his music, while not too hard to listen to, presents the performer with such horrendous difficulties that few will take the time to master them. His critics, when his music first started being noticed during the early twenties, dismissed him as a crackpot; this lofty opinion prevailed, for few people took the trouble of seeing for themselves. His harmonies and rhythms, written around the turn of the century, were frequently more complicated than those in much of the music being written today. Ives' case is a pure and simple example of genius born in advance of its time and into a culture not ready for it, for even his early work was so far ahead of his contemporaries that performers and publishers were scared off.

## II

**A**LTHOUGH Ives grew up at a time when this country was groveling in its devotion to everything European in the matters of music and musical training, his career from the beginning has been one hundred per cent native. He was born Charles Edward Ives on October 20, 1874, in Danbury, Connecticut. His first American ancestor, Captain William Ives, came from England on the *Truelove*

and helped settle New Haven in 1638, when it was still called Quinnipiak. The Ives clan since then has produced several parsons, lawyers, and bankers who have figured with distinction in the building of New England. Charles Ives comes by his retiring nature legitimately; in the late seventeen nineties an ancestor moved from his farm on lower Manhattan Island, noting in disgust that New York had already begun to be "too fancy and too crowded."

Ives' father was the bandmaster and general musical arbiter in Danbury, and a rather remarkable character himself, forming at the age of sixteen the brigade band of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, which he led through the Civil War. Later, besides leading the Danbury town band and several local choruses, he gave lessons to the town children in piano, violin, cornet, harmony, sight-singing, and whatever else he might be called on for. He started his son Charlie at music lessons at the age of five.

Bandmaster Ives himself was something of an innovator. One of his hobbies was the science of acoustics; when the Danbury band would assemble in full strength for a holiday or celebration, Ives would divide the sections up and place them at various points and elevations around the town square, having them play different variations on something like "Jerusalem the Golden" while he studied from different locations the confluence of their sounds. Another interest of his was the breaking down of tones, beyond the half-tones customary in conventional music, into quarters and other fractions. Charles Ives recalls that before his tenth birthday his father rigged up twenty-four violin strings to a kind of saw-horse frame and tuned them with weights to almost imperceptible nuances of pitch.

With such activity commonplace in his boyhood, it was logical that Charles Ives should grow up with few inhibitions about musical expression, and no regard at all for the sacred cows of conventional musical training. Even then he showed signs of intransigence, playing things that would start in one key and wind up in another. When his father told him it was customary to start and finish in the same key, Ives said that was as silly as having to die in the same house you were born in.



CHARLES IVES started composing at ten, his first work being a funeral march inspired by the demise of a pet cat. This opus was a *succès fou*, and by popular acclamation he followed it with kindred elegies to mark the passing of other neighborhood animals. From the local barber he received instruction on the snare drum, and soon became so proficient that his father added him to the band's personnel. He was also prodigious at the organ; by the time he was thirteen he was playing regularly for services at the Congregational Church. Ives was always a vociferous and energetic performer, and the organ allowed him almost as much room to spread himself as did the drum. "It was fun to open up the swell-pedal and get your feet going *fast*," he says, giving a nimble demonstration. Ives has always esteemed spirit in performances, and has little use for the polite renditions customary with most musicians. Most composers label their loudest passages to be played double fortissimo, indicated by *fff*; a few, in their more abandoned moments, have employed *ffff* to express their feelings; but Ives' manuscripts are liberally salted with such unequivocal directions as *ffffff*. The energetic tootling of his father's band was right up his alley.

It was for the band that Charlie Ives wrote his first larger work, which he entitled "Holiday Quick Step." His father conducted it on Decoration Day; the *Danbury News* said simply: "A genius." The young composer did not receive this attention with equanimity; he was seized with anxiety at having his music put on display like that, and the time of the performance found him not at his usual station behind the snare drum but at home, bouncing a ball against the house.

Ives got his academic training in the Danbury Public Schools, the Hopkins Preparatory School in New Haven, and at Yale. His main interest was always music, but he found time for active participation in athletics. At Hopkins he was captain and pitcher of the baseball team which trounced the Yale freshmen in a ten-inning game, and later, at Yale, he was on the senior football team. Mike Murphy, one of Yale's most famous coaches, said it was a crying shame Charlie Ives spent so much time at music, for he felt that, by applying himself a little more sensibly, he could have become a champion sprinter.

Ives studied composition at Yale with Horatio Parker; he also studied organ with Dudley Buck and Harry Rowe Shelley. He helped put himself through school by serving as organist at St. Thomas' in New Haven. He was also a DKE, and was not averse to tying one on down at Mory's before moving on to Poli's Theater, where it was the custom of the sons of Eli to swap witticisms from the audience with the amiable vaudevillians on stage. He was gregarious and popular with his schoolmates, and was sometimes called upon for songs for special occasions. One undergraduate opus had lyrics, also by him, which ally him with the most depressing punsters of all time:

Why did Murphy steal that fish?  
Why did Murphy steal that fish?  
Because he runs a fish shop  
And he isn't effishent.

### III

WHEN Ives finished at Yale in 1894, he considered all things and decided against a professional career in music. Suggestions that his musical education would not be complete without study in Europe were, in his opinion, just silly. By the age of twenty, he had already written music which caused his conservative teacher to purse his lips and tap his foot impatiently. Among those works was a "Song for Harvest Season," written in four simultaneous keys, antedating by many years Europe's development of polytonality, a dissonant device now used by most of the world's composers. Some of his music he had tentatively shown around, but performers and publishers returned it, usually with a stifled giggle. Ives said the hell with them, and determined to continue composing as he pleased, for "if you wanted your music played you had to write something you wouldn't want played."

This conviction, in 1894, was not nearly so evocative of the ivory tower as it would be today. Music then was "pretty" and "nice"—epithets Ives uses frequently when he becomes sarcastic. The lions of the day in London were Gilbert and Sullivan; Debussy had begun to be known in France; but neither Arnold Schönberg nor Igor Stravinsky, the two most acclaimed influences in the field of composition today, had begun writing the

music which later created riots in Europe's concert halls. With the exception of Edward MacDowell, who was European by training, America had no composers of any stature, let alone an American "school" such as exists today.

Breaking rules had already become second nature to Ives; since this country was slow to endorse such pioneering even when undertaken by a European, and absolutely refused to countenance such effrontery on the part of an upstart native son, Ives decided to cherish music as an avocation and began looking for another field as a career. He settled on life insurance. If this seems an antic choice to some people, it does not seem so to Ives. It dealt directly with people, which appealed to him. Today he says steadfastly that his business helped his music, and vice versa.

Shortly after Ivy Day in 1894 Ives moved to New York and got a job in the actuarial department of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, at a salary of five dollars a week. In 1899 he became friends with a fellow employee, Julian Myrick, and in 1907 the two were associated in Ives & Company, serving as general agents for the Washington Life Insurance Company of New York. Two years later, when a sale of stock left them out of a job, a vice president of Mutual Life opened a new agency for them under the name of Ives & Myrick, which is still doing business. In the succeeding twenty-one years the two partners put into force some \$450,000,000 worth of new business for Mutual of New York alone.

Ives roomed co-operatively with a shifting group of hell-raising young bachelors who had a large apartment off Central Park West and a long-suffering servant to take care of the place. Ives would frequently come direct from the office to his piano, composing until dinner and then on into the evening. He was no drudge, however, for he would just as often go on a double date with one of the men in the apartment, or accompany the group as a whole whenever they decided to paint the town.

He also took a night course in law at New York University. Even so, he found time to write an enormous amount of music. His childhood furnished most of his material, and his compositions were full of Civil War tunes, hymns, and the popular music of that time.

SOME of Ives' most iconoclastic music sprang from the most everyday roots. From his memories of church choirs singing a little out of tune came some of his complicated explorations of polytonality; from his father's band, with its amateur members' enthusiastic but not always accurate interpretations, and from the cacophonous results as two bands would approach and then pass each other, came some of his involutions of rhythm. These devices lend a sort of rough, bardic quality to many of Ives' works. Hardly anyone saw this music; Ives was not secretive about it, but neither did he attempt to promote himself. He received far more acclaim for his article on estate planning, which the *Eastern Underwriter* printed under the title "Measuring the Prospect—the Amount to Carry" and which lined up on the side of insurance several quotations from Emerson and Thoreau, two particular mentors of Ives' personal philosophy. Whenever anyone did see his music, the results were invariably disheartening. During the first world war Myrick suggested Ives set to music the poem "In Flanders' Fields," which had been written by a Mutual medical referee in Montreal; Myrick said he would get a professional artist to sing it at a forthcoming banquet. When Ives heard the singer and his accompanist flounder disconsolately through the song he wrote, he listened for a while and then judiciously suggested to Myrick that they drop the whole damn project, which in fact they did.

Before moving from New Haven to New York, Ives had become interested in a young lady with the beautiful New England name of Harmony Twichell, one of the prettiest girls in New Haven, whose brother Dave had been Ives' classmate at Yale. Even after moving to the city, Ives would return to Connecticut for weekends, for he still had a church job there, and he would see Harmony whenever it could be arranged. A few years later she came to New York to study nursing, and Ives' attentions, with the enervation of travel removed, became more ardent. They were married in 1908 and have one child, Edith, who is married to a New York attorney.

Ives and his wife led a quiet but not a retiring life. They entertained and went out only rarely. Ives followed happenings in the musical world, and would frequently attend concerts where new music was played. He



was very fond of Scriabine when he first heard the Russian mystic's music, but his main interest since then has been in Carl Ruggles, a seldom-played Vermonter whose career in many ways parallels that of Ives.

**I**N 1920, at his own expense, Ives published five hundred copies of his second piano sonata, subtitled "Concord, Mass., 1840-1860," a long, complex work of satanic difficulty. He called the sonata "one person's impressions of the spirit of transcendentalism that is associated in the minds of many with Concord, Massachusetts, of over half a century ago." The four movements bear the names of Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and Thoreau. Ives wrote an accompanying slim volume called "Essays Before a Sonata"; the dedication read: "These prefatory essays were written by the composer for those who can't stand his music, and the music for those who can't stand his essays; to those who can't stand either, the whole is respectfully dedicated." This defiant sally reveals the rebuffs Ives' music had suffered. He had long since ceased trying to interest commercial publishers in his music. He decided that, since it seemed impossible to be a professional composer without being compromised by professional considerations, he would give his music to whoever wanted it, and would under no circumstances make any money from it; he has never abandoned this decision.

He sent copies of the sonata to libraries and performers that he thought might possibly be interested. Ernest Hutcheson's reaction to it was fairly representative; some twelve years later, Jerome Moross, an early promoter of Ives and at that time a pupil of Hutcheson's at Juilliard, asked Hutcheson whether he were acquainted with the "Concord" Sonata. "Ives?" Hutcheson said. "Ives? . . . Oh yes—he sent me that piece. I find it useful now and again when the piano bench is too low for one of my pupils." In the "Hawthorne" movement Ives called for a piece of wood 14 3/4 inches long, heavy enough to depress the keys, producing a soft, ghostly sonority; one critic glanced at the score and hee-hawed that Mr. Ives played the piano with a club. The movements were without tempo indications or time signatures, and frequently without bar-lines; Ives made it clear that the performer was to have all the latitude he wanted.

playing various sections fast or slow, loud or soft, as his emotions dictated. Almost no one took the work seriously till nineteen years later, in 1939, when John Kirkpatrick, after studying it for twelve years, played the first complete performance in Town Hall in New York. Lawrence Gilman, the *Herald Tribune's* calm, conservative critic, called it "exceptionally great music, the greatest music composed by an American. . . . It has wisdom, and beauty, and profundity, and a sense of the encompassing terror and splendor of human life and human destiny—a sense of those mysteries that are both human and divine." The other critics were in accord. The effect was in fact so electric that Kirkpatrick repeated it a few weeks later, this time to an eager and sold-out house.

Henry Cowell, the composer and indefatigable champion of modern music, had sought Ives out shortly after the "Concord" Sonata was printed; some friends of Cowell's at the Bohemians, which was then New York's leading musical club, had passed ribald remarks about the work, arousing his interest. Cowell, an extraordinary man whose role in the fostering of American music eclipses any man's of his time, had just established *New Music*, a quarterly for the publication of uncommercial new works, and he wanted some things by Ives to print; he got them, on the condition (stipulated by Ives) that the composer was to receive no royalties. *New Music* is a non-profit organization, so there was little left over in the way of royalties, but some years after that Ives was accidentally sent his share of the spoils, which came to something less than ten dollars. Ives promptly sent it back, with a testy reminder of his original provision.

Undaunted by the supercilious reception given his printed sonata, Ives in 1922 published an edition of five hundred handsome volumes headed "114 Songs by Charles E. Ives," one of the most remarkable musical collections which has ever appeared. They range in merit from first-rate to downright awful: by Ives' own admission, eight specifically are "of no musical value." Others he says in the notes accompanying them, cannot be sung; he originally had followed this statement with the phrase "by nice opera singers," but a friend persuaded him against such cheek. Ives and his wife wrote the texts of

many; others come from Aeschylus, Browning, Heine, Landor; one, probably the best known, "Charlie Rutlage," is Ives' rousing version of a cowboy song sent him by John A. Lomax; another, "The Greatest Man," uses a really extraordinary text by Anne Collins which he took from a 1921 newspaper:

My teacher said us boys should write about some great man. . . . I got to thinkin' 'bout my pa; he ain't a hero 'r anything but pshaw! Say! He can ride the wildest hoss 'n find minners near the moss down by the creek. . . . Dad's some hunter too—oh, my! Miss Molly Cottontail sure does fly when he tromps through the fields 'n brush! . . .

At the end of "An Election" (which Ives had originally called "Down with the Politicians, Up with the People"), there is a lengthy note describing a proposal of Ives' for a twentieth Constitutional Amendment, to take the government away from the politicians and give it back to the people; friends have tried to tell Ives that songs and concerts are not the field for political agitation, but he is not convinced. "I have had some fights about this," he says tersely. "These things are a lot more important than any damn song or symphony." In spite of the great inconsistency of the songs' value, no less an authority than Aaron Copland says that about forty are a contribution to the art of song-writing that "will remain a challenge and an inspiration to future generations of American composers."

#### IV

WITH his music in print, Ives began to be known at least among people who followed the goings-on among *avant-garde* musical circles. *New Music* printed two movements of Ives' Fourth Symphony; it came to the attention of the pianist, E. Robert Schmitz, who took it to the conductor of the Rochester Philharmonic, Eugene Goossens; these movements were performed in 1927 by the Pro Musica Orchestra of New York under Goossens' direction. Goossens, now director of the Melbourne Conservatorium and Symphony, had conducted Diaghilev's Ballet Russe for seven years, introduced Stravinsky's *Sacre du printemps* with the New York Symphony, and was in general thoroughly at home with the modern idiom, but the Ives

score gave him a quite a turn; the most formidable problem was that there were long sections where the bar-lines in various instrumental parts didn't jibe. "I remember," Goossens says, "I wound up beating two with my stick, three with my left hand, something else with my head, and something else again with my coat tails." Olin Downes, today the first-string music critic on the *New York Times*, was then second-string man on that paper; he wrote a glowing review of the Ives work, but, after correctly listing the composers at the beginning of the review, absent-mindedly referred to Ives thereafter as "Mr. St. Ives"; despite the fact that Ives was fifty-three years old, his name was so unfamiliar, and, in fact, he was only then having the first sizable performance of his music.

In 1925 Ives suffered his first heart attack. For the next few years his health was so tentative that he was absent from his office about half the time. In 1927 he completed some songs, the last of his works to be finished, and in 1930 he retired from business altogether.

The Ives cult and legend had begun. Jerome Moross and Bernard Herrmann, who had both come to know Ives' music through Henry Cowell, were members of an informal Young Composers' Group whose mentor was the only slightly less young composer Aaron Copland. Ives' volume of songs created a sensation at one of the Group's gatherings; Copland was to be in charge of the music period that year at Yaddo, the beautiful Saratoga estate which every year plays host to artists, writers, and composers, and he determined to include Ives in the festival programs. Seven of the songs were sung that summer by Hubert Linscott with Copland at the piano. They were clamorously received, and the cowboy song, "Charlie Rutlage," was the popular hit of the festival. The summer guests at Yaddo returned to their homes around the country bearing word of the exciting "new" composer, Charles Ives; the Ives legend had begun to spread. Soon afterward, when Nicholas Slonimsky conducted Ives' music all over Europe, critics there hailed it, usually adding that it was the first evidence they had seen that America had a real, indigenous musical culture of its own.

The practice of "quoting" musical material, as Ives has done in many of his works, has good precedent. Beethoven used the



sounds of country bands in his Pastoral Symphony; many composers have interpolated the folk music of their various countries into their works; Arnold Schönberg, in his Second String Quartet, even found use for "*Ach, du lieber Augustin!*" In Ives, a thoroughly American composer if there ever was one, nothing could seem more logical than his use of such autochthonous material as "Bringing in the Sheaves" and "Whoopie Ti-yi-yo, Git Along Little Dogies." At the time his works were composed, this country's artistic inferiority complex was still as chronic as when Thoreau wrote about it in his journal: "Natural objects and phenomena are the original symbols or types which express our thoughts and feelings. Yet American scholars, having little or no root in the soil, commonly strive with all their might to confine themselves to the imported symbols alone. All the true outgrowth and experience, the lively speech, they would fain reject as 'Americanisms.'"

"I remember something father told me," Ives says. "He said that if a man knows more about a horse than he does about heaven, he should concentrate on the horse and maybe it would wind up carrying him to heaven."

READING the complete list of Ives' music leaves you appalled by its profusion—symphonies, sonatas, quartets, suites, songs, uncompleted sketches, most of them unpublished and unperformed. When someone once, deploring such an amount of unplayed music, asked Ives why he wrote so much that no one ever saw, he paused and said, "There are several good reasons, none of them worth recording." Whatever the reasons, he continued to compose till his fifty-fourth year with all the helpless intensity of a quest for love. When asked why he found it necessary to fortify his music against facile performance by using bizarre harmonies and rhythms instead of the conventional ones, he said, "Because I heard something else."

Ives' manuscripts today are kept in his barn studio in Connecticut in fireproof steel filing cases. Many of them are in pencil; Ives' notation at its best was never clear, and with the accumulated smears of many years much of it is incomprehensible except to its composer, and he cannot now decipher it because of his cataracts, which cannot be removed because of his heart condition; here

the matter rests. His entire output, in bound, photostatted volumes prepared at his own expense, is available for reference at the Library of Congress and at the New York Public Library; it comprises six thick volumes for orchestra and eleven for smaller combinations. This is also available at the American Music Center at 250 West 57th Street in New York, the agent for Ives' published work, which, in spite of being small by comparison with his entire output, is still considerable. *New Music* sponsored recordings of six of Ives' songs, sung by Mordecai Bauman, and of his Fourth Sonata for violin and piano, played by Joseph Szigeti and Andor Foldes. The Werner Janssen Symphony has recorded "The Housatonic at Stockbridge" from Ives' "Three Places in New England," and this summer Columbia released John Kirkpatrick's masterly performance of the "Concord" Sonata.

Commercial publishers began noticing Ives with sudden interest after the sensation created when the "Concord" Sonata was first performed. One firm asked him for permission to publish it commercially (the edition which Ives had had printed is now a collectors' item); Ives reminded them that they had rejected his music thirty years or so before, and refused their offer; the work is available now in the imprint of the co-operative Arrow Music Press. When overtures from publishers began to be no longer a novelty, Ives formulated a little joke he would play. His letter of reply would be two pages long, and he would announce that permission to publish the work in question would be given on two conditions; the letter was so arranged that the first condition—that the composer receive no royalty—ended just at the bottom of the first page. Publishers would read this with high regard and then turn the page to read the second condition, which was that likewise no profit should be made by the publishers; they invariably found this unduly capricious. The firm of G. Schirmer, an unashamedly commercial house, is now preparing Ives' First Sonata for violin and piano for publication, but Ives has changed his position only slightly: he has designated other musicians to receive the royalties, on the principle that it's all right for his music to make money, as long as it doesn't go to him. He has never willingly copyrighted anything.

Ives has always been exceptionally generous in helping the cause of modern music, a cause which perennially seems to be dying on the vine for want of funds. Ives has set aside thirty thousand dollars whose income is used to help such projects as the publication of a promising composer's music, or the underwriting of a program of new works. He is in frequent touch with Lehman Engel, the composer-conductor who acts as treasurer of the American Music Center, on such matters. When Henry Cowell (who is now at work on a biography of Ives) founded *New Music*, Ives took twenty-five subscriptions. Money from this fund is sedulously distinguished from any money Ives spends on making his own music available.

# V

**I**N SPITE OF his bald, high-domed head, his gray full beard, and the infirmities which bother him today, Ives' clear, unwrinkled skin, flashing eyes, quick wit, and powerful handclasp are not those of an old man. He is as candid and vehement a Yankee as ever, expressing himself as explicitly as eighteen years ago, when he stood up and told a member of the audience who was laughing at some new music being played, "Don't be such a God-damn sissy. When you hear strong music like this, use your ears like a man." When Ives feels the occasion warrants cussing he cusses, and when he feels like spitting he spits. He prefers un-citified clothing: woolen shirts, a wide-wale corduroy vest, tweed jacket and trousers. He has not been in close contact with the musical world since his retirement eighteen years back, but he talks vividly and sometimes waspishly of such luminaries of the twenties as Walter Damrosch, who borrowed a score of Ives' Second Symphony and neither played nor returned it, and Gustav Mahler, the composer-conductor who took Ives' Third Symphony to Europe with him one summer with the intention of conducting it that fall with the New York Philharmonic, but who died before he could make good his promise. Ives works as much as his eyesight will allow at getting his scores into presentable form. During the summers in Connecticut he enjoys being in the open air. In the past two years his health has improved more than friends ever thought possible.

Mrs. Ives, still a beautiful woman, handles his correspondence for him when he feels like answering letters. Sometimes she reads to him. Whenever she can, she attends performances of his music. The devotion of their relationship is as profound as it is unassuming. Their life today is as typically New England as their forbears' was. Even their city house, located in one of New York's most fashionable sections, is furnished in good, solid, unadorned, almost puritan fashion. In Connecticut during the summer Ives enjoys puttering round the place and occasionally swapping yarns with neighbors he has known for years.

In a letter of reminiscence to a friend a few years ago, Ives said, "One thing I am certain of is that if I have done anything good in music, it was first, because of my father, and second, because of my wife. What she has done for me I will not put down, for she will not let me. But I am going to put this down. After any musical friends of mine and others left she never said, or suggested, or looked, or thought that there must be something wrong with me—a thing implied, if not expressed, by most everybody else, including members of the family. She never said, 'Now why don't you be good and write something *nice* the way they like it!'—never. She urged me on my way to be myself and gave me confidence that no one else since Father had given me."

**T**ODAY, slowly, more and more, Charles Ives' music is becoming known; the vogue of Stravinsky and Schönberg, with the concomitant necessity for performers to realign their musical senses if they want to get on the bandwagon, has mitigated some of the difficulties of performing an Ives work. Today he is listed in *Who's Who*, and in 1945 he was elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Two years ago a group of Juilliard students gave an all-Ives program during Columbia University's Contemporary Music Festival; the audience filled McMillin Theater and had no apparent difficulty assimilating even a full evening of Ives' music. It was hopefully noted that both Dimitri Mitropoulos and Serge Koussevitzky were applauding from the audience, but to date neither conductor has led an Ives performance with his orchestra. The New York Philharmonic



Symphony, the oldest orchestra in the country, has yet to play a work of Ives. Conductors are a queer crew, willing at times to play a contemporary work if they are allowed the defloration of first performance, but once this *droit du seigneur* is fulfilled, the work is almost always cast aside. In the case of Ives, their usual excuse is the lack of rehearsal time. This would be valid in connection with some of Ives' most difficult music, but far from all of it. As for audiences, there is none more stately than that attending the Boston Symphony's series of concerts in New York, but their reception last season of Ives' "Three Places in New England," conducted by Richard Burgin, bordered on an ovation.

The greatest deprivation of Ives' musical life, from every standpoint, was his lack of an audience while he was still composing. Without the reactions, both good and bad, of selective listeners, a composer's battle is immeasurably harder. The ultimate worth of a composer is established only long after his death; but of Ives' potential, with the help of a discriminating audience, of having developed into an even more fully realized musician, there can be no doubt. Even so, it is still altogether possible, with more widespread knowledge of his music, that Ives may turn out to be the decisive influence on a whole generation of American composers yet to come. They could do far worse.

When Ives printed his "114 Songs," he wrote, "Some have written a book for money:

I have not. Some for fame: I have not. Some for love: I have not. . . . In fact, gentle borrower, I have not written a book at all—I have merely cleaned house. All that is left is out on the clothes line." These songs, he said, he was now throwing, so to speak, at the heads of the musical fraternity, who were free to dodge them on their way, perhaps, to the waste basket. He also went to some length rationalizing his position as a professional business man and an amateur composer. As his ardent champion Copland has observed, Ives had every reason for timidity and rationalizing in a world that had no need for him as an artist. "If I were advising a young composer today," Ives says, "I'd tell him to write one chord, *do mi so*, at the age of ten, and then not do any more composing till he's seventy-five. This is based on experience."

Eight or nine years ago, the musical and artistic directors of the Monte Carlo Ballet asked Olin Downes for some American scores. Of the five or six he gave them, the only one to interest them was one by Ives. Downes got Nicholas Slonimsky to play it for them at the piano. The directors were enthusiastic but regretful. One of them turned to Downes during the music, shrugged, and whispered, "Too bad: Stravinsky." Downes pointed to the date on the score, which showed it had been written before Stravinsky had even begun serious musical study. The ballet director summed up fifty years of neglect in his answer. "Still too bad," he said. "Too late."

# *Dirty Money*

A Story by Hugh Rockwell



*Illustrations by Frank J. Russell*

THEY all stood there looking down at the mess, and then Hanson said: "Well, Nick, how about it?"

"Nothing doing," Nick said. "We been over all that before, Hanson."

"You don't expect the machinists to do it, Nick, eh?"

"I don't expect nothing," Nick said. "I been working around this yard too long to expect anything."

Hanson turned up the palms of his thick hands, as if to say he had done all a man could reasonably be expected to do. Then he tilted his gray safety helmet to the back of his bald head and with the little finger of his right hand thoughtfully prodded around in his right ear.

"Boys," Mr. Blandy said. "You know this here's a hot job, boys. You know we got thirty days for this job. You know we don't get together, we'll never finish this job in thirty days."

Mr. Blandy was the superintendent. He looked like the superintendent out of a movie and he spoke with the air of decisiveness that superintendents in the movies always use. He was a short soft man with pudgy well-kept hands and beautiful blue eyes that had a perpetual whiskey glisten on them. He was dressed in explorer's khaki and the sleeves of

his shirt were rolled up so everyone could see the expensive watch with the sweep second hand on his left wrist.

Now Mr. Blandy took off his black superintendent's helmet, his shining black helmet with its pretty gold band. There was a thirty foot hole in the ship's side where the torpedo had struck. The soft summer breeze came through this hole and ruffled the matted blond hairs which covered the hump of fat at the base of Mr. Blandy's neck.

"Mr. Blandy," Hanson said. "Are you sayin' my mechanics should clean up this mess?"

"Mechanics shouldn't be afraid of a little oil and grease," Mr. Blandy said.

"I got to laugh," Hanson said. "Honest to Christ, Mr. Blandy, I got to laugh. You're quite a card at that, Mr. Blandy."

Mr. Blandy looked offended. "Really, Hanson," he said. "Really, what's so funny about that? Are mechanics supposed to be afraid of a little oil and grease?"

"Right," Hanson said. "But mechanics ain't supposed to handle no arms and legs, Mr. Blandy."

"I never said they were."

"O.K.," Hanson said, "I just wanted the record straight. I just wanted everything understood, Mr. Blandy."



THE three of them fell silent and stood looking down into the bilge again. The torpedo had entered the ship's side on the starboard quarter, just forward of the shaft alley. The thick steel plate around the hole was wrinkled and twisted like tin struck by a heavy hammer. The steam pipes, evaporators, and fuel lines had been twisted into an indistinguishable mass. But what the men were talking about were a couple of arms and legs protruding from the mess.

Mr. Blandy raised his bloodshot blue eyes from the bilge and regarded Nick, and Nick shifted uneasily. Nick was the chain-gang snapper. Nick's gang was supposed to do any dirty and menial job, but Nick's gang had refused to go down and dig out the arms and legs.

"Nick," Mr. Blandy said. "I think it's your job."

"I got nothing to say," Nick said. "Until the shop steward gets here, I got nothing to say, Mr. Blandy."

"I have sent for all the shop stewards concerned, Nick," Mr. Blandy said. "I have also sent for Dirty Money Carlson."

Nobody said anything, and they stood there looking down at the arms and legs and shuffling their feet.

At last Mr. Blandy pulled a package of cigarettes from the pocket of his explorer's khaki shirt. He offered the cigarettes to Nick and Hanson the way the superintendents offer the men cigarettes in the movies, and Nick and Hanson each took one. They flushed slightly because their two gangs of men were looking at them, but cigarettes were very scarce at this time.

"Really, boys," Mr. Blandy said, "Really, I think we're being sort of foolish. After all, there's a war on. We on the home front got a duty as well as those in the trenches."

Nick and Hanson puffed thoughtfully on their cigarettes and someone in the two gangs of men behind Mr. Blandy made a loud unpleasant noise with his lips. Mr. Blandy's mouth trembled beneath his small mustache. He brought his left arm up in a snappy way as though he was about to salute and looked at his expensive watch with its sweep second hand. "Eight-fifteen," Mr. Blandy said, as though someone had asked him the time. "They ought to be here by now, boys."

Somewhere in the gang of men behind Mr.

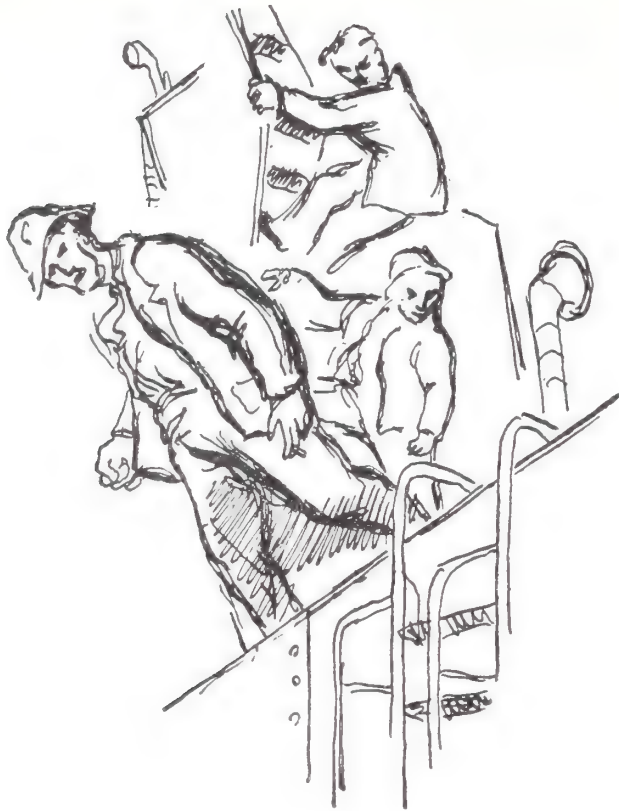
Blandy someone began to whistle *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*. He whistled it very slowly and softly and whenever he ended the refrain he would quaver it out and work around it a little and the two big Negroes in the chain gang would say *Yeah!* and giggle with cynical delight. Mr. Blandy felt that things were somehow slipping out of hand, but the brief labor-management course given him by the company had never touched on this particular situation, this arms and legs business.

"Eight-fifteen, Nick," Mr. Blandy said, as if Nick had asked him to repeat the time. "They ought to be here by now, Nick."

And somewhere behind Mr. Blandy a man was whistling *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, still whistling, and the two big Negroes were still keeping time in a soft tattoo with their iron-toed shoes on the twisted floor-plates, and still Mr. Blandy was thinking of a dozen things he might or ought to do but nothing that he could.

Mr. Blandy looked down again upon the bilge and the twisted pipes and grease and





arms and legs. He could feel a dozen pairs of eyes on his back and he sneaked his feet away from the verge of the hole. He wanted to walk around to the other side of the hole and face the men, but he hadn't the guts. It was an odd feeling, a panicky feeling, the feeling Mr. Blandy had. He knew, naturally, that nothing was going to happen to him—he was the Company's representative. He was the Company's representative, and he knew no one would dare push him down there into that grease and slime and jellied pieces of men; but it was perhaps the feeling that they would like to that was getting into Mr. Blandy a little.

"It's a fine night, Nick," Hanson said. "Nice out to Coney tonight, Nick."

"Yeah," Nick said. "And you know, I come damn near going out there tonight too, Hanson. Just before supper the old woman says to me why don't I stay out tonight and we go down to the Island and I tell her no, I will make a ringer this week and next week I will take two days off. And now here I am down here and they want me to be an undertaker. And I had a hunch to stay out, Hanson. I had a hunch not to come in."

"You gotta hunch, you ought not to come

in," Hanson told him. "The worst thing you can do is go against a hunch, Nick."

They were talking right across Mr. Blandy's face as if he weren't there at all. Nick's breath stank of garlic and Hanson's of stale rye whiskey and Mr. Blandy's stomach began to feel slightly queer. Mr. Blandy kept looking at the arms and legs because that was the only place he could look. None of the mens' faces were friendly enough to look into, and if he looked straight ahead there was nothing but a maze of twisted machinery, which Mr. Blandy knew very little about. So he kept looking down at the mess of arms and legs and screwing his soft face into a fierce frown of concentration—"thinking things through" they called it in the labor-management course. And the man was still whistling *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, and the two big Negroes were now leaning back with their eyes closed, keeping time to the whistler with soft repeated *yeahs!*

"Here they come," Nick said.

The engine-room steps had been carried away in the explosion and the staging men had rigged an emergency ladder. The two shop stewards and Dirty Money Carlson were now coming down the long swaying emergency ladder.

"Now we can thrash things out, Nick," Mr. Blandy said.

"Oh, sure," Nick said. "Now we can thrash things out, Mr. Blandy."

**D**IRTY CARLSON was first down the ladder. He was followed by Cigar Frankie, the machinist steward, and last was old Billy Wagner, steward for the chain-gangs. They were all slow-moving, fat, authoritative men, and they came over and joined Nick and Hanson and Mr. Blandy. The shop stewards stood next to Nick and Hanson, and Dirty Carlson got as close as he could to Mr. Blandy.

"Well, Mr. Blandy," Wagner said. "What's the trouble?"

Mr. Blandy had been rehearsing in his mind what to say. Now he barked it out the way the superintendents bark in the movies. "Here's the situation, Bill," Mr. Blandy said. "We got to have that thrust-bearing out tonight, Billy. To do it, the mechanists got to work in the bilge. They won't work until this mess is taken away. The machinists say they will not clean up this mess and I got to admit



I am inclined to agree with them, though this here's a national emergency and nobody should stand strictly on his rights. What I really think is, I really thing this here's Nick's job, Billy. I asked Nick to do the job and he's refused. So that's the situation, Billy. And we can't reach an agreement, I got to call in the yard superintendent, Billy."

This was a long speech, a long speech even for Mr. Blandy who had been trained to make such speeches in his labor-management course. It was a long, nice-sounding speech, and the two big Negroes kept time to this speech with their softly repeated *yeahs!*



"What about it, Nick?" Wagner said.

"The men won't touch this —" Nick said.

Wagner looked down at the oil and bits of flesh and grease. "I wouldn't touch it myself," he said.

"Before we go any further," Cigar Frankie said, "I got to say this: the machinists won't never touch it, under absolutely no conceivable circumstances. War or no war, a mechanic has got his dignity. Am I right, boys?"

The machinists approved, and the big Negroes ended this stanza with a soft *yeah!*

"Well, Billy?" Mr. Blandy said.

"It's a tough proposition," Wagner said. "It's one of them peculiar human situations that ain't covered in the contract. Wouldn't your boys do it for dirty money, Nick?"

Dirty money is premium money paid for certified dirty work.

"What about it, boys?" Nick said.

There were five men in Nick's gang. There were the two big Negroes, a shriveled Italian, and two blowsy Irishmen. The two Negroes looked at each other, and then they looked with great interest at a point some distance above the white mens' heads. The shriveled Italian shrugged his shoulders eloquently and smiled.

"The way I look at it is this," the bigger of the two Irishmen said. "While not meaning to speak for the other lads, I think a little dirty money would not be out of place. What do you think, Denny?"

"By God, the job's worth a fin!" Denny said.

"There can't be more than half an hour's work," Mr. Blandy said.

"You'll stink just as much after half an hour as you will after twenty," Denny said. "I handled flesh before, Mr. Blandy."

"What do you think, Carlson?" Mr. Blandy said.

**D**IRTY CARLSON's job was to investigate any work the men thought rated premium pay. If Carlson considered the conditions bad enough, he certified the work for a bonus. But it was hard to get a bonus from Carlson, because his own pay was a percentage of the money he saved the company.



This was a nice sort of job, and Dirty Carlson was a nice sort, too. He was a fat whiskey-sodden lick-spittle with a greasy bag of a suit and a dirty red, white, and blue tie that he always wore, winter and summer, fair weather and foul. He also always wore a gray felt hat. Carlson considered the tie and the felt hat the earmarks of an executive. Now he rolled his dirty-brown eyes fondly over Mr. Blandy's face and tried to figure out what Mr. Blandy wanted him to say.

"Well, Carlson?" Mr. Blandy said.

"Well, Ralph," Carlson said. "Well, Ralph, there ain't really enough oil and grease down there to justify dirty money."

He said *Ralph* very loudly, so everyone would be certain to hear him call Mr. Blandy by his first name. An executive could wear a felt hat and a red, white, and blue tie, and call Mr. Blandy by his first name.

"But the bodies make a *small* difference, I should say," Mr. Blandy said.

"You're god-damned right they make a difference," Nick said. "You want to know, I'm ready to puke right now."

"Yeah, Nick," Dirty Carlson said. "Sure, Nick. But it ain't as if they was *scarey*. What I mean, it ain't as if they was *all in one piece*. See what I mean?"

"What?" Nick said.

"Well, you can see for yourself they ain't in one piece."

Nick moved over to Carlson. He looked at Carlson closely. He examined Carlson as if he had never seen him before. He even sniffed at Carlson, loudly, making a funny sound like a dog.

The two big Negroes laughed softly.

"Really, Nick—" Mr. Blandy said.

Nick moved away from Carlson. He closed his eyes, as if this scene were something precious, something to be remembered always.

"Really, Nick—"

"Go get the baskets, Paddy," Nick said.

## *A Very Bad Act Indeed. I.*

(1) "Its enactment would set the stage for a conflict which would injure the relations between employees and employers for all time and seriously retard national recovery."

(2) "Its enactment would produce such great industrial confusion as to seriously undermine the present world position of the United States."

(3) "In place of a formula for industrial peace, its alleged purpose, it establishes a foundation for industrial warfare. . . ."

(4) "The bill taken as a whole would reverse the basic direction of our national labor policy, inject the government into private economic affairs on an unprecedented scale, and conflict with important principles of our democratic society. . . . It would be a dangerous stride in the direction of a totally managed economy. . . ."

(5) ". . . It constitutes a complete departure from our constitutional and traditional theories of government."

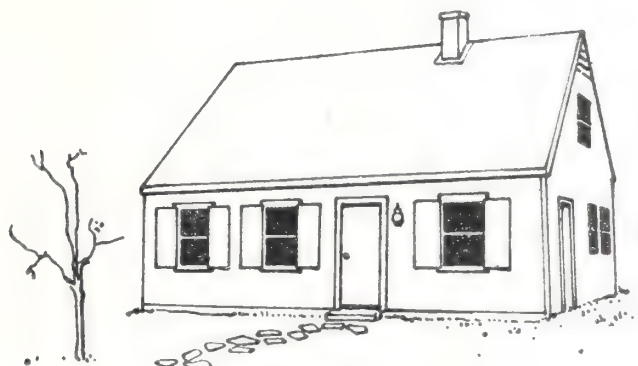
(6) ". . . An omen of a business fascism. . . . I am sounding a clear warning to every American who loves his country, who believes in his country, and who champions genuine free competitive enterprise, to be on guard."

*What Act were they talking about?  
For the answer, see page 96*



# The Six Thousand Houses That Levitt Built

*Eric Larrabee*



**T**HE largest private builder of houses in the Eastern United States is the firm of Levitt & Sons, of Manhasset, Long Island, whose president—William J. Levitt—is to the housing industry somewhat as Robert R. Young first was to railroads. Both men have been successful, both have called attention to the shortcomings of their professions, and both have preached reform, rationalization, and respect for the public. From the consumer's point of view, a housebuilder or railroader who pays the public any mind whatever is bound to seem like a hero. The two industries are long-standing utilities that a European socialist state would nationalize in a minute; here both contain strong and ancient unions, cling to antiquated techniques, and deal so directly with the consumer that delay and incompetence are immediately apparent. Communing with the public in large advertisements, both Mr. Young and Mr. Levitt have made a direct attempt to take the consumer's side, and Mr. Levitt, in a series addressed to "Kilroy," has even assumed to speak specifically for the veteran. Mr. Levitt's

claim to be listened to is that he can build low-cost homes in quantity. Resting his case on the record, the number of houses he has built since 1945, he can present an accomplishment of heroic proportions.

Before the war dotted defense areas with large developments made up of many small houses, most private housebuilders put up less than two houses a year. Since the war, Levitt & Sons have built over six thousand. The figure is as of the beginning of this month; in April they were finishing 60 houses a week; in May, 100 a week; and in July, 150 a week.

**L**EVITT—Bill Levitt refers to the firm in the third person singular—is now at work on a 1,400-acre, 6,000-house project called "Levittown," near Hicksville, Long Island, where 4½-room "bungalows" are rented, to veterans only, for 65 dollars a month. Each house comes complete with radiant-heating, General Electric range and refrigerator, and venetian blinds. The grounds will be landscaped, all utilities will be connected, and there will be concrete roads.

*Eric Larrabee is a member of the Harper's staff who has contributed to the magazine twice before, once about the army, and once in verse.*

Levittown will be zoned as a park district, and Levitt will build one swimming pool for each thousand houses—also three shopping centers (with nearly a hundred retail units), five schools (built by the county on public contract), and six churches (plots donated by Levitt & Sons). Levittown will be finished by the end of this year. "Anyone who comes to us now," Bill Levitt said last April, "will have a house in October."

As soon as one of the first 1,800 veterans to rent a house in Levittown has been there a year, he is given an option by Levitt to buy the house for \$7,990; if he does not buy, Levitt will rent for one year more. "I think they'll buy all right," he has said, with a pride anyone might reasonably take in watching well-made plans come to fruition. The veterans will be backed by GI loan and will thus require no cash, they will get back a \$100 deposit from Levitt, and the carrying charges on the loan will be less than the rent they are now paying—a combination difficult to resist. Some of the veteran tenants, however, feeling that the company has been trying to pressure them into a purchase, have claimed that very few of their number actually wish to buy. Levitt now proposes to continue to rent the vast majority of the houses, but at the end of two years from the completion of the project there will be nothing to prevent him from selling them at whatever price the market will bear. If he does so, his profit should be in seven figures. The 1947 price on the basic small Levitt House was \$7,500 (earlier he sold 31 pilot models for \$6,990, in eight hours, but is now sorry that the price was so widely publicized). Costs have risen since then and comparisons on the basis of profit per house are deceptive (according to Bill Levitt, they are no longer used in the firm), but it was estimated in 1947 that he undersold his nearest competitor by \$1,500 and still made \$1,000 profit on each house.

Levitt, in short, is a phenomenon. Previously the firm had built only conventional homes on Long Island's North Shore, though the various "Strathmores"—"class" developments near one of which the main office is still located—foreshadowed a larger scale operation. It was a wartime experience (Levitt did 2,350 rental units for the Navy at Norfolk, Virginia) that infected them permanently with a bug for volume. They still build some

houses in the higher brackets for the station-wagon trade, but it is with the mass production of a standard 4½-room house that the name "Levitt" has become firmly associated. Bill Levitt is becoming a kind of bellwether of the building trades, and he believes that he is setting patterns which the others must eventually adopt. The housing industry, if it can properly be called an industry, has traditionally been based on limited construction by small contractors, consumer financing, and craft unions. Levitt & Sons are substituting mass construction by a single company, production financing, and either industrial unions or no unions at all.

## II

THE president of Levitt & Sons is himself one of the Sons. His brother Alfred is the firm architect, and his father Abraham does the landscaping; it is a family team, and a family that knows how to live well. Bill Levitt is in his early forties—shrewd, compact, and pin-striped. His wavy hair and mournful, wide-open eyes make him look like a tired Marx Brother turned master of ceremonies in a run-down night club. He has considerable charm and an engaging way of appearing to explain some of his own tricks of the trade—smiling, palms upward, to suggest that no one could humanly have done otherwise. He enjoys talking and handles a small audience as though it were a Congressional committee. He is the firm's best press agent, salesman, and one-man lobby.

Bill Levitt is also an example of what the London *Economist* has described as "the new type of [American] business men, developed since the slump, who believe they have a responsibility to their country as well as to their shareholders." Levitt, for one thing, says he is the only private housebuilder in the country who is in favor of public housing. On the face of it, he would seem to stand for the continued vitality of real, rip-snorting free enterprise, but partly by temperament and partly of necessity he has had to become political. His business, housing, is a national issue, and the laws which determine its financing have gone through many variations in the past few years. All construction in any event, Levitt's included, is circumscribed by the building codes, of which there



are tens of thousands in the nation, all of them different and all of them notoriously loaded with local political considerations. (Levittown is being built in a Republican county in an election year, and Levitt has been trying to bait Governor Dewey into putting through a uniform building code for the whole State. But Bill Levitt's unique discovery is that he can represent himself—when discussing legislation like the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill, for example—as a public-minded reformer, devoted to the interests of the veteran.

The pressure of veteran opinion, though it seems to have little national significance, can be strong on a local level. Levitt, on one occasion, wished to have some revisions made in an irksome building code and used that pressure with conspicuous success. (Such codes often specify the pitch of the roof, or that walls must be of wet-plaster construction, or that local plumbers must install the plumbing—all of which interfere with Levitt's practices.) Ads appeared in the community papers, paid for by Levitt, announcing that there would be a mass meeting of all local veterans who wanted to rent homes but couldn't get them. Bill Levitt estimates that it was attended by 1,200—reports vary; "They were all over the place," he says—and the building code was shortly amended. Levitt, sooner than anyone else, seems to have appreciated the threefold significance of the veteran:

(1) He has an easy access to public credit through the GI Bill of Rights;

(2) He is in the market primarily for *new* houses, since he was a late-comer to the wartime real-estate boom that filled up existing homes and apartments; and

(3) He is irreproachable as a propaganda lever.

Where business has for many years approached the public as an apologist, explaining what it has already done, Levitt—again like Robert R. Young—does not wait for that; he has created opinion ahead of time and used it as he went along. It would be easy to maintain that Levitt was just what the veteran needed; to say that the veteran was just what Levitt needed would sound very sour and unfair, but it is an equally sustainable argument.

**B**ILL LEVITT is a veteran himself (two years in the Seabees) and a child of the Roosevelt Era (his father started the firm at the bottom of the depression). He seems to have assimilated one of the contradictions of the period: that concern with the ill-housed third of a nation should lead by easy stages to a conception of the ideal house-building company as big business. The two neatly interlock in his mind, and he takes genuine pleasure in the service he can provide. When I saw him one afternoon at his executive headquarters in Manhasset (a smallish building, Selznick-Colonial in style, set back from the road by a circular drive), a young army lieutenant and wife were standing by the reception booth in the blue-domed hall. "Did you notice those two?" Bill Levitt asked later. "Right now they're living in an automobile. In a month and a half they'll have a house!"

The dramatic air, as of one who has just turned a khaki handkerchief into the American flag, can be forgiven. Levitt has something of the GI flavor and style, and he *has* done it. Architects may quibble slightly about the design of Levitt's small house, which is rudimentary and inflexible, but builders' magazines contain frequent ads from manufacturers who proudly announce that their products are being used in Levittown. Levitt has been accused of no serious defects in the buildings themselves, and he reports that the most violent complaint he had last year was that in one house none of the appliances would work—it turned out that the master fuse was loose.

The Levitt small house is a cultural index, a mean between what the money will buy and what people are willing to pay for. The houses might look quite attractive if there weren't so incredibly many of them. Levittown is about ten miles in from the sea on the Long Island flats. From the Wantagh Parkway, the town stretches away to the east as far as the eye can see, house after identical house, a horizon broken only by telegraph poles. The exterior colors are varied and good (among them a strong, dark red), and the houses, which might have been in even lines, are at least slightly staggered.

Each house is built on a concrete slab (no cellar) into which copper pipes for radiant heating have been embedded. The floors are

of asphalt tile and the walls of composition rock-board (the rooms are designed in multiples of four feet, the standard width of the composition panels). A stairway leads to an unfinished attic; under one side is a scroll-trimmed alcove for the Bendix; under the other, bookshelves for the living room. The focal point is the kitchen, at the front of the house to the right of the door, which is full of cabinets and designed with a sharp eye on the magazine-reading, ruffled-chintz housewife.

"A dream house," Levitt wrote, for a GE ad, "is a house the buyer and his family will want to live in a long time . . . an electric kitchen-laundry is the one big item that gives the homeowner all the advantages and conveniences that make his home truly livable." To include a Bendix washer in the sales price may seem frivolous and extravagant, but it is worth every bit of the cost in sales appeal and publicity. "And it will sell faster," Levitt added. His house is the Model-T equivalent of the rose-covered cottage—or Cape Coddage, as some one has called it. It is meant to look like the Little Home of One's Own that was a subsidiary myth of the American Dream long before Charlie Chaplin put it into "Modern Times."

Levitt is the Dream's entrepreneur; he is not entirely a free agent. He has done the impossible and made it pay, overcoming restrictions and shortages that were supposed to be insurmountable. But there are still hard questions to be answered: How does he do it, and how long can he go on doing it? Is the Levitt system a good one, and can it be applied elsewhere? What will be the effect of the Levitt communities on the Long Island suburbia where they have been built? The answers involve building techniques and building codes, housing laws and housing unions—so many strings gather together in Levitt's hands that it is often hard to say whether he pulls or is himself pulled.

There are other mass builders of houses elsewhere, especially on the West Coast, and many others (like the prefabricators) who are trying to produce houses as though they were automobiles, in a manner suited to an industrial society. The machines and the materials Levitt uses are not new inventions, nor is his combination of methods one that would never have occurred to another average builder.

But any other builder, at any other time, would not have had the veteran market, would not have had the organization, could not have bypassed union restrictions, and could not have secured the financing. The Levitt story is of how he was relieved of some of these obstacles, got around others, and ran into the remainder head foremost and knocked them down.

### III

**B**ILL LEVITT himself maintains that three factors are responsible for the situation in which he works today: (1) the unprecedented demand for houses, (2) the GI Bill of Rights, and (3) the fact that, at the end of the war, the banks were "busting with money." The emphasis here, obviously, is on financing, and this is the element that Levitt is most likely to stress. But there are other, more tangible features that even a non-builder can readily appreciate. Levitt houses are just not built the way other houses are built.

A house that goes up in Levittown will have been handled by Levitt & Sons from start to finish. When Bill Levitt uses a favorite phrase, "vertical organization," he is talking about a principle he has applied as rigorously as the housing business will allow. His lumber, for example, comes from the Grizzly Park Lumber Company, of Blue Lake, California, which he owns. It is cut from timber which he owns. All of his appliances (a Bendix, say, or a GE refrigerator) are purchased from the North Shore Supply Company, which he owns. He doesn't buy nails and concrete blocks; he makes them himself. Like most builders, he has many contractors working for him (the number varies in the neighborhood of fifty), but here also the vertical principle is retained. All of his contractors work for him and for no one else, and most of them were put in business by Levitt.

The advantages of this top-to-bottom control are considerable. The timber can be cut at the mill in California to the exact size at which it will finally be used in the house. This means not only a saving on freight and handling (the wood can bypass the Levitt factory at Roslyn, Long Island, and go directly to the site), but also an initial cost



saving of 30 per cent—the mark-up that Levitt, and the consumer, would be paying if he didn't own his source of basic material.

The same applies to a Bendix or a GE range. The traditional echelons through which an appliance must pass are from manufacturer to distributor to wholesaler to builder, each adding another mark-up as it goes. Levitt, by owning his wholesaler, absorbs at least one of the mark-ups and continues to moan with pain about the others. He buys appliances, as a rule, by the carload lot, and they proceed direct from the factory to his railroad siding at Roslyn. He cannot understand why several people who never see the merchandise should be paid merely for handling the bills. General Electric sells to General Electric Appliances (which represents GE, for most purposes), which sells to North Shore Supply (which is Levitt), which in turn sells to Levitt—who finds this ridiculous. "If this system were eliminated," he says, "there would be a considerable saving—if only in three-cent stamps." He believes that if he were allowed to buy direct on all materials he could reduce the price of his house by \$2,500, and in the case of copper piping, kitchen cabinets, and certain experimental materials, he is gradually being allowed to do so.

Levitt's system of contractors is subject to varied interpretation, but the net effect is gain for Levitt. ("My father always taught me," Levitt has said, "when you talk to a builder keep your hands in your pockets.") There are twenty-seven different operations in the construction at Levittown, and a crew for each that goes from house to house, putting in plumbing, or tacking on shingles, or whatever. Contractors to handle such individual jobs are normally hired by competitive bidding, and take a profit or loss thereafter on their own responsibility—a system that is anything but "vertical." Under Levitt, bidding is replaced by negotiated contract and the stipulation that Levitt's own supervisors shall have authority on the job.

The actual building techniques used by Levitt, of course, are not those of which a carpenter's guild would be likely to approve. He uses time- and labor-saving machinery whenever possible, even when such use (as of paint-sprayers) is specifically forbidden by the union. Beginning with a trenching ma-

chine, through transit-mix trucks to haul concrete, to an automatic trowler that smooths the foundation-slab, Levitt takes advantage of whatever economies mechanization can give him. The site of the houses becomes one vast assembly line, with trucks dropping off at each house the exact materials needed by the crew then moving up. Some parts—plumbing, staircases, window frames, cabinets—are actually prefabricated in the factory at Roslyn and brought to the house ready to install. The process might be called one of the semi-prefabrication, in which a great deal of building is actually done on the site, but none that is unnecessary or that could be better done elsewhere—a lot of hammering, as Bill Levitt says, but very little sawing.

Once this process begins, it has to go fast. Levitt works a five-day week, but they are the five days on which building is possible; Saturday and Sunday are considered to have been the days when it rained and there was no construction. He built straight through this past winter, as few builders could, since he had set out foundations and frames before the snow came. And in the same way, incentive pay, company-paid retirement funds, salaries paid to those who entered the services, and an annual profit-sharing plan are all good methods of encouraging production and insuring machinery. Levitt's labor-savings are savings only as long as he can keep up the volume and the speed.

LEVITT is non-union. He has built up his own permanent organization over many years and has someone on his own staff for any building job that might need to be done. Only forty per cent of his labor force is highly skilled, since he does not observe elaborate apprentice regulations and does not waste skilled men on simple jobs. He is not dependent on the unions for his craftsmen, and the unions have therefore not been able to break him. The Levitt plant has been picketed once, by an outside union, but the attack petered out and died a natural death. There have been several attempts to cut off his supplies through strikes elsewhere, but two of the unions involved in one such boycott got into an argument with each other and both strikes failed. Levitt is on record as favoring *industrial* unions in housing and he claims that his own workers can organize

whenever they wish to do so. So far there have been no signs that they are interested. The answer is that Levitt pays better than a union member can get elsewhere.

The scales of pay in carpentry and other building trades are based on the assumption that the work will not be steady. A carpenter-mechanic can usually count on no more than three or four working days a week for a third to a half of a year, and pay scales have to be high to produce any kind of annual income on those terms. But all of Levitt's workers are on the job at least nine months of the year; his key personnel work twelve months of the year at an average salary of a little under \$100 a week. End of argument.

"Feather-bedding," of course, is a nasty word, and a meaningless term of abuse when used against a union carpenter who must somehow defend his access to a reasonable over-all pay during the ups-and-downs of the building cycle. But often the reasonable intent leads to absurdities, as in some Midwestern cities where fourteen different workmen must be present when a refrigerator is installed. Levitt's continual, planned construction enables him to do without the union members and the union rules, and the result is a house that ordinary people can conceivably afford to live in. Paint-spraying is fast and efficient, non-licensed plumbers can put in Levitt's copper pipe, and nobody has to stand around waiting for a member of the board-carrying guild to carry the boards. Levitt's bricklayers, consequently, put up three times as many bricks a day as the union limit would allow.

An equally nasty word is "paternalism," which is sometimes applied to the use of profit-sharing plans to maintain a non-union shop. It is all very well to favor industrial housing unions in theory, since there is no chance of any of them coming into existence until the whole industry is re-organized—along Levitt lines. The espousal of this cause costs Levitt nothing and strengthens his national position as a leader and anticipator of future trends. There is another (and final) comparison possible here with Robert Young, whose own business is largely freight, and who is thus advantageously placed to sound off on the subject of passenger service. Levitt, having made his own problems balance each other—veterans outweigh unions, in the equa-

tion—can pour bucketfuls of scorn all over such similar firms as Byrne of Baltimore, who are trying to do the same thing but haven't quite mastered the formula. Levitt always has the answer; he happily points out that the Byrne House costs more than his, even without the appliances included in the Levitt price. Against a charge of paternalism his answer would be: "People work well only for someone they trust and respect."

THE only reservation which might be entered is that there is an analogy between Levitt's policies toward his workers and those toward his tenants. Just as Levitt believes in unions but has none in his plant, Levitt also believes that everyone should own a house and lot—but lives himself in a Manhattan apartment. The "little plot of ground" idea is firmly embedded in the Levitt propaganda, though he now tends to play it down, as being "an old story" and "something we are hipped on." He is still proud of the fact that the house occupies only 12 per cent of the 60-by-100-foot lot in Levittown and that each tenant can do as he pleases with the remaining 88 per cent. As social theory, this accords perfectly with his practice; in fact, it is hard to see how anyone could build an entire town of 6,000 identical houses without subscribing to it in some form. Levitt derides the so-called "garden apartments" for similar reasons, and there are romantic elements in the notion of independence and individuality on the sixty-foot front to which he can appeal. The idea is that the suburbs are the backbone of the nation. "No man who owns his own house and lot can be a communist," Levitt says. "He has too much to do."

But Levitt carries the principle a step further: he refuses to deal with his tenants except as individuals (or in *social* groups, like the Island Tree Association that was originally to have administered community centers but has surprised him by protesting at an increase in the rent). If Levitt had the final say, there would never be a union of Levitt consumers—the single house and the single complaint are all he wants to face at any one time. When asked whether any provision was to be made at Levittown for individual variations in the houses, Levitt said, "No, we've tried that and it doesn't



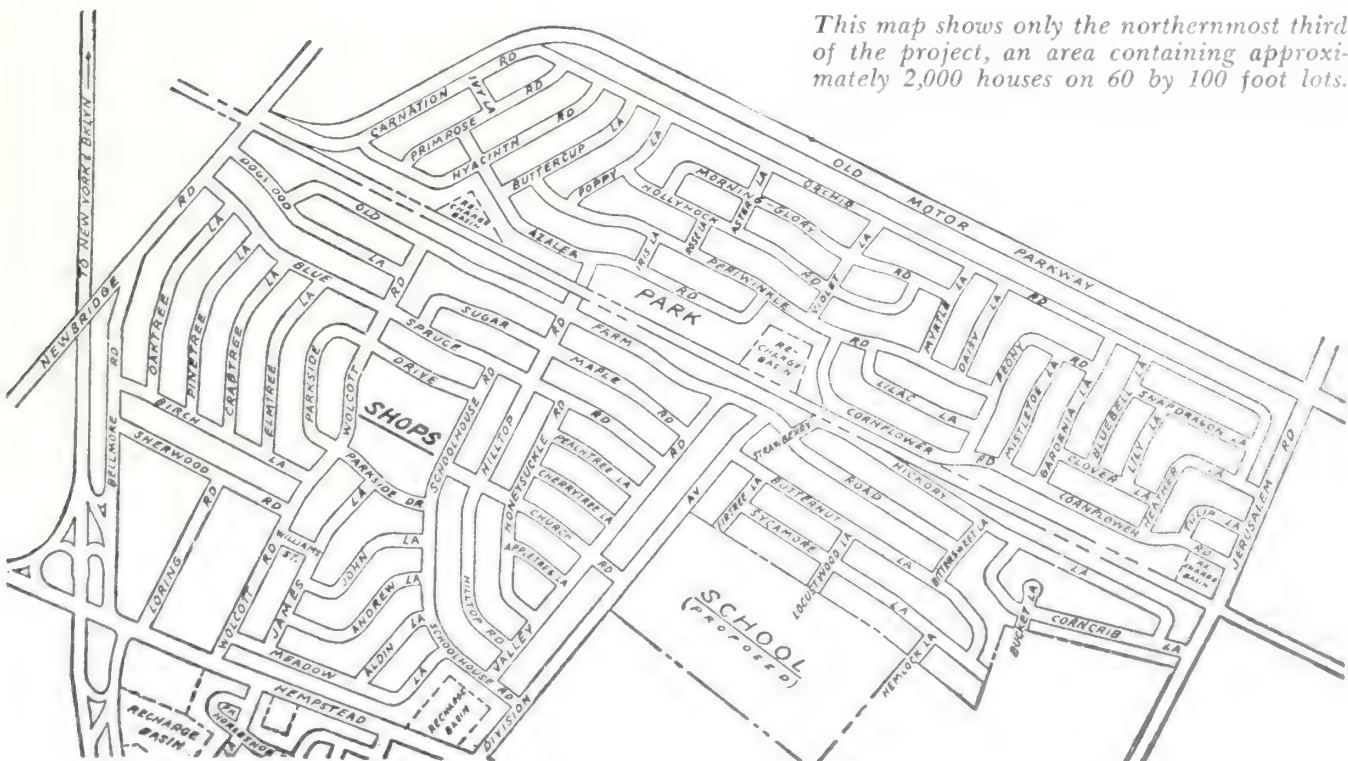
work"; and his use of the phrase "democracy in action" is heavy with irony. Earlier he held a competition for the name of Levittown, but gave it up in disgust and made the final selection himself. In speaking of the mass-meeting of veterans which he called to get the building code changed, he has said, "The end always justifies the means—within the four corners of reason, of course." If the end is housing for the veteran, then the four corners of reason are bounded only by Levitt and the law.

For the use of the word "owns," in Levitt's statement about communism, is somewhat out of place. A veteran who "buys" a house in Levittown under a GI Loan is already a good deal more of a "communist" than he is an "owner," no matter how often he has to repair the picket fence. Nearly everyone is agreed that today's housing values are inflated and that the collapse will have to come someday; the expectation is that the government, when that day comes, will back the veteran and take over the projects. Levitt may be able to sell all of the houses in the next two and a half years. After that, Levittown, which will represent an eventual investment of \$52,000,000, could become the taxpayer's baby.

IN HOUSING, as in no other industry, consumer financing—mortgages—has continued to precede and make possible the financing of production. When the government, as a depression measure, decided to bolster and encourage housing, the means adopted was to insure mortgages, transferring the risk and spreading it out over the public. The Federal Housing Administration has since become fairly permanent and respected for its standards, and aside from tolerating race covenants and discouraging modern architecture it has been of great value in making possible the financing of production. The authority for this new role has been a section of the National Housing Act (1934) known as Title VI.

Title VI allowed a builder to insure 90 per cent of the mortgage on a house costing up to \$9,000. He was able to go to the FHA and get a "commitment" to insure the mortgage, and with the commitment the builder himself could sign up as a temporary mortgagor. The mortgage lender would make "production advances" as the work proceeded, so that a house could be well under way before the final purchaser had even been approached. Previously, the builder had been required to build the house first, then satisfy

SITE PLAN OF LEVITTOWN



*This map shows only the northernmost third of the project, an area containing approximately 2,000 houses on 60 by 100 foot lots.*

FHA requirements (income, credit, age, health of the purchaser) before the financing could be secured. Production financing under Title VI made it possible for large builders like Levitt to bring together the capital without which a many-thousand-house development could not be undertaken.

Levitt operated until recently under Section 603 of the Act and divided his financing into three phases: (1) temporary, (2) permanent, and (3) FHA. The temporary financing is short-term commercial borrowing similar to that undertaken by any other corporation; the permanent financing is the actual mortgaging of the houses; the FHA insures these mortgages. If a veteran eventually buys the house under the GI Bill, the Veteran's Administration will guarantee the payment of part of the loan up to a maximum of \$4,000. If the value of the house declines and the veteran defaults on his payments, this is the point at which the government (through the VA) may be stuck with the houses.

When he first tried to work out this three-cornered arrangement, Levitt found the going rough. He discovered that he could get the temporary financing only if he had the permanent financing and both only if he had the FHA commitments. Levitt is frank to admit that he finally broke the impasse only by convincing each corner of the triangle that the other two were already in on it. "This sounds easy to say," he points out, "but it took us seven months to carry it off." When he first went to the FHA and asked for 2,000 commitments they told him that no one had ever asked for that many and that if he would start building they would keep up with him. They couldn't. Last year, during which he built 2,867 houses, he went to the FHA again and asked for 4,000 commitments—this time there was no trouble. Levitt believes that only his actual building performance has made his job any easier, and that he can now get financing with relative ease only because he has delivered in the past just what he said he would deliver.

Title VI was to have expired on March 31, 1948, but slightly after the last minute it was extended for an additional month. Provisions exactly similar to it were incorporated in the first section of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill, which passed the Senate but

not the House. The House had previously passed a bill extending Title VI, a measure intended by opponents of the T-E-W bill to nullify it, but the extension did not pass the Senate. The compromise housing bill that *did* get through before adjournment did not include Title VI, and the latter has been allowed to lapse. The debate was not so much over Title VI itself, however, as over the public-housing provisions of the T-E-W Bill, and the equivalent of Title VI may someday be restored.

**T**HE strongest argument against Title VI financing it is that it gave a builder a contingent profit for which he had not paid, that he secured a stake in a project when he had made no investment himself. At least if Title VI got housing up which would otherwise not have been built, it surely did so by giving the builder a break. Large-scale builders defended Title VI because it kept them in business; they predicted that building would fall off by a third if it were dropped. The bulk of the country's housing this year has been built under government financing; and, though the industry is easily as inefficient as Levitt says it is, neither he nor anyone else has been able to put potential improvements into effect without public credit.

Private rationalization of the industry is not necessarily impossible; it just hasn't been done yet. The Lustron prefabricators, for instance, were hoping eventually to be able to turn out 4,000 porcelain-enameled-steel houses a month, but it took an investment of \$18,000,000 (most of it from the RFC) to get production going. And a competing product which could not get an RFC loan—Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion, circular and rational as an airplane—was able to draw only \$345,000 in private financing; whether it will ever sell in quantity, no one therefore knows. Levitt would point out that financing is by no means the whole story, that housebuilding is not a field anyone can move into just because he has the impulse. He would also submit that a private builder, even with Title VI financing, must have capital to start with—which is true, and the Levitts did have the capital.

The question of which came first—Levitt or the financing—has no meaningful answer.



The point is that Levitt is not quite the apostle of private enterprise that he seems to be at first glance. There is no way of knowing that without Title VI behind his commercial loans, or without the GI Loan behind his veteran purchasers, Levitt will be able to go on building inexpensive houses at such a rate of speed. It cannot be shown decisively that such an operation at any other time than the present would have been, or will again be, possible. Levitt, in many ways, is an extemporizer, one of such great skill that he is scarcely conscious of it himself. But the language unfortunately lacks a complimentary term for a man who is bright enough to know good luck when he sees it. There is something more than opportunism involved in bringing together such varied elements—political, economic, technical, social, financial, psychological, and just plain personal—and making them function smoothly together. If “being in the housing business” is to do the things that Levitt does, then the qualifications for the profession have been sadly underestimated. Anybody who goes up against Bill Levitt has not only got to be smart, he has got to be all different kinds of smart.

#### IV

AS BILL LEVITT sits in his oak-paneled office in Manhasset today, he can see a good future ahead for his kind of building. The desk is large and ornate (a panel slides out in front for callers to write on), and behind it he is wearing a custom-made shirt with embroidered initials. “We believe,” he says, “that the market for custom housing, like that for custom tailoring, no longer exists. People who want to buy that kind of thing will always be able to get it, but the real market is for the ordinary, mass-produced suit of clothes. And you can’t build \$30,000-houses by the six thousands.”

He refers to the estimate that this country will need fifteen million houses during the next ten years—“Let’s see, that’s a million and a half a year. The best we ever did before was nine hundred thousand”—and he sometimes speaks hypothetically of a hundred-million-dollar housing company that could go to Washington and be treated with respect. A moment later he is likely to be speaking of what “we” could then do, but will explain

that he means that such an organization would have to be very similar to Levitt in its methods. He reserves considerable scorn for the prefabricators, who have so far been unable to equal him in either quantity or price. “A steel frame makes it last as long as the Empire State Building, if that’s what you want, but the housewife never sees it—what does she care? A complete wall already made up fills additional airspace and increases the freight. Look at the prices, not even including lot and improvements!”

Levitt has it licked, and there is something very likable in the pure cheek of his delivery. You are almost willing to accept his argument on its face value and forget that the prefabricators may someday give him his only real competition—if, and Levitt can still get good odds on the *if*. He is just consistent enough, and where he throws consistency aside it is for sensible and realistic—even sympathetic—reasons. Theoretically, he is strongly opposed to apartments and multiple dwellings, and he has nothing to lose by *not* supporting public housing; yet he is for it. When he spoke of the army lieutenant then living in an automobile who would soon have a house, he said, “They’re lucky. They’ve got an automobile. Somebody’s got to do something for the people who can afford only thirty to thirty-five dollars a month.” And he has offered to build houses in Palestine at cost; he and his brother Alfred will fly over to investigate. “That,” a *Fortune* editor said to Levitt, “is what I call practical Zionism.”

What would he like to do if he had his own choice? “I guess our dream is just like anybody else’s—to work without interference,” that is, without timid building inspectors, county planning boards, or obnoxious legislators who don’t understand the business (“I told them in Washington,” Levitt says, “that I didn’t know all there was to be known about housing but I certainly knew more than any of them did”). He would like to see building codes revised on a State, if not national, scale; what offends his orderly nature is not so much the specific regulations as the chaos, the variation from one locality to the next. The inhabitants of one community, when they discovered that Levitt was intending to build, put through a special code with deliberately ridiculous provisions; Levitt beat it down without much difficulty in public hearings.

and the incident strengthens his case against locally independent codes. But at the same time one cannot help but sympathize with the good people of Long Island. A building code is one of the few defenses against Levitt that they have.

If you lived in an area that Levitt was about to invade, you might feel very much as they did. The taxes to support those five schools in Levittown are going to be a good deal higher than they ever were before (the cost per year to educate one child has always been higher than the per capita tax). Levitt knew this, warned them, and made his own plans accordingly. He is amiable about the fact that the county was caught short building schools, but does not feel deeply concerned. "Those people in Nassau County," he says, "are beginning to realize that they're just what somebody once said they were—the bedroom of New York City. They don't want any more houses; they want corporations and factories, that pay taxes and don't have any children."

It is fairly clear that Levitt does not have a high opinion of "city planners," who are the only ones who think as much as he does about where factories and homes should really be put. He is a "planner" himself—but not the book, pamphlet, and committee kind—and he will not stop to nurse along the others whose "plans" lag behind his own. When he was once asked if the Levittown shopping centers would not cause congestion on the highway that cuts across the town, he said, "Yes, of course, but that's somebody else's problem. I just did what they told me to do."

LEVITTOWN, even to the casual visitor, is overwhelming; one can only imagine that for the veteran inhabitants its extended uniformity must stir uneasy memories. A community that, by nature, is limited to families of the same generation from the same financial bracket, is potentially a mon-

ster. Whatever the source of Levitt's stake in it, he would be wise to remove it for more reasons than financial foresightedness; the inhabitants of six thousand identical houses, as even the Levitt theory holds, will be especially anxious to hang on to whatever individuality they have left—when there has been trouble, it has been the kind Levitt likes least. Yet it will not seem fair that he should have no responsibility for what he has created. Levittown will carry on his name, the name he gave it, long after all the mortgages have been paid off and the veterans have drawn their last bonus. When it is finished, it will cease to be a problem in financing and building schedules, and will become an organism with a life and future of its own. That ought to go on the books, somehow, as the stake that Levittown owns in Levitt.

The building of houses, to Bill Levitt, is a great game, one that he plays with a consummate skill that comes in part from having written many of the rules for himself. The little Levitt house is American suburbia reduced to its logical absurdity, and what Levitt has done in planning his town is different only in scale from what the builders of subdivisions have always been allowed to do. The community that Bill Levitt has fastened onto the Long Island soil is of the most class-stratifying sort possible; it can be excused only by a shortage that should never have existed and the inability of an entire industry to reform itself.

Rational building laws, an energetic housing program, and a truly rationalized housing industry would have made the Levitt performance both impossible and unnecessary, and if American cities could be made livable so many of the inhabitants might not have to leave them every night to get some sleep. Someday the "planners" may learn to bat in his league, but you can be sure that even then, Bill Levitt, whatever the rules, will play the game with profit and enthusiasm.



# The Stillborn Babes of Journalism

*Merle Miller*

**I**N 1945 William Siegmund Schlamm (Willi to the initiated), the Austrian-born writer-editor who had become one of Henry Robinson Luce's closest advisers, wrote a widely circulated "confidential" memorandum outlining in some detail the proposed cultural monthly which he had been planning for Mr. Luce. The project would not aim for a mass circulation, Schlamm hinted; it would, indeed, be "a magazine for grown-ups," a characterization that for some reason he seemed to feel differentiated it from *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*.

Moreover, Schlamm asserted, the magazine would "take art seriously," would require only a minimal staff, "three editors, four assistants, three secretaries, and one office boy," would on occasion allow "manly cussing" in its pages, and, while abhorring pomposity, would strongly support "good thinking, good writing, good manners."

There were many reasons for launching such a publication, Schlamm declared, among them the fact that "it may be fun to participate in one of the great mutations of journalism."

At that time Schlamm was not alone in expecting that, as soon as V-J Day was out of the way, the great postwar "mutation" would begin. True, it had been a good many years since any important new magazine had been born, but by 1945 many of the leading pub-

lishing concerns had at least one, sometimes two or three projects in the planning stage. Young men who'd never seen a linotype machine were dreaming about—and trying to raise money for—a half dozen other new magazines. But today, three years, millions of wasted dollars, and incalculable hours of unrecoverable time later, magazine reading habits in the United States—with a single major exception—remain virtually unchanged. Most of the proposed magazines never got beyond their protracted periods of gestation, and the reading public seemed remarkably cool to those that did. The reason for so numerous and so costly a series of failures make up one of the saddest and certainly strangest chapters in the history of American publishing.

In 1946 there were already more than seven hundred magazines being published in this country. During the war everything that was printed had been bought and, as far as anybody knew, read. Magazine advertising had reached an all-time high; manufacturers, even if they had nothing to sell, spent millions of dollars just to keep their company's name before the public. (Much of this expense was later written off in income taxes.) Space salesmen who only a few years before had begged for every inch of advertising they received simply sat in their air-conditioned offices, doing their courteous best to discourage as many accounts as possible. Granted, there wasn't

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BURLINGAME  
PUBLIC  
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enough paper for everybody, but publishers expected that shortage to end soon after the war. And there seemed to be an unprecedented chance to cash in on the new eagerness of subscribers and advertisers by launching new publications.

In addition, publishers remembered what had happened in the previous postwar period of the twenties, when, with a minimum of cash and a maximum of editorial enterprise, three great publishing figures had emerged: Luce, DeWitt Wallace, and Harold Ross.

Luce and the late Briton Hadden, after their graduation from Yale (Class of 1920), had concluded that most people were not well enough informed and decided that "something ought to be done." With what in retrospect seems very little effort they raised \$85,000 and launched the *Weekly News-magazine*; in less than a year *Time* was selling 18,000 copies a week. DeWitt Wallace had had an even simpler idea; with \$600 in borrowed cash, \$4,500 from eager charter subscribers, a basement room in Greenwich Village, a paste-pot, shears, and a pile of magazines from which articles were clipped for condensed reprinting, Wallace had launched the fantastically popular and profitable *Reader's Digest*. And early in 1925 ex-Private Harold Ross, with only \$20,000 of his own and an additional \$25,000 from yeast-heir Raoul Fleischmann, had brought out the first issue of the *New Yorker*.

Thus, during the war, a great many potential publishers and editors, some of whom later proved unable to distinguish between a type face and a typographical error, dreamed of duplicating the Ross-Wallace-Luce success story. During the first eighteen months after V-J Day more than two hundred new magazines were launched, most of them minor, including some with such intriguing titles as *Pipe Smoker*, *Swank*, *Goofy Gags*, *Gals*, and *Whisper*. Many were born quietly and inexpensively and expired a few months later.

**B**UT the publishing giants worked more slowly. As early as 1943, Curtis (*Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies Home Journal*, etc.) had set up a commission to study the possibility of new postwar ventures; Crowell-Collier (*Collier's*, *American*, etc.) had its corporate eye on the international field; the Cowles brothers, who after the phe-

nomenal success of their Midwestern newspapers, had launched the equally successful *Look*, engaged a staff to work on a half-dozen ideas; and even the executives of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* thought (for a time) that they sensed the need for something new in periodical journalism. But they all went ahead warily.

One of the first to put actual cash on the line for an experimental project was Marshall Field III, whose previous ventures into publishing had been with the *Chicago Sun* and the New York daily *PM*, both of which managed to stay in the red during many of the war years. Field set up what was known as *Project X* (at one time in New York there were, in addition, a *Magazine X*, an *Idea X*, and two other *Project X's*), and he chose as its editor Norman Cousins, the effervescent young editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, who was then also editing the Office of War Information's multi-lingual pocket digest, *U.S.A.*

Since the Field-Cousins project attempted to be the most closely-guarded secret of all, it quite naturally received the most publicity. Cousins started working on *X* early in 1945 and, within a month after the first news of its existence crept into the gossip columns, had received more than 9,000 applications for jobs, though none of the applicants had the slightest notion just what kind of magazine was planned, an ignorance just then shared, at least in part, by both the publisher-to-be and the editor.

Eventually Cousins assembled a staff, and for more than two years after that a group which at one time numbered as many as fifteen full-time employees experimented with plans for a magazine that originally was to have competed in the four-color, slick-paper, mass-circulation weekly field dominated by the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. Like the concoctors of other projects, Cousins' staff spent a good deal of time in deep thought; it was a period of eternal conference, of market surveys, of interviewing potential printers, of subtle inquiry of advertising agencies about available accounts, of pasting, assembling, and photostatting uncirculated dummy magazines, and of trying to persuade writers to produce copy for an audience that never numbered more than fifty or so readers.

When, early in 1947, Field decided to aban-



don the project and concentrate most of his publishing dollars on the *Sun*, *PM*, Simon & Schuster, Pocket Books, and *Parade*, he had spent more than a quarter of a million dollars on *X*. One printed dummy had been created, at a cost of more than \$50,000; there had been half a dozen photostatted dummy issues, and budgets had been drawn up which showed that to put such a weekly on the market would, by the most optimistic estimate, drain \$10,000,000 from the Field fortune before a profit could be expected. In February 1947 E. L. de Golyer, a Texas oil man who is also a Phi Beta Kappa, invested \$33,000 in the undertaking (which was by then planned as a slick national monthly); but in July the staff was dismissed, Cousins to return full-time to the *Saturday Review*, a surprising number of the others to take jobs on other unpublished magazine projects.

## II

AT THE moment there is quite a good-sized colony in New York whose members make a reasonably respectable profession out of working on unborn magazines. One art director has taken part in five such undertakings, a pastime he now contemptuously dismisses as "playing magazine." One editor has been in an executive position on three; and one researcher has been involved with two and a half, the half accounting for a publishing plan that only reached the chart stage. Obviously such an article as this can deal with only a handful of them.

Every such venture starts out with a chart, usually an expensive, multi-color, beautifully lettered, heavy series of pasteboards complete with graphs and accompanied by explanatory prose, to be shown to prospective investors. Occasionally, the prose is heavy with irrefutable clichés such as: "A magazine must have both readers and—preferably—advertising to be successful," or "A good magazine ought to be readable." One such exhibit made the frank admission that "it will take a little while for subscribers to understand just what ——— is all about."

The Curtis *Magazine X* started out with typical éclat. An office was rented in Rockefeller Center; at one time twenty-seven full-time employees were on the staff, some of whom were sent to tour the high spots of

Europe; a ticker in the office gave the proceedings the urgency of a metropolitan news paper with hourly editions, and about \$375,000 was spent on an undertaking that is now definitely — and probably permanently — on ice. Curtis had in mind what *Time* once dismissed as a "Life-like magazine"—a picture weekly that was to have competed with Mr. Luce's publication. Just how the Curtis *Magazine X* was to have differed from *Life* never seemed quite clear, except that there was some talk of it being "liberal, in a New Deal kind of way," and one of the suggested titles was *People*. "We were going to concentrate on just folks," one of the former editors once explained, "though what the hell else *Life* concentrates on, I never did know. Things, maybe?" Ted Patrick, a highly successful advertising executive, headed up *X* for a while, but then was summoned to Independence Square in Philadelphia to take over as editor of *Holiday*, another Curtis publication and the one postwar magazine that has attracted a mass audience.

*Holiday*, a lavish, handsome, four-color monthly that sells for fifty cents a copy, got off to a slow start early in 1946, but, after a few uninspired issues, Patrick and his largely new staff brightened the format. Curtis for a while continued to take sizable (but unannounced) losses, but now the magazine has a circulation of about 800,000. One of *Holiday's* current editors has summed up its experience to date by saying, "There aren't more than two or three publishing houses that could afford such an expensive success." The corporation has come a long way since Cyrus H. K. Curtis in 1898 purchased the almost defunct *Saturday Evening Post* for \$1,000, and the men at Independence Square have good reason to know that an expensive youth can be translated into a profitable maturity; in the early days Curtis and his editor, George Horace Lorimer, spent every last available penny to push the *Post* up to the heights of prosperity.

The extensive postwar plans of the Cowles brothers, directed by a former New York University professor and Rhodes scholar, Harlan Logan, included a slightly larger-than-pocket-size picture digest, which flirted with the title *U.S.A.*, as did the Cousins-Field proposal (also a *Project X*); as well as a small-circulation, expensively colorful technical

magazine for the hundreds of thousands of camera enthusiasts in this country (this was *Project Y*). But after three dummies of *X* and a year of more study of *Y* (things get a little complicated here), John and Gardner Cowles decided to stick to the newspaper business and *Look*.

The Crowell-Collier project not only had several dummies; it had a name, *Victory*. During the war, Ken Purdy, a graduate of M. L. Annenberg's *Click* and *Look*, edited *Victory* for the OWI, a nine-language picture bi-monthly which had a non-black-market sale price of the equivalent of a dime (although at one time it cost about eight dollars on the black market in Egypt). Eventually, this government magazine achieved a circulation of a million, which, on the surface at least, made it seem an attractive commercial venture. So after leaving the OWI, Purdy (now editor of the Sunday supplement, *Parade*) issued under the sponsorship of Crowell-Collier a couple of dummies of a somewhat similar sort. The magazine, approximately *Life*-size, was to have been printed in what Purdy calls "all the obvious countries," carrying both American and foreign advertising in its various editions, and was to have been produced with the co-operation of foreign publishers. Purdy resigned while the project was still in the planning stage. Shortly after a lavish dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria late last year, for which the Crowell Company picked up the tab for the foreign publishers who were the guests, the *Victory* project was placed on a dark corner shelf, and Crowell-Collier bravely swallowed its losses, including those of a memorable evening at the extravagant "Twenty-One" restaurant for which, to mellow an Indian publisher, non-alcoholic pineapple vinegar had been flown direct from Honolulu.

THE Schlamm-Luce idea was far less complex. When it was abandoned early this year, Schlamm had already spent more than thirty-six months working on the proposal. The staff, in accordance with the Schlamm memorandum, was tiny; it included on occasion John Chamberlain, who before he gave all his time to his work as one of *Life*'s highest paid writers, used to be the book critic for *Harper's*; Russell Davenport, who has helped edit and has written for all the Luce

magazines except *Architectural Forum* (Davenport was also one of the late Wendell Willkie's closest and earliest advisers); T. S. Matthews, *Time*'s managing editor and a former *New Republic* editor, who was an occasional adviser of the project; and Schlamm, who at sixteen was an Austrian Communist leader, then an anti-Communist leftist, and is still an anti-Communist. What Schlamm had in mind would have been Luce's first non-popular (not to be confused with unpopular) magazine. Dwight MacDonald, a dissident former Luce employee and fellow Yale man who now edits a minor monthly called *politics*, harshly characterized the undertaking in his own publication as "an anti-cultural cultural magazine." A sympathetic non-editorial observer of the project described it as "a magazine that would keep its shirt on." It would, he said, have launched no crusades, would never have "screamed," but would, "quietly and effectively," have tried to kindle the rebirth of the essay, would have discussed aesthetics, art, religion, philosophy, and ideas in a manner that could not possibly have been appreciated by more than a small audience. There was at times some doubt as to just how large that audience would be; at the beginning of the project, Schlamm seemed to feel that 50,000 was the maximum, but, toward the end, an audience of 200,000 "opinion makers" was being discussed. A number of famous foreign contributors had written for the unpublished dummies, including Lin Yutang, the Andrés Gide and Malraux, and American intellectuals like Lionel Trilling and Reinhold Neibuhr, who also composes for *Life* on occasion.

One problem, although minor, was to convince advertisers that Luce didn't have another *Life* on his hands and that only a few ads of a very special kind were desired. "We wanted to have a lean and hungry look," one employee explained. (In its early days the circulation of *Life* was so unexpectedly great that millions of dollars were lost before Luce could raise his advertising rates sufficiently to carry the circulation). There was difficulty, too, in finding the right kind of material. Fiction, for example. After a year or more of looking at possible fiction selections, one staff member concluded that nobody was writing any decent short stories any more, up to and including Ernest Hemingway. In any case



Davenport, Chamberlain, and Schlamm, who considered calling their project *Measure*, have now returned to other parts of the Luce forest, and the proposed magazine is in a state of what is probably permanent suspension.

### III

A FEW proposed publications have, by what were surely a series of minor miracles, already made the frightening leap from planning to publication. Others, later arrivals in the field, have not been abandoned and are still in the photostating and money-raising stages.

Jerome Ellison, a one-time novelist who had also been an associate editor of *Reader's Digest*, managing editor of *Liberty* and *Collier's*, and OWI executive, had what looked like a sure-fire idea at least as to sponsorship. It is well known in publishing circles that almost all writers consider almost all editors persons of sub-normal intelligence whose greatest joy is removing the color and beauty from writers' prose. Thus, Ellison reasoned that there must surely be a number of well-heeled writers, photographers, artists, and cartoonists who, weary of being frustrated by editors, would invest good money to publish a magazine which they themselves would own. He was right.

By late 1946 some 380 of them, one or two investing as much as \$5,000, had contributed more than \$400,000 to insure the publication of '47 (the title was to change every twelve months) *The Magazine of the Year*. The idea was also attractive to some 90,000 charter subscribers who sent in their money without seeing an issue of the magazine, compared with the 4,500 charter subscribers of the *Digest*, 12,000 for *Time*, and 3,000 for the *New Yorker*. Almost 400,000 copies of the first issue of the magazine, dated March 1947, were sold. But the circulation almost immediately began dropping off. By May only 224,000 copies were bought, by July only 118,000. Ellison resigned in May 1947.

While the idea for financing '47 was original, the editorial idea seemed somewhat vague. Physically, the publication looked like a rather more intellectual and liberal version of *Coronet*, and, except in size, and price (it cost 35 cents a copy), '47 did not seem very different from a number of other magazines.

Then, too, the owner-contributors didn't always send their best material to their own publication; much of that continued to go to the higher-paying markets. Thus, a good measure of '47's content seemed to have been dug up from the owner-contributors' trunks. Finally, readers generally didn't seem to care who owned the magazine as long as it was interesting, but, through extremely clever and extremely expensive pre-publication promotion, '47 had managed to sound much more exciting than it proved to be.

After Ellison left, a board of editors which included Clifton Fadiman, John Hersey, Annalee (*Thunder Out of China*) Jacoby, and the artist George Biddle took over. While the format and content were brightened considerably, the number of new cash customers was not large. In September the money-raising started again. But, although people like Bob Hope and Fred Allen (neither of whom thought *they'd* have much time actually to write for the magazine) got together \$100,000 to match a second \$100,000 from Mrs. Marshall Field III and James P. Warburg, the banker-turned-writer, the troubles continued. Richard Lauterbach, a former senior editor of *Life*, took over as editor last winter and in March 1948 produced his first issue, much of the material in which did not come from owner-contributors. The circulation increased again—but not enough; and in June '48 was suspended. The till was empty, and the more than \$1,000,000 necessary to re-launch the magazine in a larger, livelier format was not easy to find.

ONCE a former *Fortune* editor reported that he'd tried to start an LAA—Luce Alumni Association—but had given it up. Couldn't find a large enough meeting hall, he said. The witticism became almost credible to those who noted how many ex-Lucers were engaged in launching new magazine projects. In addition to those already mentioned here, Gerard Piel and Dennis Flanagan (both former science editors of *Life*) and Leon Svirskey (a former *Time* editor) got together to plan still another new publication.

They wanted to explain rather than report the news of science, and, for a while, toyed with the notion of bringing out a limited (limited to a potential audience of 100,000, they hoped) new monthly to be called

*The Sciences*. But when Piel heard of the availability of the 103-year-old, half-forgotten *Scientific American*, he and his associates snapped it up, with the financial aid of investors like Bernard Baruch, the former Roosevelt adviser Isador Lubin, Gerard Swope of the General Electric, and John Hay Whitney. The first issue of the new and revitalized *Scientific American* appeared in May, written in prose that most college graduates ought to be able to understand even if they managed to avoid *both* chemistry and physics. But it's too early to decide whether there are enough customers and advertisers to make the magazine a profitable undertaking. McGraw-Hill's new *Science Illustrated* is written in a more popular style but is neither so authoritative nor so thorough and aims for a far less professional audience.

Mr. Whitney is also an investor in the *United Nations World*, a monthly that was born by combining such hardly mass media as *Asia*, *Free World*, and *Inter-American*. Since its first issue more than two years ago, the *U. N. World* has spent much of its time trying to live down the idea that it's a house organ for the organization now housed at Lake Success. Twice since its inauguration the founders, headed by publisher Egbert White, a former advertising executive, have had to raise new cash, and the magazine is still swimming upstream. Nevertheless, there are plans for a *United Nations World* in England, as well as, a little more vaguely, several on the Continent, including a Swedish Language edition already being published in Stockholm.

#### IV

ONE of the literary critics has been quite able to make up his mind whether the most recent war has as yet revealed its Hemingway, its Dos Passos, its F. Scott Fitzgerald; and the magazine business is in somewhat the same position. As yet the leadership of Messrs. Luce, Wallace, and Ross seems unchallenged, but there are a few young men tapping their feet in the wings, eager (a little too eager) to walk on the stage and launch publications that they feel will make the success of their predecessors look like small and extremely cold potatoes.

Julian Bach, Jr., who thinks he has found

a new editorial area and is, in addition, absolutely the last former *Life* editor to be mentioned in this article, a little more than a year ago opened up the high-sounding, as yet experimental Generation Press (named because of Bach's intense belief that his generation *will* have its own magazines) and, along with Sidney Carroll, of *Esquire* Magazine, started to work on what was at first simply called *Project 1*. After tinkering with the title *Showcase*, Carroll and Bach tentatively settled on *Carousel* as the title of a new magazine which, to the eye at least, is the handsomest and most lavish of all the projects. If it is published, *Carousel*, which will concentrate on American culture, entertainment, and fashion, should appeal to somewhat the same audience as the late (and often lamented) *Vanity Fair*. The plan is to issue it bi-monthly, charge fifty cents a copy, and offer the customer approximately 130 pages of expansively colorful editorial matter.

For example, a dummy issue includes a profile of Charles Jackson, profusely illustrated with photographs from Jackson's own album (one of which shows the author at a time when he might have been living through *The Lost Weekend*); an insert of the first chapter of an unpublished new novel, printed on book-paper stock and with its pages the same size as the book itself; an entire section of full-color paintings; a picture story showing a great moment in American history (Edison's invention of the motion-picture camera); a reprint of the famous Fred Allen-Tallulah Bankhead satire of the husband-and-wife breakfast broadcasts; plus an article by the actor James Mason on what he thinks of American women, a short story by an unknown writer, and a short story by a very famous writer. Bach's charts and surveys and studies point to a six-figure audience for his magazine as well as an impressive market for advertisers. After his first dummy is printed, he and his colleagues (at the moment housed in an apartment on upper Park Avenue) will get down to the final, and most important, step before publication. They will try to raise the \$600,000 needed to get *Carousel* published.

The Ambassador Publishing Company was named for slightly less austere reasons than the Generation Press; the man who dreamed up the idea was staying at the Hotel Ambassador East in Chicago when the project got



under way. That was early in 1946; since then, John and Carl Hess, two brothers from Chicago who are the editor and publisher respectively, have gone ahead on the assumption that some 15,000 newspaper columnists and feature writers in this country are producing prose that is durable enough to interest, when properly presented, a million or so readers of a smooth paper bi-weekly magazine. In addition to a practice dummy, one complete issue of *Column* has been produced, and at the moment is being tested in a number of scientifically selected cities. (The sample issue includes a round-up feature on prison life, a highly expert and many-sided discussion of Russo-American difficulties, a look at the state of boxing, the columnists' feelings about the Democratic party, and several pages aptly titled "Gossip.") If *Column's* test uncovers an eager audience, the Hess Brothers, both of whom are new to the magazine field, will still have ahead of them the scarcely minor job of raising most of the kind of seven-figure money that is needed to get a mass magazine on the newsstands.

Wallace Carroll, a one-time United Press correspondent who was also an OWI executive, has one clear advantage over both Bach and the Hesses. He already has an angel: Max Ascoli, a naturalized Italian intellectual who married into the Rosenwald fortune. Ascoli will foot the bills of the unnamed Carroll magazine. Although its editors are reticent about the fact, the Carroll project was originally inspired by the enviably influential, beautifully written, thoughtful, but small-circulation London *Economist*. Carroll and his editors hope to combine all the advantages of the *Economist* and still obtain a more impressive circulation. Edited out of Washington, the magazine is scheduled to be published on smooth paper and is designed to report the *why's* and *meanings* of the news rather than the events themselves. Originally, the publication date was set for the spring of this year, but now the project, once identified simply as *A.B.C.*, is scheduled to come out of hiding after the election.

"But you never know," said a one-time editor of the project, who has watched two other magazines wither from under him. "Maybe you can't start a new magazine any more. Probably has something to do with the atomic bomb."

## V

ACTUALLY, unlike the atomic bomb, the reasons why so many of the new magazines have failed—and so many others found themselves unable to be born at all—are neither very secret nor very difficult to understand. In the realm of ideas, nothing basically new has come along. When Luce first published *Time*, the only weekly even remotely in the same field was the senescent *Literary Digest*. Others had failed, but Luce was ready (and able) to demonstrate that what had been supposed to be a publishing graveyard was an excellent building site; all you needed to do was to be lively and, always, individual—something that the dead weeklies had not been able to do. *Life* was the first major effort in this country to produce a magazine edited on the sound thesis that most people would rather look at large pictures than read small type. Some publishers thought DeWitt Wallace was mad when he assured them that people would pay to read, in digested form, what already had appeared in their pages a month or so previously, but no one ever denied that the idea was original—or, after the *Digest* got under way, that Wallace was an editor who knew what people wanted to read. And while the old *Life* and *Judge* were half-heartedly trying to remain national humor weeklies, Harold Ross was in no sense poaching when he confined himself to the mainly humorous foibles of the then seven million inhabitants of New York City and simultaneously developed a vein of humor previously unworked in the United States.

But too many of the projects following this war did not involve new ideas at all; their promoters simply wanted to take another crack at a job that was already being done. In the case of the Field project, the formula was primarily the same as that of *Collier's* and the *Post*; Norman Cousins thought he could produce a more sprightly and liberal magazine, but editorially the format was not original. Neither was that of the Curtis X, which proposed to improve on *Life*; and Crowell-Collier would have tried, by a different publishing arrangement, to compete with *Life's* international editions. In addition, ideas aside, the printing and paper costs of publishing a magazine have increased, in some cases as much as 100 to 150 per cent (sometimes even

higher for newcomers in the field) since the twenties. Luce, although he had to return to his investors twice before *Time* was making a sure profit, needed only \$85,000 to get under way, compared with the Field estimate of \$10,000,000, with the Curtis million-dollar experience with *Holiday*, and with an estimated even higher break-even point for *People*. Even established magazine publishers today shudder before entering negotiations for new printing and paper contracts.

Then, too, the readership and advertising boom began to dwindle immediately after the war ended. Wartime reading habits did not continue; when gas rationing ended, when men returned from overseas, when old amusements again opened up, the circulations of almost all magazines suffered. And with the end of wartime profits, it was no longer quite so easy for manufacturers to write off advertising expenses. Salesmen again had to grub for each new contract. Naturally, also, the two hundred advertisers who control most of the advertising dollars would rather spend their revenue with the sure bets than experiment with something new. Most advertising dollars go to the handful of magazines that dominate the mass-circulation field.

Another difficulty has been the fact that too many potential publishers have been unwilling to start out on a small scale and grow; they wanted to start at the top. In this regard, Gerard Piel with his modest *Scientific American*, which is aimed for a specific and small audience, is an exception.

Finally, too, the amount of risk capital available these days is not large. During the twenties, a bright economic future seemed to stretch endlessly ahead, but now there are too many uncertainties, both domestically and internationally. Besides, the average millionaire (and experienced money-raisers in the publishing field seldom bother with anyone less) is likely to feel, and with some justification, that in no other field except the theater is it so difficult to estimate public reaction. One editor junked his entire idea after spending a month of evenings combing through Gustavus Myers' *A History of the Great American Fortunes*. "Why," he said, disgustingly tossing the book aside, "Those guys are all dead."

There will be new magazines, of course; perhaps the exception to the current rule will be *Carousel* or *Column* or the Carroll project. Or possibly it will be a publishing idea that as yet hasn't even reached the chart stage. It may even be one of the still struggling handfull of new publications already on the newsstands but involved with circulation and advertising deficiencies.

Or perhaps it is an antique dealer in St. Louis who has the most valid publishing idea for the forties. He has launched something called *Neurotica*, and, while disclaiming any neuroses of his own, he believes he will be able to find plenty of circulation, if only among his friends. "They're all writers and artists," the publisher declares, "and they're all neurotic as hell."

## *A Very Bad Act Indeed. II.*

*Half the quotations on page 78 denounce the Wagner Act, and date from 1935; the other half denounce the Taft-Hartley Act, and date from 1947. The sources are as follows:*

- (1) American Iron and Steel Institute on the Wagner Act, 1935.
- (2) William Green on the Taft-Hartley Act, 1947.
- (3) Alfred P. Sloan on the Wagner Act, 1935.
- (4) President Truman on the Taft-Hartley Act, 1947.
- (5) National Lawyers Committee for the American Liberty League, on the Wagner Act., 1935.
- (6) Representative Arthur G. Klein on the Taft-Hartley Act, 1948.



# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

I SHOULD like to make some observations on Mr. Auden's fascinating article about Henry James in the July *Harper's*, and without impugning it or, I trust, offending Mr. Auden, propose some small amendments.

I was puzzled by a remark of Mr. Auden's in his discussion of people who try but fail to become creative artists. One of the classifications he establishes consists of "those who are seduced by their natural longing for what Freud so mistakenly believed to be the lure of all artistic creation, honor [fame?], power, and the love of women." I found that so contrary to my understanding of Freud that I wondered what it rested on.

Mr. Auden may have derived his idea from a paragraph in *Civilization and Its Discontents* which I quote here, or from remarks to the same effect in *Two Principles* and *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*. Freud is discussing the value that civilization—the culture that is co-operative and therefore in part opposed to the basic instinct of the individual—sets on intellectual and artistic achievements. He is pointing out the intricate psychic relationships among all the higher intellectual activities.

He says, "If we assume as a general hypothesis that the force behind all human activities is a striving toward the two convergent aims of profit and pleasure, we must then acknowledge this as valid also for those other manifestations of culture [religion, philosophy, ideals of perfection, etc.], although it can be plainly recognized as true only in respect of science and art." If this idea is what Mr. Auden refers to, then he has misconceived it. Even in the context Freud is saying only that by hypothesis art is, for both artist and audience, a socially acceptable activity that gratifies the fundamental need for personal pleasure. But to isolate this

single context from Freud's ideas about art as they develop throughout his work, is to do a radical injustice to what he wrote.

I SUPPOSE that in all history no other scientist has had so immediate or so profound an effect on art as Freud. And no other scientist was ever so fascinated by art or used it so often in the development of his science. Freud never systematized his ideas in a treatise on art as such and so they are scattered through his work with little order or sequence. They are usually expressed in regard to other things and usually as part of a highly technical mechanism of psychoanalysis. But anyone can find them and they seem to me in the main consistent, no more modified by the passage of years than the ideas of any scientist are modified as he accumulates more data and as his understanding of them deepens. They are not, however, simple ideas, they are exceedingly complex, for the method of exploration he was developing kept finding ever more complex processes beneath the simplest psychic experiences.

One kind of misconception is easy because Freud so often used art as an instrument in the study of a problem that was not artistic, as in his treatise on da Vinci. Another kind arises from the fact that though he found the psychic processes which produce art a means of illuminating psychic processes common to us all in health, he also found some of them just as illuminating about abnormalities and it is easy to concentrate on the abnormal and ignore the normal. Still a third kind of misconception may be solely Freud's responsibility. Though great German poets were included in the world literature he used as material, circumstances sometimes led him to use also a species of bad poetry that seems to be confined to German literature. It is a

fair judgment, I think, that sometimes he turned from analyzing the psychological energies discoverable in such poetry to what was sheer literary criticism—and exasperated criticism at that.

But a theory of literature is implicit in Freud's work. If it is not indeed a foundation stone of psychoanalysis, it certainly belongs in the first course laid on the foundations. Though it is austere, though those who shrink from tragic conceptions of man's fate must shrink from it, it is a noble theory. Moreover, his willingness sometimes to accept the report which literature makes on experience as altogether valid is the greatest tribute psychology can pay to art. He sometimes considers a writer's creation of imaginary human experience and his report on the motives and emotions it involves exactly true—as acceptable as if they had been uncovered by the prolonged probing and sifting that his psychoanalytic technique developed. He pointed out that imaginative literature frequently uses the same unconscious material as dynamic psychology and by processes of its own arrives at the same understanding of it. Literature and psychoanalysis appeared to him to be on parallel courses through some of their reach, sometimes a large part of it, though they worked to different ends. In order to designate the basic concept in his psychology of the individual he used a term taken from Greek drama, and he considered literature at its best a valid symbol of the interior drama of the soul that was the single object of his study. One misconception of both analysts and literary critics has come from their frequent failure to remember that literature is not often at its best.

FREUD believed that the basic need of the individual was to be, as we say, happy. As he proceeded from the upper levels of the mind downward through levels increasingly more unconscious, he found that happiness came increasingly to equate with pleasure, and that the conception of pleasure, as well as the need to experience it, became increasingly simple and primitive. Yet the individual was born into a world which made happiness possible only for brief periods, which at almost every moment inflicted pain on the individual from without or evoked it

from within. In order to survive, the individual must adapt himself to the continuous possibility of personal unhappiness. He had to accept pain, disappointment, frustration, and failure as the fixed conditions within which he must live. He must shape his personality in accord not with the need for happiness he felt but with the inexorable requirements of the objective world. At the basis of every personality there was a conflict between the forces that Freud summed up as the pleasure-principle and those he grouped as the reality-principle. (The words have no meaning as words; they can be understood only in the dynamics they designate.) An adequate resolution of the conflict was essential to mental health and those who did not achieve one became neurotics. But the civilization in which the individual survived was made possible by the victory of the reality-principle—if at high cost to the individual's primitive needs and with an increasing pressure on him, as civilization increased its demands, to regress toward the primitive.

Unsatisfactory resolutions of this conflict Freud considered, as I have said, neurotic. But he pointed out that there were resolutions which not only were the bases of civilization but also were satisfactory to the individual. The most temporary of these was the use of "intoxicating substances" that made the individual insensitive to the misery of his lot—and nothing is more interesting in Freud, who began as a physiologist, who shared in the development of an anesthetic, and who always looked first for an organic explanation of behavior, than his repeated speculations about the action of intoxicants on the psyche. The other resolutions were important. (In them, of course, he found the reality-principle acting as a protector, not an antagonist, of the pleasure-principle.) One consisted of developing interests so powerful that they made the individual unconcerned about his diurnal misery. This included love as we (but not psychoanalysis) usually think of it—not only sexual love but the transmutation of it that produces friendship, the shared ideals of group, and the love of humanity and desire to serve its ideals. It included the activities of the mind that we consider the highest ones, science, philosophy, and all efforts to improve society or to better the actual or the theoretical estate of mankind.



Finally it included work as such, work as work—he praised Voltaire’s “we must till our gardens” as the deepest of psychological truths.

**B**UT there was another, in some respects a better way of resolving the conflict to accord with reality. One could satisfy the primary need to be happy by providing illusions that gave it gratification. One such illusion was religion (and the nobility of Freud’s thinking is nowhere more evident than in his essay about it, *The Future of an Illusion*) but another one was—art. Moreover the illusion of art was so fundamental and it so closely corresponded to the objects of the primary needs that it had a quality altogether its own. Art is an illusion that is consciously recognized as an illusion, so it is sane. But also it is an illusion that permits both the artist and those for whom he creates to derive a satisfaction from the real world for which it is a substitute, so it is effective. Indirectly but nevertheless actually it provides satisfactions for the very needs which the real world frustrates. They are only temporary satisfactions and they are weak as defenses, but they do satisfy and they do defend. Finally, unlike other illusions, Freud said, it could serve not only the individual but reality as well. To the extent that it was great art it had the power of reflecting reality and therefore, as men found that reflection in it, it could create a reality of its own. This too was temporary but not only could it give men sane satisfactions, it could leave a permanent deposit on personality, as reality does, giving men understanding and wisdom and sagacity and *expertise*. It could shape the personality as reality does. Art, especially the art of literature, was unique. It could give people vicarious experience.

Now this adds up to something quite different from Mr. Auden’s remark about Freud on artists, and its implications are quite different from his inferences. He would not, I suppose, care to commit himself to the notion that artists are fundamentally unlike other men, a species exempted not only from the fallibilities of mankind but also from mankind’s basic needs. But Freud sees no “lure” that impels men to artistic creation in the hope of getting from it “honor, power, and the love of women, the goods of this world”—except as those

things may symbolize to all men whomsoever the ends of pleasure. He sees something entirely different. The artist is impelled to organize his phantasies (it is useful, I think, to preserve that spelling of the psychological term in order to distinguish it from the literary term, “fantasies”) as the rest of us are unable to do. He is impelled to turn away from reality and to construct out of phantasy a world which in safety and sanity can be substituted for the real one, providing gratifications which the real world denies us, altering the terms by which we are forced to live so that we can more fully utilize what psychically we are. But I repeat—and here is the tremendous climax of Freud’s ideas—the functioning of artistic phantasies is a road that leads back in the direction of reality. And sometimes, for both the writer and his audience, that road may go all the way. Literature may sometimes be an accurate reflection of reality and a trustworthy report on it. Though it is vicarious it can be experience.

The worth and virtue for a reader are obvious. In sanity he may experience madness and in safety the manifold forms of danger. At the slight cost of momentary identification he **may** experience loss and grief and sorrow and **so** acquire wisdom and compassion from **them**, and at the same time he may a little prepare himself to endure and understand them when they come as realities into his own life. At the same small cost he may acquire similar experience and understanding of evil and of the many things that it is again becoming possible to call sin. At no cost whatever, in fact with delight, he may get enhancement and enrichment of himself—he may for a time be finer and more admirable, or at his will more despicable, than he is—he may refine experience he has had into significance—and he may, as a result, grow in abundance, wisdom, and compassion. And finally literature does him a service far too great to be estimated: it binds him and what happens to him to others and what happens to them. It creates companionship on the journey which none of us needs Freud to tell us is alone, dreambound, deathward, and in the dark.

**B**UT there are different values for the writer. The true area of contention between literature and Freud (or more

accurately Freud's successors) is the so far unstated problem of free will in art. It is one point of contention between Mr. Auden and Freud on behalf of Henry James. To what extent can a writer free himself of his inner necessities and by his skill transfer to the illusion he is creating necessities that are real but quite separate from him? How much of a writer's material is outside himself? To what degree can he control it?

I think that Freud would say and the rest of us would be forced to agree that there is no deliverance from the basic phantasies, the unconscious ones. Make short outlines of all the books any novelist has written and you will find the same unconscious phantasies in them. You will find the same unconscious phantasies in all of Henry James's novels. But the conscious phantasies, the material and processes of creation, are something else. Neither psychoanalysis nor literary criticism has yet made any serious effort to determine how far one side or the other of a center line art's free will begins. This is not only an unsolved problem, it is one that has not even been formulated. Mr. Auden brings it up in connection with Henry James. But I wonder if he knows the purport of what he says.

Mr. Auden's experience has been amazingly different from mine: he has known far more American writers and far fewer European ones who have been "seriously concerned with reviews and sales" and concerned with the value other people set on their work. This not only limits what he has to say about the needs of artists in general, it closes to him an avenue that might have led him closer than he gets to his central problem, the meaning of James's career for writers now and to come. So far as I can see he voluntarily rejects all the other approaches to that problem that promised to throw light on it. He ends with a curiously verbal answer, James's "dedication" to his art. He tries to explain how that dedication, which no one will deny that James had to an extreme, differs from the dedication of any man who works hard and faithfully at his chosen job. But I cannot see that he defines a difference. The words are fine and the motions they are put through are delightful—but what Mr. Auden actually says is that this is dedication to the freedom of the artist, and in the end it becomes dedication to dedication. The Indian, I think, has thrown

a rope into the air. I cannot find any substance at its upper end.

ONE asks again, unsatisfied by Mr. Auden's answer, just what does this dedication consist of? Dedication to dedication, dedication to the artist's freedom to be free—exactly, or even roughly, what does that mean? And, though no one will challenge Mr. Auden's assertion that James's constant subject is moral choices, should we not find more significance than Mr. Auden does in the price he paid for his dedication to be free about them? He sacrificed, Mr. Auden says and most of us will agree, too much reality, especially the reality of character and emotion.

Psychoanalysis might explain James's idea that art is a vocation not of this world, that its duties conflict with marriage, that it may impose celibacy on the artist—psychoanalysis might explain James's adherence to such ideas otherwise than Mr. Auden does and much more simply. But that is incidental and the heart of the matter is that psychoanalysis would try to explain the things that Mr. Auden dismisses with a sympathetic shrug, the bodilessness and bloodlessness of his characters. Mr. Auden says that that is the cost of his dedication, but it is not the cost, it *is* the dedication. It has, I think, some importance in the psychology of art.

Do not such bodilessness and bloodlessness indicate less differentiation between the world and oneself than some novelists (say those whom Mr. Auden names) certainly have? Does that not mean less than the usual ability to distinguish between the raw stuff of one's personality and the raw stuff of reality that impinges on it? Do not James's tentativeness, his constant qualification and refinement, his hesitant hovering, his torturous avoidance of judgment—do not these point in the same direction? If so, then I think that Dr. Freud would have found James's "dedication" to the freedom of artists quite different from what Mr. Auden says it was but still as simple as any psychic fact can ever be. In Freud's work a blending of the ego and the exterior reality is held to be a kind of psychic arrest. Freud would probably have begun to study James with an approach which had proved fruitful in similar conditions. He would have wondered whether the exact name for the symptom might not be infantilism.



# Surprises in Russia

*Sam Welles*

A MAN who had lived two years in Russia said to me, shortly after I returned after spending ten weeks there: "The question that really stumped me when I got back was, 'What did you find in Russia that you didn't expect before you went?' I couldn't think of a thing that had surprised me."

I found surprises wherever I went. The first thing I noticed after our Berlin-to-Moscow plane crossed the Soviet border surprised me: the lack of motion. Russia has a static quality. America is a large country with static stretches. I remember once rising before dawn on the Utah-Nevada border and driving west; in the first 150 miles along the road I saw only two cars. But I am here talking about the great area of European Russia which is as thickly settled as America's Middle West, with towns or villages every few miles or oftener. You see surprisingly little motion there. When you fly in America, even over mountain or arid areas, you see railroads and paved highways; in the Middle West you see a maze of them, carrying heavy traffic. We flew into Russia at 1,500 feet. It was diamond-clear; I saw men walking along the roads. But in the five hundred miles to the outskirts of Moscow, I saw just two trains. Not one single motor vehicle was visible, even in cities like Vilno and Vitebsk.

Nor will I soon forget a Soviet airplane

ride from Stalingrad to Moscow, when we flew almost the whole six hundred miles at a hundred-foot altitude, on occasion dropping to forty feet or less, so that I sometimes looked up at church steeples beyond our wingtips. The pilot sent back word that he wanted the Americans on board "to see Russia," and then zoomed down to ten feet over the river Don so that our propellers sucked up drops of water and turned them into a misty rainbow spray. Flying at a hundred feet for hundreds of miles, you do see everything—with a new and startling clarity. I saw the terrible scars of war: the still-raw trenches zigzagging through the fields and up the hillsides; the gun emplacements in gulches and on bluffs; the burnt-out tanks, some of them freshly plowed round and one a rusting brown-red in a vast green expanse of winter wheat that lapped up to the very tank treads. I saw two constantly recurring signs that we were in Soviet Russia: decaying churches and great collective barns. Nearly all those churches we brushed past were falling to pieces even in towns untouched by war, their roofs caved in, the plaster peeling from their walls and steeples, and the onion bulbs on top of the steeples only skeletons. The barns on collective farms were big structures, dominating their villages like grain elevators in the Dakotas or Catholic churches in Quebec. It was a bird's-eye view all right.

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Chickens ran for shelter from us as though we were hawks. Cows completely lost their dignity. Flocks of sheep huddled madly together from every part of their pasture. Only the roads and rails were still and lifeless as we roared past. In these six hundred thickly settled miles before Moscow's immediate suburbs, I saw one stationary train, no trains in motion, one paved road, and not one car or truck.

There is almost no motor transport in Russia in the American sense of the word. You can drive out a bit from some of the main cities; I went about a hundred miles from Moscow, much less from Leningrad and Stalingrad. The roads are bumpy and bad, and I got stuck both in winter snows and spring mud. Now I know why, as *Pravda* reported in 1946, a high Soviet official in the Stavropol district abandoned his car and fatalistically took to moving about his district on horseback! There are a few long-distance highways in Russia. I met one sturdy Englishman who had driven the five hundred miles from Minsk to Moscow. He saw only five other cars and relatively few trucks until he got close to the capital. When the gas supply he carried ran out, he had to buy some black-market gas from the Soviet secret police. His car had never been the same since. For a country of 8,473,444 square miles, the current Five Year Plan calls for 7,200 miles of new surfaced roads—or less than the total surfaced roads in Connecticut, with its mere 5,009 square miles!

Since the war, Stalin has told several American visitors that Russia needs four times as many railroads as its 53,163 miles, which would still give it less trackage than America's 226,696. But the Five Year Plan calls for only 4,500 miles of new rail lines by 1950. The plan calls for an increase in Soviet river and canal transport to 50 billion ton miles in 1950. If this is achieved, the Soviet inland waterways will for the first time have caught up with the czarist system in amount of goods moved. Russia's seagoing merchant fleet is relatively small, and the Nazis destroyed or damaged all four Soviet shipbuilding cities.

Nothing in what I'd read or heard before I went to Russia had really prepared me for this static quality, and it may surprise others as much as it did me.

Russia's communications system is as poor

as its transport: mails and telegrams are slow and uncertain, few Russians have phones. As one Soviet official in Russia remarked to me: "The only way a telephone is of much use is to have your secretary make appointments for you to go see people, or for them to come see you. A telephone is too hard to hear over." The Soviet phone model is almost an antique; it is hard to hear over, even when the secret police have not tapped it.

No nation can approach its full industrial potential until it has first-rate communications and transport. If you think of a business man in Nashville writing steadily for five months to a Seattle manufacturer, finally hearing he can have one-third of his original order, and then bombarding Seattle with intermittent letters, phone calls, and telegrams for eight more months before finally getting a shipment of half that third—and *having something almost that slow and discouraging happen with every transaction involving goods and transport*—you will have some idea of what postwar Russia is like. Naturally the war is in part responsible. But Russia was always a long way from having a modern or adequate system of transport and communications. It still is.

## II

ANOTHER thing that surprised me about Russia was the waste. Other nations are wasteful. We know how America has squandered resources, and have heard the Frenchwoman's crack that she could feed her family for a week on the food an English family wasted in a week (she could not do it now). But no nation in history has wasted on so prodigal a scale as the Soviet Union.

One Soviet citizen who knew his country very well told me just before I went there that an outstanding characteristic of Soviet life was the number of people it took to get anything done. He is right.

Part of it is fear, which in Russia does sometimes seem pathological. The most unlikely places are guarded, as well as every conceivable likely one. The Soviet Army is much the biggest in the world. Long after the war, I saw as many men in military uniform on the streets of Moscow as I saw at the peak of the war in London or Washington. (The count did not include the many



ex-soldiers who, possessing no other clothes, still wore their old uniform with the insignia removed.) For a country as critically short of manpower as Russia since the war, that is shocking waste—to consider it from no other angle. The last thing I saw in Russia was that sort of waste. My train from Lenin-grad to Finland halted four times in the border area, and over one hundred able-bodied young security police guarded this one three-car train on its stops, even though it had already been searched from stem to stern with the minuteness of which my examination was a sample. A uniformed group appeared from the nearest settlement every time we stopped, and stood on all sides.

What is one to make of a country that uses so many men between eighteen and thirty to guard one small train near the border of a small disarmed neighbor? It seemed sheer madness to waste manpower this way. When I said as much to a Finnish Socialist, he took a more detached view: "Why worry? If Russia wants to waste men, it will suffer more than anybody else."

Another part of the waste is inefficiency, not only the unproductiveness of men in uniform and in the world's most top-heavy bureaucracy, but the human inefficiency that is unavoidable under Soviet conditions. I do not primarily mean the ten to fifteen million Russians in slave-labor camps, though slave labor is almost as wasteful of output as it is of human happiness. I mean the way the average Russian and his wife have to use up almost all their energies just to keep going.

I gnashed my teeth or had a lump in my throat whenever I saw what Soviet waste meant to the ordinary Russian. There are pitifully few consumer goods for these poor, hard-working people; those few are so pitifully shoddy. A Kansas housewife would not be caught cleaning her cellar in most of the dresses I saw women wearing in the orchestra and dress circle of the Bolshoi Theater—Russia's Metropolitan Opera House. The stuff doesn't even last. *Crocodile*, the only humor magazine in a land where public humor must be as official as anything else, prints jokes about shoddiness so regularly that the Kremlin must be trying to get Russians to laugh off their sorrows on the subject.

A *Crocodile* cartoon showed two climbers roped together high on a mountain. One

says, "Afraid of the cliff?" The other answers, "No, I'm afraid of the rope. My factory made it." In another, a woman asks: "Do you have any children's bicycles?" The clerk says: "Buy this tricycle. When your child rides it, a wheel will fall off."

To most Russians, unfortunately, *Crocodile* laughter is as hollow as crocodile tears.

The Soviet Union is excellent at names and slogans: collective farms, Five Year Plans, Order of the Red Banner of Labor, Mother of Maternal Glory for a woman with five children, etc., etc. Soviet Russia often manages to fool itself—and foreigners—by a stage effect or new label. A lot of waste effort arises from this practice.

Label-pasting is not peculiar to the Russians. I saw a diverting instance of it during my wartime service in the State Department. When I left for London, Cordell Hull, who had long been an able Secretary, was aging and less active. Under-Secretary Edward R. Stettinius was dashing up and down the long, high, slat-doored halls of the old State Department building with a bunch of charts in one hand and a bucket of pastel-toned paint in the other, serenely certain that with reorganization and redecoration he could change State overnight. When I returned, the paint was fading and State had undergone a second complete Stettinius "reorganization," he having become Secretary. Every office, division, and employee in State had had titles changed twice in my absence. Everyone I knew was sitting in the same old place, doing the same work.

The Soviet Union has done a more thorough restaging than that since 1917, but Mother Russia still speaks many lines from the old act. The farms have been "collectivized" and "tractorized" but the change on them is not anything near as thorough as I would have thought from the newsreels. Everything in Russia is now "planned"—but Soviet plans work like any other human plans, which is not perfectly. There is definitely more propaganda in Soviet plans than in those of the Western world.

ONE surprise I had about Soviet planning concerned the Palace of the Soviets. For years I had been hearing stories and seeing pictures of this mighty edifice, which was to outtop any building in

the world and be surmounted with a three hundred-foot stainless-steel statue of Lenin infinitely more inspiring than the Empire State Building's mooring mast for blimps or the Chrysler Building's toothpick. The Palace was to be Something Symbolic, the epitome of the planned perfection of the Soviet state. When the Nazi invasion began, the unfinished steel skeleton of the Palace did serve a highly symbolic purpose. Since metal was short, Stalin decreed that the framework be taken down and turned into arms.

When I got to Moscow, someone pointed out the high board fence around the site. One slushy March afternoon I strolled over to investigate. The only gate in the long circuit of the fence was heavily crisscrossed with rusty wire. I finally found that a near-by courtyard (where a soldier, as in so many Moscow courtyards, was guarding a couple of German cars and three American lend-lease trucks) led onto a little ridge at one side of the excavation. Its circular hole, dug down some fifty feet, looked like a prodigious bomb crater. In the center were several acres of concrete foundation, flat like a pavement, and on it a double circle of huge concrete teeth—a twenty-century Stonehenge, the base for the 1,400 cylindrical tower. Four rusty cranes slanted off at an angle. That was all. It was impressive.

The next day I mentioned to a foreigner who has long lived in Moscow that I had gone over the site of the Place of Soviets. Chuckling, "It's never going to be built," he told me the story.

When you build a skyscraper anywhere, you test the subsoil first, taking borings to see if it will stand the weight of the structure. In this planned state, they hadn't bothered about that. They simply picked the site they wanted because it was handy, right across the Moscow River from the Kremlin; blew up the city's biggest cathedral, because it was on the site; and in the early thirties dug down that fifty feet. Then they found the whole subsoil affected by river seepage. The Kremlin was quietly frantic. It had told the whole world what it was going to build, where it was going to build it—and how high it would be.

When Russian engineers admitted that they could do nothing, American engineers were called in to rescue this Soviet symbol.

They warned Stalin that the task was probably hopeless, but he asked them to try anyway. They tried for two years, taking all sorts of borings, and pumping in quantities of concrete and other reinforcements. They finally licked the seepage, but at the end advised Stalin that, while the site could take a fair-sized structure, it would never bear the one planned and proclaimed.

In 1937, all work stopped on the site. The cranes have been there rusting ever since. The Kremlin found one excuse after another for delaying work until 1941, then leaped at the chance for a patriotic dismantling of what little had been erected. Since 1945, the Kremlin has used postwar reconstruction problems as justification for not resuming. A highly paced Soviet engineer told a foreign colleague who asked when work on the Palace would be resumed: "It won't be. The original plan has been officially abandoned. But that is secret. The Kremlin is still too embarrassed to admit it."

There is the hole in the ground. Russians still point pridefully at the fence, with the four cranes jutting above it like giraffes' heads. You can still see little replicas of the Palace in Moscow second-hand shops. They are no longer sold at the other stores.

A month afterward an ardent Komsomol (Young Communist) began boasting to me about the Palace of the Soviets. When I told her the truth, she was enraged.

"You are trying to blacken our dreams," she said.

Even a materialist regime must leave its people a few dreams—especially when it has done so little for them materially.

### III

**D**ESPITE the fact that the Russians are good haters, and that the Kremlin plays upon this trait to make them hate non-Communist nations, you quickly feel great affection for them. They can be as kind as they are cruel. Very few of them know the meaning of moderation, but still fewer know the meaning of avarice. They have so little, most of their lives are so near the knife edge of terrible want that they often fight quite frantically for a toe-hold on a trolley or a few sticks of wood for their stove. But once they have managed to grab



their tiny share, they are again very friendly. They will help the next fellow get his or, if the supply has already run out, give him some of their little.

Moscow subway scrimmages are even bit-terer than those in Manhattan. But once aboard, Russians are again very generous. The Moscow subway has many beggars, and they reap a tidy harvest. One evening an old beggar with straggly gray beard passed through my car. Nearly everyone dropped something into his outstretched cap. Two factory girls sitting across from me were chewing sunflower seeds. (Russians chew these much as Americans chew gum.) The two girls whispered. Then each took a handful of the seeds from her pocket, and one girl clutching the double handful ran after him and dumped them in his cap. He smiled gratefully; this was a real windfall. Meanwhile, a bespectacled office girl with two heavy bundles seized the opportunity and the temporarily vacant seat.

When the factory girl returned a moment later, a short sharp argument ensued. "That's my seat." "You left it." "But you saw why I did—one ought to give to a beggar." "I don't care; you left it." "You selfish office pig." "Use any names you like. I'm above that—and I'm keeping this seat." The factory girl had to stand.

Moscow celebrated its eight hundredth birthday in September 1947. The city as a whole and its fire department and subway received the Order of Lenin; the trolleys were presented with the Order of the Red Banner; the waterworks got the Order of the Patriotic War, First Class. The subway system, while short and jammed, is the only clean one I know except London's; squads of women are endlessly swabbing down its stations. No non-Russian would give the other city services a medal. They are, frankly, terrible by American standards. The contrast in Russia's capital is between a few showy things for the elite and almost nothing for the masses.

Get off the occasional show avenue like Gorki Street (even the show streets are very spotty), and you soon wonder at Soviet propaganda about "Communist construction." Nearly all of Moscow is an overcrowded slum, most of which has had no street or sidewalk repair since the Revolution. These areas

are littered with refuse. Within a thousand feet of the Kremlin, there are slums as bad as anything in Naples or Harlem. Moscow's best is not as good as what Naples or Harlem can offer. Moscow has thousands of log houses, sometimes an acre full of them alongside a ten-story apartment house. In the winter, men are constantly pushing snow off the roofs while women shovel it in the main streets. You buck through the drifts on the side streets as best you can. In the summer, the same women hose down the main streets to keep them a little less dusty. Even here, Russians know better than to disobey their set orders. A sprinkling cart was operating near the Kremlin one dry day when a storm sprang up. Though the rain was pelting down, the cart kept right on sprinkling!

To stroll even fifty miles around Moscow (I walked over three hundred there) is to realize that city planning is a meaningless term in the Soviet capital. A few streets have been widened, more or less at random; a few new buildings constructed, even more at random. In a city of a little motor traffic and millions of pedestrians, sidewalks on the main thoroughfares are so narrow that many people have to walk in the streets, where they frequently get hit.

THE crowds are as drab as their Communist capital. As one American said to me: "All the clothes in Russia look like one big rummage sale." Russians are so short of everything that they think a U. S. mail-order catalogue as magical as Aladdin's lamp. An old copy of *Vogue* sells for \$125 because the dresses it illustrates are so much better looking than anything Russian. An American woman showed a group of Russian women a half-dozen copies of *Vogue*. They asked which was the latest year, as they wanted to see the newest styles. She explained that they were all the same year, that *Vogue* comes out twice a month. The Russians refused to believe her. "It would be impossible," one of them declared, "for any country to publish such a remarkable magazine more than one a year."

Clothes themselves cost much more than the *Vogue*. I met one Russian important enough to have been sent to Moscow by his Siberian city on a purchasing mission. He had rags wrapped round his feet. His shoes had been

stolen in a public bath the day after he arrived and he could not possibly afford to buy another pair.

An American couple lived for some time in a room and bath at a Moscow hotel. One day the hotel's assistant manager came to the wife and said: "Would madam please be more fair in how she leaves things?" It developed that one maid cleaned the bath, and another the bed-living room. Each room had a wastebasket, and one of the maids' most coveted tips was what went into them. Not realizing this, the American couple had been putting most of their empty bottles, bits of food, cigarette butts, etc. in the bathroom basket—and the other maid had complained about the discrimination. After that, they were very careful to distribute these favors fairly.

I spent part of one afternoon at a market, near Pushkin Square, where collective farmers sold food grown on their own small personal holdings. City folk lined the alley that led into the stalls, selling bits of their belongings to raise money for food. Among their offerings were postcards of the Gibson-girl era, three second-hand toothbrushes, a pair of children's rubbers, two light bulbs, a battered saucepan, several hairpins, and a large tin bathtub. One frail white-haired lady who strikingly resembled my seventy-four-year-old Aunt Pauline was holding up a soiled pillow with bare blue-veined hands in the freezing March weather. A woman asked her the price—\$18—as I passed, and drew out a chicken feather through the one hole in the casing to test the stuffing. The \$18 could buy less than two pounds of butter in the market itself.

Inside the market enclosure, policemen eyed the crowd as it milled past the long unpainted wooden stalls with their tin-topped counters. I spent two hours moving slowly up and down along the stalls. People priced, haggled, and when they made a deal produced their own bottles or cans for milk, and their own newspapers to wrap the food. Russian dailies are used for a variety of other functions, from cigarette to toilet paper.

As the winter twilight closed in, people began leaving. The peasants had a long way to go, first by bus or train and then on foot. City people could linger a little later, though in Moscow's slow, overburdened, bemedaled transport system they might well take a couple

of hours to get a few miles. As I edged through the ice-covered alley toward the street that would lead me back to Pushkin's statue, I passed the frail old lady with the soiled pillow. She was still holding it up, her hands bluer than ever.

#### IV

THE people were the single most impressive thing I saw in Russia. They made the Red Square May Day parade my single most impressive experience there. No one who has seen Moscow's May Day Parade could ever possibly underestimate the might and magnificence of Russia. I stood at one spot and watched a million people walk by. I have seen Bastille Day crowds in Paris and Holy Week crowds jamming St. Peter's in Rome and the great square outside. I have seen the Easter parades of Seville, Spain. In Britain I have seen the processions and vast crowds for a king's funeral and a king's coronation. I have seen the crowds at Coney Island on a hot summer Sunday. They all shrink beside a Moscow May Day.

I do not mean the military part of the parade, which took up the first hour. The troops, the tanks, the trucks, the guns were well deployed but nothing special. The 310 airplanes (which included only five four-engined planes, three of them bombers) were not impressive compared to Western nations' air spectacles.

Nor do I mean the appearance of Stalin and other members of the Politburo on the reviewing level atop Lenin's tomb. That was interesting, not least interesting because of the heavy array of uniformed secret police officers—not soldiers, every one of them was an officer—flung all four sides of the tomb and kept alert through the long parade by being replaced with files of fresh officers every half hour. These officers first appeared a few minutes before the Politburo put in its appearance. After the military part of the parade, extra files of secret policemen were marched in to line the entire circuit of Red Square, before the people were allowed in for their "spontaneous demonstration." Across the hundred-yard cobbled width of Red Square, other files of troops were placed every fifteen feet, stretching the whole length of the square from the Histori-



cal Museum on the west to St. Basil's Cathedral on the east. These troops stood literally shoulder to shoulder and alternately faced opposite directions so they could watch everybody. Every third one of these troops was also a secret policeman; the rest were picked soldiers from the Kremlin's crack Guards Divisions. These twenty files of troops split the people's procession into twenty long narrow lengths, like twenty parallel pieces of spaghetti, and of course controlled and directed the people every instant they were in Red Square.

When Stalin arrived, just as the Kremlin clock struck ten, he came through the gray-painted door under the small turret in the Kremlin wall directly behind the tomb. On either side of this door are the black marble squares behind which are the ashes of Communist heroes buried in the Kremlin wall, including one American, John Reed. He swung round the tomb and walked up the steps on its front, Red Square side to the lower reviewing level, accompanied by the Politburo, a few other top Soviet figures, and some bemedaled secret police officers. Then he mounted the steps to the upper reviewing level all by himself, to a patter of applause from the small crowd of pass-holders. Once he was up there in the center, alone, the other leaders started up, with Molotov in the van. They grouped themselves on either side of him. But the Leader had first made his solitary, symbolic appearance. The tailored simplicity of his plain military top coat and uniform, with no visible medal or decoration, contrasted sharply with the other uniformed figures up there—who all dripped medals, ribbons, and jeweled orders.

Stalin occasionally moved from side to side of the forty-foot reviewing walk on top of the tomb, to stretch his legs. But he never sat down, and he never long stopped waving in acknowledgement of the cheers. He was within sixty feet when he came to the end of the reviewing walk nearest me, and through powerful field glasses I had several good, unhurried looks at him. He is a short man, even among his short companions. He has a sallow complexion; it sees little sunlight. His hair and mustache were grayer than I expected; his features had life and expression when he talked, and once or twice chuckled, with his associates. Otherwise his

face was an impassive mask, with many wrinkles and pockmarks that do not show in his official photographs. It is the strongest face I have ever seen. Stalin was right when he chose "steel" for his Party name.

The only other glimpse I had of Stalin was in his box at the Bolshoi Theater. He enters this box, at stage level just to the left of the orchestra pit, after the lights have gone down and the curtain up, so the audience's attention will be concentrated on the stage. He similarly leaves just before the end of each act, returning only when the curtain has again risen. He sits in a corner of the box shielded from the audience, so the only time one sees him there is when he draws aside the curtain at the door of the box to enter or leave. Then some people in certain parts of the theater can see him silhouetted for a moment against the light of the passage outside. (His favorite Bolshoi performance is reportedly Tchaikovsky's opera "Eugene Onegin.") Hundreds of secret policemen are everywhere in the Bolshoi whenever he is there—two at the back of each box and others sprinkled thickly through the orchestra, easily recognized by their ill-fitting blue or gray suits and the fact they never talk to anybody or watch the performance.

Such are the precautions to keep Russia's leader from assassination—far greater than those for a President, the only American official so protected. (Three American Presidents have been assassinated since 1865; in that period only one czar, Alexander II in 1881, and one Politburo member, Sergei Kirov in 1934, have been assassinated, both in the city that is now Leningrad.) In the Soviet system, not one man but thousands are constantly protected.

For weeks before that May Day parade I had seen various civilian columns around Moscow practicing for their part in this "spontaneous" people's demonstration. That, plus all the guards I saw in Red Square, made me a bit cynical about this "people's" part of the proceedings before it started.

But nothing prepares one for that parade. What a milling mass of humanity it was. This, in the living, slowly moving flesh is the great flowing tide of man, woman, and child power that is the chief single characteristic of this vast land. Part of the procession was in organized groups. Most of it was people,

just sauntering along. Whole families were there: mothers walking hand in hand with little girls and boys, fathers with still smaller children on their shoulders. There were not only endless pictures of Stalin and the Politburo; endless red flags; endless factory, club, shop, and organization floats and banners. There were kids tugging at toy balloons and occasionally, as at any circus, losing their grip so the gay-colored bubbles floated up over the crowd.

This slow, steadily moving mass goes on hour after hour after hour the whole great width and length of Red Square, without ever a break or gap or pause. A voice over the loudspeaker regularly bade those in the square to "Hurrah for Stalin!" ("Hurrah" is the same word in Russian as in English.) Those opposite the tomb always did, though there was never a cheer from the whole crowd in Red Square at once. But everybody as they came by turned their faces quite naturally and spontaneously up toward Stalin and the leaders on the tomb. Shifting the range of my field glasses around through the crowd, I could see that most of them were smiling. The children especially would wave and cheer.

At last this seemingly endless stream of humanity did gradually taper to an end. It was Russia that had passed in the shape of her greatest strength: her patient, pliant, almost tireless people who can make up for almost any stupidity, brutality, or miscalculation of their masters. The Russian people did that against the Tartars, Napoleon, and the Nazis. They would do it against any other invader. No procession I am ever likely to see will have the force, impact or sheer splendor of those million ragged people.

## V

**B**UT my greatest surprise in Soviet Russia was the sudden, deep happiness I had at being an American. I have spent more than five years of my life abroad, in over twenty countries. I have never before had that feeling with the intensity Russia gave it to me.

I am not one of those who says, "My country, right or wrong." Our country has often been wrong. It is wrong in some ways now. We must try to correct as many of the wrongs

as we can; they help explain why Communism is so strong. But when you live awhile in Russia, you are glad to be an American.

Since leaving Russia, I have often thought of a woman border inspector who, when I told her I was going to write about my Russian visit, asked me to "write with the heart." I could not answer her then. She and the captain who accompanied her were in the Soviet security police. Even if, by some chance, they had both secretly agreed with me, each of them would nevertheless have had to report fully on the "propaganda" they had heard. If only one had reported, it would have gone badly with the other.

Yes, I should have told her, I shall remember your terrible destruction and your children's pale faces. I shall remember that you want peace and many things besides peace. You want a real people's state, for instance, and freedom of movement in your own country and abroad. You cannot move anywhere, say to Moscow, without the state's permission. If you have no permit, you are sentenced to hard labor. You cannot even visit places like the Kremlin. I shall remember the Russian girl I met only once for a few minutes, during which we happened to walk past it. She said: "We Russians envy you foreigners. You can visit the Kremlin. We cannot."

I shall remember the farm youth who was born the year your farms were collectivized. He asked: "Do you have collective farms in America?" When I said no, and added that I myself owned a farm, he said: "I would like land of my own. If I farmed it well, I would get something from it. If I did badly or the weather was against me, I would be the one who suffered. Either way it would be up to me." I shall remember the Soviet intellectual to whom I quoted that statement. His comment was: "We can very seldom say it now, but Russians are more like Americans than you might think."

Your rulers, I wanted to say to him, tell you many harsh things about America. They paint a very grim picture of life here. Yet any American who visits the Soviet Union comes away deeply aware that, for all his country's shortcomings, America has a most precious heritage: freedom. Not the four freedoms, or this freedom or that one. Freedom.



# Young Man, Go to Casablanca

*Edward Toledano*

ANY afternoon at six, walk down the Boulevard de la Gare, the principal avenue of Casablanca, and stop at the Café le Roi de la Bière. It is apéritif time, the place is crowded, and it is difficult to snare one of the weather-beaten chairs. You order a Coca-Cola, light a Philip Morris (you can't find any other American brand), and sit back watching the passers-by. Moorish boys, bare-footed and wearing assorted remnants of U. S. Army uniforms, weave among the tables. They sell roasted watermelon seeds, salted Spanish peas, American chewing gum, and Milky Ways. Newsboys hawk the evening paper, *La Vigie*, and *Le Petit Marocain*, which though a morning paper is sold determinedly throughout the day. *Le Petit Marocain* is a Communist paper.

Le Roi de la Bière, one of the many cafés bordering on the Boulevard, was requisitioned by the Americans during the war as an officers' club. At that time an exuberant black market ebbed and flowed on its fringes, and overworked waiters rushed about serving the officers. Today these same waiters move about slowly like tired penguins and the café itself has regained its more moderate Mediterranean tempo. The traffic is now for the most part legal. But this apparent lethargy is deceptive.

At this hour, from the café, the streets hum with a live, darting activity. Donkeys clip-clop on the asphalt, open carriages joggle

by, autos driven by turbaned Berbers move along—Buicks, Citroëns, Fiats, Austins. On the streets walk bare-footed Moorish women, Moors in Occidental clothes topped by fezzes with swaying tassels, bearded Jews from the Mellah, and Europeans of all nationalities. Below the surface of this cacophony you sense the tough vitality of a mushrooming city, with its constant construction, girders reaching out against the sky and electric cranes purring raucously at the quayside. Only the romantic-minded can talk about Casa in terms of Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and the Casbah. Forty years ago this was a tiny fishing village. Now it is the No. 1 port of the French protectorate and its almost 900,000 inhabitants are bursting its seams.

## II

THE fact is that as a result of the war Casablanca has awakened. And with it, Morocco has awakened too—or rather that part of the country which is under French guidance. For Morocco, like Gaul, is divided into three parts, each politically and economically separate from the other. The French protectorate with its cultivated fields and continual evidence of the genius of its colonizers. The Spanish zone, scene of neglect, arid stretches, and listless soldiers. And finally the crowded, picturesque Tangier which makes up most of the International

*Like many of the GPs described in his article, Edward Toledano landed in Morocco in 1942 with the American forces and has now returned there to start an import and export business of his own.*

Zone. Bypassed by hostilities and the coming of troops during the war years, Tangier found prosperity as a link between the Axis world and the free world. In the vast market of fluctuating currencies, it continues to prosper but it is not really involved in the healthy resurgence of the French sector.

If these contrasts in the face of the country are sharp, its inner contradictions are even sharper. French Morocco is both a modern colonial region and an absolute monarchy whose Sultan, Sidi Mohammed, is also the religious head of all Moslem Moroccans. In the interior are the great Moslem holy cities and the tourist towns: Marrakesh and Mekness, Ifran, Volubilis, and Fez. Back of these places, and dominating the scene, is the backbone and real index of prosperity: the land. Of the estimated 8,500,000 people, about seven million are Moors, most of them unskilled workers in agriculture, forestry, and fishing. With no industrial middle class, a sharp economic cleavage exists between the poor *fellah* and the powerful, landowning *caids*. This wide gap is measured in the currency of feudalism: thousands of hectares of land for one man, the clothes on his back for the other. What middle class there is consists almost entirely of Europeans and Jews.

Today the French zone—or strictly speaking, the *Protectorat français de l'Empire chérifien*—looms steadily larger in the world's attention because of its rising importance in the market of the nations and its key strategic position. From its ports pour phosphates, iron, lead, antimony, cobalt, manganese. Its factories in 1947 turned out over one billion manufactured articles in the leather industry; in the textile, two million meters of woolen and six million meters of cotton cloth; its canning plants over a half-million cases of sardines.

UNTIL 1939 the principal market for Moroccan goods was France and Algeria, with only small quantities trickling through to the rest of Europe and America. Although the country was rich in raw materials, it lacked the means to process them into finished products. In the prewar days, Morocco was forced to export its minerals, vegetable fibers, wheat, and fruit and to import manufactured articles in return. The cork that went out in raw form came

back as stoppers for its own wine or as insulation in the composition boards which the Armstrong Company manufactured in Spanish factories. Cloth was made elsewhere from the wool of local sheep, Moroccan oranges came back in the British marmalade.

The war in Europe put a stop to this industrial colonialism. With sea lanes virtually closed and shipping at a premium, Morocco was forced to shift for itself by processing its own raw materials. The demands of its internal market had to be met and quickly. Fortunately at about this time another, parallel, movement was taking place. Important French industrialists and refugee business men seeking comparative safety and low taxes fled to Morocco bringing with them capital, know-how, and as much equipment as they could salvage. For the first time, Morocco could begin to exploit its own resources. Encouraged by the elimination of outside competition and spurred by the crying need for manufactured goods, French Morocco began its industrial revolution.

Almost simultaneously there was a concomitant development in communications. In the war and postwar years an increase in main and secondary roads added 1,000 kilometers to Morocco's meager network. An even greater spurt in the construction of *pistes*—non-macadamized roads—added 12,000 kilometers. Immediate results were manifest in all fields. Phosphate exports—8,000 tons in the early twenties—were well on their way to reaching the 4,000,000-ton figure, or a quarter of the world's supply. From the region of Khenifra, iron mines with an untapped potential of 50,000,000 tons exported over 200,000 tons a year. The hard steel and chemical industries profited by the cobalt from Moroccan mines which accounted for a fifth of global production. Its manganese yield reached tenth place. Textile mills for wool, cotton, and vegetable fiber sprang up in the coastal cities. Oil, discovered near Port Lyautey, gave the country 100,000 gallons a day.

### III

THE landing of American troops at Casablanca in the fall of 1942 was another and greater catalyst in the Moroccan resurgence. As a major bridgehead in the



African campaign, Casablanca was the funnel for millions of tons of supplies bound for the fighting fronts. The port became a scene of feverish activity. There was the constant rumble of trucks; ships docked with fantastic regularity; loudspeakers blared orders and Benny Goodman records from warehouses. Our GI's, aided by army facilities and army pay, continued to behave exactly as if they were still in Witonka, Maine, or Louisville, Kentucky. In their brusque but generally pleasant manner they were demonstrating a new way of life to the local people. By their attitude towards politics, religion, and authority, they were selling democracy. By their relish for the small-big things of culture—Camel cigarettes, Hershey bars, Coca Cola—they were unconscious but very effective salesmen for American products. Morocco didn't realize it, but the Fuller brush man had been taken to the bosom of its family. Eventually it was bound to cherish and buy his line.

Thousands tried American goods for the first time. The quality and style of machine-made wearing apparel was a revelation to Europeans accustomed to hand-tailoring and hand-sewing. Crowds continually peered through the *vitrine* of the PX. And since anything American was new, the merchandise acquired a glamor which lingers even today. The reliability of our equipment, from cars to cellophane, established "Made in USA" as a sure guarantee. The overwhelming quantities of material and the sight of so large a group as an Army functioning effectively created a concept of accomplishment undreamed-of in the experience of Moroccans. And even though this recklessly-flowing stream of goods and machines was caused by the abnormal conditions of war, it came as an eye-opening revelation of mechanized power and increased speed. The thinking of Moroccans had acquired breadth; the application of this new vision was to come later.

**A**FTER the war, many GIs stayed to investigate the possibilities of the country they had so briefly seen. A few, taking advantage of their veterans' priorities, bought entire camps and great stocks of army surplus—with the backing of local capital. In their hands, army vehicles were used to create and extend transport facilities in

an area poor in railroads. With the prestige of their American nationality, they eased themselves into partnerships with local business men. Through this mutually advantageous union, they could exploit the oddly constructed Moroccan market which catered to a Moorish majority of low buying power and to Europeans whose increasing prosperity and desire for goods far outstripped what was on hand for sale.

The problem was to get consumer goods and equipment into the country to supply these new and unsatisfied needs. Frenchmen were hampered by the difficulties of obtaining dollars, coping with fluctuating rates of exchange, and getting import licenses. Americans on the other hand could get dollars either from the United States or by sending francs into the International Zone to be converted. Extraterritorial laws made them subject only to U. S. consular authority both in civil and commercial regulations. Taxes were at a minimum. And since import licenses granted to Americans caused no drain on France's dollar balance, they were easy to obtain.

Into this low-tax paradise, the ex-GI's dug their roots, bringing their families or marrying local French girls. But the fields they went into had little of the Pépé-le-Moko atmosphere. It was the usual competitive struggle with each one grabbing for an assignment to sell the latest gadget or hold an important agency. Tucker and Kaiser-Frazier cars are already represented in Morocco. One former GI, after securing exclusive Moroccan rights for Westinghouse products, set up a store in the heart of Casa where his glistening array of electrical appliances remain in a continuous flood of blue-white fluorescent light. His unmistakably Anglo-Saxon name flashes on and off in bright neon throughout the night. (Casablangans can't get over this.) The controlling shares of the Galeries Lafayette, the city's principal department store, have been purchased by an American colonel. If you've been away from home, the sight of the Macy-like display of Ritz crackers at the Galeries might make you nostalgic.

These Americans who had vision enough to stay are cashing in on the salesmanship of our troops. The GI enthusiasm over ice cream, Coca Cola, and other small luxuries

of their former life has spread to the civilian population. Today hundreds of meters of wall space, once virgin to publicity, are plastered with vividly-colored posters. The hieroglyphics



stare at you from buses, stores, and even from the walls of Le Roi de la Bière. It means Coca Cola in Arabic. An American who had formerly been in the diplomatic service obtained this franchise for Morocco. Not wishing to make it appear that Americans were hogging all the profits in a country not theirs, he formed a company which included local business men. But for all the native participation, there can be no doubt as to the company's American inspiration. More interesting, however, is the effect of Coca Cola's success on the business milieu. There has been a drop in beer and soft-drink sales. The acrid orange drink which people once nursed along in cafés has practically vanished. Beer, to compete, has begun to taste like beer. And a new brand, Kina Cola, is cashing in on the high-pressure publicity.

WITH the usual enterprise, a sergeant who once worked for Borden's sold the local milk company the idea of manufacturing chocolate-covered ice cream pies. The result was immediate popularity and three competing imitations. If the taste of these Moroccan-style eskimo pies is a cross between sugared wax and plain ice, they are nevertheless well liked. You see boys running about selling them from ordinary cardboard boxes at sporting matches and during intermission in the movie houses. No one has yet manufactured that essential of modern food preservation, dry ice, so by the time the pie reaches you it is half-melted.

But the fact is that most American prod-

ucts are appreciated and sought avidly. To meet this demand a Canadian GI and a European refugee pooled their funds to open American Hall, a store dedicated to United States goods only. Attractive salesgirls, dressed like Roxy usherettes, sell everything from hardware to hard candy. You frequently notice, as you pass by, more curious young men staring at the display of steel wool than housewives with shopping bags; but sales continue high in this store, despite high prices. Chiclets cost 16 francs for a package of four, Philip Morris cigarettes 90 francs, cokes 25 francs. To translate that into dollars, the average American needs a slide rule. But the experienced Moroccan can rattle off the bewildering equivalents: official exchange, 215 francs to the dollar; Paris exchange, 305 francs to the dollar; Tangier exchange, 420 francs to the dollar. Before the smallest deal is consummated these figures must be juggled. If business men mumble and roll their eyes, don't blame it all on the noonday sun.

Of such is the life of the twentieth-century American pioneer. And though he will tell you that Morocco is the America of a hundred years ago, he will smile as he says it because today he pioneers in comfort. As a former USAAF sergeant put it, he now "lives like a pasha, with servants who expect to be treated as such. The climate is excellent, the land can be cultivated all year round, and there's more than room for all the know-how I learned as a civilian in Southern California. I'll never go back to flying."

This ex-sergeant has joined a co-operative, formed to take advantage of the new Imfoot Dam, the biggest yet built in either France or North Africa, which will hold 9.5 billion cubic meters of water, irrigate 350,000 hectares of land, and produce 150,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity a year when it is completed this year. In anticipation of the opening of Imfoot, the new co-operative was organized by Frenchmen, Moors, and Americans. Modern mechanized farm equipment, owned by the co-operative, will be rented to the individual landowners. The profits from these rentals and from the sale of produce will be utilized to finance the construction of canning plants. With Morocco's arable lands doubled by the Imfoot dam and with agricultural production quadrupled in the past



ten years to a 400,000 quintals annual yield, these plants will boom.

Modern mechanical means in that most ancient of occupations, fishing, have been brought in by the comfort-creating American pioneers to aid the French in their exploitation of the seemingly inexhaustible sardine banks situated off Morocco's Atlantic shore. It did not take long for these Americans to think of ways in which to streamline the smelly bonanza which since war's end made Safi the greatest sardine port of the world. The near future will see U. S. Army scout planes spotting fish concentrations, thus making the fisherman's job less haphazard. In this operation, American and French business men are seeking not only expanded production but also new outlets. They want to break Portugal's hold on the international sardine market.

#### IV

**K**NOWLEDGE of English is a fact of the intellectual as well as the commercial side of life. The Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* sells as well in Casablanca as *le Monde* or *Paris Soir*. And *Time* and *Newsweek* sell out every week as soon as they hit the newsstands. The posters and window displays, now a part of the city's decoration, take for granted a rudimentary knowledge of our language. The same neat American housewives are depicted in four-color satisfaction in Casablanca as in Omaha. Tall, sharp-eyed Berbers, less than two decades away from the days when they were shooting at Christians, stand with contained curiosity reading the American superlatives and scrutinizing the American product. Their women, jaws rhythmically chewing gum beneath a veil, also peer with equal interest. Sometimes during their high-pitched chatter a hand will emerge from the crevices in their *haike* showing a wrist watch. High-heeled shoes and bobby sox adorn their feet, another indication of the growing influence of the West.

The needs of a young country vital with rich resources and so placed in the geography of nations that it had to grow precociously have made this sort of hodge-podge development. Morocco is a ready market for almost everything America will export, especially

machinery. Machinery for oil refining, for agriculture, for factories and heavy industries—these are the crying need. With American techniques, Morocco could become the sub-granary of Europe and an ally in the struggle to keep the world fed. Working within the skillful patterns of government which the French colonizers have created, the United States could become a partner in this opening up of Africa.

If these are all economic and general considerations, Morocco has a direct strategic importance today. With the British Navy relegated to second place and the United States moving into the newly created power vacuum, the Mediterranean has become a zone of operations vital to America. Already there is talk of a carrier fleet which could remain in Mediterranean waters for thirty days if war broke out. A glance at a map will show that the country which would dominate this inland sea must also control North Africa. And the entry point for North Africa for a western power is Morocco, as the recent war showed.

With the great airfields which we built near Casablanca operated by Americans, and the great port installations on the Atlantic coast open to United States shipping, the entire North African coast and the Mediterranean could be kept under an American air umbrella in case of war. There would be no need of jeopardizing the Navy in crowded waters exposed to land-based planes from Europe. Land communications, after the Corps of Engineers had come in, could be established from Casablanca to Ankara. What is more important, as Moroccan agriculture and industry expanded, the tremendous logistics problem which existed during World War II would tend to disappear; American troops could be fed and sheltered from the land's productive surplus. Isn't it just as well, therefore, in case of need, that Americans should be recognized here as welcome friends?

**N**ow the crowd has begun to desert the Café le Roi de la Bière. It isn't dark yet and there is plenty of time for dinner. People don't sit down to eat until after eight. The garcon has been loitering near by. You pay him and walk out. Across the street at the Cinéma Empire they are showing "Notorious," with Ingrid Bergman

and Cary Grant. There is a crowd. Moorish boys dart here and there selling tickets at black-market prices which they bought themselves in the morning. In New York or Paris or even Rome, you might be a bit chilly at this hour as the sun has already disappeared. Here in Casablanca, you don't even wear a top coat.

For Europeans, Morocco will remain a resort, a kind of California with its temperate climate and its beautiful scenery. For Americans, it is a challenge. Everything is yet to be done. But for them the rush is not westward, as in the great frontier surge of the last century. The quest in Morocco is the same, but the drive is eastward.

## "Turn the Captivity of Thy People—"

VALENTINE ACKLAND

### I

**I**F I had known that the barbed wire continued on,  
Across the sloping fields and over the mountains,  
Down the straight roadside, crossing it now and then,  
Right the way over the ocean, all the way home.

If I had known . . .

While I was in prison I saw only open country  
Over which, like Traherne, I walked in freedom and peace;  
And they cut the barbed wire through when we were released:  
But that was deceit. They had wired all earth and heaven  
While I was in prison.

### II

It is strange that when I notice trees,  
Deep-fledged in summer, move as I remember them to do  
And say, "Look there!" as I remembered saying to you,  
You glance, and say, "I see."

It is strange that when you turn the knob,  
("Beethoven's Sixth, I want to listen.") for some black reason I,  
Who craved to wring it from the soundless air not long since, sigh—  
Sit lumpish, like a log.

And it is strange to tears that when I come  
Into our room I dare not watch your look as I open the door,  
In case you don't change, come alive, as you always did before,  
Each night that I came home.

And it is desperate, lunatic, and true  
That I crave now those companions (dead, living, stupid, dumb)  
The men who sickened me for years, whom I hated, who will not come;  
And that hopelessly I love you.



# After Hours

MY UNEASINESS was complex. It was the same sort that any man feels when he has inadvertently stumbled into an intimate little female gathering, but it had overtones of the kind of discomfort an Englishman must undergo at the Yankee Stadium. I sat on a long bright green sofa in a large pale pink room with two *Vogue* editresses on my right and one on my left (this was a private showing for them) and watched three young ladies model Bonwit Teller's made-to-order collection of dresses for next fall. I had a sense that I could tell what was good design and what was bad, the way an Englishman can tell that a ball hit deep into center field must be good, but I really didn't know what to look for. The observations that I scribbled down in my notebook didn't, as it turned out, have anything to do with the questions my feminine colleagues and my wife asked me later.

"Is there back interest?" one of my *Harper* (not *Bazaar*) colleagues wanted to know.

"Well, yes," I replied, "I guess so."

You can see what a help I was.

So, the privileges of the press being what they are, I went to another "collection" the next day armed with a batch of questions. This time it was at Saks Fifth Avenue (clothes by Sophie), and I sat again with the same three *Vogue* editresses. I looked at skirts. Were they pencil-like? Were they full? What about the shoulders? And the back interest? And what, for heaven's sake ("Really, haven't you *any* eyes in your head?") about the length of the skirts? Men, I decided, are more interested in the total effect than in the details,

and that, of course, includes the model as well as the dress. On the whole I preferred the total effect at Bonwit's.

The semi-scorn of my wife and colleagues was almost malicious. Why should all this be wasted on me? The clothes I saw will not be shown to the public until October. It was like getting a tip on the market from Bernard Baruch and then forgetting the name of the stock. So having seen the clothes, I then had to take one of the *Vogue* experts aside and ask her to tell me what I had seen.

What I had seen was very expensive (I could have told that without asking). The afternoon dresses at Bonwit's will probably sell for prices ranging from \$395 to \$495 and the evening dresses from \$595 to \$695. The Saks clothes were a little less expensive. Actually the prices hadn't yet been firmly fixed; these were approximations made by advisors. Skirts, ladies, are still long; some of them are full (dresses for cocktails and early dinner) and some of them are straight and rather binding. There *is* back interest. Shoulders at Bonwit's have no padding. ("I love those shoulders," one of the *Vogue* girls said, "they look so poor.") Sophie still uses padding, but she's bucking a trend. The era of the square-shouldered girl is waning, and high fashion prefers shoulders with a kind of Empire, ski-run slope. Suits at Bonwit's had a "plastered bodice," which I finally made out to mean that they fit very tightly across the torso and shoulders, almost as though they (and you) had been dipped in water.

The evening dresses looked nearly as rich as their prices. There was plenty of noisy

taffeta with chiffon over it, and no shoulder straps anywhere. The skirts were very full and just swept the ground. There were a couple of confections that would have been impossible to sit down in without ruining them. One was strawberry ice cream pink with a lot of back interest just where you'd expect it. The other was a sort of café-au-lait tulle item that would have looked very appropriate as a "cozy" covering up a telephone in the twenties. A number of the evening dresses had a strong Victorian look, perhaps a little more like Victorian furniture than like the clothes of that era. Sophie had run up a number in a sort of bronze-green changeable taffeta with appliquéd dark brown velvet ribbon (the vocabulary here is courtesy of *Vogue*) that had a bustle and would have been perfectly suitable for your grandmother, or Clarence Day's father's wife. It looked more like a period costume than a dress you'd be seen in, but I liked it. It made me feel I knew exactly where I was.

As for colors, my advisors tell me that anything I say about them will be misleading, and they know what they are talking about. "If you say anything at all," I was told, "say that the little suit is not just black this year, it's in forest green and cocoa—soft, subdued autumnal colors. But it won't make any difference. They'll change their minds anyway."

They'll probably change their minds about a great many other things too. I am told that it makes a tremendous difference to a great many women what the Fifth Avenue stores show as their made-to-order collections to the editors of *Vogue*. It will affect the ready-to-wear lines a little later on, and somehow it's important to women of all ages to know, now that their legs are all covered up, whether or not their shoulders are going to be fit to be seen. This is something that men will never understand, of course. But I began to get a glimmer of the excitement with which such ideas are launched, the dedication and professionalism of the women who are on hand to break the news. It is not without its moments of depondency, though.

"Sometimes," one of the *Vogue* ladies said, "it's terribly discouraging. You walk down Fifth Avenue and look at the way people get themselves up, and you wonder why you bother to put out a magazine at all."

Chin up, *Vogue*!

### Citizen Dane

AN IMPORTATION from abroad that should be going on view in Boston just about now is Sir Lawrence Olivier's dressed-up film version of "Hamlet." It is big, bold and brassy. It will reach a wide audience, and it will give a healthy jolt to anyone who goes to it expecting to be bored by a classic. So much to the good—it will do no permanent harm to the author's reputation.

If the premature judgments that have appeared to date are any indication, the critics will then come forward to discuss the liberties taken with the original, the emphasis on stage "business," the omission of favorite characters and soliloquies, and the differences between Sir Lawrence and other Hamlets they have known and loved. The phrase runs that it has been "brought to the screen," which is more or less exact but which seems to imply a favorable judgment. "Hamlet" has been translated into a familiar idiom; assume "Hamlet," assume the idiom, and the job that has been done is a good one. But as a movie, and I see no other way of getting at it, this "Hamlet" is a disappointment—particularly in contrast to the same director's "Henry V," which was exciting, and had ideas in it, as a movie.

Part of the trouble—maybe most of it—is in the idiom itself. An Englishman named Paul Dehn has suggested that when Orson ("Citizen Kane") Welles presents his "Macbeth" it will be a "Citizen Thane"; but he should have gone on to point out how much the Olivier "Hamlet" owes to Welles's first and greatest picture. From the opening music, through the shots of smoke leaving a cannon's mouth, to the funereal panoramic ending, the vocabulary of the British film can be timed to the foreign accents of an American predecessor. Pan-focus, which details background and foreground with the same clarity and which Welles first made fashionable in Hollywood, is used to show us Hamlet and behind him his uncle at the far end of the council table. The sharp contrasts of black against white are again reminiscent of Welles but suggest in addition that the idiom has been broadened and is now journalistic. The still photographs that have been published in magazines do not seem out of place there; perhaps the reason is that this is less



a movie than a lavishly-illustrated version of "Hamlet," a kind of "*Life goes to Elsinore.*"

The film is still too long, and needlessly so. The ending drags, as the critics said of Malraux's movie of "Man's Fate." In both, the explanation is the same: not length, but repetition. We are shown in "Hamlet" that the queen's room is upstairs, and earlier in the picture as the camera rises to give the illusion the same shot of a winding staircase is repeated five times consecutively. It is used again several times at the end, just as Malraux repeated the same shots of his procession winding down the Spanish mountainside. American audiences, being vulgarly addicted to movies, react to such carelessness even when they do not specifically notice it. They fidget and say, "Too long . . . it drags . . . should have been cut more at the end," and the European replies that the tempo of our life is too fast to permit profound emotion.

The same defense cannot be made for another curious quality of the film: the characters are isolated from one another. Each individual, as the remark once went about Ethel Merman, does not seem to have been introduced to the other members of the cast. Polonius and his daughter appear to be related only by being on the stage at the same time. Norman Wooland, as Horatio, is a virtuous and personable gentleman, but his friendship with Hamlet is that of a frat-brother. It is the camera that isolates them, a camera that wanders ceaselessly down draughty corridors, trying to connect one isolated scene with another by staying constantly in motion. It has a neurotic habit of moving in on a scene and then drawing back, as with the King and Laertes in their plotting, an effect that may be intended to induce in character in the audience as well as the central character.

If the camera seems unable to decide where or what it is, a cause of confusion may also be that Elsinore, as erected at Denham Studios, can exist only in the mind's eye. The eye of the audience, as it roams down those halls and stairs and battlements, is led to suppose a definite geography; the trouble is that the geography doesn't make sense. I spent much of the second time I saw the film trying to sketch a floor plan of the castle, and it didn't work at all. Ophelia's room connects with a long corridor (it connects with the same cor-

ridor whichever door you go out), which connects with a council chamber, which connects with the graveyard. That makes one unit. The large hall, in which the play and the duel take place, cannot be related to it, however, and there are two additional rooms (the ones in which Hamlet taunts Polonius and curses Ophelia) that do not relate to either of the others. The castle is isolated in an imaginary landscape, being itself imaginary, and the characters react in the only way possible—by pretending that they are on a stage, cut off from each other for the sake of an audience they cannot see. This, in film, can be fatal.

These are directors' problems, and since Sir Lawrence appears on the screen credits as director, I must lay them, with regret, at his feet—for he is a fine actor, and rather than judge *his* Hamlet I will say only that he plays the lead well. There is a disproportion, however, in the balance between director and main actor whenever they are joined in the strong personality of one man. John Grierson always insisted that Charles Laughton should never be allowed to direct his own films, and I am inclined to think that the same applies to Olivier. His is the character that rates the close-ups, of course, but he brings the camera to bear at least once too often on his own face, from every angle and profile (including upside-down and even magnified and out-of-focus to the muffled heart-beats that precede the coming of the ghost). He has aimed for clarity, but the spoken moral with which he carefully opens the film—"This is the tragedy of a man who could not make up his mind"—may have to stand as a comment on the movie itself. What we all forget so easily is that film, however much it has been vulgarized, has standards of its own.

### *Louisiana Story*

**S**TANDING outside in the lobby during one of the early showings of "Hamlet" was a long-white-haired gentleman in a very rumpled linen suit. A week later I saw him again, looking just as rumpled and twice as happy, at the screening of a film that he himself had written, directed, and produced. His name is Robert Flaherty, and he is already one of the great figures of film history. The name of this new picture is "Louisiana Story."

and, if you happen to react strongly to seeing film used the way it ought to be used, it is beautiful enough to make you cry.

The story is about a boy on the Louisiana bayous, and some people who drill oil wells, and a coon, and an alligator, and some other things. It is about machinery, and those who love it, and those who—at first—mistrust it. It is about what happens when industrial civilization moves into an area that is still near-wilderness, an on-the-spot Conflict Between Civilizations that might interest Dr. Toynbee. But is mostly about a boy, and about the bayous, and you will hear few people call it as profound as it is.

Like another of Mr. Flaherty's best films, "Louisiana Story" is an example of enlightened industrial sponsorship, for in sum it says that oil drillers are human and highly skilled, and that the people who own the land from which oil comes are not always exploited. It says that drilling for oil can be a fascinating business, even to a boy who believes in werewolves and mermaids and tries to trap an alligator with his bare hands.

There is music to go with it by Virgil Thomson—perfect film music, because it excites you more often than you consciously hear it, and when you do hear it, it is *right*. The camera work was done by a young man named Richard Leacock, who uses the camera the way a painter uses his eyes—to see with; not to be seen by, which is what Hollywood so often uses the camera for, and what Sir Lawrence Olivier has used it for in "Hamlet." This is a camera that takes its time, even lingers a bit, gets hold of an object, then looks around and beyond it, never for a moment stops looking, looking, looking. The sequence in which the boy wanders in on the drilling operation at night has almost a crashing finality as film expression. You see precisely how the drilling is done, yet you see it with the total wonder of a boy who has never himself handled a machine larger than a hunting rifle. This, you think, is what movies are about.

"Louisiana Story" was made with great devotion and care. I am willing to concede several technical flaws and a few touches of sentimentality, but it is a serious and moving

performance and it suggests by contrast why Olivier's "Hamlet" can even be called frivolous and presumptuous. The camera is the eye of an audience that must increasingly be treated with respect; we may even be nearing the time when it will no longer be possible to *perform* in front of the camera. For the camera will see, whatever you do, and the popularity of "documentary" might be a mandate to let it see real things. Even Hollywood B-thrillers, like "Dark Passage" or "The Blue Dahlia," run the audience's eyes over the hills and bridges of San Francisco or the rain-soaked neon of the Los Angeles Strip. This is the first time that Mr. Flaherty has tackled an American subject, and it is an answer to the British documentarists who have sometimes told him that he is an "escapist." The environment of "Louisiana Story" is an important one, surely one that we need more to know about than urban California, and it is that much better a movie as a result.

Mr. Flaherty's film will be shown first at the Edinburgh Festival, then in Venice, possibly in Paris. "It's so much easier in Europe than over here," Mr. Flaherty says. "They understand over there, but here the exhibitors aren't interested unless it begins to catch on." The word "documentary" is forbidding in itself, suggesting film libraries and movies you go to because you think you ought to. Yet "Louisiana Story" is not a documentary, but a story in its own right; it can rank with any feature film and will open in New York as such sometime this month.

His other films—"Nanook of the North," "Moana," "Man of Aran"—are now well enough known to the narrow public that likes to look at old movies but scorns the new. I hope that its members will come to this one, however, for Mr. Flaherty's films have never had the mass audience they deserve, and a full house at the Modern Museum is really small consolation to a man who is still actively making films. "People hardly realize what can be done with this kind of movie," Mr. Flaherty says. "It's like a symphony orchestra, and Hollywood is just sawing on one string of one violin."

—Mr. Harper



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

### Upstairs to Iceland

*Wolfgang Langewiesche*

SOME lesser ocean would not have made me feel that way. Air is air, and with a couple of good engines you don't really care much what lies below. But the North Atlantic still seemed sort of large, and October seemed a tough time to cross. The proposition had been put to me by phone: the Standard Vacuum Oil Company wanted an airplane ferried across; a friend of mine had copped the job and wanted someone to help him. How about it? I said why sure. But then it took some weeks to get the airplane ready and do the paper work, and during that time I will admit that the Atlantic set up in me a certain—let's call it a Disturbance of the Personality.

It started with a loss of appetite. Then came attacks of introversion. I was so busy manipulating, inside me, all sorts of imaginary events that I would doze off into staring silences. How can you make small talk when you have just run into a Cold Front with heavy icing, seven hundred miles from the nearest land, and are so very busy thinking,

"What do we do *now*?" One day I even drove through a red light; because just then the ceiling at Iceland was steadily coming down, and we must get there before it closed in.

There was, in fact, some loss of rationality. Once, when someone lit himself third on my match, it gripped me fiercely. I had just been calculating the odds of engine trouble, and I thought, "How rude; now this damn fool has loaded this thing down with additional odds." It had never been *proved*, after all, that three-on-a-match was not bad: there *might* be something to it. And so I would now have to take this *might* into my accounts, along with the other things that *might* happen.

There was also a marked narrowing of my whole perspective on life. The future lost all interest; even the further part of the flight—it was to go on through Europe and Arabia to the Indies—left me quite cold. So that my world became a sort of tunnel of which the far-away open end was Prestwick, Scotland.

If one of those Flight Surgeons had got

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hold of me during that time, he might have given this personality-disturbance an impolite name. He might have said (in dignified Græco-Latin, of course), "Why—that man's afraid!" But fear—a polite and dignified form of fear—is really a pilot's stock-in-trade. Airplane wrecks have a long period of incubation. They are contracted (as it were) minutes or hours or sometimes weeks before they break out. And they are seldom contracted through one definite act: they happen because the pilot lets the probabilities gang up on him. Most flights are uneventful; but only because a pilot can see an "event" coming when it is still around several corners.

So it was now indeed our business to imagine all sorts of unpleasant events, and always to have in mind a way out: if such and such happened, we would do so-and-so; if that went wrong, we still had device X, technique Y, or procedure Z to fall back on: and so on down the scale until finally you, personally, floated in the sea, when all you could do was to pop your Mae West. At that point, then, the mental game was up, and you could go back to work.

Work? Mostly desk work and reporter-type leg work. By now a flight to almost anywhere, and certainly a flight across the North Atlantic, is no longer a lone-wolf adventure. You fly established routes by established procedures. You report on the radio and rely on radio stations to guide you. If you are overdue, the international Search and Rescue people come after you. You therefore have to make up long lists of radio stations, the hours they work, the frequencies they "guard," their identification letters and so on. Amelia Earhart was lost, come right down to it, because two radios did not match. A ship was standing by for her, could hear her talk and whistle into her microphone, and could have guided her in; but the ship's radio direction finder could not be tuned to the frequency of her airplane's transmitter. Let me see: that radio beam station on the south tip of Greenland: do they listen on 3105 KC? Got to find out.

## II

THE take-off came, needless to say, ten days after the scheduled day, and then three hours after the scheduled hour.

Weeks of rushing about had produced a bumper crop of baggage that was now moving toward the airplane in little handcarts, wanting to be stowed. The nine-man rubber life raft: it comes as a man-size yellow bag; wrapped up in it are also a jungle kit and fishing tackle. Where do we put it? Our cabin was designed to hold six "executives"; but only in orderly fashion on chairs. Now it was full before we even started loading. The front chairs had been torn out to make room for two ferry tanks—two hundred gallons of extra fuel, five hours extra flying, making our total, last-drop range two thousand miles. The uprooted chairs were piled upside down on the others. Rolls of taken-up floor carpet, pieces of torn-out heating duct, cluttered up the place. Cartons of food for friends in England, a fragile package for friends in Saudi Arabia, our water jug. Our maps alone, our pilot manuals, and our radio lists made a two-foot pile and weighted forty pounds.

Here is an envelope with loose-leaf revisions for the Atlantic Manual: might be important. Put in into the map pocket in the cockpit. A fur-lined flying suit for Greenland; clothes for the tropics. Somebody has forgotten to fill us up with alcohol: the propeller de-icer tanks in the cockpit. Let's get it done. Here is the ship's log-book, and the log-book for the left engine; but where is the log-book for the right engine? Put the Arabic dictionary into the fur-lined boot; nestle the boot inside the tropical helmet; slide the whole thing between the boat and the suitcases. Whang! One of the turned-up chair legs socks me in the face. The key to the nose compartment doesn't work. We must put a lot of our stuff in there, to keep her from getting too tail-heavy. Somebody fix that key. Where is the Ferry Permit? With our cabin tanks, our Airworthiness Certificate is not valid, and we would be outlaws without this Permit. It's all written out, but not signed. The man to sign it is at his home. Somebody get on the phone. The phone is busy. Our Passports, half full of visas. It says: "*Bon pour se rendre en France.*" "Seen at His Siamese Majesty's Embassy . . ." It says

دخول الى الطيران

It says

دخول الى الطيران

Pakistan, Palestine, Burma, Kuwait—



Navigation computer; dark glasses. Health certificates: we are free from leprosy, trachoma, insanity, epilepsy in its acute or *grand-mal* form. We have been shot for smallpox, typhoid, para-typhoid, tetanus, cholera, typhus, yellow fever, and the bubonic plague. Yessir. Our Mae Wests—screach yellow, so we'll be easy to see. Hope there's somebody there to see us. More papers—copies of telegrams from U. S. Ambassadors to the State Department: permission to "overfly," permission to land.

Outside, wives and children, friends and secretaries. We have Indian Summer, the day is getting warm. Everybody has a coke, and you get your hands sticky. Somehow, grease, sweat, and spilled Coca Cola seem to be part of all flying. Here comes another load: suitcases, our parachutes, the Gibson Girl radio. When you are down on the Greenland ice cap, you squeeze her waist between your knees and crank, and she emits SOS's. Gatty's Raft Book: an Army Manual on how to survive on a raft. Malay dictionary. A dozen cans of aluminum polish. "Now before you deliver her, be sure to stop at Singapore and get her shined up. Hire a couple of coolies and get it done." A radio crystal that will work on certain frequencies used in the Dutch East Indies. Put it *some* place. Pilot's License. The Arctic Manual; how to build snow houses. Police certificate: The BurIntern, that secret international organization of the bureaucrats, has fixed it so that a mere passport is no longer enough. Now if you want to have "your papers in order" you need something from the police, too. Here it is, three copies, red seal: ". . . does not appear to have a criminal record." Bag of sandwiches. Piece of string, pocket knife, flashlight—Let's GO!

The tower cleared us to taxi, we revved up our engines, the great moment came, and we were airborne.

Damn. Forgot my gloves.

### III

**W**E WENT out across the Bronx. Europe, seen from New York, does not lie downtown, beyond the Battery, but uptown, inland, behind Westchester County and beyond New England. Of course

you know that; but when you get to act accordingly, it still gives you a kick.

Now, bound for Labrador, Greenland, Iceland, flying high and fast, we had no eye for the venerable New England landscape under us—not, anyway, for its historic niceties and tourist stuff. We used it coldly, as a sort of plotting board, checking our compass against the familiar configuration of its towns and rivers.

Flying does that to you. The type of airplane you are flying, the type of mission, the height, the weather: all that acts as a sort of photographic filter, suppressing one set of facts and raising others. I have chased wild horses in Nevada when I could almost touch them with my wingtip and stopped because I saw the fear in their eyes. I used to fly light airplanes at tree level, when you could smell the hay and wave your hand at the farmer on his tractor and he would wave back. And I have also flown when all you saw of the world was your own mental image of your latitude, longitude, and altitude. This airplane, on this flight, put on my eyes the Inter-Continental Filter. I can't remember seeing any of the traditional furniture of New England—not a church steeple, a covered bridge, a summer hotel, no mill town with waterfall and textile mill. Seen through the Inter-Continental Filter, it was mostly woods: woods taking over where there used to be fields. woods flooding across the stone walls of old farms.

Strange as it sounds, the Inter-Continental Filter made clear to me also a piece of American philology that had puzzled me. Why does the New Englander call "down east" what to the rest of us seems like "up north?" New England has more "magnetic variation" than any other old part of the civilized world: that is, the compass has a big error, so that north shows as northeast, northeast shows as east. And therefore, according to the compass, the coast runs east. As for the "down," we could see that too, being as a pilot a distant grandnephew of a very old sailing captain. The wind in these parts is either from the northwest or the southwest. As you go "up" on the map, therefore, you sail or fly down wind, or at worst cross-wind. As you go down on the map, you sail or fly at best cross-wind, likely upwind. (If the wind's from the northeast, you likely don't sail or fly at all.)

No matter what the compass said or how the wind blew, we were getting up north fast. Perhaps we had the Greenland ice cap too much on our mind. But what I now remember, of that day and the next two, was mostly how things faded out by and by toward the north. The fading out started immediately at New York: the last real-estate developments were right there, with streets sketched out and lots partitioned off in fresh dirt; the last superhighways in Westchester County, the last big cloverleaf; last leisure-class estates, last swimming pools; the prison above Danbury, Connecticut, the last sign of really high-power civilization. Then the woods. (That they were full of authors you could not see.) Springfield, Massachusetts, went by off to one side in its valley, not very big; it was our last glimpse of some tall buildings, some cozy industrial smoke. Then more forest, more hills, and lakes. Concord, New Hampshire, showed population thinning out as a Western town shows it: the airport seemed nearly as big as the town. Lake Winnebago, off on our right; the White Mountains seemed like a first sample of Labrador—which they are. Then a layer of cloud slid in below us, and meanwhile the scene changed: when we got below again, there were gloomy, wooded mountainsides near Mt. Katadin; then the open potato plains about Caribou, Maine.

It had been warm in New York. Here it was blustery; when we came down the gas man wore the heavy checkered jacket of a lumberjack, and in the little airport office the stove was going.

The customs officer had come out from town. For half an hour or so we shuffled papers; then off for Gander, Newfoundland. While we climbed out, we called over the radio for latest weather at Gander, current and forecast. While we still listened, the last of the United States slipped by unnoticed, the last roads ran off at an angle. We were suddenly over forest—the real, wild kind, where the dead trees lie all about. It also was all of a sudden late afternoon. Going north had shortened the day; going east had speeded up the sun which was low behind us. I reset the ship's clock to Atlantic Time, one hour ahead of Eastern Standard. Twilight was setting in when the Gulf of St. Lawrence came in sight. New Castle New Brunswick, (the last real town we were

to see this side of Iceland) had a few lights already on, suggesting supper tables and comfort. Towns always do seem inviting about nightfall; they seem to say: "About now, reasonable people belong on the ground and in houses, and soon into a bed." We headed out over the water, and soon were alone with our glowing instrument panel.

#### IV

THE way we saw Gander one ought not to see any town, except perhaps Gander: in late at night; a shot of gas and a snatch of sleep; out the next morning. The reason why this may be okay for Gander is that that's what Gander is for: the great jumping-off place for the Atlantic crossing. The last chance for gas, the place where sometimes a crew has to catch up on its legally-required sleep.

We went to Gander, indeed to Newfoundland, only under bureaucratic duress. For complicated reasons you could not clear from Maine direct to Labrador. But we were not sorry. To a pilot, Gander is a glamor spot. The world's first air town; flying, its only industry; with 1,700 souls, Newfoundland's fourth largest town. A freak place: it so happens that when you fly straight from the Eastern U. S. to Western Europe the continent sends a sort of horn out under you, and then very kindly places an island still farther out. If pilots could have laid out the geography, they couldn't have done better. I had often wanted to fly up there for a vacation, to spend a week watching the pilots come in from the long ocean run, watching the ambassadors, the dollar princesses, the actors coming through—in short, to be an admiring spectator. Now, as it came out, we passed through there, ourselves part of the cold, rational, impersonal thing which is ocean flying. And my over-all memory of Gander is of a sort of preview of those space platforms which the rocket people hope to hang up in interstellar space.

Gander came at us, out of the northern void, first as a radio beam signal in our ear-phones which rang

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Then a light-beacon blinked in the dark. We called the tower, and the lights came on, making a dotted outline of the runway.



A night landing has no local color. It is the same everywhere—an operation in pure space, perspective, motion. You circle around until the dotted outline takes on the right perspective: not like this,



but like this,



You line yourself up, down the center, drop your gear and flaps, and come on down, keeping the perspective right with your throttle. When it seems too flat, like this,



you add a little more power. When it seems too steep, like this,



you throttle back a little. So you come down until the concrete pavement starts streaming through beneath your landing lights. You gently touch your wheels to it, and there you are.

For a moment we were lost on a concrete desert, without perspective among all the lights, and had to taxi by dictation of the tower: "Turn left at the third light. Straight ahead. Turn thirty degrees to the right." We came to rest facing a tall concrete wall of a hangar.

**A**FTER our heated cockpit, it was cold outside; the air smelled of winter. A puddle on the concrete had a thin crust of ice. A dark corridor swallowed us

up, and then we blinked at the electric bulbs of an office: His Majesty's Newfoundland Customs. The formalities were as if we had brought in a steamship: Cargo manifest? Crew manifest? Passenger manifest? The list of ship's stores, please? The journey log book? But the official tone was flavored with the respect due a ship's master: "And what is your destination, Captain?"

At the weather bureau you feel the pulse of inter-continental flying. They have Scotland weather, African weather, Greenland, Bermuda, U. S. weather. The new geography of flight parades its new place names: Prestwick (which means Glasgow), Lagens (on the Azores), Blue West (our proposed gas stop in Greenland), Goose (our next stop, in Labrador), Orly (that's Paris), Moncton (in Nova Scotia; Oceanic Air Traffic Control is centered there). Also Able, Baker, and Charlie. Those are weather ships stationed at sea. They also have real names, as ships, but one talks of them by the radio calls, NMMA, NMMB, NMMC. A bulletin: Men at Work on a certain runway at Keflavik, Iceland. The weatherman lays the Upper-Air map out on the counter for us: "I suppose you are crossing via Santa Maria, Captain?" That's in the Azores. He could promise us a sixty mph tail wind at 16,000 feet. But we stick by our route: the short-hop route that really goes around the pond, rather than across. He promises to have our weather ready for us by morning.

I said: "Let's take a look at town. Let's eat in town." "Town, why—this is the town." Gander goes the most air-minded city-planner one better: the airport, with its hangars and its barracks, its restaurant and its hotel is all there is. But the town was asleep. Somewhere, no doubt, a radio operator was in contact with pilots out over the ocean. Sometime tonight, no doubt, a liner would stop here, and the restaurant would come to life for an hour. Perhaps, at this moment, some pilot was approaching with one engine dead, and thinking very hard about Gander. But the rational thing to do was to get some sleep.

## V

**W**E SPIRALED up the next morning into a clear, cool day, and saw how far north the night's flying had brought

us. The great airport lay all alone, a star of yellow concrete, among the woods and lakes. The Atlantic shimmered on the horizon: no towns, no roads, no fences, no dug-up earth. Outside of the airport, the thin trace of the narrow-gauge railway was the only man-made line in the landscape.

We took a northwest heading for Goose, in Labrador, and watched again the fading-out of things toward the north. The radio beam that points from Gander toward Goose runs along the Atlantic edge of Newfoundland, over a granite-and-water landscape like the Maine coast, but much more northern. The trees fade out here: the sea is too cold. Here, at about the latitude of Seattle or London, the North comes down to meet you in two ways—as a cold ocean current that chills the coast, and, that day, a stream of cold air from the cold-storage of Hudson's Bay. It came flowing down and whipped up whitecaps in the bays and fjords below us. The sea was empty. I had been on these waters one June when icebergs were floating all about. Now, in mid-October, Greenland was tightening up with cold, and no longer could let go of her ice.

Settlement fades out here. We still would pass, once in a while, over a village placed in incredible loneliness between the rocks and the sea. According to all the books, such villages should have looked bedraggled. They are supposed to be a sort of dustbowl of the cold, where life barely hangs on. But now they looked prosperous; all the houses were painted a shiny new white. Postwar fish business must be good. But even so, something looked wrong about them, as if they should not be there. I looked at one village for a long time and puzzled, and it came to me: no roads led to it or from it. No fields surrounded it. It was just perched there on the rock, like a group of sea birds nesting.

THE straits of Belle Isle slid through beneath us. A last lighthouse; we couldn't see it, but our radio direction finder picked it up and pointed to it, and we could hear its radio beacon squawk in our ear-phones. A last settlement; then we plunged into the interior of Labrador. The radio beam faded out. For the first time now, our direction-finder needle couldn't find anything to point to. Even the map fades out

here. Instead of the usual green for lowlands, brown for highlands, it shows a uniform yellow—it means “not surveyed as to elevation.”

There was nobody here now: just beautiful country; hills and forest, forest and rivers, lakes and waterfalls and more forest: but not a sign of man. You looked out toward the horizon and searched, without knowing it, just from habit, for the smoke of a sawmill; because flying over such forests you always can tell where the towns are by the smoke of the sawmills. But there is no sawmill. It is surprisingly hard, when you run into it at three miles a minute, to grasp the idea of real wilderness. It is just as when you leave a noisy factory and walk out into the quiet, and the noise keeps ringing in your ears: I kept seeing human things that weren't there. A road seems to run along that river, in that deep-cut canyon: but there is no road. But there, ahead, a straight line is cut into the forest. Must be man-made: high-tension line maybe? When you get there, it is just some fault in the granite that has made a straight-line break. This lake here: isn't that a pier, isn't that a cabin? But the pier is some natural ledge, and the cabin a block of granite. Get it into your head: there is nobody here.

After a while those noises in your mind quiet down. You look at wilderness and see wilderness and it is very good for you. Then you get a shock. Someone has cut out a photograph of a big airport in the Middle West and pasted it smack into this blue-green northern landscape. Goose—joint Canadian-American military air base, jumping-off place for Greenland, Iceland, Europe, and points east; also gateway to the arctic. Nothing camp-like, nothing temporary about it. Those runways will still be there long after we have become too confused to build and fly airplanes.

Full stop. Flying is not as fast as you think. The day was only half used up. But it was now too late to go on to Greenland. For Bluie West—the U. S. Army air base on Greenland—is a very special place, famous among pilots. You need daylight to get in there, and you need good weather. We sat around for the rest of the day at an airport which could have been almost anywhere in the world. Only the stunted, gnarled pine trees reminded you where you were. It got warm that afternoon,



and bands of rain kept going over. We weren't too happy. People have sat at Goose for weeks waiting for Blue West to clear.

## VI

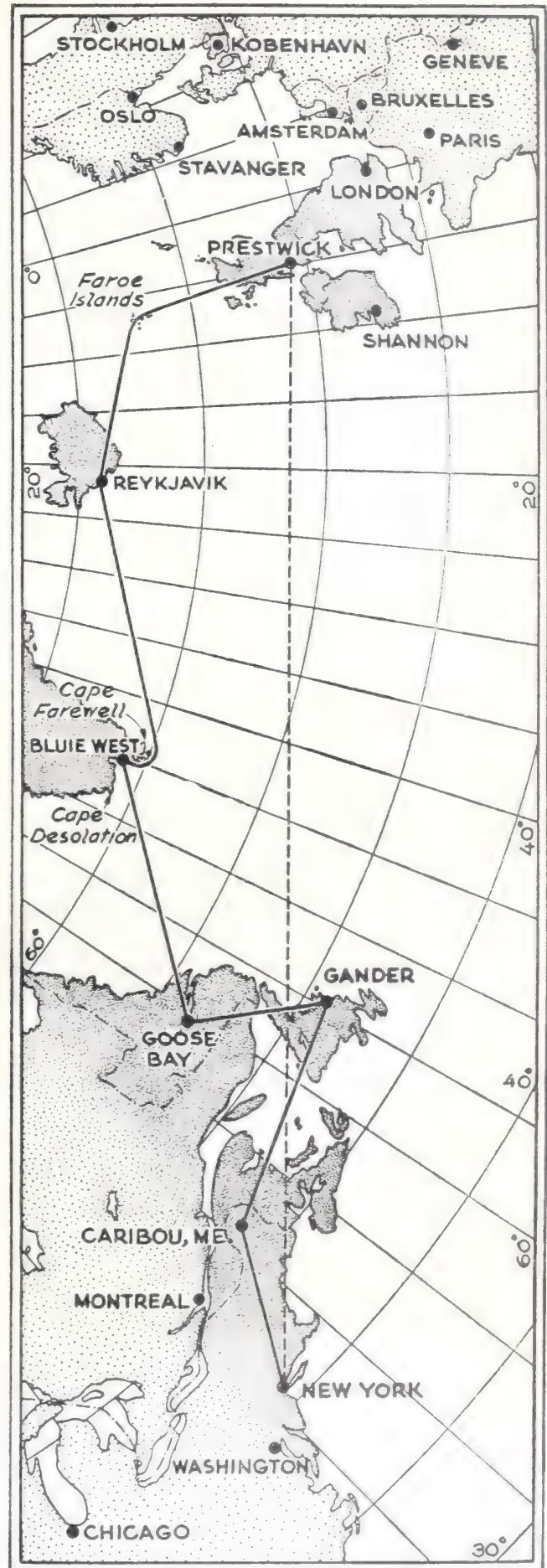
**W**HEN we checked Greenland weather at Goose the next morning, here was the dope. Blue West was clear, with cold arctic air flowing down from the ice cap and sweeping the fjords clear of sea fog. That was good.

But from over the United States, a tongue of warm moist tropical air had stretched itself northward toward Labrador. Cold polar air had swept down from Hudson's Bay and pinched off this tongue. The tropical stuff was now floating aloft between Labrador and Greenland as a cloud system, full of rain, snow, ice, and nastiness. "Danger of freezing rain," said our weather map. That was not so good. Freezing rain makes the nastiest ice there is.

Should we buy the package? In many ways, that is the hardest thing to learn in flying. Once you take off (with a given airplane and a given level of personal skill) things take their more or less inevitable course. A little error or two won't do much harm. An extra effort, with all your faculties at highest pitch, won't do much good. When you took off, you bought a package, and you got what's in it.

We have gone over the strategy of this hop so often that we need no discussion. The strategy is this: If Blue West goes bad, we have just enough fuel to turn back to Labrador, or else to go on to Iceland. That's why we have picked the Greenland route in the first place, though we could have made Iceland direct from Gander. It gives us, barely, "alternates." (Later, from Blue West, we can go to Iceland and still, if Iceland closes on us, go back to Greenland; or else go on to Prestwick.) Now it is obvious: *if* we let the airplane ice up and lose efficiency, we would close those two emergency exits. *If* we then keep on toward Greenland, and *if* Greenland then closes down—*then* a trap would have snapped. But three *if's* have to come together to snap it, and the middle *if* is under our control.

All this was clear without many words. We looked at each other and nodded.



We bought. We filled out our flight plan forms: Blue West I, at 8,000 feet, five hours. Fuel aboard? Eleven hours. Alternate? The weather man was looking over our shoulder. "If you should have weather trouble in Greenland," he said (with an apologetic smile, like a salesman who says, "*If the product should fail to give entire satisfaction . . .*"). "I would suggest you don't try to come back here. Go on to Iceland." He could practically guarantee Iceland ceiling and visibilities all day and night. All right, Doc, if you say so. But isn't it a hell of a note, nowadays: if you don't like the weather, pilot, just fly to the other side of the Atlantic. Here goes. Alternate—Reykjavik.

Now it was like that red light I had driven through. We were so set to go that we forgot our manners. The tower had only cleared us to taxi. You are supposed to call it again and be cleared "into position" on the runway, and then you wait to be cleared to start your run. We forgot and took right off, and the last we heard was, in British accents, a gentle reproof.

It is almost an hour's flight from Goose to the coast of Labrador. Layers of broken cloud kept flowing past as we climbed, and we saw little of the land, which seemed to be bare, black-gray hills. A radio beam station stands on the coast and sends one beam toward Goose, one out to sea toward Greenland. We had hoped to get from it a last up-to-the-minute report on Greenland weather. It would have been nice to hear that the sun was still shining there, or in fact anywhere. But our calls would not raise them. We got as answer only the melancholy ringing of the beam. Through one hole in the clouds we saw the coast line. The sea was covered with patches of fog. It made you think of Melville's phrase about "the howling condition" of the Labrador coast; it made you admire the courage of people who live on this coast and fish in this sea. (Hopedale, headquarters of the Grenfell Missions, was somewhere down there.) Our cockpit seemed a cozy place by comparison, with the heaters blowing. A few more hops, and we would be in Paris. I scribbled on my knee pad the time of passage over the coast. When I looked up again, I saw nothing: we had entered the stuff.

Now at last we were flying the ocean—if you can call the six hundred miles of Davis Strait an ocean. It was no adventure. It was a commercial transaction. We even had insurance for the airplane and also for our lives. The rates had been a bit stiff, but not because the risk was high; simply because so little inter-continental flying is done privately that the insurance companies lack experience.

If you had sat behind us on the hop, you would not have noticed much activity. One of us would have a hand on the wheel, and would sleepily eye the instruments. (You watch a toy airplane on a dial, and keep it lined up with a mark that symbolizes the world you can't see.) The other would sit slumped back in the seat, now scribbling, now reaching for an engine control. The only moving thing was the clock; every turn of the sweep-second hand meant  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles flown and  $6/10$  of a gallon of fuel burned.

WE WAITED for ice. Once in a while we leaned forward and studied our wings for signs of ice. Here and there, a spot would form, postage-stamp size only, just enough to show that there was ice. This sort of ice, which you pick up directly out of the cloud you fly through, can be bad. It can spoil the shape of your wings, and make your propeller blades into useless clubs. But we had de-icers on our wings to break such stuff loose, and we had alcohol pumps for our propellers. Unless it built very rapidly, we could handle it. Freezing rain is different. It sheaths the whole airplane with clear ice and is almost impossible to shed; airplanes have been forced down by freezing rain in a matter of minutes.

The rule for freezing rain is—climb like hell. Being rain, it must come from a level where the air is warm—above freezing. It freezes on you because the drops have been falling through freezing air, and get "super-cooled": ready to freeze on impact. Get up to the warm layer fast enough, and you are okay. So, in preparation, we gradually climbed—up to 13,000 feet. We didn't want to go beyond that because, lacking oxygen, you make stupid judgments. It was much colder now,  $15^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. It seemed incredible that anywhere above us it could still be warm enough to produce liquid water. We kept grinding away for half an hour.



Then the stuff we flew in took on a streaked texture: *things* were whipping by. Rain drops? Sleet? Snow? It was snow: we were okay.

Then the outside air temperature suddenly started down: it meant of course, that we were flying out of the bad air altogether. We looked at each other—is *that* all?—and pulled the throttle back a little for a gradual descent. Ten minutes later, *shapes* formed out of the shapelessness, if only cloud shapes: it felt the way it does when you have waded through snow and then step on a swept, dry pavement. Ten minutes after that we got glimpses of dark sea below us, and sometimes a flash of blue sky. And another ten minutes later we were under a cloudless blue sky, over a blue, clean, empty sea, with the sun streaming hot through our windows.

**W**E WERE still two hundred miles away when Greenland rose out of the sea for us, white and shining. Now, with the weather good and lots of fuel, we were all of a sudden just two tourists. We took a swing along the coast and gaped at the ice cap that lay, like a huge cloud, on everything inland. We checked the glaciers that run right down into the sea; we saw the icebergs frozen fast in the fjords. We searched out Julianehaab, the Danish capital of Southern Greenland; it was hidden away in a complicated tangle of fjords and bays and rocky islands but carefully built on a South slope. We circled over it: a dozen houses or so, a radio station, a big greenhouse. We looked for Eskimo villages which our map showed along this coast, but we were too new in the country: we couldn't see them.

Then came the job of going into Blueie West. This is the joker in the Greenland deal, the reason why you need good weather there and why the airlines don't use Greenland. Here is the setup: the coast is too rough; not even the United States Army could bulldoze or blast an airport there. Only the Blueie West beam station is on the coast; but the runway itself is hidden away fifty-one miles inland at the head of a deep, winding fjord. So you can make the usual blind approach to the radio station in 'most any weather, letting down over the sea; but the final run up the fjord has to be made contact, and even then it isn't quite easy to find. The

coast is a whole labyrinth of fjords, all rather similar, and some cross-connected. If you run up the wrong fjord, you can get into places where you can't turn back. There is one fjord, they claim, where, if you stick your nose in, you never come back. You can't turn back, and you can't climb fast enough: and so you finally run head-on into a glacier.

Be that as it may. It is the end of the world, but a lot of pilots have made this famous run in the war, and we had been briefed. Your sugarloaf-looking mountain, Bob—we saw it right away, and lined it up with your two islands; and so we went up the right fjord. We hugged the left wall of the canyon, Joe, just as you said; and so we didn't run up that dead-end branch. We remembered your Most Embarrassing Moment, Ken, when you overshot Blueie West in your Fortress, and almost couldn't turn around between the mountains; so we got rid of our altitude and rumbled up the cut five hundred feet above the water. The white shining country now had turned somber; dark new ice covered the fjord except for a narrow lane, where the season's last tanker had forced its way out. Where the fjord turns sharp left, we got rid of most of our speed. We went 'round the mountain gear-down, all ready to land: and sure enough there was the runway. We went straight in.

"Nice and cool here," I said inanely enough as I stepped out of the ship. "Yes, the tourist season is almost over," said the sergeant. "Tourist season?" I asked. "The Senators and Generals," he said. "They quit bothering us about this time of the year." The nozzle of the gas truck was too big for our little machine. It was meant for bombers. Filling-up turned into a long, slobbery job, and as the sun went behind the mountains it turned cold. You didn't shiver, but for some reason (perhaps sitting still in the ship so long) your fingers and your lips seemed stiff. But that was all that was particularly Greenlandish about the place; that, and the steep, rocky mountainsides that kept looking over your shoulder while you worked. As for the rest, you soon found that here, squeezed into this cold canyon, was really just another Army post, more or less standard—macadam road, post-bus every twenty minutes, Post Hospital, Hotel de Gink, steam heat, Officers' Club, drinks. That took the romance out of Greenland, sort of, but it also pleased you (when

you thought of all the ice on one side, and the cold sea on the other, and the Fjord already freezing over) the way a tough little piece of United States sat here and took no nonsense from nature.

## VII

FROM Greenland to Iceland, it was five hours of emptiness and wind. An ocean hop is hard to talk about: it always comes out: "There is nothing to see. You just sit there, and fly your compass, and watch your clock, and after a while you get there." That's quite true, but the way it sounds is not the way it feels. The Nothing which there is to see is the biggest Nothing you ever saw.

We flew over the tops of the clouds all the way, at 10,000 feet most of the time. Down on the ocean, that day, you would have had a cold northwest wind, hurrying clouds, snow flurries. On top, we had St. Moritz ski weather—cold air, strong sun, and white cloud mountains for scenery. Iceland weather was practically guaranteed. And it was quite true: all we had to do was fly our precomputed headings, watch the clock, and wait for Iceland to turn up. But you sit there long enough looking at nothing, and your mind begins to gyrate.

You get hunches: "I think we are way off to the right." There is no possible evidence on which such a hunch could be based; it is just that your sense of direction is adrift in this emptiness: but just the same it is very strong. Perhaps it has to do with the sun: the farther north we are, the faster do we put the sun behind us, flying east. After a while, you fight down your hunch and keep flying your heading.

But then you get the doubts. "Ships have been run ashore, airplanes have been lost at sea," you remember the navigation textbook, "because the navigator subtracted Variation when he should have added." "Variation"; that means the compass needle does not point exactly north, but northeast or northwest (depending on which part of the world you are in). You must allow for that in figuring what course to steer; you must also allow something for the curvature of the earth, and also something for the errors in your compass (due to the iron and the electrical equipment of the ship); and something for the wind

drift. It is simple enough arithmetic; it looks like a grocery bill: but have you by any chance subtracted an item you should have added? So you do it all over on the margin of the map. "No: it's  $60 + 25 - 8 + 10$ , and that makes 87, and 87 on the compass will, *will* get you to Iceland. You'll see. Not yet, of course. But you'll see when you get there."

So then you get the hurries; but that's useless too. In the end you settle down. You fly your compass, and you watch the clock, just as they say. And there is still nothing to see: just emptiness, clouds, patches of ocean. In memory, that day over the North Atlantic seems like one of those Sunday afternoons in a strange city when there is nothing to do and life runs thin.

With two hours still to go to Iceland, we turned on the radio and listened for stations—any station. Yes, there was one. It was garbled stuff. It sounded like voice, maybe music—we couldn't make out. It must be Iceland: it was the only station we could hear and Iceland the only land within a thousand miles, Greenland excepted. We switched the signal into the direction finder. The needle came to life, slowly swung around and pointed: thirty degrees over on our right. Can that *be*? If Iceland lies that way, we are missing it by hundreds of miles. Can't be. But wait. Iceland could lie that way for all we know if we assume we have made much better speed than we thought. Can't be: it would take a hurricane tail-wind to make us go like that and this kind of weather doesn't produce that kind of wind. Whatever it is, it clearly can't be Iceland. But the temptation is strangely great to turn the nose that way and follow the needle. Turn it off. Fly your compass, watch your clock, and you will get there.

But still—turn it on again. What *can* it be? Scotland? it sometimes sounds like bagpipes. Can't be: It would be too pat. Russia, Norway, Denmark? Now where are those places, anyway? Where does that needle point, really? Radio waves travel, like long-range airplanes, the most direct way over the earth's surface. But, as with airplanes, the direct line appears on most maps—on almost everybody's mental map—as a curve. Well now, behind which point of the horizon, right now, lies Scotland or Norway? Seen from here, where we have Iceland in front of our nose, what's beyond Iceland? This is really very embar-



rassing. A taxi driver who knew so little about his town—which way things lie from each other—could not hold his job. Here you are, an airplane driver, barging around over the North Atlantic—and by any strict standards you don't half know where you are.

Turn that thing off. Fly your compass and watch your clock.

One hour from Iceland there was something to see. To wit: the cloud tops ahead of us were rising higher, the clouds got puffier. That would be the Gulf Stream warming this stuff from underneath and putting life into it.

Soon we were racing just above the tops at 10,000 feet. The sun, now behind us, put our shadow on the clouds, and we started chasing. We went through a few tops; it was rough inside and we came out with a thin

coat of ice on the windshield. Better keep clear of ice; so we climbed, and soon the Gulf Stream had squeezed us up to 13,000.

Half an hour from Iceland, with a bang, the Iceland radio beam station started coming in. The needle quivered and pointed: straight ahead. Well, practically straight, just a little over to the left. The compass got us this far; let's keep flying the compass. Then, by the clock, I said, "I give it about ten more minutes." Just then I happened to look down through a hole in the cloud and there was a piece of coastline—no ghost stuff such as you sometimes see, but the real thing: black lava rock. And the coast was of unmistakable shape. It was right there on our map. We had hit within fifteen miles of the mark.

Well, naturally. All you have to do is fly the compass.

## *Notes on Conduct and Health, 1871*

THE real source of ninety per cent of the crime of a country, such as England or the United States, lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection; we throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it, to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease, that they are nearly in every case sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle, in the supply of spending-money never earned by the spender, opening the doors of confectionaries and soda-fountains, of beer, tobacco, and wine, of the circus, negro minstrel, restaurant, and the dance.

We do not advise a warm bath oftener than once a week. But we must consult nature and facts. Each man should bathe in a manner which, from observation and personal experiment, does him most good.

By indulging your wives in frequent excursions, three or four times a year, you will enlarge their views of things, increase their sociabilities, improve their health and their tempers, and more, you will find they have an increasing love for home.

At home, or at church, are the places for spending the hours of the sacred day; especially is it the way of safety for young people—safety from the grog-shop, the engine-house, and the chambers of her whose ways go down to death: and how much of bodily disease are traceable directly to these three places, to say nothing of moral corruption, any city physician, of even moderate practice, has daily cognizance.

—From *Fun Better Than Physic; or Everybody's Life-Preserver*, by W. W. Hall, M.D. Published in Springfield, Mass., 1871

# The Men Around Dewey

*Alden Hatch*

NO INDIVIDUAL man can any longer cope with the Presidency of the United States. No individual man can any longer even campaign effectively for the Presidency. For the number and variety of problems with which a President, or even a nominee, has to deal is so prodigious that only a diversified group of men can produce the words and actions that go by his name. The Brain Trust was not invented by Franklin Roosevelt; every candidate must needs be surrounded by policy-formulators, speech-drafters, and deputy executives who extend and in large degree determine his public character. That is why it is important, in appraising a candidate who may soon become President, to appraise the men around him.

Thomas E. Dewey calls his group the "Dewey Team." He is the first to admit their importance to him. When I talked with him recently in his suite at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York—where F.D.R. housed his Brain Trust in 1932—he said, "To act alone, a President would have to know all about everything from riparian rights on the Aar to Zymosis." He went on to list an enormous number of subjects and subdivisions of subjects on which he would have to be an expert. Then he expressed his own conviction in the sentence: "The great genius in the organization of modern government is in selecting people who know their subject, and who dare to give honest advice."

The Governor, who is not lacking in confidence, clearly believes that he has that genius. And certainly he has succeeded in luring into the service of New York State many men who could command far larger salaries elsewhere. For example, Tax Commissioner Alger B. Chapman gave up \$100,000 a year to go with Dewey, and Charles B. Selles, the engineer who built the Persian Gulf Port during the war, gave up \$150,000 a year to become Commissioner of Works and Highways.

Of the men who have been closest to him in recent years, few will get high office if Dewey is elected. Many of them won't even go to Washington permanently, because Cabinet posts and bureau headships must be rationed out among forty-eight States. Yet these men will continue to advise Dewey, and thereby exercise a real influence on the destiny of America.

Unlike the personal councils of former candidates—and Presidents—the Dewey Team does not function all together as a unit. Instead, it is made up of groups of men who are students of each particular subject, getting together and discussing their appropriate problems. These groups are not rigid entities, but are like interlocking directorates, with one or more members of each taking part in the others. Outside experts are constantly called in by all of them. The Governor sits in on many of these discussions and is usually

*In collecting information for this article, Alden Hatch (author of recent biographies of Woodrow Wilson, F. D. R., and Eisenhower) interviewed no less than nineteen people, including almost all of those in Governor Dewey's inner circle.*



represented by his alter ego, Paul Lockwood, when he cannot attend.

The main cells of the multi-person Dewey brain are the foreign policy group, the politicians, the finance and taxation group, and other groups on agriculture, labor, military affairs, public health, and housing. In addition, someone is thinking for Dewey about every other facet of public affairs.

I asked Roger Williams Straus, who meets with the foreign affairs group and was a member of Dewey's original (1939) brain trust, how all the information and policy recommendations were evaluated and co-ordinated. He replied, "It's all done in Tom Dewey's brain."

According to the admiring reports of Dewey's intimates, this brain works somewhat like one of those incredible electronic calculators. Feed it a piece of information, and it instantly and simultaneously assesses it, adds it to the total of data already recorded, subtracts contrary evidence, multiplies by political significance, divides by opposing factions, files the complete record for easy future reference, and comes up with a tentative conclusion. At any rate the word tentative is the key to Dewey's method. Though he likes to act with dramatic suddenness, the plans are always carefully made in secret, and he keeps his mind open until he has asked advice of many people. And he really does like his associates to speak bluntly in private, though woe and double woe to one who disagrees with him publicly.

**T**HE almost indispensable man on Dewey's Team is Paul Evans Lockwood, a lawyer who joined him back in 1935 and is now his secretary. Lockwood is Fidus Achates, Man Friday, Louis Howe, and Harry Hopkins rolled into one. It may be significant that physically he is the antithesis of the Governor. He is a big, heavy man with a round and ruddy face on the large expanse of which a small blond mustache is quite lost. Lockwood is genuinely genial—he loves people and solving human problems. He is a bachelor who says, "I never had time to get married." His one absorbing passion is devotion to Dewey.

Though he is heavy-footed, his mind works fast. He knows all the things the Governor knows and, in Dewey's absence, can act for

him, because he thinks like him. He meets with all the different advisory groups; and will, of course, go to Washington as the President's principal secretary—if, as, and when.

The spotlight of popular interest is now focused on Dewey's political team: the Triumvirate, they call themselves. Herbert Brownell, Jr., John Russell Sprague, and Edwin F. Jaeckle are running the Republican party. Hugh Scott, the National Chairman, is (until November at least) a minor figure put in because he is a Pennsylvanian, to get away from the curse of New York, and to bolster up the Republican party in Pennsylvania, where a particularly noxious scandal has been threatening to burst in Philadelphia's city government. Victor Johnston, who was chief engineer of the spectacular Stassen machine in Wisconsin and is Stassen's goodwill gift to the Dewey organization, wields more influence than Scott.

Brownell is First Consul. A Nebraskan who went to the Yale Law School and thence into the practice of law in New York, he is an idealist in politics; a slim, youngish man with a high balding dome, a long thin face, and the eyes of a devotee. He mastered the art of political management because that seemed to be the best way to implement his conviction that the citizenry has the right to an incorruptible, efficient, and forward-looking government. He has an ardent belief that Dewey will make the best President the American people ever had.

Oddly enough, Dewey was once Brownell's manager—when the latter ran for the State Assembly in New York's old 10th Assembly District in 1930. "He lost," the Governor told me, laughing. "The following year, he got a new manager and won."

As Republican National Chairman from 1944 to 1946, Brownell set up, for the first time, a permanent national organization with a public relations division, and particular emphasis on co-ordination with the Congress. This is proving an asset now in Dewey's campaign.

Brownell holds the power of veto in the Triumvirate. Dewey trusts him to see to it that the political machinations of Sprague and Jaeckle do not lead to unwise commitments. In fact, no one is allowed to commit Dewey to anything; his friends say that he was telling the literal truth to the Convention when he

said, "I come to you, unfettered by a single obligation or promise . . . ."

I asked Russ Sprague how deals were arranged if this were true. Sprague grinned and said, "We can encourage high hopes."

Sprague is the master politician of the group. He is a handsome man of sixty-one who looks at least ten years younger, with a square tanned face and a powerful body. He inherited the position of boss of Nassau County from his uncle, Wilbur Doughty, and greatly enlarged the avuncular empire. Sprague has been called the father of county government because he wrote and put into effect the Nassau County Charter, which has been widely copied as a model of modern, centralized county government. He also got an iron grip on the county; Tammany is sometimes defeated in New York; Sprague is never beaten in Nassau.

Ed Jaeckle of Buffalo, the third member of the Triumvirate, looks more like the picture of an old-time political boss. He is a huge, white-haired man of fifty-three, with a benevolent smile and shrewd eyes, who came up the hard way through the wards. Like the Roman Emperors of the East and West, he and Sprague divide the Empire State between them.

Add to these three Paul Lockwood, Elliott Bell (of whom much more later), James C. Hagerty, the amiable ex-reporter who handles Dewey's press relations, and the Governor himself, and you have the general staff who won the battle of Philadelphia. Their grand strategy is worth a quick glance, because it is typical of the Dewey method.

## II

**T**HE groundwork was laid in 1944. Dewey had expected to be nominated in 1940; the result was an awful shock to him. In 1944, he changed his tactics from clamorous campaigning to apparently inactive acquiescence, and was nominated. His defeat in the election was no shock at all. Elliott Bell says:

"We had few illusions of victory . . . thus the problem was to make a decent campaign, calculated to bring the minimum disruption of the war effort, the fewest worries to the fighting men; and to pave the way for 1948."

From 1944 to '46, Brownell, as national chairman, traveled all over the country, building up the Republican party—and Governor Dewey. The actual pre-convention campaign began in March 1947. From that time forward Brownell, Sprague, and Jaeckle met regularly to plan and promote. Though they acted as a unit, each of them took a certain sphere of action. Because he was the best known west of the Alleghenies, Brownell operated there; Sprague took the entire East Coast; and Jaeckle, who had been New York State chairman, went to work on the State machines.

The Governor wanted to play hard-to-get as in 1944, but Stassen soon smoked him out, and it became evident that they were going to need a lot of money. So Dewey called in his good friend Harold E. Talbott.

When I asked Talbott for the story of his fund-raising, he was as coy as a cook with a favorite recipe. "I'm not going to give away my secrets," he said.

Nevertheless, he was so proud of the job he did in raising over half a million dollars to finance Dewey's pre-convention campaign that he could not help giving me at least part of the story.

Talbott is a tycoon and the son of a tycoon from Dayton, Ohio, but now lives in New York. He has been an officer or director of many manufacturing companies, and is now vice president of Talbott & Co., and chairman of the finance committee of Mead Corporation and Electric Auto-Lite, and a director of Chrysler and other concerns. He is also a sportsman who has held a high goal rating at polo. He has been raising money for the Republican party for twenty-five years, and knows who are the right people to approach; and also knows the pitfalls. Talbott began by limiting contributions to \$5,000, so that Dewey would not stagger under the obligation of enormous gifts. Then he started off to see his friends.

His sales talk to his fellow industrialists was: "Taft is a good man; Stassen is all right; but Dewey is a sure winner. We can't afford to back the wrong horse after sixteen years."

Talbott raised money in every large city in the United States with the exception of Stassen's strongholds, St. Paul and Minneapolis. One Westerner gave him a check for



\$5,000, saying: "This is because I like you. Give it to Dewey, give it to Taft, or blow it on a babe. It's yours."

Other men gave money to all the candidates, on the theory expressed in idealistic terms by Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors, who said: "These fellows have no money, and I think we who have should make it possible for them to state their case to the American people." (Some may have merely wanted to be on the right side whoever won.) However, most of the contributions came because the donors were genuinely convinced that Dewey was a winner.

The money was well spent. Dewey's campaign was only a little more expensive than Senator Taft's and cost far less than Stassen's. The tribute Talbott cherishes most came from a Stassen manager who said: "That so-and-so Talbott got his delegates for \$3,000 apiece. Ours cost us \$6,000; and *his* stuck." (Naturally, this does not imply any payments to delegates; the figures were based on total expenditures for radio, transportation, halls, secretaries, and other campaign expenses, divided by the number of sure delegates the candidates brought into the convention.)

Talbott is not going to Washington if and when Dewey wins, but the rumor is he wants to be Ambassador to England. He would make a fine figure of a diplomat, with his weathered sportsman's face from which the keen blue eyes of the industrialist look with cynical wisdom. However, he will probably have to begin nearer the bottom of the diplomatic ladder.

**F**OR all its astute staff work, the Dewey campaign was no walkover. According to Brownell, Stassen introduced a new technique into national politics—the house-to-house canvass. And he scared the daylights out of the Deweyites. The New Hampshire primaries were disappointing. Stassen's sweep in Wisconsin was calamitous. Nebraska and Pennsylvania were no help. Dewey's selling point was that he was a vote-getter, and he wasn't getting votes. It was the nadir of his fortunes; even Talbott's oases of money dried up.

"But Wisconsin was really a break for us," one of Dewey's team told me. "If Dewey had not gone out there and seen for himself, he would never have consented to campaign in

Oregon. If he hadn't done that, we'd have been put up in mothballs."

Oregon, with only twelve delegates, saved the day. The Dewey men admit that if they had lost there, they were through. The campaign they put on was like General Patton's Third Army going through France. Paul Lockwood took personal charge on the spot; the Triumvirate machinated furiously; and money was poured in, though not in any thing like the rumored amount. The unique thing was the letter-writing campaign. Big shots in New York were persuaded to write to their little-shot associates in Oregon; lawyers to lawyers, doctors to doctors, business men to their opposite numbers. The bankers—headed by Winthrop Aldrich—were especially energetic; as one man put it, "They really put the screws on the boys in Oregon."

Then the Governor himself went out and put on a crossroads campaign. As one of his friends said, "Dewey really ran for county sheriff in Oregon, and he got elected."

The climax was the debate. Dewey was dog-tired that night and had a bad cold; but the one-time District Attorney was still good enough to make Stassen look like the captain of a high-school debating team. When they counted the ballots, Dewey had proved his point: he could get the votes.

**S**O THEY moved on to Philadelphia in the last week of June. Elliott Bell went ahead to help Senator Henry Cabot Lodge write a platform Dewey could accept. The rest moved in over the weekend. For the first time in history, the ladies ran a major candidate's official headquarters. Mrs. Charles H. Weis, Jr., Jane Todd, and the Deweys' friend and neighbor Mrs. Carl T. Hogan were the managers under whom worked one hundred women volunteers. In addition there were over one hundred men volunteers. These people paid their own way; they slept in tourist camps, on sofas and floors, and even commuted from New York.

The staff work was carefully planned. Each volunteer was assigned certain delegates to whom he was to pay particular attention; and so complete was the coverage that not a delegate was left unturned. In addition, Dewey personally saw every delegate who asked for an interview.

The Executive Headquarters was upstairs

on the eighth floor of the Bellevue Stratford. Virtually the whole Dewey Team was there. The former Young Republicans of Dewey's first political contacts rallied around; and the assistant district attorneys of the racket-busting days turned up in a body, even to Frank Hogan, now *Democratic* District Attorney of New York, who said rather shyly, "I know I don't exactly belong here, but I'd like to help." Later Hogan refused the Democratic compromise nomination for Surrogate of New York, because he would not run against a Republican ticket headed by Dewey—a fact which lent plausibility to the Governor's boast to me that "there are no former Dewey men."

In those crowded hotel bedrooms, the plans were laid for a chain reaction of events that was to blow the lid off the Convention. The week before, old Joe Grundy, the semi-retired boss of Pennsylvania, had seen the writing on the wall, and it said "Dewey." He tried to get Governor Duff to hop aboard the bandwagon, and when Duff stood firm for Vandenberg, he whistled off to Washington and enlisted Senator Ed Martin of Pennsylvania. When Halleck of Indiana heard of this deal, he reported aboard Dewey's craft. The Dewey staff timed Martin's break for Tuesday and Halleck's for Wednesday. Governor Driscoll of New Jersey also swung to Dewey, and the Dewey staff floated a lot of rumors about other breaks.

This started a stop-Dewey coalition of all the other candidates, but they could not agree on a man. The first ballot on Thursday showed Dewey with 434 votes. On the second ballot he moved up to 515, 33 short of a majority. This gain was in drabs and dribbles, showing the value of the system of individual attention to delegates.

It is generally supposed that it was all over after the second ballot; but this is not true. In a last desperate conference, Stassen, Taft, Warren, and Duff agreed on Vandenberg. Then Colonel Robert R. McCormick, the arch-isolationist, spoke: "If you vote for Vandenberg, I'll give Illinois to Dewey."

That cracked it. The opposition leaders jostled each other to get up on the platform and surrender to Dewey. But Colonel McCormick was not there. Rather than vote for the man he hated second only to Vandenberg, McCormick walked out of the meeting and

out of the hotel and kept right on going to Chicago. His alternate voted for Dewey on the unanimous third ballot.

Thus the Triumvirate triumphed, and came to great power and a larger battle. However, they are not destined to go on to Washington, even if that larger battle ends as they expect it to. Both Sprague and Jaeckle prefer to rule unchallenged in their own bailiwicks, and Dewey will no longer need their special skills after November 2. Herbert Brownell, however, is another matter. He says—sincerely, I believe—that he would like to remain with the law firm of Lord, Day and Lord, but Dewey will need him in Washington and will be pretty sure to have his way.

### III

THE most important of all Dewey's consulting groups is that on foreign affairs. These men were the first Dewey Brain Trust, whom the late George Z. Medalie gathered together in 1939, to prepare his thirty-six-year-old protégé for the Republican nomination of 1940, "in case the lightning should strike." They are John Foster Dulles, Elliott Bell, Roger Straus, and John E. Burton.

Dulles is, of course, the most important. Of him Governor Dewey says, "Dulles is a man of great intellectual, spiritual, and moral force. He is the only man of first rank who has spent his entire life, since childhood, in foreign affairs." And the statement is not readily countered.

Dulles first entered the diplomatic arena, aged nineteen, as Secretary of the Chinese Mission to The Hague in 1907. His grandfather, John W. Foster, who as President Harrison's Secretary of State had helped to end the Sino-Japanese War, got him the job. From that time forward, he was always in the world welter. He met Woodrow Wilson, whom he greatly admired, at Princeton, and Wilson later utilized his abilities even though Dulles was a Republican. He was a special agent of the State Department in Central America in 1917; assistant chairman of the War Trade Board, handling foreign economics, in 1918; and in 1919 he was the principal American spokesman on reparations at the Peace Conference. In that capacity the



young man of thirty presented the American argument against enormous, unpayable reparations in the economic debates with John Maynard Keynes and Lord Sumner of England, Hughes of Australia, Klotz of France, and Salandra of Italy.

After the peace, Dulles practiced in the field of international law with the New York firm of Sullivan and Cromwell. Succeeding Presidents and Secretaries of State called on him for advice on public finance and international loans. He worked out the Polish Stabilization Plan and helped to draw up the Dawes Plan.

Since 1937, Dulles, who is a strongly religious man, has done much work with church groups. "After seeing the collapse of political efforts," he says, "I felt that any permanent good in keeping the peace depended on mobilizing moral forces."

Dulles sought Dewey's acquaintance in 1935, with the thought of bringing the brilliant young Special Prosecutor into Sullivan and Cromwell. Dewey decided for public life, but the two men became friends. Dewey frequently sought the older man's advice and, when he began to seek the Republican Presidential nomination, he brought Dulles into his advisory group. The five men met at least once a week, and their arguments were hot and heavy. Bell and Straus were all-out internationalists. Dulles, at that time, was opposed to America's entry into the war. He told me that his reason was his belief that wars are seldom an effective means to achieve idealistic purposes. "It's an evil method—though it may be the lesser of two evils," he said. "War's train of immorality, hypocrisy, deceit, and savagery destroys the noble ends you seek." Dulles feels today that the real difference between the Russians and ourselves lies not so much in our stated objectives as in the fact that they completely approve of war as an instrument of policy.

By 1941, Dulles had chosen the lesser of two evils; but he sharply criticized the Atlantic Charter for omitting all mention of a world organization, and through his church groups he helped to mobilize public opinion behind the principle of the United Nations.

During the Presidential campaign of 1944, Dewey sent Dulles to advise with Secretary of State Cordell Hull on American foreign policy. This was the genesis of the bipartisan

foreign policy. At the same time the Governor begged Senator Vandenberg to see Dulles, despite their political antipathies. Of that meeting Senator Vandenberg once said to me: "I thought it was going to be a complete waste of time. Within fifteen minutes we both, I think, had the highly illuminating experience of finding that a so-called isolationist and a so-called internationalist could find a common ground on which to meet with complete respect and mutual confidence. From that day to this, we have been not only in perfect harmony, but we have had the most priceless kind of personal friendship."

Vandenberg made Dulles his advisor at San Francisco (much to President Roosevelt's annoyance); and through the Senator and Stassen, Dulles did much to liberalize the Dumbarton Oaks agreement into something less like a great power alliance and more of a real world organization. They introduced the concept of law and justice into the Charter, though these words were never mentioned in the Dumbarton Oaks agreement.

Since that time, Dulles has advised both Vandenberg and Dewey on foreign policy. They refer to themselves as "the Trio" and act as a unit. In addition, Dulles consults frequently with Secretary of State Marshall to co-ordinate the bipartisan foreign policy; and regularly receives full reports from the State Department even during the campaign—although since a good deal of American diplomacy, especially in Berlin, is conducted by the Military and the National Security Council, the co-operation is not quite as good as it sounds.

**J**OHN FOSTER DULLES is a tall, stoop-shouldered man, with a forbidding manner and a rocky Puritan profile. However, if something delights him, his features fall apart into a disarming grin. When I talked with him recently, I told him that many people recognized Dewey's executive ability, but questioned his knowledge of foreign affairs, and asked for a comment. Pacing the floor of his office, Dulles slowly dictated: "Dewey has a knowledge of foreign affairs that is equaled by few people whom I know. Over the last ten years he has made a point of meeting with the leading statesmen, both foreign and domestic, and he has questioned

them closely and come to reasoned conclusions based on a wealth of factual information." Then Dulles abruptly swung around to face me and his face dissolved into that grin as he said, "Furthermore, I really mean it."

Unless the unexpected should happen on November 2, Dulles is about to achieve his lifetime ambition—he will definitely be Dewey's Secretary of State. When that time comes, he expects that "the Trio" will carry on with even closer intimacy because of the added responsibility. However, Dewey has no intention of abdicating either power or responsibility. In our conversation at the Roosevelt, he said very pointedly to me, "The Constitution directly charges the President, not the Secretary of State, with the conduct of foreign affairs."

**R**OGER WILLIAMS STRAUS is another Dewey advisor with a considerable diplomatic background. His father, Oscar Straus, had the unique record of having been appointed United States Minister to Turkey three times by three different Presidents, two Republicans and one Democrat. He also served as Secretary of Commerce and Labor (before it was divided into two departments) under Theodore Roosevelt. Roger Straus grew up in the atmosphere of statecraft. He was an ardent admirer of the first Roosevelt, and acted as his office boy in the 1912 Bull Moose Convention. He says that Dewey's methods are more like T. R.'s than those of any other public figure he has known. For example, Dewey would always rather talk to a man than get a letter from him.

Though he is one of the Macy Strauses, Roger has made his career in the American Smelting and Refining Company; he went into it shortly after his graduation from Princeton, and is now Chairman of the Board. Through the vast ramifications of his company, which has interests in all parts of the globe, Straus is in constant touch with industrialists of all nations. In eighteen months, shortly after World War II, he traveled 60,000 miles, checking up on company properties and informing himself on political and economic conditions everywhere.

Straus, a handsome, gray-haired man, with a clear, tanned skin and a warm, friendly

manner, has been an intimate friend of Dewey's since 1935, and the Governor sets great store by his tolerant sagacity, both in politics and foreign affairs. Straus, who is a leading figure in Jewish welfare work, and has written considerably on religious liberty, is especially enthusiastic about the Governor's method of handling minority problems in New York State; he says Dewey does it effectively with no flag-waving. "He put through the Anti-Discrimination Law in New York State, and then picked first Henry Turner and afterward Charles Garside to run the Committee. Those two men did a wonderful job of enforcing the law by reason and conferences. They made it work, where a politically ambitious man could have wrecked the whole thing by hauling people into court just to get his name in the papers."

Though Straus has been in Republican politics all his life, he has never sought office and insists that he does not want it now. However, if any of the Dewey Team becomes Ambassador to England, it should be he.

John E. Burton, formerly of Bloomfield, Ohio, was brought into the Dewey group in 1938 by George Medalie, who searched for three months to find the best research man that could be had. Though only thirty-four at that time, Burton had already proved himself in this field as executive secretary of the Institute of Economic Research and director of research of the Mortgage Commission of the State of New York. Medalie found him lecturing on economics at New York University.

Burton set up a research bureau for Dewey in 1938, and has done so in each campaign since then. His friends say that he is one hundred per cent accurate, an able student of government, and very stubborn—a determined no-man. In his moments of relaxation he likes to fish and drive automobiles very fast. Being a Dewey career man—he is now the New York State director of the budget—he will certainly go to Washington as head of some important fiscal bureau where factual precision and financial knowledge will be at a premium.

**N**EXT to Paul Lockwood, Elliott Bell is the man closest to Dewey. They have been friends ever since 1928, when Dewey, recently out of law school, was earn-



ing \$3,000 a year, and Bell—a New Yorker who had graduated from Columbia in 1925—was representing the *Herald Tribune* on the “bank run” in the financial district. The Deweys and the Bells lived near each other and had a mutual taste for serious discussions on the Romanesque politics and fantastic finance of the bull market days. As bust followed boom, the ties of friendship strengthened. Bell was now on the financial staff of the *New York Times*, and Dewey soon became an Assistant U. S. District Attorney under Medalie.

In 1939, Bell resigned from the *Times* to help Dewey; and went on to write Willkie's financial speeches. When the 1940 campaign ended in defeat, Arthur Sulzberger asked Bell to join the editorial staff of the *Times* at an excellent salary.

On a spring evening, in 1942, the two friends walked down Fifth Avenue while Dewey begged Bell to come and help him in the coming gubernatorial campaign. Bell felt he could not let Sulzberger down again, but offered Dewey his nights. For the rest of the summer and fall, Bell wrote editorials for the *Times* by day; then went to the Barclay Hotel where he worked from 3 until 6 A.M. on Dewey's campaign.

When Dewey was elected, he emphatically wanted Bell in Albany and offered him the post of greatest interest to him, superintendent of banks.

Bell refused it so many times it is a wonder Dewey did not give up. The newspaperman knew that here was a Rubicon. Bell had great prestige on the *Times*; his work was known and praised by many financiers and economists of standing; and it was pleasant work, easy and well paid. This would be the end of that career; Bell would be tying his fortunes to Dewey, to stand or fall with him. Nevertheless, he finally succumbed to Dewey's fervor and the Governor reciprocated by giving Bell a free hand and full confidence. Now Bell meets with the Dulles group, the financial group, and all the other most intimate Dewey councils.

His most important assignment is helping Dewey with his speeches. The usual method of procedure is that first a particular subject is agreed upon by one of the groups. Then Burton produces the raw material, and he and Bell talk it over with the Governor. Lock-

wood, and (usually) Jim Hagerty. Experts are often called in. Dewey suggests the points he wants to make.

Thinking, germination, and gestation follow. Then Bell, or possibly some expert, writes a rough draft. Bell brings it along as far as possible and hands it over to the Governor. After that anything may happen. The speech may only be edited, with interpolations; it may be partly rewritten, or some phrase may start the Governor's mind on a tangent and he may dictate an entirely different speech. Sometimes they just say to each other, “This stinks,” and tear it up.

In any event Mrs. Dewey has the final say. Though she resolutely backs out of the limelight, she has a keen political mind. The Governor says that she reads every speech, blue pencils them, and appends comments—frequently, “I don't like this.”

Elliott Bell is an energetic man, with crisp coppery hair. A slight curvature of the spine does not keep him from being an expert skier and a good athlete or from conveying an impression of lively vigor. Despite his thoughtfulness, he has the newspaperman's ironic humor.

Bell will certainly go to Washington. He would like to be Secretary of the Treasury, and his ability and financial knowledge fit him for the post; but the political difficulty of giving both State and Treasury to New Yorkers make his appointment unlikely. More probably he will get something like Under Secretary of the Treasury or Director of the Budget. In that case, it would not be surprising if he exercised more influence than the actual Secretary of the Treasury. His financial philosophy, though more conservative than the New Dealers', is progressive: he may be expected to advocate a determined attack on inflation, a real effort to balance the budget, a more attractive rate on government bonds, closer co-operation between business and government, and a scientific study of the entire economic structure of the country with a view to gradual modernization.

#### IV

THE financial advisory group inevitably includes Bell, Burton, and Al Chapman. The last of these, who is certainly the handsomest member of the Team, is a tax

lawyer whom Dewey persuaded to devote his talents to writing tax laws instead of helping people to circumvent them. Chapman is loath to go to Washington, but whether he does or not, his knowledge will certainly be available in unscrambling the federal tax laws omelette. The financial group calls in more experts than any other, and also appraises suggestions made to the Governor by friends in all parts of the country.

The other advisory groups are less homogeneous. Rather than discuss matters among themselves, the individual members are more apt to consult singly with Dewey. On labor, the chief advisors are Thomas Murray of the AF of L, Edward Corsi, the New York State Commissioner of Labor, Bill Edwards, and Merlyn Pitzele, a former CIO organizer and labor editor of *Business Week*, whose thinking represents the younger element in the labor movement.

On military matters, Governor Dewey was impelled for a time by personal loyalty to rely largely on General Hugh A. Drum, whose military thinking seemed to many people to be a couple of wars behind the parade. Since his nomination, however, Dewey has induced General Eisenhower to become an ex-officio, non-political member of the Team. One of Dewey's first moves as President will be to straighten out the tangle into which the unification of the armed services has fallen.

Two other individuals, who do not belong in any group, are very influential in shaping Dewey's policies. Charles D. Breitell, counsel to the Governor, looks like a rosy-cheeked young neophyte, and actually is a tough-minded, experienced legal veteran. Dewey characterizes him as "the ablest lawyer I've

known in twenty years' experience." The Governor relies on Breitell for all legal advice, and has great respect for his judgment on any question whatever. He looks like the next Solicitor General.

The other influential figure is Miss Lillian Rosse, who for fourteen years has been Dewey's private secretary. She handles the Governor's enormous personal mail, sifting out for him the most important letters. She knows virtually all the Governor's friends through their correspondence, though she seldom meets them; by her intuitive sense, she sometimes knows them better than Dewey does himself. She will be an indispensable member of the President's official family.

Whether Governor Earl Warren will become a member of the Dewey Team is a matter of doubt. Presidents have frequently promised to take Vice Presidents off the substitutes' bench, but no one has yet overcome the constitutional difficulties. The Governor himself says that Warren's role "will have to evolve"—which may mean that Warren will wither on the vine. However, Dewey will undoubtedly try to draw some members of the Senate and House into his inner circle, in order to promote the sort of liaison with Congress that he has maintained with the State Legislature.

These, then, are the key figures of the Dewey Team, though associated with them are dozens of other able men and women. In the nature of things they are of course very much of a New York group, and if Governor Dewey is elected he will need to comb the whole country for administrators to man the vast agencies of the federal government. "I am already looking around," he says.



# The State of Modern Painting

*Lincoln Kirstein*

MODERN painting, which has been fighting a one-front war for so many years against those it considers the Philistines, now finds a new antagonist pressing it from another quarter. To a half-aroused public, teased as never before by the extensive treatment of art in the monster picture press, the order of battle is confusing, the issues at stake are obscure, and there seems to be no intelligible criterion by which the merits of the quarrel can be judged.

From one side modern painting continues to be belabored by the permanent Philistia—the academicians and nationalists who in every country and in every epoch defend inertia by invoking patriotism, social responsibility, or normalcy in the arts. This is the group that believes in the academic rendering of an image as it flashes on a healthy underdeveloped eye, and protests anything else. These are the people who may be counted upon to ignore the chief artists of their own era at their first appearance. They suffered a sharp defeat in 1913 at the time of the International Exhibition at the New York Armory, and since 1930, with the foundation of the Museum of Modern Art, they have been more on the defensive than the offensive. But recently there seems to have been a rallying of their forces. Cries for Patriotism, Social Realism, Region-

alism, and Common Sense have been heard from journalists like Thomas Craven and Peyton Boswell, Jr., from painters like George Biddle, from frightened salesmen like Robsjohn-Gibbings, and even from institutions wavering in their loyalty between art and industry, such as the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston. Their essential provincialism is apparent and, as a philosophical or historical attitude, is untenable.

But now there is an attack on modern painting from quite another quarter. At first glance it appears that this new offensive is much the same as that from Philistia, but a closer look reveals that this is a gross error. The new opposition is not conservative; it may be called reactionary, but one must recall the history of intellectual movements in periods of reaction before one condemns the term as entirely pejorative. This new opposition does not subscribe to the general acceptance and canonization of abstract painting—a modern Abstract Academy that, like its other academic predecessors, now wins prizes in eminently respectable national salons. However, the new opposition, unlike Philistia, in no way opposes the use of unhampered imagination, experiment in new method or material, or what is loosely called distortion. This new opposition does, nevertheless, oppose impro-

*Lincoln Kirstein has recently completed a monograph on the sculptor Elie Nadelman, who was discussed by Mr. Harper in the April "After Hours." An exhibition of Nadelman's sculpture will open during this month at the Museum of Modern Art.*

visation as method, deformation as a formula, and painting (which is a serious matter) as an amusement manipulated by interior decorators and high-pressure salesmen. The new opposition deplores a basic lack of general culture, historical and scientific, on the part of most of our painters, and their lack of stable technical processes and rational craftsmanship. I wish to ally myself with this new opposition and explain, as best I can, its point of view.

THERE is no question here of the artist's prerogative to paint whatever he wants to paint. There is no intention of limiting his freedom. But the new opposition to modern art contends that the artist should use his imagination without frivolity or dilliantism and that his hand and his eye must be trained. It contends that improvisation has for many artists become a method of creation. Loose association of ideas has been substituted for analytical and selective thinking. Experiments are passed off as fully achieved and mature art. Since the Fauves, who painted in France at the start of our century, few pictures have been consciously designed and executed with a coherent, consistent, and organic hand, eye, and mind. Generally even the paintings most reproduced today have been improvised both in form and in content, layer of paint on tentative layer—a continuous improvised kitchen. The top surface is served up with all the preparatory mess.

There are few fully-realized works in our time that compare in mastery or determined effort to Watteau's "Embarkation for Cythera," or to Seurat's "Afternoon on the Island of the Grand Jatte." These two pictures, painted centuries apart, both impose their humane order on our concrete, visible world, and yet they make their own worlds of unique personal fantasy. Today the reason why pictures are hard to paint cannot be explained by saying that we lack a dominant religious faith or that we are living in anxious times. Painters today live in no greater spiritual or physical danger than Breughel at the hands of the Duke of Alba, Greco menaced by the Inquisition, or Courbet ruined for his part in the Commune. What painting lacks today is what bad painting always lacks: adequate intellectual capacity and manual skill. It is not

enough to be able to see, to have personal vision, an original eye, and the ambition to be an artist, and it never has been.

It is not the isolated works such as Picasso's key period-pieces ("*Les Femmes d'Alger*," "*Guernica*") or Dali's "*Persistence of Memory*," which contain memorable images, that the new opposition objects to, but rather those paintings-in-series, hatched out in the relatively few months it takes to whip up another one-man show. They seem to be rolled out on an endless belt of canvas, sheared off on perforation lines like postage stamps. Each framed bit of yardage receives the unmistakable stamp of the author's signature, and becomes, with the aid of dealers and journalists, a more or less negotiable security. You will find here no selfless modesty on the part of the artist, either in his devotion to his subject or to its execution. The artist is obsessed with developing his idiosyncrasy and with demonstrating his individuality. This personalism, which is rarely even comparatively original, is just as rarely interesting for long. Usually it gets attention simply because it is easy to recognize its provenance or because it differs stylistically (somewhat) from the work of other similarly "original" personalities.

## II

THE influential painting of our time (and this does not mean the most important painting) is not concerned with what artists see or with how they see, but with how they paint. Ostensibly, the subject of their pictures is the exploration of the artist's sub-, super-, or un-conscious life and inner vision—a comment on subjective reality. Their interest is in how much they deviate from the three or four big movements in art in the past fifty years and from the three or four big talents. Most of the deviation is, in fact, merely dilution. Few modern artists have been sufficiently dedicated to their art to elevate their idiosyncrasies to an achievement interesting or inexhaustible enough to compare with their own historical sources.

The contemporary Academy of Abstract Painting is primarily decorative. Most of the acceptable abstractions are too big in area for the ideas they contain, and far too big for the small apartments where they are likely to



land. But that is not the artist's concern. He paints mainly for exhibitions, or hopefully for a few public collections. The images that he puts on improperly-prepared canvas are rarely fully realized. Traces of shifting intention, betraying the artist's basic lack of determination or impulse, are almost always boastfully apparent in the finished piece, as though not knowing one's own mind were a virtue. The pictures are, in effect, frozen rather than finished. Finality is rare. The artist simply abandons his picture at some point out of laziness, pique, or lack of imagination. Consciously or unconsciously he flatters his public in a double deal. He provides attractive or at least undisturbing generalizations of forms which are not so insistent that they will interrupt conversation by calling attention to themselves. At the same time, the very lack of conclusiveness allows the public to participate in the creative process. They can fill out the fragmentary or unrealized portions of the picture by their individual fancy and to their haphazard satisfaction.

Decorative improvisation of this sort would have been unthinkable before Cézanne. He made personal experiments that were valid for him. A true primitive, he felt that it was his duty to teach himself how to see, to re-investigate the whole nature of plastic rendering. After his death, his laboratory was rifled and all his partial truths and searchings were expensively framed and sold, an invasion that he would have been the first to resent. On his heels painters have projected chance into a canon, taking advantage of every lucky accident of the brush as though it were a sort of extra dividend of creation. Mindlessness has been disguised as purity, improvisation has masqueraded as inspiration or revelation. Not only has the painter been excused from using his mind (as the musician and architect have not been) but he is open to suspicion if he does. The painter has become a professional amateur, a sleight-of-hand performer, an irresponsible dilettante of charm, freshness, and innocence who must always amuse his public. With increasing practice he has become a variety artist with a single act, and the public is resentful when he alters his routine. They like him as he is, easily recognizable. His manager encourages him to toss the same bottles into the air year after year as long as the public is entertained.

These jugglers are the mindless painters-by-series. Some of them, like Matisse, Segonzac, Dufy, Friez, Derain, Vlaminck, Utrillo, Léger, Lurçat, and Chagall, initially made historical contributions to the tendentious painting of their epoch, but they have left few individual masterpieces by which their reputations will stand. We speak of *liking* Bonnard, for example, even of liking the "early Bonnard" or preferring the "late Bonnard." Yet it is hard to recall more than two or three isolated works by this master. When we *like* Bonnard, what we really mean is that we like the quality of paint as Bonnard applies it—his element of comestible domesticity, the reiteration of his big, sunny, formless fragments. But in speaking of Watteau, or Seurat, we refer in almost every case to a specific picture whose location we know—an accomplished vision, independent of any source or series, and indeed even free of the hand that signed it; isolated, complete, a monument.

### III

WHERE are our standards of judgment? How do we use our eyes when we face contemporary art? Occasionally, in this country, we look at paintings of 1450, 1550, 1650, or 1750. So let us look at the work of a Van Eyck, a Perugino, a Poussin, a Watteau, or even at any works of their schools or followers. In each there is a consistent texture of thin paint, applied by techniques developed by generations of devoted, guild-trained craftsmen who established methods of painting which assured the chemical stability of their pictures and so assured them of permanence as statements of humane ideas.

Spontaneity, immediacy, improvisation as dogma were alien to them. The ideas and subjects that they chose to paint were chosen from a commonly understood repertory. Not every or any idea, they believed, was interesting or could be expressed in paint; some ideas were better suited than others. The size of the panels on which they painted their compositions bore a direct relation to the individual capacity of the painter, the ultimate use or placement of his picture, and the method and medium employed. Little was left to hazard, from the idea—sacred or profane—to the first preparation of the panel's

surface, the drawing upon it, the underpainting and glazing, right through to the design of the frame which was conceived as part of its integrated setting. We pardon none of the older painters for lack of imagination or manual dexterity. We presuppose their painstaking interest in craftsmanship and their capacity for making their pictures survive for centuries. But for these artists, whom we forgive nothing, art was a devotion and not an amusement. We take for granted that, after five hundred years, certain paintings are still inexhaustibly interesting. How many of our contemporary paintings-by-series will be found even inexhaustibly amusing after twenty-five years?

**W**HEN did we start to pardon painters for not doing all that they could or should? When did we stop caring about complete excellence of mind, hand, and eye; about the size of a picture being commensurate with the ideas in it, and about the painting of a picture for a given appropriate place? When did we start to be interested in accidental documents, and to worship the blown-up sketch, the framed half-step, the splinter of idiosyncrasy? Did it all come to a head with Manet and the arrival of the Impressionists, when brush-work became interesting for its own bravura alone, and any slice of uncomposed or decomposed nature was found equally worthy of attention? Was craftsmanship lost when painters stopped grinding their own colors and the synthetic pigment industry began concocting them, by machinery out of dubious materials? Were considerations of completeness abandoned with the rise of the art dealer, when any scrap from a hand that could do better came to be sold as a *bona fide* certificate of the very best?

Collectors began to be more concerned with who had painted a picture than with the craft (or synthesis of poetry and accuracy) of the picture itself. Signatures, in other words, became more important than quality. The small private combines of painters and dealers began to take on the characteristics of big cartels, as pervasive as I. G. Farben. Impressionism, Post-Impressionism, Expressionism, Cubism, Surrealism, and Abstract Art, these were the cartels, and the shares in them are still gingerly held—though, as in any speculation, the market might break at any time.

Actually the securities themselves are of an ephemeral character. They have not been painted to endure. Today we are not interested in what we call paint-quality unless it is rich and gutsy, a lusciousness derived from Hals, Velasquez, Goya, and Manet. We do not seem to care that no rational craftsmanship or chemical stability supports the surface of many famed pictures by Van Gogh, Soutine, Rouault, or Vlaminck. Soutine is no Rembrandt. The impasto he built up in a couple of afternoons, wet paint on wet paint, is already revenged by serious fissures. Soutine is generally considered today to be a better painter than Sargent, and yet the pictures of both men are deteriorating into cracked and darkening wrecks. Look at the condition of the sky in the Douanier Rousseau's "Sleeping Gypsy," or at the large areas intended to be luminous in many important contemporary pictures.

Oil paint and turpentine or linseed oil, swiftly whipped up, paint fresh from a tube of doubtful manufacture, thinned down with a binder which seldom binds for long without becoming dull—these have produced a rapid brilliance for the modern painter which rapidly becomes dusty and dull. An American publisher recently told the eminent French painter, Georges Braque, how sorry he was that a recent book of color reproductions of his paintings was so inaccurate. Braque was unperturbed. "After all," he said, "I might have painted them that way, too." We forget that the spontaneous accent of paint clean from the tube when tacky and half-dried provides dust-traps. The brief rapture of the moment caught dulls a brief splendor into a sanctified wreck.

#### IV

**T**HE Museum of Modern Art, in promulgating its useful catalogues, which remain as textbooks long after the closing of their exhibitions, has allocated to the past five decades an importance which is not balanced by the publications of any other influential museum—such as the Metropolitan, which has the stewardship of the past five thousand years. The Museum of Modern Art has done its job almost too well. Today most young painters, thanks to the museum's publications, feel that the past fifty years are more



instructive and worthy of imitation than the past five hundred.

Young painters, induced by dynamic showmanship and a normal interest in their own age, dedicate themselves to the shifting shows at the Modern Museum and on Fifty-Seventh Street. If they go to the Metropolitan, it is usually to see the few late nineteenth century French works and an expressionist masterpiece—Greco's "View of Toledo." They rarely investigate the Near East, or the Orient, and the so-called minor arts; antique sculpture, the collection of casts, and the collection of prints and drawings require too much energy for long looks. Most of our young abstract academicians can talk of Hans Hoffmann, the debt to Kandinsky and Mondrian, or the splinter groups from Klee and Cubism. But they are not aware of the effect of the ideas of painters who worked in the camerino of Isabella d'Este; they are impatient of Plato and Plotinus. They feel that these ideas are without meaning for them. They do not work hard or read widely, and hence are hard put to make use of much save their own accidental and careless discoveries in a recent past.

With the approach of 1950 is not a reappraisal of the entire production of the past century inevitable? Are reputations that are now dominant secure? We have recently had an opportunity to look at one of our modern masters, Matisse, and see him whole in an extensive exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum. He emerges as a decorator in the French taste, the Boucher of his epoch, whose sources in the miniatures and ceramics of Islam are, inch for inch, his superior. Every eminent artist whose worldly reputé has been built for him out of greed, laziness, irresponsible snobbery, and relentless devotion to influential political careers as art executives must sometimes chill, even in the warm spotlight, at the great precedents of collapsed fame.

Let us look back to 1880. If you were in Paris then as a young journalist or painter you would have known the names of the great artists of the day and where they had their studios. Their names were Carolus-Duran, Bastien-Lepage, Léon Bonnat, Meissonier, Vibert, and Bougereau. If you had been asked, you would have advised your wealthy American friends of that epoch to purchase the paintings of these men at the great prices

demanding for them. Where are they now? In the cellars of the Museums of Modern Art of their time. And yet, exiled to basements today, they may in another fifty years be found to be superior in humanity and handling to many pictures hung in places of honor and painted since. Alfred H. Barr of the Museum of Modern Art has said: "We try to collect and exhibit whatever painting seems creatively significant; and if, in the course of time, one or two choices out of ten prove worthy, I believe the general selection is justified." Certainly this is reasonable enough, but just as the written word in the museum's catalogues remains in the mind, the pictures from its "permanent" collection remain also. They represent, after all, just one kind of picture selected as a demonstration of the development of what seems to the men who collect them to be a significant body of tendencies. But they are infrequently good models, too often charts of dead ends, unselective and feeble imitations of renowned paintings by famous signatures.

Toynbee did not have to teach us. Critics who see the past fifty years in a flash have always questioned themselves. Faced with an Egyptian portrait head, how many of us can risk more than an intelligent guess as to when, within five hundred years, it was cut and by whom? Are the names of three Egyptian sculptors known to us? Is there any certainty that one work remains from the actual hand of Phidias or Praxiteles? Did Giotto sign each panel in Padua with the date of the year, or even the time of day? Indeed did he sign his name? On the other hand, may we not congratulate ourselves that we have the entire vast *oeuvre* of our greatest painter annotated hour by hour, and photographed play by play. We have the good fortune, as André Malraux wrote of Picasso, to have an artist who works for his biographers, devoting himself to the creation of illustrations for his own encyclopaedic catalogue.

**M**R. CLEMENT GREENBERG, the most vocative defender of our Abstract Academy of decorative improvisation, writes in the May 1948 number of *Partisan Review*:

The message of modern art, abstract or not, Matisse's, Picasso's, or Mondrian's, is precisely that means are content. Pigment

and its abstract combinations on canvas are as important as delineated forms; matter—colors and the surfaces on which they are placed—is as important as ideas. Human activity embodies its own ends and no longer makes them transcendental by postponing them to afterlife or old age. All experience is sanctified, all we can know is the best we can know. These may be errors, just as the myths of religion are errors, but they are capable of producing an art just as profound and “human” as that which incorporated the myths of religion.

It would be hard to compact so many mysteries in so brief a space, but it is a useful quotation. If the tone were not so assertive, so unsupported by example, it would be easier to answer. Mr. Greenberg seems to feel that today we have suddenly made a liberating break with an enslaving past. Today we have managed to make something really new. At what point did the break come when means stopped being means? Today we have means as content; the content is as fragmentary and exhaustible as the impermanent methods used to produce it and as lacking in intellectual reference. Possibly all experience is “sanctified,” but is any and all experience useful for visual exploitation? Suddenly we are offered art without limits.

Every art, up to now, has had subjects that were especially dear to it, subjects congenial with the medium. All experience is not equally appropriate or interesting to be painted, any more than all subjects are equally appropriate to sculpture, or to the ballet. The myths of religion are not errors, they are poetical truths expressed by symbols, and are still true and serviceable to poets and painters without reference to dogma. Mr. Greenberg feels that his particular “errors are capable of producing an art just as profound and ‘human’ as that which incorporated the myths of religion.” Let him consider Medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque painting, and then provide us with a list of pictures painted in the past fifty years which he feels accomplish this.

Nevertheless there are painters who go about their business as artists have in the past—ignored or condemned. Few of them are in extreme want; they are left alone to paint a few, slow, permanent pictures quite against the dominant taste of their time. Even in the

dullest time there has been good painting, which in the West descends in an unbroken line from the Middle Ages to our own day, a line brightened less by the flashiness of painters' personalities than by individual pictures of which we never tire. The names of these submerged modern painters are unimportant; we would only disagree personally if we mentioned a candidate; time will select them with its own impartial and patient hand. These painters are often characterized by their acceptance of the principle that the Greeks had no name for art—modern or ancient. For them it was *techne*. These painters put intelligence above inspiration or originality. They render the particular chaos of their time not by chaotic swirls of paint, but by a carefully selected and constructed legible image which may give some powerful hint of grand confusion, without being pretentious or vague.

## V

IN THE other arts improvisation and decoration are not, even today, basic means or ends. Music, after all, demands a stable counterpoint and the virtual mastery on the part of a composer of at least one complex instrument. The greatest innovators of our time have also been the greatest pedagogues. Stravinsky, Hindemith, and Schönberg are teachers who have uninterruptedly, in spite of their individual discoveries, emulated the past in the superiority of their perfect craft. Their elaborate symphonic works are extensions of a consecutive tradition. Atonality itself, the twelve-tone scale, and the “prepared piano” are unthinkable without presupposing the most formidable scientific knowledge on the part of those who used them as mediums of creation.

So it is with literature. Valéry went to school under Mallarmé; for twenty years he produced nothing except profound self-study, burnishing his poetical insight into a magical equipment, so that when he came to write, the poems had some chance at a permanent enrichment of the French tradition. Eliot was trained on the Provençal poets, on Dante, Donne, and Dryden; he destroyed his imitations of Pope; he emerges as one of the greatest English metrists. Joyce was an eruption of the classics from Augustine and Aquinas to Vico and Flaubert. Men like



these are infrequently equalled, even in general education or culture, by our painters.

Is there any reason why artists should not be educated in science, philosophy, history, and art history? Why should not painters assume a craftsmanship as absolute as the composer with his piano? The notes a musician reads apply to his whole literature, from Bach to Bartók. He need not start with Stravinsky, any more than Stravinsky did. Why should a painter feel he must have an original or experimental mind when he is but one of many who are working, especially when he is often incapable of evaluating useful experiments because he lacks practice and information? Why should every modern artist feel he must be capable, like Rimbaud or Van Gogh, of inspiration or revelation,

especially when he has no sources but three or four famous painters of the generation that preceded him?

Would it not be more useful, agreeable, and amusing if painters once again painted pictures only as big as the idea which prompted them, if they risked rendering in color only after they were able to choose from among all types of useful method, so that their preference was based on a complete choice and was neither accidental nor naïve? Would it not be more interesting and less wasteful if pictures were constructed in awe of time, responsible to the lively past, responsible to the awful present, with modest hopes of existence alongside the honorable works of the past and present, even into an unforgiving future?

## *For Penelope*

JOHN E. McMILLIN

. . . And there was Polyphemus,  
A very rugged character.  
Bellowed like a bull when we stuck the spit in his eye.  
Scared the bloody blazes out of the crew.  
Me? No, why should I be?  
He was just a man, wasn't he?

And the Lotos Eaters.  
And that damned fruit.  
All we wanted to do was eat and eat  
And sit on our tails under the trees  
Forever.

And Circe. Circe and her swine,  
Rooting and wallowing and squealing and—  
Yes, I guess you'd call her beautiful.  
Sort of hippy, bosomy, oriental.  
No, I didn't say that.  
I didn't mean that either.  
You're beautiful, too, but in a different way.  
You're beautiful, well, like Ithaca.  
You're—no, no, I don't mean that.  
I don't mean "bony, rocky, small."  
I mean—well, dammit, listen to me then!  
I mean you're beautiful like home,  
And I came home, didn't I?

# *Meeting Time*

A Story by John D. Weaver

*Illustrations by Lou Block*

**T**HE men, still drowsy from the long sermon, leaned against the big locust trees in front of the log church, while the women closed in like fox hounds around the Reverend Poplum. The men scratched their backs on the locust trunks, took out snuff and tobacco, making ready for the long wait. They knew the women wouldn't leave until they found out something about the new wife the preacher had brought home from his summer revival week.

"Maybe the heat don't agree with the new Mrs. Poplum," Mrs. Mark Cass said, fretting her bluebird breastpin.

"Hot, awright," the preacher said.

The women wouldn't have known about the new wife if one of the Anderson girls hadn't gone up to the preacher's house Friday morning with a basket of hen eggs, and when she spotted a woman's red head through the window, the preacher told her he'd gotten married again. The Anderson girl had, of course, run straight down the hill to tell the Widow Curtis, because in the three months since the death of the last Mrs. Poplum, all Creek Orchard had expected the Widow and the preacher to make a match of it. The Reverend Poplum was not a man to go through a bleak Blue Ridge winter unmarried.

"Late," the preacher mumbled. "Gitting late." He glanced helplessly for an opening in the wall of women, then suddenly wheeled and plunged between Mrs. Hawg Waller and Mrs. Senn Fenster. "Can't keep Birdie waiting," he said.

The women smiled and rustled their custard-colored fans. At least they knew her name now. They turned and went back to their men, saying the name over to themselves. Birdie. They wondered if that was her baptized name or just a play name, the kind a man makes up for a woman before her newness wears off.

**A**FTER dinner, while Mark Cass was sleeping in the porch swing, Mrs. Cass filled a covered dish with fried chicken and butter beans, then waddled up the gray, rutted pike which wound through the Virginia hills between Royaltown and Cassville. The Reverend Poplum lived in a small yellow frame house tucked like a rabbit box in the hillside just above Cass Creek. There was a broad flower bed, now overgrown, on one side of the house and a rock garden on the other. (The preacher's first wife had gone in for flowers, the second for rocks.) As she half-circled the preacher's vegetable garden, hidden from the house by a thick fringe of pines, Mrs. Cass could see another woman heading up from the mill ruins across the creek. She could tell it was Mrs. Senn Fenster because of the slight limp (a flat iron had fallen on her left foot one winter, and the bones hadn't healed right). Mrs. Cass sat down on a walnut stump to wait. Then Mrs. Hawg Waller came jogging across the plank bridge trying to catch up with Mrs. Fenster.

"Just a li'l somepun for the preacher's wife," Mrs. Cass explained to the two women, holding up her covered dish.



"Now ain't that right queer?" Mrs. Waller said. "Lobelia'n me got the same notion."

Mrs Fenster had tomato preserves. Mrs. Waller had ham and cottage cheese.

The women filed singly up the path, Mrs. Cass leading, of course. The Cass family was not only the oldest family in Creek Orchard, but they also had a town named after them, and a creek. Mrs. Waller came next; her husband drew good wages for stone-masoning. Mrs. Fenster limped along behind the other two. Senn Fenster hired out by the day.

The preacher met them at the door, thanked them for their covered dishes, then led them around to the front porch. He invited them to chair a while, but the women said they couldn't stay but only just a minute, they had to get back to their men.

"We want you'n Mrs. Poplum to come take dinner with us next Sunday," Mrs. Cass said, peering in the front window.

"Thank you," the preacher said, "but I'll have to speak to Birdie. She's got her own ways of . . ."

He broke off abruptly as they all caught a flash of red hair streaking into the kitchen. The door slammed shut. The preacher coughed and walked them to the footpath. He looked tired.

"Don't count on it," he told Mrs. Cass. "Don't count on nothing for sure."

MRS. CASS went home, changed into her Sunday house dress, washed the dinner dishes, then sat down in her rocker, watching the late afternoon shadows blanket the glitter of the creek rapids. Mark Cass lay on his back in the swing, the top two buttons of his pants undone. He slept with his farm journal over his face. He made gurgling noises. Suddenly Mrs. Cass stopped rocking. The Widow Curtis was puffing hurriedly up the path. Mrs. Cass walked down to meet her.

"I just come from the Revrunt's," the Widow said, "and you know what she is?" Her face was red and shiny with sweat.

"Whatever she is," Mrs. Cass said, "she's the Revrunt's wife now, and we oughta try'n forget the past in the hope of . . ."

"No, not that," the Widow said.

Mrs. Cass drew the Widow over to a large flat rock which lay on the ground like a drying board. The Widow sat down.

"She's a preacher," the Widow said. "A woman preacher."

Mrs. Cass sat down on the rock beside the Widow, who squared around with her hands on her knees, and her face had the pleased look of a woman with a great deal more to report.

"She was preaching at the 'vival," the Widow said. "Thas how the Revrunt come to meet her."

Mrs. Cass nodded. "He married his second at 'vival time," she said. "He just gits carried away."

"And you know what?" the Widow said, and it was plain she had been saving this for last. "Next Sunday she's gonna preach for the Revrunt."

When Mrs. Cass said nothing, the Widow turned to study her face. It was pale, but without expression. "You hear me? She's gonna preach *here*."

"I heard you," Mrs. Cass said.

She stared at the ground, her mind a churn of red hair and revivals and thoughts of the days to come. The Reverund Poplum had been with them for twenty years. He had buried the Casses' oldest boy, married their two girls, sat up with Mark the night he nearly died of the pneumonia. They were used to the preacher, and he was used to them. His church was the one thing that held them all together; it was the one place where everybody met, and in the hard winters the preacher was the only person who carried news from one house to the other. A new





preacher might change things, especially a woman preacher with red hair.

"Well?" the Widow said.

Mrs. Cass knew that whatever she said now would within an hour be repeated in every home in the Creek Orchard hills. She trembled under the weight of her responsibility.

"I better git back to Mark 'fore he starts calling me," Mrs. Cass said.

It was, within the memory of Mrs. Cass's generation, the first time she had not expressed an opinion, usually the final word, on a local issue.

THAT Monday seemed to most of the Creek Orchard women the longest day of recent years, but Tuesday was twice as long, and by Wednesday even the men were getting restless. They sat on the counter of Gus Falk's store, talking crops and fishing, then working the conversation around to the new Mrs. Poplum. Flute Figgins, who had not been to church for twenty years, said he was going to be in the first row next Sunday. "You'll have to git there early," Mark Cass said, and Flute just laughed. "I'll git there early," he said, and Bettem Curry pulled out a fresh dollar bill. "Dollar says I beat you." Mark Cass held the stakes.

Friday the Anderson girl got a good look at Mrs. Poplum. After she left the hen eggs with the preacher, the Anderson girl hid in

the bushes back of the springhouse until Mrs. Poplum came outside. Mrs. Anderson rushed the girl up to the store to tell what she'd seen, and the people bought her penny candy and ice cream sticks and licorice whips. Even Mrs. Cass came to hear how Mrs. Poplum had marched out into the side yard, with "her hair redder than a bresh fire." She was taller than the preacher, the child said, and when she hollered at him, "he jumped like a snake bit him, he was that scared." Mrs. Cass gave the Anderson girl a nickel to spend, and then Tad Sherman came in and the child began the story again. She was driven home late that night, happy to the point of hysteria. Later she was sick at her stomach.

As Sunday drew nearer, the restlessness became more difficult to bear. Saturday was such a disquieting day the men left the fields early and gathered at the store, while the women fussed and fretted around their kitchens, and when Mrs. Hawg Waller called on Mrs. Cass, she told her, "I just couldn't set hom'n wait by myself." Mrs. Cass nodded. "I tell you what I done today," Mrs. Cass said. "I got all my good china and washed and dried it so hard I almost wore the flowers off." They fixed a pot of coffee and drank it in the kitchen.

The men, crowding into Gus Falk's store, drank pop until Flute Figgins showed up. Then they drank white whisky, and when that ran out, Luther Mills set up a gallon of apple brandy he'd been saving against the day of his oldest daughter's getting married. After that was gone, a half-gallon of sugar-colored corn came from somewhere, nobody knew where. The men began to throw black walnuts at one another. They went wading in the creek, sang hill songs, did jig dances and listened to old Brick Slater tell stories of the great whisky drinkers of his youth. Luther Mills fell in the creek. Bettem Curry got three terrapins and won fifty cents racing them. Flute Figgins threw rocks at the schoolhouse until he'd broken every window pane. He said that was what had been the ruin of him, schooling. "They put more in my head than it'd hold."

Bettem Curry bet Tuck Tuckerman and Tad Sherman they couldn't turn Tuck's car around on the road without backing. Tuck and Tad got in the car and drove it into the creek; they just sat in the front seat, laughing



and drinking and singing until they fell asleep. They slept all night with the creek washing quietly over the floor boards. The younger men picked fights and the older men made bets, with Luther Mills starting new fights when the natural ones gave out, then the younger men went looking for girls and the older men sat back talking about the girls who had excited them in their young days, girls long since married or dead or moved away. Brick Slater spoke for them all when he said, "They was harder to git at, but it was worth the trouble, 'cause when you got one, you got a lot more woman."

**W**HEN the sun came up over the Hogback, Flute Figgins was lying in a ditch, his arms covered with cuts from the schoolhouse glass. His blue shirt had a red front like a dickey. Luther Mills had fallen into a well, and it took four men to haul him out. Gus Falk was sleeping on the front porch of his store, his face bruised purple from the whacking of his wife's broom when he'd tried to stagger to the bed. Mark Cass was sleeping on the ground beside the store, his head on a mossy rock. One shoe was missing. Somebody had lifted Brick Slater's false teeth and put them in the store window with a tomato stuffed in them. Ted Sherman woke up in the flooded car, and got in an argument with Tuck Tuckerman. They fell to fighting and Tuck got his nose broken. Oldtimers, surveying the wreckage and piecing together the broken stories which had begun to sift down from the hills, agreed there had not been another such night since Wilson was elected the second time and old Senator Brundage set up a hogshead of rye whisky for the poll-watchers.

The men limped into the church with swollen heads and bruised faces, their eyes red-webbed and heavy with the loss of sleep. They held their heads as though they were loose. Everybody came except Brick Slater, who said he wouldn't set foot inside a church even if the lady preacher had two heads and both of them red. The women came in their Sunday finery, their faces pale and strained from the long wait. Mrs. Senn Fenster had sat up all night finishing the new dress she'd started in June for Mrs. Sill Lawman's funeral, and had put aside when Mrs. Lawman took a turn for the better. Mrs. Mark

Cass sat on the front row, staring at the lectern, and her face was like carved hickory.

An hour before services the church was packed, the overflow spilling out into the yard, crowding around the open windows. Flute Figgins didn't get his front row seat, but he got inside, standing by the sun window, scratching the lobe of his left ear. Bettem Curry was standing behind him, his lips moving as he mumbled to himself; it was a nervous habit of Bettem's, making bets with himself.

The men pressed against the throbbing in their heads, the women stirred their church fans, the children squirmed and whispered, and then there was a streak of red, a glory shout, and a voice that struck like lightning.



Afterward, still shaken, their eyes glazed with shock, they stood in the locust shade outside and stared at one another in disbelief. They tried to remember what it had been like in that log building where the chinked walls had seemed to shake, where men had trembled and women wept, and all

had been numb with indescribable fear and wonder. They saw the Lattimore twins helping Mrs. Luther Mills to her car, and they remembered how she had fallen to the floor, moaning and writhing and speaking the unknown tongue. Seeing her now, with the strength drained from her body, and remembering the babble of terror and repentance, they tried to connect what had happened inside with the reality of the familiar churchyard around them. They looked at Flute Figgins and wondered if he had really thrown a whisky bottle out of the window and vowed never to touch it again. Bettem Curry had thrown a deck of playing cards, Mark Cass a sack of smoking tobacco. Miss Tassie Tuckerman had sobbed out the story of her evil ways with Lard Manston.

"I was studying Mrs. Mark Cass," Bettem Curry said, pressing against a locust trunk to still the shaking of his body. "She had a fan

in her left hand, and I was betting myself I could count to fifty 'fore she started to fan herself, then I seen red and heard the Come to glory shout, and it felt like the voice was coming right at me . . . ."

"It wasn't only at you," Flute Figgins said. "It was straight into you like a knife. Thas when I throwed the whisky and took my vow."

In the telling and retelling they found some measure of comfort and relief, but for final reassurance they needed to see the woman again and hear the strange, terrifying voice in the open, where it might, perhaps, be less frightening. It had always been the custom for the preacher to come outside and speak with them after services, but Birdie had already left. Not, however, so quickly or so quietly as Lard Manston.

"I feel better for gitting up and telling it all straight out," Miss Tassie Tuckerman said.



AT GUS FALK'S store next morning the flavoring set peddler offered to bet two dollars the next car to come over the new cement culvert would have a license plate ending in an even number. Bettem Curry looked the other way. The peddler said he'd bet it was an odd number. Bettem Curry walked out to the porch and slammed the door.

Flute Figgins went to town, bought glass and putty, and repaired all the schoolhouse windows.

Luther Mills emptied two Mason jars of white whisky into Cass Creek. It killed four perch and a chub.

Gus Falk went over his store books and found he'd overcharged some of his account customers. He gave them credit for the amount of the mistakes. Mrs. Falk flung herself out of the store, wailing, "He's ruining me!"

Lard Manston married Tassie Tuckerman.

By the end of the week the price of mountain whisky had dropped from three dollars a gallon to a dollar and a half, and Gus Falk had moved all of his smoking and chewing tobacco back to the storeroom. He said there was no use wasting shelf space on it. Nobody bought the stuff now except old Brick Slater, then Brick came down with a terrible sickness, and everybody said it was a judgment on him.



"Hawg Waller's gone plumb out of his head," Mrs. Waller told Mrs. Cass. "He won't work for wages no more. Spends all his time down at the church masoning 'em a wall for free. I declare he's gonna land us in the poor farm."

Ad Findlay sold the gold out of his teeth and paid up all his debts. What he had left over he offered the Reverend Poplum for the church.

"It's mighty nice of you, Ad," the preacher said. "but you got your family to think of. You better keep it for a rainy day."

"Don't it say in Scripture that money is the root of all evil?"

"No, Ad. It says the *love* of money. You put your cash somewhere safe against a sudden sickness."

Ad kept the money, but he told it all over Creek Orchard; he said it was a pity and a shame the Reverend Poplum didn't have the true religion.

The Reverend Poplum went to see Mrs. Cass. She was crying.

"The things Mark Cass says to me, it's awful. Thirty years he ain't hardly raised his voice to me, nor me to him, except only when he's sleeping too hard to hear, but now he's quit smoking and when that 'bacco craving hits 'im, he yells at me like I was a hound dog and deaf to boot."

The preacher shook his head. He said what he could, then he turned to go. He said it was time he got home and fixed supper.

"You mean she don't even cook your meals?" Mrs. Cass said, and the preacher nodded. Mrs. Cass took the preacher by the arm. "Now you just set down there and read the paper till I git my supper ready."

THE preacher protested, but Mrs. Cass wouldn't hear of it. She said Mark had gone into town, and no telling when he'd be back, and she certainly wasn't going to wait supper, so if the Reverend didn't stay, she'd have to eat by herself. The preacher smiled and said he was tired of his own cooking. Mrs. Cass told him to take his shoes off. He said he couldn't, and then it came out. He had holes in his socks.

"What kinda religion is it when a woman don't cook nor mend for her husband?" Mrs. Cass said.

"Most ways we're happy, but I like the old

hill ways, and she don't. She's got her own ideas."

Mrs. Cass snorted. "Ideas!" She flounced out to the kitchen and made the supper. The preacher ate two big helpings of everything, and three of the spoon bread. Then Mrs. Cass made him take off his socks, and he sat in the big easy chair, smoking and wiggling his toes, while Mrs. Cass darned the holes. Then she poured him a little glass of elderberry wine.

"Take some more," she said when he drained the glass. "Mark won't touch it no more."

"They's no harm in it," the preacher said. "It's like everything else. You can make it a bad thing by using it wrong, or a good thing by using it right."

Sitting in the easy chair with the red wine glass, the preacher did not look tired any more. He reminded Mrs. Cass of the old days when he had always been first at the apple butter boilings and the wedding suppers, laughing when Bettem Curry waved a five-dollar bill and bet the first child would be a boy, clapping for Flute Figgins to do his sword dance, and not turning away when Mark Cass got the men together over a Mason jar and told wedding night jokes. Girls were grown and married and had children of their own who had been baptized by the Reverend Poplum, and boys he'd driven to school in a borrowed hay wagon before the county got the yellow school bus were voting and farming. Graves, where the preacher had stood over the raw clay to speak the parting words, had become overrun with vines and briars, and even the oldest people were hard put to remember what it was like in Creek Orchard before the preacher came there, a young man then, who used to take his turn in the fields.

"Whas 'at I smell?!" Mark Cass roared when he came home.

He took another whiff of the preacher's tobacco smoke and glared at the little wine glass, and he said it was a fine example to be setting the people. The preacher smiled and said Mark sounded like Mrs. Poplum. Mark stormed and raged, said he wouldn't hear nothing said in his house against that sainted woman.

"In two weeks," Mark said, "she's uncovered more sin and wrongdoing than you'd of turned up in a lifetime."

BRUNSWICK  
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The preacher put on his socks and shoes. He got up slowly, as though pushing against a great weight. There was no bitterness in his voice. "She's turned up the bad and ain't seen the good."

**M**ARK CASS was up at Gus Falk's store first thing next morning, railing against the preacher for his wine-drinking and cigarette-smoking, and Ad Findlay told about his gold-tooth money. The men nodded, and all agreed the preacher's easy ways were to blame for the backsliding and heavy sinning that used to go on in Creek Orchard before Birdie rescued them. The Reverend Poplum had for twenty years preached the same four sermons, Salvation, Good Works, Doctrine, and Charity, alternating them from month to month, but Birdie had only one sermon: Sin. When the preacher came to the store, the men seemed busy with their own thoughts, and finally he went home one day and closed the door, and for a long time nobody saw him except Brick Slater. Every night the preacher used to walk up to Brick's house and sit by the bed, talking about the old days.

Birdie took over the baptizings and the prayer meetings and the Sunday services. When Luther Mills's oldest daughter got married, Birdie performed the ceremony, then came to the wedding supper. Everybody stood around drinking sweetened water and looking at his watch. Mark Cross fell asleep talking politics with Ad Findlay. Somebody asked Bettem Curry what he bet the first child would be, and Bettem marched out of the room. Nobody asked Flute Figgins to do his sword dance. It was hardly dark when everybody went home, and on the way Mrs. Cass suddenly smiled and told one of Mark's old marriage jokes, thinking it might cheer him up. Mark said she ought to cut out her tongue before she made such talk with it.

Nobody except Brick Slater ever saw the Reverend Poplum any more, but everybody saw Birdie. She seemed to be all over the hills, and into everything that went on. The women began to notice her eyes, which always seemed to get narrower when she talked. The men said her voice, when she talked natural wasn't like her preaching; it had a kind of rusty sound, and Ad Findlay said she didn't have any laugh in it, like the Reverend. They

discovered other differences, too, small things which must have been there all along, although they'd never taken notice of them. Luther Mills probably put it as well as any when he remarked one day, "I wish I could be as sure of just one thing as she is of everything."

Mrs. Annis took to her bed with the pleurisy, and sent for the preacher, but Birdie came instead, and she didn't read Scripture or talk about what a fine man Mr. Annis had been. She simply said Mrs. Annis looked healthy as a horse and ought to be ashamed of herself, staying in the bed. Mrs. Annis got so upset they had to call the town doctor and he gave her a sleeping pill, but she was too mad to sleep.

"They's human limits," Mrs. Mark Cass said. "What she don't realize, her with that red hair and fire talking, is people got limits."

Then Brick Slater died, and what happened was like all the dynamite in Virginia going off underneath Buck Mountain.

**B**RICK SLATER was an old man, even by hill counting, and he was in many ways a mean, disagreeable man. He'd always voted against the Organization, even when they put up Brick's own brother for sheriff. During the fishing season he used to fish in the deep holes in front of his house, and he'd hold his pole in one hand and his shotgun in the other, just in case anybody tried to fish on his land. Brick Slater was a hard-drinking man, and when he got mad, his language would blister a rock wall, but Brick Slater was kin to half of Creek Orchard, and when he died it was like the end of something that had been going on for a long time and, although a lot of people hadn't liked it, still it had been part of their growing up, and now that it was gone, they felt the loneliness of it, and they tried to remember nice things Brick had done, and, failing that, they tried to forget the mean things.

Birdie sent word she wouldn't preach the funeral.

The women said nothing. They went to Brick's widow and helped in small ways, with food and housecleaning, and in the larger ways of what they said. The widow was surprised and grateful. She was new to Creek Orchard. Brick had brought her up from Culpeper only a few years ago. She had not



expected such a turnout for Brick. The men went to see Birdie, and she told them Brick Slater was an evil, unrepenting man, and she'd have nothing to do with him. Birdie, like the widow, was new; she didn't know how people felt about Brick Slater. She couldn't know how Brick was linked with the lives of even the oldest people in the hills, and nobody, young or old, expected to live to see quite such another man again.

The day of the funeral three men walked up to the preacher's house, Mark Cass, Ad Findlay, and Senn Fenster. Mark Cass knocked on the door, and nobody answered, so he knocked again, louder, and finally Birdie came to the door, and Mark said he'd like to speak to the preacher.

"I'm the preacher," Birdie said, and Mark pushed past her into the room, where the Reverend Poplum was standing by the heating stove.

"Reckon you heard about poor Brick," Mark said, and the preacher nodded. "It's time for his funeral," Mark said, and when the preacher moved back, glancing at Birdie, Mark said, "You'n Brick knowed each other. He'd want the parting words said by somebody that knowed him."

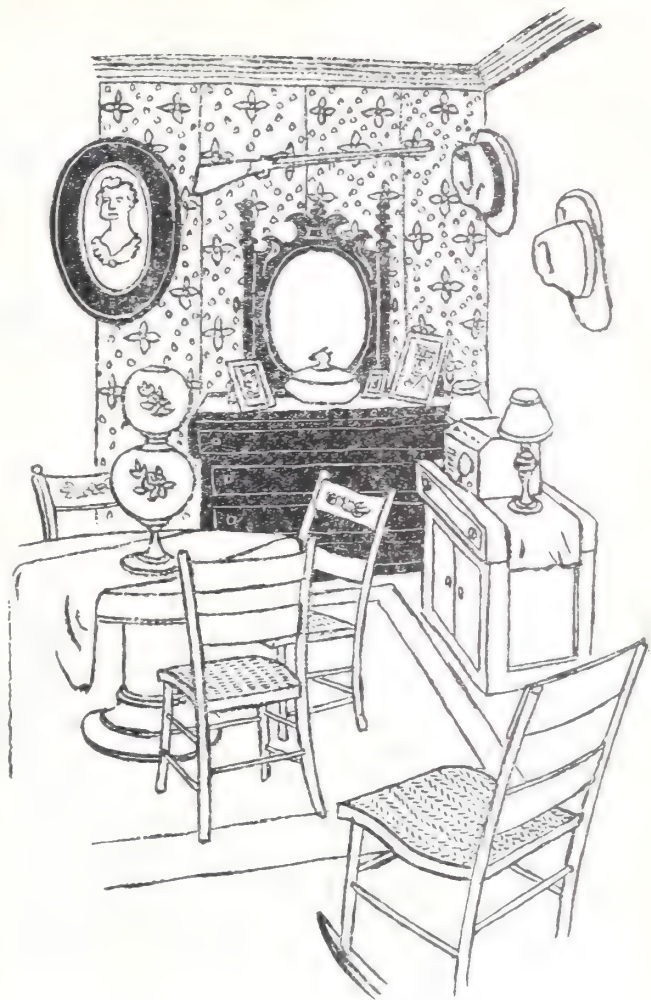
"Yes," the preacher said, "I knowed Brick right well."

Birdie's hands squeezed shut and her eyes were strangely bright. "You know how he lived," she said, "and how he died." Her voice grew gradually louder and was not pleasant to hear. "They tell me there was the smell of corn whisky on the deathbed."

The preacher hesitated, then he turned to Mark. "I'll git my hat."

"I'll wait outside," Mark said.

They buried Brick in a wild plum grove back of his house, on a hill overlooking the creek, and the preacher told about Brick Slater as a man who had lived with them for a long time. He went back over the years; he spoke of floods and blights, the boom years and the wars and old customs that had died before Brick, and the women wept for vague and unaccountable things that had nothing to do with the old man who had died, and the



men stared at the hill clay and were moved by the voice which was so closely linked to their lives.

"You live with people for twenty years," the preacher said. "You baptize 'em and marry 'em and set with 'em in the time of sickness and death. You watch the young ones grow up and the old ones die off, and there ain't a thing you don't know about your people, except when it comes down to one man, and you ask yourself, Do I really know this man? You know so little, and even if you knowed more, it wouldn't be enough to say for sure that he was a good man or bad. It wouldn't ever be enough."

Sunday, when the Reverend Poplum came back to his pulpit, Bettem Curry bet Flute Figgins two dollars he'd preach Doctrine. Bettem lost. He preached Charity.

# Our New Labor Diplomats

*George A. Bernstein*

**P**AUL G. HOFFMAN has done a significant thing in appointing a number of top-notch trade unionists to the Economic Co-operation Administration. He has recognized a fact that may not have occurred to many Americans outside the labor movement—the fact that today labor has an important part to play in American diplomacy. Our government has traditionally been slow to take account of trends in public opinion abroad. But these new appointments show that it is beginning to recognize that the strongest forces for democracy in Western Europe are in the trade union movement; that without labor's active support in the ECA nations, the Marshall Plan cannot possibly succeed; and that unless American trade unionists participate at every level of ECA planning and administration, this support may be lost.

Administrator Hoffman has chosen as his top labor advisors—with equal rank—Clinton S. Golden, who until last April was advisor to the American Mission for Aid to Greece, and has been assistant to Philip Murray in his capacity as president of the Steel Workers Union, CIO; and Bert M. Jewell, president of the AF of L Railway Employees Union and international representative of the Railway Labor Executive Association. One of the nation's top ranking labor economists, AF of L's Boris Shishkin, has been appointed

chief expert on labor and manpower problems in Europe under ambassador-at-large W. Averell Harriman. Harry L. Martin, president of the CIO Newspaper Guild, will be Harriman's advisor on labor information: Ted F. Silvey, formerly secretary-treasurer of the Ohio CIO Council, and Marion H. Hedges, previously director of research for the AF of L Electrical Workers Union, will serve as special assistants to Golden and Jewell.

In addition, labor will be well represented on the Public Advisory Board, one of the "watchdog" committees created by Congress under the Economic Co-operation Act. This twelve-member board, "selected from among citizens . . . of broad and varied experience," which will consult at least once a month with Administrator Hoffman on matters of policy, will include George Meany, secretary-treasurer of the AF of L; James Carey, who occupies the same position with the CIO; Arlon E. Lyons, secretary of the Railway Labor Executives Association; and James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union.

No junior partnership, this. For Hoffman, whose excellent relations with the United Automobile Workers Union during the years he was president of the Studebaker Corporation have won him labor's respect, and whose record as chairman of the Committee for Economic Development during the

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war earned him a reputation as an industrial statesman rare among the spokesmen of big business, has insisted that the status of labor in the ECA will be that of a co-equal—and his policy decisions to date have lived up to his predictions.

ON JULY 3 Hoffman issued a press release which explained the extent of labor's participation in ECA, clearly indicating that this participation would be limited to democratic trade unionists. The New York *Daily Worker*, on July 22, was pleased to refer to ECA's labor section as "Paul G. Hoffman's own 'Labor International.'" To term it thus, the editorial spokesman of the American Communist party was somewhat overly generous. But in a very real sense, ECA gives American labor an opportunity to establish a working relationship with European labor which up to now has been entirely lacking except in several UN agencies, where only top-level labor representatives confer, and in the World Federation of Trade Unions, which is largely dominated by the U.S.S.R. According to Hoffman's statement, Golden and Jewell will assist him in the formulation of policies, in the selection of personnel to serve as labor advisors to the ECA missions abroad, in maintaining continuing liaison between ECA and the American labor organizations, and "in solving economic, social, technical and other problems affecting the European workers and their trade unions."

The labor advisors to the missions in the ECA nations will have an especially responsible job. Actually, the missions to Portugal and Turkey, where no free trade union movements exist, and to Iceland and Eire, where the problem of recovery is almost entirely agricultural, will probably have no advisors. But the labor representatives in the other twelve countries will establish and maintain contact with non-communist European union leaders and serve as links between these leaders and the chiefs of the missions, channeling their recommendations to the U. S. Special Representative in Paris and to the labor advisors in the Washington ECA headquarters.

William L. Munger, executive secretary of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers Union, AF of L, and formerly re-

search director of the UAW-CIO and staff member of the War Production Board, has been assigned to Italy as the ECA's first labor advisor abroad.

The idea of labor representatives abroad is not altogether new. In 1943, under the aegis of the New Deal and over the opposition of the State Department Old Guard, three labor specialists were assigned to embassies in Latin America on an experimental basis. By the end of the war no less than twenty-six labor attachés were operating in United States embassies over the globe, and today there are twenty-two of them on the State Department payroll. They are assigned to countries in which labor has political influence and their job is primarily one of keeping the ambassadors and the State Department informed. By and large, these attachés have been selected for their academic qualifications, and a number of them have been procured from State and federal labor agencies. Only a few have been trade unionists.

By contrast, the new labor advisors in the ECA will have a very much broader and more responsible assignment. They will be expected not only to pick up information but actively to help formulate policy; and to do the further dual job of interpreting ECA policies to the local labor leaders and of presenting the latter's suggestions and complaints to the heads of missions and to the labor advisors in higher echelons. This will mean that they will not only have to be able to grasp the special economic and social and political conditions which affect the labor movements locally—a tough assignment in itself—but also, to be effective, will have to win the respect and confidence of the local labor leaders. This in turn will mean that they must understand practical trade union problems, many of which are the same on the docks of Antwerp as on those of New Orleans. Recognizing this essential fact, Golden and Jewell are carefully selecting for these posts men who are active trade unionists and whose abilities have been tested in the field, organizing shops and bargaining with employers, rather than in the classroom or the office of a government agency. They feel that a man who has caucused with Walter Reuther in the UAW will be able to create a firm bond of understanding with a leader of the *Force Ouvrière* in France, and that a steel organ-

izer who ran for Congress in Indiana will comprehend some of the idiosyncrasies of a transport worker who is also a Member of Parliament in England. In short, the labor advisors abroad will be people who can sit down with European trade unionists and discuss their problems with them in terms which they will understand.

## II

CLINTON GOLDEN, whose role in Greece has been widely misunderstood by many people in this country,<sup>1</sup> knows at first hand the importance of labor diplomacy. As labor advisor to the American Aid Mission, he played a major role in bringing representatives of labor and management together to initiate the first freely negotiated collective bargaining contracts in the history of the Greek labor movement. These negotiations prevented a threatened general strike and resulted in establishing minimum wages in fourteen different job classifications and providing for future wage adjustments up to thirty per cent above these minimums. Significantly, the employers' representatives agreed not to increase prices as a result of these wage increases.

Shortly after Golden arrived in Greece, a problem developed that only a trade unionist could appreciate. Greece had all but exhausted her wheat supply and had used up several months of her future appropriation under the International Wheat Allocation Board. The world demand for wheat was at the time much greater than the supply, and so the Board informed the Greek government

that no more would be forthcoming for several months. Since macaroni, which is produced from wheat, is the staple Greek diet, the nation faced a desperate food shortage. She appealed to the United States for aid, and a shipment of prepared macaroni was dispatched to feed the people until such time as wheat would again become available. The State Department felt that, for the time being at least, the problem was solved.

But another difficulty arose. With nothing to produce, 105 macaroni factories in Greece shut down and 5,500 workers were laid off. In addition to the unemployment which resulted, a serious trade union problem developed. According to Greek law, the seniority rights of workers are abrogated if they are not employed over a protracted period of time. A delegation of Greek trade unionists appeared at the United States Embassy to protest.

The American representatives, unable to grasp the perplexities of the problem and annoyed at this seeming lack of appreciation of American generosity, explained that the macaroni cost U. S. taxpayers \$1.40 per ton more than the wheat would have cost and sent the delegation away. The union representatives, in a bitterly resentful mood, turned to Golden. As a trade unionist, he understood the problem and immediately began to seek a remedy. After consultation with food experts, State Department officials, and members of the economic mission, Golden arranged for a shipment from the U. S. of 1,500 tons of finely ground corn meal to be used as a wheat substitute, enough to make up the difference between the wheat on hand and the amount required. The shipment arrived and the macaroni factories went back into production in time to save the seniority rights of the Greek workers.

The labor advisors to the ECA missions will be faced with many similar problems. Not the least among these will be that of displaced persons. The Economic Co-operation Act provides for the use of refugees to the greatest possible extent to relieve manpower shortages in the participating nations. Unless these displaced persons are absorbed into the existing labor organizations in the nations into which they immigrate they could in effect become "scabs," reducing the wage scales and adversely affecting the standards of living of

<sup>1</sup>Golden has been widely blamed for failing to better the lot of Greek workers and particularly for allowing the Greek government to pass its infamous law decreeing the death penalty for strikes. The fact is that in his position as labor advisor he did not make laws. Golden, who admits that the Greek government is reactionary, nevertheless points out that it is not "fascist" and therefore has within it the elements which may one day effect a change. If the Communists are victorious the government will become completely totalitarian and the hope for a liberal regime will be lost forever. Golden fought bitterly for the rights of labor while he was in Greece, and the vigor of his protests against the legislation outlawing strikes on penalty of death was largely responsible for its repeal. It is interesting to note that the man who introduced the measure and led the fight in the Greek Parliament to repeal this vile law, Minister of Justice Christos Ladas of the Liberal party, has since been assassinated by the Communists.



the working populations. The labor advisors will have to see to it not only that the native workers are protected, but that the right of the refugee workers to join trade unions is established as well. This right will not always be as easy to protect as one may think. Some unions impose difficult barriers to membership, such as high initiation fees, long terms of apprenticeship, and stringent entrance requirements which date back to the protective days of the guilds. It will require the most skillful kind of diplomacy to get foreign workers integrated into the existing labor organizations.

Another function of the labor advisors will be to obtain real, material assistance for European unions where this is justified. Under the provisions of the Act, each nation is required to deposit in its own currency and in its own banks funds equal to grants (as opposed to loans) received from the United States. These deposits will be "sterilized" and used "for such purposes as may be agreed to between [each] country and the Administrator in consultation with the National Advisory Council." These "purposes" include public welfare and social service. Golden and Jewell hope to make some of the deposits available to European trade unions for health and welfare funds, educational programs, and similar projects.

### III

**P**ERHAPS the toughest and most valuable assignment of all will be in public relations. Since the Communists are pledged to wreck the recovery program if they can, the American labor representatives have no choice but to work with the non-Communist elements in the European labor movement. In Italy and France the largest labor organizations are controlled by the Communists and in other countries they have made deep inroads into the trade union movements. But their power is on the wane. In France the Communists suffered a severe setback when socialist Léon Jouhaux led the "right wing" unions out of the General Confederation of Labor (CGT) after the abortive general strike early this year. A similar split seems to be in the making in Italy. Defections have already taken place among strong Catholic and right-wing socialist groups within the

Italian labor movement. The recent repudiation of Pietro C. Nenni and his "popular front" by his own "left wing" Socialist party, which has deep roots among the working masses, promises to make the break with Togliatti's Communists complete. Where the Communists have been opposed successfully, Socialists have invariably led the fight and, in spite of their profound distaste for our "free enterprise" system, they have been the Marshall Plan's staunchest supporters among the European workers. So the American labor representatives, regardless of their own personal sympathies, will have to work particularly closely with the Socialists.

There are many aspects of ECA, tied up as it must be with the economy of the United States, which will test the diplomatic skill of the labor advisors to the utmost. In a program as vast as that of financing European recovery there invariably must be points of friction. Two such points have already brought forth complaints. The American insistence that all ECA nations shall stabilize and, if necessary, revalue their currencies in the interest of sound trade relations among themselves is resented in these nations as interference in matters of strictly national policy. The Mundt Amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act, directing the ECA to refuse delivery of any commodity to a participating nation which uses it to produce goods for export to a non-participating nation which ordinarily would be refused a license for such goods by this country, is opposed by Britain and other nations which have been trading manufactured goods to the U.S.S.R. in exchange for much needed grain without having to use dollars which they have not got. The wide misinterpretation, particularly by the press both in the United States and abroad, of Hoffman's statement regarding American support to ECA nations which are nationalizing their industries,<sup>2</sup> has not helped matters either.

<sup>2</sup>In this connection, it might be well to quote extracts from the actual text of Hoffman's testimony before the Senate Appropriations Committee on May 13, 1948:

"Senator Dworshak: I do not suppose you have given much consideration yet to what your attitude would be toward the nationalization of railroads, banks, utilities, and mines in Britain; whether that general socialization movement will be fostered and helped, or whether there will be any effort made to give technical advice to the Labor party in Britain.

Other circumstances are bound to cause serious difficulties. Soaring prices here in the United States have already reduced the real value of the \$5,055,000,000 appropriated for the first twelve months of the program. If prices continue to rise in the United States and the ECA nations have to pay more for the goods and services they receive, disillusionment will certainly result. Furthermore, in the normal course of events, goods requested will not always be forthcoming and inadequate substitutes will occasionally be received.

Certain restrictions, designed to protect the American economy, make it impossible from the outset to deliver as many farm tractors and railroad flat cars—to mention only a couple of items—as are needed by the European nations. And the presence of prosperous American business men in these countries, obviously motivated by the lure of profits, will not help to clear the atmosphere of suspicion. All of these sources of contention make grist for the Communist propaganda mill.

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"Mr. Hoffman: Well, sir, I can give an answer to that question. Unless there is some directive otherwise, I will tell you how we expect to proceed. We believe that our business is recovery and we have to make a pragmatic approach to this question on investment in a given industry. I will be very specific about this.

"If, for example, a plan came to our mission for investing dollars in modernizing the steel industry, and if at the same time the British government announced a plan for nationalizing the steel industry, we would have to decide whether, under those conditions, investment would promote recovery. My guess is that it would not, simply because there would be a transition going on there and in a period of transition you do not get results. We feel that we have to get quick results from this investment.

"On the other hand, if the coal-mining industry, which is now nationalized, came to us with a program that promised increased production in the coal industry, we would invest dollars in it. We do not think that we would turn that down for that reason."

Later, during the testimony, in answer to a question by Senator Dworshak asking whether he would be inclined to use ECA funds to "influence governmental trends in those islands," Hoffman stated:

"I do not think influencing governments politically is our job. I do not think so. I would say that unless we are otherwise instructed we are simply regarding these problems from the standpoint of whether they are contributing to recovery, because we think that recovery in Europe—and certainly Congress thought so, too—will contribute to world peace."

THE labor advisors will have the task of countering the effects of this propaganda. Their presence will be a constant reminder that, regardless of the apparent big business aspects of ECA, it is supported by the overwhelming majority of the American trade union movement. This fact has brought forth the usual blasts from the Communists, and the *Daily Worker* has been falling back on one of its favorite epithets in describing the labor advisors as "tools of Wall Street." Recognizing that the fate of labor is tied up with the economy of the whole world, and seeing in the Marshall Plan the only—perhaps the last—opportunity to effect recovery and insure peace, American labor leaders came out strongly for the Plan when it was still only a concept. But now labor advisors will not be selling ideas, but explaining actualities. They will have to point out the positive gains being achieved for European workers through ECA.

A particularly ticklish problem facing the labor advisors abroad will be that of countering political strikes inspired by the Cominform. No trade unionist enjoys opposing strikes, especially when they are camouflaged to appear to be for legitimate economic reasons. Yet a series of long-drawn-out strikes could seriously impair the recovery program. Our labor representatives can succeed in this phase of their work only if they have built strong fraternal ties with the non-Communist European labor leaders.

Because so much will depend upon the approach and manner of the labor advisors, each one will receive a thorough briefing on how to conduct himself before taking over his post. In a joint statement, Golden and Jewell point out that "to view U. S. labor representatives assigned abroad as missionaries or as technical experts from some lofty planet, or as superior members of a greater nation, because it is richer and more fortunate, is to erect psychological blocks to the roadways of success. *Humility* must be an essential part of the equipment of U. S. labor representatives abroad." Considering the load of varied and vital responsibilities which these men will have to carry, that statement is a sign that the labor section of the ECA is approaching its task with intelligence and understanding.



# The End of Marshal Rommel

*William Harlan Hale*

**H**E WAS asleep and four hundred miles away from his post when the flash came. It was near dawn before the message got through; precious hours had been lost. Allied paratroopers, the signal told him, were coming down in Normandy—the coast he was sworn to defend. Meanwhile here he was back home in an out-of-the-way villa in Württemberg, with his wife.

Lucie Maria Rommel was used to his coming home suddenly in times of tension. He had done it at the height of his North African successes, just before El Alamein. It was said he depended heavily on her and had to break away often from the rigors of campaigning. She had seen him through a whole series of wartime personal crises—a gray-eyed, quiet-spoken army wife well-fitted to steady Germany's most popular, mercurial, and turbulent fighter.

Today—at dawn, June 6, 1944—all Germany depended on him.

Early travelers along the road from the Villa Rommel in Herrlingen saw a staff car hurtling past bearing a short, burly, red-headed, lantern-jawed figure encrusted with braid. There was no mistaking Field Marshal Erwin Rommel for any of the other commanders who held top rank. He looked more like a prizefighter than a member of that club of lean, blue-blood Prussian field marshals into which Hitler had elevated him. He

lacked the handle of a “von.” His boisterous Swabian manners had been frowned on in monocled generals’ messes. Although he had been a professional officer since his twentieth year, he was more at home with the adventurers and roughnecks who had come up with the Nazi party than he was with the brass who had come down from the Kaiser’s empire. They were the old guard, and this was his day to prove himself against them as well as against the enemy.

It was bad luck, his being so far away at the enemy’s zero hour. It would give other headquarters the impression that he had been caught napping, as at El Alamein. *Rommel late!* In the desert he had prided himself on always being the first to start: he had jumped off by night, held staff conferences in his command car at dawn, won battles before breakfast. But this time, not only had the enemy got the jump on him, but so had the various German commands higher up and lower down—a vast machine grinding into action without its key operating engineer.

He hurried westward under top priority, and within a few hours reached his headquarters in a classical chateau at a bend of the Seine near St. Germain below Paris. His chief of staff, the bespectacled, earnest, harried General Hans Speidel, who had been on the phone half the night, greeted him. Staff officers were studying the large-scale war-

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room map of the coastal area between Caen and the peninsula at whose tip lay Cherbourg, and marking up tentative splotches to denote reported enemy assaults. The situation? There was only one word for it: "unclear." Orders? Counterattack at once with all means, of course.

**T**HAT had been the plan all along—to throw the invaders back into the sea at once—and the studious Speidel was supposed to be already acting under it. It was Rommel's plan. He had rehearsed his troops for it, he had been over the ground a dozen times, and he had fought the doubters at higher headquarters over it. The doubters had wanted to stall a bit, to make sure the enemy wasn't merely feinting before they threw their full strength at him, and then to take time to assemble a sure-fire "mass of maneuver" that would overwhelm the invader when he was deeply committed on shore.

Rommel had heard all the arguments for caution—but he wasn't convinced. Neither was Hitler. This strategy sounded to them like the talk of skeptics, worriers, pussyfooters—defeatists, even. The old-line generals had been wrong almost every time, Hitler kept pointing out, reminding them of their qualms at invading Poland, Norway, and France. It wasn't that they were afraid of war; they were afraid of risk. But Rommel, like Hitler, lived by risk. Like so many Nazis, he had been nobody before, and had nothing much to lose. And just as Hitler had soon sensed a follower in Rommel, so Rommel had soon found a patron in Hitler. Rommel, then, was to run the western show—although nominally under the over-all command of that stiff-necked old-timer, Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt.

Rundstedt, meanwhile, was the chief of the doubters. Hitler knew that. He had seen this wizened old professional throw up a command on the Russian front two years before because of even sharper doubts. Haughty, clipped, frosty, and grown sardonic with superiority, Rundstedt was just the kind of officer whom Hitler had in mind when he complained to Goebbels that the army's ranking brass were ungrateful and unfaithful to him, that they "cheated" him and "insulted his intelligence."

Rommel was different. ("If only all our marshals were cut from the same cloth as Rommel," sighed Goebbels in his diary. "Unfortunately, however, Rommel is not the rule, but the exception.") And Rommel hadn't forgotten that years before, when he himself was only a hopeful colonel in charge of the Führer's mobile field headquarters, the lordly Rundstedt had referred to him as "that clown who runs the Adolf Hitler circus."

Nevertheless, there was an uneasy awareness in Hitler's entourage that Rundstedt, insufferable as he was, was a first-class strategist. As for Rommel? He was so impetuous—maybe he needed a check. (On the other hand, since Rundstedt wasn't quite to be trusted, Rommel would be on hand to check *him*.) Maybe, in fact, the two would check one another—which was precisely what Hitler's chief inner-office generals, Keitel and Jodl, wanted to have happen, in order to come out on top in the end themselves.

**D**URING the weeks of waiting for invasion, Rundstedt's theme had been: Beware of rashness—which to him meant beware of Rommel. But Rommel's theme, as he rapped it out to his own coastal commanders had been, "We must stop the assaulting forces in the water, destroying all enemy equipment while still afloat." He had spent May turning the Norman and Pas de Calais shores into what he thought would be an impenetrable military sea-wall. He had laid minefields, dug fire trenches and antitank ditches, sited coastal batteries, pillboxes, strongpoints, studded the tidal flats with more hedgehogs and underwater obstructions, lined up infantry on the bluffs, and posted armored units not far behind them at strategic road junctions from which they could quickly swing into action.

Then he had made a final inspection tour of the defenses, showing himself to the troops in all his regalia—the Oak Leaves, Swords, and Diamonds of the Knight's Iron Cross clustered at his collar, along with the coveted *Pour le Mérite* bravery cross of World War I—and pronounced the preparations secure.

They looked secure. True, there had been some bluffing, even at the expense of himself. It was discovered later that some of the fields which had been placarded for his benefit with signs of *Achtung—Minen!* actually hadn't



been sown with mines at all, the engineers having grown too lazy during their stay in Normandy to get around to doing it. But this sort of thing wouldn't affect the outcome. Faking was all right (he had done it himself in North Africa) so long as your mind was firm. His mind was. So he said. What worried him was the state of some of the other minds.

Officers who were with him during the last weeks before invasion remembered how curiously he alternated between bustling self-confidence and attacks of nervousness. He was in high form when he appeared before his troops, bouncing out of staff cars with the faithful Speidel and his favorite dog Elbo at his side, brandishing his marshal's baton, posturing before soldier Leicas, and barking orders in a style reminiscent of swashbuckling Afrika-Korps days. "*Ein patentier Kerl*," the dazzled men called him—"one hell of a guy." Then he drove back along poplar-lined highways to his headquarters on the Seine—his driver always keeping a weather-eye cocked against a possible strafing attack by some plane from Britain—and gave vent to private outbursts like this:

"We have got to smash the Allies the moment they land and keep them from building a bridgehead, or else the war is lost . . . I want to fight the battle of defense along the coast, because I feel it can only be fought and won there. But in spite of my warnings the High Command is still toying with the idea of delivering an armored battle in the area of Paris or even Reims."

THERE was the source of his worry: the High Command. Favorite of Hitler though he was, he couldn't get around it. Vast, complex, and immobile, it bestrode ministerial Berlin. A select fraternity of officers manned it, all of whom wore down the side of their pants the flashing scarlet stripes of the general staff. Now Rommel had tried hard, during his long, drab years as a Reichswehr company-grade officer after the first world war, to be picked and trained for the general staff. He had never made it. It was the one thing he hadn't made, but in the German Army those red stripes lent a prestige that nothing could rival.

Meanwhile he had won a marshal's baton at the early age of fifty. This very fact had

aroused professional jealousy. It was said that he wasn't fitted for top rank and that he had received it only because of the Führer's infatuation with him. In Bendlerstrasse (High Command) circles it was said that he was merely a "propaganda general"—a figure dressed up and decorated with African palms to distract the public from Germany's grim failures in the East. The military eminences who had bogged down with their hundreds of divisions in the Russian winter had looked bleakly upon this tanned roustabout who was chasing the British up and down the desert with a handful of crack troops. He was a showman, and Hitler loved show. His tricky maneuvers, his dazzling cockiness, his leather-lunged harangues to the press, his boasts of riding a white charger into Alexandria—all this had proved the tactician to be a master of psychological warfare as well, which was a branch the red-strippers in Berlin had never learned.

But did his success with small forces fit him for high command and his new responsibility for a whole group of armies in the west? "There was a feeling that he might not carry it off," remembered General Kurt Dittmar, who knew the high-level service gossip in Berlin. Goering, too, assessing the final German wash-out in North Africa, had said he feared Rommel was "unable to meet serious crises." Even Hitler's deputy, the Nazi party chieftain Martin Bormann, echoed these doubts: "Praise of him had gone too far," he recalled, "since it stamped the able division commander as a first-class strategist." And Hitler himself, later discussing his favorite with other inner-circle generals, declared, "I regard Rommel within limits as an extraordinarily dashing and smart commander. But I don't look on him as a man who can stand and take it."

(To which the bulbous Field Marshal Keitel, chief of the High Command and always Hitler's dutiful echo, replied, "Yes, that has shown itself to be more and more true.")

It was true. A year and a half before, Rommel had so disliked standing and waiting for the British to strike back at El Alamein that he had ducked the job of supervising defense preparations and had gone off to Berlin and home for diversion and rest. As a result, many high officers—including some of his own—had said his preparations were inadequate. And

just now, at the very height of the rumored invasion season in the West, he had hurried off again on a side-trip to see his wife, leaving the hour-to-hour job at headquarters to his subordinates.

He didn't like big headquarters. He avoided paper-work. "It struck us all," Bormann later commented, "that out of pure vanity Rommel did not wear glasses, although he is very near-sighted. (In fact, he can read a letter only when holding it literally under his nose.)" According to some of his staff officers, he seemed uncomfortable and out of his depth when handling big strategic tasks. And as an American G-2 who studied him closely—Colonel B. A. Dickson of First Army—put it, "He was at his best in a command tank or forward tactical headquarters of a division, but he was a sad sack at Army Group level."

Back in Africa, life had been simpler. He had run his small army from up front, bellowing radio orders as he scoured the desert with his tanks, and action had been so close at hand that he used his own headquarters company as a striking column to run raids for him. "*Ach*," his fellow-campaigner General von Schwerin remembered him as saying with nostalgia, "*die schöne Afrika-Zeit*—those happy days in Africa!"

**I**N THOSE days, too, when he had presented Hitler with victories, there were few men in German uniform who dreamed of defeat. That had changed by now. The ranks of the faithful had thinned as the war dragged on, and a long list of fellow-officers were now suspect as showing "negative" tendencies. Rommel knew that two of his ranking neighbors, the highly cultivated General Heinrich von Stülpnagel (top military governor in France) and the gay, cosmopolitan General von Falkenhausen (military governor of Belgium,) had secretly turned against the regime. His own chief of staff, the alert General Speidel, whose business it was to keep abreast of everything, knew even more—namely that an officers' plot was under way to do away with Hitler and forestall total defeat by negotiating a peace with the Western Allies.

Rommel appears to have got a hint of this plot too, even before the Normandy landings. In fact, there is a suggestion in the record that he knew even more, and discussed it "objectively" with Speidel. But whatever he knew,

he failed to act on it: he neither involved himself with the conspirators nor reported them to Berlin. Here, too, his mind was curiously divided. He had grown unsure of the war's final outcome, but of one thing he was sure—and had to be sure—and that was his immediate mission. Others might quit, but he was committed—if not to total victory, then at least to the personal victory of throwing the Allies into the sea. Again, as at El Alamein, he would be facing General Montgomery; again, as in Tunis, he would be facing General Bradley and his Americans; and the defeats which he had suffered at the hands of these must be made good.

**T**HERE were to be five acts in the swift, concluding drama of Rommel's career—and of his world. Roughly stated, their themes in sequence were: initial stupefaction, improvisation, frustration, desperation, and final liquidation.

The driving German need in the West was for despatch and speed; the German problem was one of indecision; the complicating factors were those of rivalry, cross-purposes, and suspicion; and the fateful hand—more ruinous, perhaps, than any other single giant force of the many that came into play—was the corrosive havoc wrought from the Allied air above. The Germans stood on organization; when that failed, they had to stand on faith; for men like Rommel it was a fine and fulsome faith, but its weakness was that it could not stand up without organization; so faith and organization went down together, and nothing was left but a chaos that engulfed body and brain.

## I

**A**CT ONE: STUPEFACTION. Picture Rommel at noon on D-Day—June 6, 1944—closed in his chateau in the sunny landscape of the Ile de France. The setting should have shown phones incessantly ringing and teletypes clacking in the message center. Yet actually there were surprising and discomfiting intervals of silence. Messages from up front weren't coming in as they should. Orders were slow in getting out. Forward wires and radio links had been cut or bombed out; higher headquarters were crowding the circuits, heatedly talking back at each other; Berlin was querulous, confused, holding up



commands; the great German military machine was sputtering, stalling, turning over on itself, and falling on its face.

All this is in the record, filed away hourly by dutiful German stenographers and log clerks for the benefit of a posterity that was soon to overtake them. But as of noon, June 6, not even the most orderly German headquarters mind could make sense out of the reports in hand. Enemy airborne troops had come down by night at points near Caen and the base of the Cherbourg peninsula. These had been followed at dawn by enemy sea-borne landings on several beaches in between. That much was clear, but that was all that was clear.

Even this news had been late in getting through. It wasn't until 9 A.M.—fully two and a half hours after waves of Allied infantrymen had begun swarming ashore—that the German corps headquarters immediately involved reported the fact to the echelons higher up. And then, barely giving them time to digest this, twenty-five minutes later the corps was excitedly signaling that the situation north of the vital city of Caen had already become so threatening that armored aid was needed.

How bad was the situation really? What Rommel needed to know first was the state of the three German infantry divisions stationed directly in the coastal zone under attack. But this was just what he could not find out. The first of these (a low-grade replacement outfit whose ranks had been filled with half-hearted foreign volunteers) had been rocked by terrific Allied air and sea bombardments, and it was already out of touch with some of its units.

The second (a better-grade division which by sheer good luck had encamped right in the invasion area during routine exercises the day before) was apparently being raked and strafed further westward, where the U. S. First Division and Rangers were landing; and shortly before noon Corps headquarters at St. Lô had reported that it had "no information" from it.

The third German division (which Hitler himself only the other day had ordered into the base of the Cherbourg peninsula, acting on that famous "intuition") was in trouble too, since the greater part of two American airborne divisions had dropped right into its area. Rommel could thank his Führer's star

that it was there at all; but bombings plus landings had apparently shaken it, and its rearward communications, too, were momentarily out.

"We must stop the assaulting forces in the water," Rommel had told his commanders. It was apparent now that they hadn't done it. In fact, at noon the engaged corps admitted by phone that the enemy had built a bridgehead sixteen miles wide. At the same time the next higher headquarters (Seventh Army) rang up to say that the situation around the vital road junction and harbor of Caen was "critical."

This was the first great shock that unsettled Rommel. His assumptions and his promises had collapsed: his human sea-wall was not unbreachable, after all. Then was Rundstedt right with his other strategy of letting the Allies extend their foothold, if need be, and of hoarding German forces further inland for a counterblow when the moment was ripe? No; Rundstedt couldn't be right; the old man and everything he stood for must be proven wrong; the moment was now—and there was no time to lose.

The only hitch was, who was to set the time? The German commanders were not working in unison. They were a jealous team working under a system of mutual checks and balances—mostly checks. The German Navy's Channel command, for instance, reported not to Rommel or Rundstedt, but direct to Berlin. (Why hadn't the Navy's U-boats and E-boats intercepted the approaching Allied armada? asked the field commanders. Why hadn't Admiral Kranke flashed a single warning report to the soldiers on the spot?) Next, the air force also operated outside their reach. (Where were all those promised Luftwaffe fighters? Rommel repeatedly asked. Six or seven hundred had been promised in case of emergency; only a few score had actually showed up—most of them missent to the Calais coast further east. "Don't talk to me about Goering and the Luftwaffe," shouted Rommel, "or I'll lose my temper!")

To add to Rommel's frustration, on top of him sat Rundstedt's inimical over-all western command, which had managed to reserve some of the best nearby divisions for its own use. On top of Rundstedt, in turn, sat the Berlin High Command, also reserving some western divisions for *its* use. And meanwhile, lower down, the one armored division re-



served for Rommel's own use had somehow broken away, through default of orders, and was off fighting the war on its own.

At this point—the early afternoon of June 6—the plot becomes involved. The issue—fought out by long-distance wire between St. Germain, Paris, and Berlin—had to do with the “committing” (*i.e.*, throwing into battle) of the three crack German armored divisions stationed nearest the invasion area. Rommel wanted to throw them all in, pell-mell, right away. Rundstedt wanted first to assemble them, so as to be poised to throw them in soon. Berlin, at the moment, didn't even want to assemble them. Deadlock.

What caused the deadlock was mutual suspicion and split responsibility. Who was really in charge of this kernel of key divisions, anyway? One of them had been assigned personally to Rommel—and that was the one that had got away this morning. The other two had been assigned personally to Rundstedt. But the joker was that although Rundstedt was nominally in control of these other two, he wasn't actually. To move them at all, he first had to get the okay of the High Command in Berlin—which in turn had to get it from Hitler himself, wherever he might be.

It was as if General Bradley, at the height of battle, had not been permitted to move a column of tanks without first applying via SHAEF to the War Department and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who would thereupon call a top-level conference and get a decision from the President at Warm Springs! No wonder that Rundstedt privately threw up his hands and that Rommel remarked to one of his staff: “I'm not a field marshal here, I'm just a sergeant.”

## II

**ACT TWO: IMPROVISATION.** The early afternoon of the sixth had brought reports that freshly-landed British tanks were on the loose and making for the arterial Caen-Bayeux road. No one among the German blitzkrieg specialists had imagined that the Allies could move quite so fast. Rommel, accustomed back in Afrika-Korps days to German air superiority, was frankly appalled at the way fleets of Allied bombers were sweeping his whole area almost without opposition, smashing his strongpoints, strafing his supply

routes, knocking out bridges, numbing his troops, and isolating the battlefield. The timetable of emergency had speeded up. Yet Rommel and Rundstedt were still waiting helplessly for Berlin to get around to “releasing” those precious armored divisions—the force with which they might stop the invaders cold.

Why the delay? Primarily it was due to Hitler's idea that only he had the answers and that no one else could be trusted. But it was also due to the fact that no one—not even Hitler—actually knew the answers, and that everyone had been secretly petrified as to what to do when invasion came. For the big, burning question in case of an invasion was: Is this the real invasion, or is it just a feint designed to throw us off our guard?

What was the Allied plan, really? Rommel and Rundstedt didn't know. Or rather, they thought they knew—only they knew the wrong plan. General Eisenhower's planners had seen to that. By devices that ranged from deception bombing missions and phony troop movements to letting German agents in on spurious “secrets,” the Allied command had managed to make the Germans believe that the invasion would take place east of the river Seine rather than west of it. Hitler, almost alone, had not been taken in, and had correctly predicted an assault west of the Seine. But when it did strike there, the High Command's first impulse was to guard against being taken in again. Maybe not even this was “it.” Mightn't the Allies have planned a double deception—their real aim being to strike later along the eastward coast after all? Almost all day the Berlin strategists debated the danger of committing the reserves which they might need somewhere else at any moment. Not until four o'clock did they take a deep breath and decide to let Rundstedt and Rommel throw in their armored team.

But by that time Rommel's impatience—or his nerves—had got the better of him. He said he couldn't wait. So, throwing overboard Rundstedt's plan of first assembling their *three* nearby armored divisions and using them as a mighty, co-ordinated force, he had ordered the *one* nearest armored division under his own direct command to go in fighting at once, no matter whether Rundstedt's two came up to support it or not.

This was the tank outfit that had already



let fly at the British on its own earlier in the day. Now it rushed in again, helter-skelter, ran up against a wall of British gunnery, knocked a good part of itself out, got no boost from behind, and fell back dazed.

This was a decisive moment, for the failure of Rommel's 21st Panzer Division to break through to the coast meant that the force of the German's initial counterblow had been blunted and dissipated. And this set in motion a train of consequences that were to lead quickly to crisis. As the Allies built up their strength ashore, there was hourly need for bigger and bigger forces to pin them down, and the Germans were more and more hard put to it to get them there in time. Since the High Command through delay and Rommel through haste had thrown away their one chance of assembling and applying a decisive force at the moment when the invaders were weakest, all those forces that they brought up from now on had to be thrown into the fight as soon as they came—often singly and unready. So planning gave way to haste; haste meant improvisation; improvisation meant inadequacy. Four years before, the Allies' own complaint had been "Too little and too late"; now the German complaint was to be: "Almost enough—but in dribbles."

Perhaps, as he got the reports of 21st Panzer's casualties that evening, Rommel realized the scope of the blunder. "Piecemeal commitment" (the soldiers' term for what had happened) was something he had always avoided—back in North Africa. He may have remembered the lecture on this subject he once gave in the desert to a captured British brigadier: "What does it matter if you have more tanks than I," he had snapped, "if you keep splitting them up and presenting them to me a battalion at a time?" Now he had done just what that captured brigadier had done. His 21st Panzer, the veteran outfit with which he had once cut up clumsily-led British divisions in North Africa, had now been cut up in precisely the same fashion—and by some of the very men whom he had whipped.

### III

**A**CT THREE: FRUSTRATION. Toward the end of August, after disaster had engulfed the Germans in France, Hitler was to pronounce his private verdict on Rommel.

According to a half-burned headquarters transcript that has survived, Hitler was speaking to Keitel and two other inner-office generals. "Unhappily," he said, "Rommel is a great, aggressive commander so long as things are going well, but an absolute pessimist the moment he runs into the slightest difficulties."

Then he described Rommel with a line of verse by Goethe: "*Himmelhochjauchzend, zu Tode betrübt*"—"Either on top of the world or in the depths of despair"—at which point the transcript breaks off, leaving us guessing as to whether Keitel chimed in to mumble. "How true, *mein Führer!*"

Keitel had already had opportunity to observe Rommel's lapses. Over a year before he had spoken to his right-hand man, General Jodl, about Rommel's "African illness"—meaning the sudden military gloom and readiness to retreat that had come over him after Montgomery's breakthrough at El Alamein. And Goebbels, whose propaganda machine had sold the world the image of Rommel, the invincible Nazi champion, had told in his diary of how he had to give the distraught Afrika-Korps commander a pep-talk that "strengthened his backbone."

So the top command had known all along that under his tough crust, Rommel was unstable. It had also sensed that he was not up to a Field Marshal's job. But of one thing there could be little doubt: Rommel's loyalty to Hitler and the Nazi cause was secure. Yet, toward the end of that fateful June 6, there are indications not only that Rommel's nervousness took hold of him but also that his dedication to the Führer suddenly wavered.

In late afternoon Hitler's headquarters, having done nothing all day but cause German delay, suddenly came through with an order that the Allied bridgehead must be wiped out that same night. This in spite of the fact that a fresh, concerted German armored push couldn't possibly be staged until some time the next day. The order just didn't make sense. The Seventh Army command, directly under Rommel, in effect said that it didn't. Rommel himself simply ignored it. He may even have put a "stop" on it, for it never got through to the unit commanders up front.

But Rommel, that night, was not only at odds with the High Command. He was also

at odds with himself. Or at least to other soldiers he did not seem to be quite himself. The High Command's initial restraints on him had been lifted only to leave him laboring under some inhibition of his own.

**T**HIS inhibition concerned the bringing up of reinforcements—a technical subject, but one that lay at the heart of the problem of German survival. There were, at the moment, plenty of reinforcements available in his area. Leaving aside entirely those forces which he had lined up at coastal sentry-go east of the river Seine (and which he was under orders not to move, for fear that the Allies might strike there) he disposed of massive forces west of the river, stationed not only in embattled Normandy but all through Brittany and down to the Loire. His problem was to assemble that strength and bring it to bear. His announced plan had been to bring it to bear quickly. Yet this is just what he now delayed doing—to the surprise and then delight of Allied bombardiers as they swooped down upon his sluggish forces milling in the hinterland.

During all the long first battle day and the night that followed, he failed to start his strong forces stationed in nearby Brittany moving in toward the danger zone. No less than eight of his divisions were stationed out there. After a day of general suspicion, apparently some dark, specific suspicion of a possible Allied assault way out on the bleak peninsula had seized him. To be sure, he did call in some fragments or "elements"—slow ones at that—but these were not going to be of much help. French civilians who saw them slogging along the roads several days later got word through to American intelligence officers that they were coming on foot and on bicycles, without motor transport and with only horse-drawn field pieces.

Next morning—June 7—Rommel shook himself out of the doldrums. He called in a full paratroop division from Brittany. But the delay in starting it couldn't be made up: air attacks so bedeviled it that three days passed before even its advance elements struggled into the battle line. He also called up a mobile SS division from south of the Loire; but American fliers brutally pasted it on its line of march, and nearly a week passed before its spent survivors formed up at the front.

**B**EGINNING upon such improvisation and delay, Rommel's chronicle was to lead to the same military conclusion almost every day, until that dusty, deadlocked June had run its course. First there were grand promises ("We hold the initiative . . . the next counterattack will be decisive"); then came worrisome reservations "(Movement . . . has been greatly delayed by bombing and sabotage"—Second Paratroop Corps speaking;) then damaging admissions "(Artillery fire was so great that proper co-ordination of the attack was impossible"—the commander of 21st Panzer speaking); and finally frustrated confessions "(Air attacks on my columns have been incessant and terrible; at this rate I'm getting nowhere"—General Bayerlein of the crack Panzer Lehr division speaking.)

Meanwhile, what about that great, co-ordinated attack which Rommel's and Rundstedt's pack of armored divisions were to stage against the bridgehead? It never came off. Every time they began to form up, either Allied bombers would paste them or Rommel would rush the nearest parts of them into inconclusive action. And to make action even less effective, it happened that the man who had been placed in immediate command of the armored team under Rommel was a grotesque incompetent.

Hitler thought highly of Sepp Dietrich, the bulbous, grinning, foul-mouthed ex-butcher's apprentice who had become one of the Party's roughest strong-arm men and had thereby risen to the status of the Elite Guard's own military genius. Hitler fancied that Dietrich would barge in and fight where the old-line generals wouldn't. The idea was that Dietrich would gang up with the equally aggressive Rommel against that reluctant master-mind, Rundstedt. But the trouble with the idea was that Dietrich could not stand Rommel, of whose fame and rank he was jealous, and whom he had privately denounced with the deadly word, "defeatist." And Rommel, needing the best professional help he could get, had little use for an amateur around the place—Nazi or not.

June 8 was a bad day for Rommel—one that started another train of improvisation. He had been fighting the British on the eastern end of the bridgehead, and had practically overlooked the Americans on the west. He was trying to mass his armor in the pivotal



country around Caen, relying on the knotty terrain of dense hills and hedgerows to the west to provide a natural earthworks against the Americans, manned only by infantry. But now the Americans began to prod and push toward Cherbourg. Hurriedly he called up Seventh Army headquarters to shift some of his approaching reinforcements westward. But he found that communications with them had broken down and that Seventh Army headquarters had no idea where these reinforcements were. He swung his attention back to the east. How were things going there? His people tried to call through to Sepp Dietrich—but again, no luck. More trouble; wires down; key units out of touch.

The next was a better day. A rough sea making up in the Channel slowed Allied landings and gave Rommel a breathing-spell. But the tenth, again, was bad. He drove off over bomb-plastered and half-deserted roads to headquarters further forward, seeing the humiliating sight of his wheeled columns covering under roadside camouflage and trees where they waited for night to fall before daring to move on. Up forward, Sepp Dietrich had made a hideous mess of things, frittering away more than a hundred tanks in piecemeal attacks. If only he, Rommel, could have led the attack himself, as in old Afrika-Korps days!

An officer who saw him drive up to one of his divisions that day remembered, "He came in barking at us, haranguing knots of soldiers, sweating—much more like a regimental commander than a field marshal!"

Then a bomb fell squarely on the headquarters of Panzer Group West, while Rommel was there conferring. Rommel was one of the few who escaped. Another who got away was the baronial Prussian tank general, Geyr von Schweppenburg. Schweppenburg had turned anti-Nazi. A short time after the raid he was relieved and recalled to Berlin. He mentioned Rommel's narrow escape to his friend Ulrich von Hassell, a German ex-diplomat who at that moment was deeply involved in the plot to kill Hitler. How was Schweppenburg getting along with Rommel? Hassell asked him. Better than formerly, was the answer. What were the German generals in the West thinking? Their basic attitude, said Schweppenburg, was one of complete resignation.

#### IV

**A**CT FOUR: DESPERATION. Afterward, in August, having survived the plotters' bomb, Hitler was furiously to place the blame for the Allies' invasion successes on his own troops on the spot. "These divisions were totally immobile," he barked; "they had no German material and were equipped with God knows what kind of guns. . . . We had sent all our ready divisions to the East and had only training units in the West. . . . If I had only had the 9th and 10th divisions of the SS in the West, the whole thing probably wouldn't have happened!"

No one present argued with this outburst. His officers had long ceased arguing with him. Rundstedt and Rommel both tried it in mid-June and got nowhere.

On June 6 Rommel had been in a hurry to move his troops forward. By June 16 he was in a hurry to move them back—to withdraw his outstretched forces from the coastal zone and build a new front further inland. Those were ten days that shook the German world. Shortly after mid-month Hitler arrived in state at the huge, safe bunker that had been built for him near Soissons, only to find himself seated on top of a military earthquake. Rommel, according to one staff officer, "arrived pale with tension." It was a far cry from the gay days of Hitler's triumphal entries into cities like Vienna and Prague, when Colonel Rommel, the Führer's headquarters commandant, had managed to squeeze grinning into the newsreels close beside his idol.

German troops were still fighting hard and holding the invaders to limited and costly gains. But fresh Allied forces were landing daily and there was now practically nothing behind Rommel's crust of defense. If it cracked, the British or Americans could take off across the open plains of France. Didn't the Führer believe it? Did he want to go forward to see for himself? No, the Führer did not. He had pressing engagements back in Berchtesgaden.

If Rommel was not to fall back, could he please have reinforcements? What about bringing up that other, eastern army of his from across the Seine, where it stood idly waiting for that second invasion that refused to come? No. Hitler wouldn't hear of it.

Having been right about the first invasion, he was now apparently mortally afraid of being wrong about the second. He talked of the danger of fresh landings nearer home. General Jodl duly chimed in with him. The front was to be frozen. Stand fast! That was all there was to it.

Rommel's faith, outwardly so secure less than two weeks ago, had already been undermined. Now its underpinnings were pulled out. "*Der Wendepunkt*" was the word he used to describe this day—"the turning-point." His faith, aggressive and theatrical, had been based largely on faith in himself—and on his Führer's faith in him. Now his belief in aggressive action had gone, and he found himself echoing the skeptical arguments of his shrugging rival and senior, Rundstedt. Now, too, the fanatic Führer's belief in him had withered, as Rommel stood before him in the role of just another military doubter—possibly even a defeatist.

**A**FTER this day, three courses were open to Rommel. He could resign himself to the military situation and desperately carry on. He could quit. Or he could revolt. Easier said, of course, than done. And an easier choice for those of his fellow-commanders who had long considered making it. But for Rommel, suddenly catapulted out of his "*himmelhochjauchzende*" place on top of the world, there was neither time nor thought for a three-way debate with himself. There could be only one answer, once his all-out enthusiasm was shattered: a rebellion on a scale to match it.

But two more weeks passed before he made this answer. It was as if he were trying to stop the clock—that fateful military clock which had already "struck twelve," as Allied voices kept saying on the nightly broadcasts from London's BBC which many of Rommel's officers now listened to illegally. He managed once more by main effort to pull himself together and direct the killing of thousands more Americans and British. And, according to a British G-2 on the ground, his performance was "bloody good."

The Channel weather had turned really bad, for one thing. This had delayed both General Bradley's buildup of American forces and General Montgomery's willingness to strike all-out for Caen. Invested on D-day,

that city still lay in German armored hands, while to the west Rommel's tanks and infantry were pinning down the invader between Caumont and the tidal lands above deadly Carentan. Again, Rommel was throwing in piecemeal whatever fresh forces he could get: one armored division was taking ten days to struggle over to him from Belgium, and another was to go into action without its tanks—which lay somewhere behind it on the road from the south of France. But a new, powerful force of SS armor was on its way to him direct from Germany, and if he could hold this intact for battle he might yet break the invaders down.

If. Then the weather turned better. More Allied divisions streamed ashore. Cherbourg fell. Montgomery jumped off. Rommel's final armored reserves had to be rushed into the fight before they were assembled. While this was happening—on June 29—Rundstedt and Rommel were summoned to Hitler's Berghof retreat above faraway Berchtesgaden. There the Führer treated them to a lecture: "We must not allow mobile warfare to develop . . . everything depends on our confining the enemy to his bridgehead by building up a front to block it off . . . and then forcing him back, using every method of guerilla warfare. . . ."

But by the time they got back from Berchtesgaden, it was clear that Rommel's final armored counterattack had misfired and collapsed. Then occurred the long-distance telephone conversation between Rundstedt and Keitel which Milton Shulman reports in his graphic *Defeat in the West*. Desperately Keitel asked Rundstedt, "What shall we do? What shall we do?" Impassively Rundstedt replied, "What shall you do? Make peace, you idiots! What else can you do?" and hung up.

## V

**A**CT FIVE: LIQUIDATION. During all that month, emissaries of the spreading Berlin conspiracy to kill Hitler and overthrow his regime had been buzzing secretly around higher German headquarters in the West. Their focal point was the luxurious office of Military Governor von Stülpnagel in the Hotel Majestic in Paris. Stülpnagel himself was deep in the plot; so was his chief of staff, Colonel von Linstow; and one of his



officers, the quiet-spoken and reserved Lieutenant Colonel von Hofacker, had the special assignment (given him by his cousin, Colonel von Stauffenberg, the ringleader who had been designated to plant the bomb beside Hitler) of bringing more "western generals" into the planned Putsch.

The central movers and shakers behind the Berlin plot had already sounded out Rundstedt. But he appears to have put them off with the remark that he was too old to revolt. Anyway, on July 2, shortly after his sardonic phone talk with Keitel, Rundstedt had been fired from the top western command. His successor was Field Marshal von Kluge—who had told the conspirators that he would play along with them. But Kluge was no hero to the troops, and the *camarilla* was anxious to get the magnetic Rommel to come over to their side. They were ready to offer him a top job in their post-armistice rump government.

To this effect, von Hofacker had already discreetly made contact with Rommel's chief of staff, Speidel. Speidel, knowing the mind of his master, waited until the moment was ripe. That moment soon came.

**N**ow the Americans had jumped off and were making for the road junction of St. Lô. Rommel was desperately involved in shifting some of his battered armor westward to hold them. Montgomery took this opportunity to lunge and seize Caen—the natural anchor for a power-drive to the Seine. The Normandy front was now clearly untenable—or would become so in a matter of days. That was what Rommel told Hitler, asking for a wholesale withdrawal before disaster struck. But again, the same blind and angry answer: Hold fast.

This was the end. At some time around July 10, Rommel had two talks with the plotters' contact-man, Hofacker. According to one of Hofacker's surviving confederates, in the first of these Hofacker and Rommel discussed the need of taking immediate action against Hitler and offering an armistice to the Western powers. In the second they discussed the steps to be taken in staging a military coup in the West—which meant neutralizing or eliminating the fanatical SS troops—the moment Hitler was out of the way.

We know that on July 14, Rommel was up at the command post of one of his corps, still

going through the motions of loyally carrying on. The general who commanded this corps gave him the familiar theme-song: in view of heavy losses and the lack of replacements, he said, the High Command's order to hold the present front could "hardly be guaranteed."

This information may have strengthened Rommel in his desperate resolve. Still an idol of Nazidom, he had clung to it, after all, until the last moment. The assassination was to take place within the next few days. Whether Rommel had been tipped off as to the exact date, no survivor has told us. So one can only surmise whether he had made up his mind when he started back to headquarters on the seventeenth after a conference with the fatuous but still strutting Sepp Dietrich. While speeding along the highway south of Lisieux, his car was spotted by an Allied plane. The flier swooped down to strafe it, the driver was hit and lost control, and Rommel was hurled with a brain concussion into the ditch.

## VI

**I**N THE thick-carpeted Hotel Majestic, three afternoons later, Stülpnagel and his staff were waiting nervously for a flash from Berlin.

It came: Hitler is dead, the conspirators said, and they were to proceed. Stülpnagel at once ordered his local troops to surround the SS headquarters in the Avenue Foch and on the Boulevard Lannes and to arrest all top SS officers. Then Field Marshal von Kluge—who had taken over command of the Army Group from the still semi-conscious Rommel—called up and asked Stülpnagel to come to see him.

Kluge in the meantime had learned from the High Command that Hitler wasn't dead, after all. That suddenly changed matters. Kluge decided to get out from under—to abandon the Putschists whom he had promised to join and to declare his loyalty to Hitler. Stülpnagel and the others pleaded with him, to no avail. So the western army that might have overthrown the regime carried on with it instead. "Everything is in order," Kluge told commanders who phoned in inquiringly. Stülpnagel, for his part, bowed himself out, dutifully freed his SS prisoners, received orders of his dismissal and recall, drove off toward Berlin and shot himself.

SEVERAL weeks later, slowly convalescing under his wife's care at home in Herrlingen, Rommel learned the consequences of the failure. Hundreds of officers had been executed, all home opposition had been rooted out by Heinrich Himmler, and the hopeless war was being continued by German armies that now had been beaten back almost to the Rhine. His own involvement in the plot was known. Speidel had been arrested. It might be his turn next.

But he himself hadn't really revolted—in terms of acts, that is. He had been on the point of doing so when fate intervened. What hadn't really been done could perhaps be undone. He whiled away the time, talking to old neighborhood cronies, and to one of them, a nearby Nazi party functionary named Maier, he opened his heart. Pale and weakened, he inveighed against the snarlup of the higher command, the failure of the Luftwaffe, and the military performances of Kluge, Rundstedt, and Hitler's close advisors. But when he came to mentioning Hitler himself, he uttered not one word of criticism.

Undoubtedly he suspected that Maier would talk. Perhaps he wanted him to—and to pass along the helpful word that Rommel was not really against Hitler after all. There may have been self-saving strategy in this, but, after all, there was also truth: for deep down, Rommel had never really broken with Hitler and Nazidom, but had only turned suddenly against them in the anger of frustration. And perhaps, since even his short-lived revolt had failed, he knew no other place to go—except back.

At all events—according to the report which Maier made to his Party superiors—before his guest left, Rommel “expressed his anxiety about the Führer's health.”

At Hitler's headquarters, meanwhile, they were very much interested in Rommel's health. Matters would have been simpler for them if the accident he had suffered had been

fatal. When Party chief Martin Bormann received Maier's report at Hitler's headquarters on September 28, he minuted that “it confirms other, even worse reports which have reached me here in the meantime.” He presented the report to Hitler, who thereupon discussed it with Keitel, police chief Heinrich Himmler, and General Burgdorf, the Führer's obsequious, heavy-drinking army adjutant. The decision was that Rommel must be done away with—preferably secretly. The public, which still looked up to him as the dashing general most favored by the regime, mustn't know.

Burgdorf agreed to do the job himself. Several days later he arrived at Rommel's home with another general in an army car, supposedly to discuss the Field Marshal's “future employment.” According to Rommel's son Manfred, who was there, Burgdorf and Rommel were closeted for three quarters of an hour, after which Rommel emerged to tell his wife and son that Hitler had given him the choice of standing public trial or poisoning himself—in which case no harm would befall his family. Knowing what had happened to Field Marshal Witzleben and the other plotters, he was aware of what “public trial” would mean: torture, harangues from the Nazi bench, and then garroting. So he did not delay his decision. After saying goodbye to Lucie and Manfred, he climbed into the car with his visitors and was driven down the road to a spot cordoned off by police, where Burgdorf stopped and handed him the pill. Fifteen minutes later his body was turned in to the army hospital in Ulm.

They gave him a state funeral, announcing that he had died of his wounds. Hitler did more. For the sake of appearances he ordered that a monument be built in his memory. Some months later Lucie Rommel received the proposed design. It showed a tall and massive base, surmounted by a lion, crouching.





## Ah, Wilderness—New Style

*Richard L. Neuberger*

**W**E AMERICANS think of ourselves as an outdoor people, suffused with the pioneer spirit, lovers of the wilderness. We used to be. We aren't any longer.

I began to realize this when I was in Alaska during the war. There we were, bivouacked in the spruce fastnesses which guard the headwaters of the Yukon. Moose and caribou roamed the forests. Mountain sheep gazed down at us from the crags of the St. Elias. Open season was constant on rivers and creeks full of grayling and twenty-four inch Kamloops trout. The government was paying our way, feeding and clothing us, providing us with medical care, and sending home an allotment to our families. Furthermore, we were not being shot at. We were having the sort of experience we had read about eagerly as boys in the tales of James Fenimore Cooper, Jack London, and Zane Grey.

And we hated it.

We talked nostalgically of percale sheets and fluffy towels, of breakfast in bed, of tiled bathrooms. We also talked of soft bosoms and graceful thighs, and I suppose our discontent will inevitably be attributed to preoccupation with sex; yet some of our loudest grumblers were men who, when we got to Edmonton eleven months later, scarcely gave the bare-legged Canadian girls a second glance. Nor did marriage to a stately blonde lieutenant in the Army Nurses' Corps silence the complaints of one of our lieutenant colonels. He continued to beef about drafty privy houses and the lack of dry-cleaning facilities; and he told us that an urgent mission, on his return to civilization, would be to flush the indoor plumbing a dozen consecutive times just to hear its reassuring gurgle. The lieutenant colonel was cast in the mold of an explorer, but emotionally he was anchored to a bathroom.

*Mr. Neuberger, a hardened Far Westerner, was an aide to General O'Connor in Alaska during the war. The illustrations to his article are by Robert Osborn, of the effete East.*



The men in our regiment were rugged in physique. Nor were they softies; like the men who slogged ashore at Iwo Jima, Tarawa, and Omaha Beach, they were ready to meet all assignments. They just didn't enjoy roughing it.

Since then, wondering whether their grumblings were typical or exceptional, I have been watching the attitude of other countrymen of mine toward wilderness life; and I am now ready to report that with a few bold exceptions we Americans have come to regard the steam-heated hotel and the internal-combustion engine as indispensable to any foray into the open. We are conditioned to proceeding everywhere in a chair. The chair may be fastened to an automobile, airplane, motorboat, or parlor car; but it must be cushioned and roomy. Even the jolting, precarious seat of a leather saddle does not quite conform to our notions of satisfactory transportation.

The fact is that as a people we have become super-urbanized. It's an old story that when Washington was President 95 per cent of the people of the United States lived in the rural countryside; that by 1890 the percentage had decreased to 65 per cent; and that by now it is down to 41 per cent. It's a newer but already familiar story that five million Americans left the soil for the pavements during World War II, and few of them are likely to return. Some tried to do so immediately after V-J Day, but they were soon back in town

again. When Employment Service interviewers questioned them, the prevailing pattern of their replies was that they couldn't see themselves going back to Aladdin lamps, five o'clock risings, cold water from a pump, and a jouncing forty-mile ride to a picture show. What has been happening to the American people is not simply the industrial revolution; it is also seduction by city comforts. We love them so well that we cannot bear to be without them even on our holidays.

OURS is a country of fishermen and hunters—but only where the scene of these adventures can be reached behind a steering wheel. Hatcheries in the West have discovered that they need to replenish the trout only in streams accessible from the highways. Lakes and creeks walled off by mountains are safe—or would be if it weren't for the airplane. For nowadays lakes which formerly could be reached only by half-a-dozen days of strenuous riding can be attained by traveling salesmen between breakfast and dinner at a Portland or Spokane hotel. Piper



Cubs alight with pontoons on the lake surface, and men in business suits, with rented rods and reels, clamber out and go to work on the trout. Hunting, too, can be reduced to an absolute science by stalking game from the air; a man in an airplane signals to the bold hunters on the ground the exact location of the creature they are after.

Our GI's are bound for Alaska, but to open retail stores, not to homestead or prospect. Already Alaska is more preponderantly composed of city-dwellers than is the continental



United States, points out George Sundborg, manager of the Alaska Development Board. The people out along the creeks and trap-lines are the sourdoughs who came to Alaska a generation or two ago. "As the old timers pass on we lose our genuine frontier residents," he adds. "The newcomers all are flocking to the more populous places." Fairbanks and Anchorage are full of men without jobs, but not for patriotism or money can the Army entice them to the foggy and desolate Aleutians.

We have got so that we are astonished by the most modest backwoods feat. Recently a young man skied three hundred miles in March along the spine of the Cascade Range in Oregon. It was an accomplishment of some note, but not worthy of the front-page attention many Western newspapers gave it. I thought of the stocky little constable in the Canadian Mounted Police who had snowshoed three *thousand* miles in the brutal cold of an Arctic winter without fanfare or publicity, and I blushed for our new standards of physical prowess.

Today we have the paradox of more people than ever before visiting our National Parks and National Forests, but fewer taking off for the remote peaks and canyons. Yosemite Valley, with its inns and lodges, is only an infinitesimal part of Yosemite National Park, but tourists cling to it like shipwrecked mariners to a raft. People like to ski, but they stay close to the lifts and tows. They like to swim, but in the glass-enclosed pools at Sun Valley. They like to fish, but mostly they wet their lines thirty paces from where they parked the sedan.

So indifferent, in fact, have most Westerners become to the fate of the wilderness that the Olympic National Park in the State



of Washington would most assuredly never have been established had the decision been left to people in its vicinity. Governor Mon C. Wallgren of Washington believes that the person most responsible for the creation of the Park was Mrs. Rosalie Barrow Edge of 1215 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mrs. Edge is one of the two most persistent and effective champions of guarding our heritage of trees, meadows, and mountains; the other is Bernard DeVoto, who lives close to the Harvard College Yard. The Wilderness Society, whose members resist encroachment on the last few primitive regions in the country, is predominantly composed of Easterners; its leaders are intellectuals, and a Wilderness Society tea brings forth a formidable outpouring of elderly ladies. More power to them—but could there be better proof that the wilderness has become an intellectual concept rather than a thing physically experienced? We don't experience it because it's too far away from push-button lights, an eight-cylindered sedan, and hot-water faucets; because our patron saints are no longer Lewis and Clark, but Abercrombie & Fitch.



# America and Dr. Laurel

*David Bernstein*

**I**N THE Philippine province of Bulacan, not far from Manila, there is a small village hardly larger than what the Filipinos call a *barrio*. It has two claims to fame: first, that it is the gateway to the broad rice-growing plain of central Luzon; second, that its people showed heroism beyond the call of duty during the war.

Ordered to produce their quota of rice for the Japanese occupation forces, the villagers destroyed the entire crop instead. In retaliation, the Japanese rounded up every man and boy in the village and locked them for three days in an improvised stockade, without food or water. The old and weak, of course, died.

In 1945, shortly after V-J Day, I visited this town's first real fiesta in four years. At the home of a respected village elder, we talked about the war, about the victory, and most of all about the three terrible years of enemy occupation.

"I tell you," said the old Filipino to his guests, "the greatest hero of the Philippines during those years was Dr. Laurel."

Now, to most Americans the remark will seem utterly unimportant. They have never heard of Dr. Laurel; and the Philippines is too many miles from the United States to worry about. As it happens, the old man's observation had a peculiar importance to

Americans—now, even more than in 1945.

For Dr. José Paciano Laurel was no guerrilla fighter, no resistance hero, no symbol of Filipino faith in liberty. Indeed, at the very moment these simple villagers were nodding sagely at the words of praise for him, Dr. José Paciano Laurel was under arrest in MacArthur's Japan as a topflight war criminal.

He was, during the war and before it, the most potent America-hater in the Philippines. For two years he was Japan's puppet president of the Philippines. Today, having slithered out from under a charge of high treason, he intends to become president of the free Philippines in next year's election. His chances are excellent. If he should be successful, Laurel would almost inevitably spearhead Asian resistance to the United States.

He is a brilliant, ruthless, ambitious, embittered man. He still hates America. His intellectual bent is toward totalitarianism, and there are indications that he could play ball with Soviet totalitarianism as blithely as he did with *bushido* totalitarianism.

The focus of Soviet-American friction will be shifting inexorably from Europe to the Orient in the very near future. We would be wise to know a little more about this man Laurel.

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## II

**N**OWADAYS Dr. Laurel denies that he is unfriendly to the United States. "I have never been and am not anti-American or anti-foreign," he said recently. "My background, at least educational, is American. How can I be ungrateful?"

To the extent that he wants to be believed, he is depending on the short memory of Filipino voters. But he surely does not want to be believed all the way. There is a curious ambivalence among most Filipinos, who like and dislike America at the same time. The politician who can satisfy both the like and the dislike has a very real advantage.

There are, of course, many reasons why Filipinos should like America. We brought education, better living standards, a concept of democracy, and ultimately independence to the Philippines. Since the war's end, we have poured dollars into the islands with a lavish hand—though by no means so lavish as to pay all the costs of repairing the dreadful devastation. Since the beginning of this century many Americans, by their decent behavior toward individual Filipinos, had restored a sense of personal dignity which the Spaniards had devoted three hundred and fifty years to killing. It was not surprising that Douglas MacArthur should have been the idol of nearly all Filipinos; not only was he a dashing figure, a master of the melodramatic act, the leader of the liberation forces, but he was also known up and down the archipelago for the fact that there was never a shadow of distinction in his treatment of Filipinos as against fellow-Americans.

On the other hand, resentment against America has grown, too. It was nurtured by the behavior of Americans who did not act as MacArthur did toward Filipinos. For a people trying to grow out of a subject mentality, the arrogant, patronizing tolerance of the "Flips" by too many Americans in the islands can be even more infuriating than outright brutality and force. The new nationalism in the Philippines is strongly anti-foreign; and Americans are now foreigners there. Filipinos are still sensitive about the way they were high-pressured, in 1946, to amend their Constitution to grant special privileges for American investors; without

amendment there would have been no trade agreement with the United States.

So Dr. Laurel prefers that his countrymen retain a certain recollection of his past record of America-hatred. For if, on top of that, he can persuade them that he really likes America, in a backhanded way, then he will have satisfied the schizoid Filipino mind.

But it will not be enough for him to satisfy the Filipinos. He must make friends in the United States, too. The moneyed elements in Manila, the sugar planters, the exporters, the bankers, have cast their lot with America. They have undertaken to rebuild the country along American capitalistic lines. Until the time comes, in the distant future, when the nation might conceivably stand on its own feet, they must depend on American good will and economic support. They cannot afford to back a presidential aspirant who would be poison in Washington. So Laurel must count on short memories here, too.

He is, perhaps, encouraged by the fact that the late President Manuel Roxas—a member of Laurel's puppet government when it declared war on the United States—did succeed in overcoming a similar handicap. It will be harder for Laurel to do what Roxas did, but he is willing to make the try. It is no secret that American ignorance of Philippine affairs is profound, except among a few observers and government officials who do not make policy in Washington.

**T**O UNDERSTAND how Dr. Laurel feels about America, we shall have to go back a quarter of a century to the Conley Incident.

José Laurel was in his early thirties at the time, but his unquestioned brilliance had already carried him far. From the province of Batangas, where he was born in 1891, he had come to study law at the University of the Philippines in Manila. Like most ambitious Filipinos, he had entered the civil service, and advanced rapidly. In 1920 he came to the United States for a post-graduate course at Yale—where, it is said, social slights wounded his pride. By 1923 he was back in Manila, his ability so clearly recognized that Governor General Leonard Wood had appointed him Secretary of the Interior.

It was a time when the Filipino fight for independence was in full swing. General

Wood had come to Manila, after having lost his bid for the White House at the 1920 Republican convention. Wood was a capable administrator, but a stickler for protocol without an ounce of understanding of the Filipino mind. He was a perfect target for the independence shouters. Laurel intended to outshout the other Filipino politicians and become the people's hero. What he needed was an issue.

It happened that an American named Conley was chief of the vice squad in the Manila police force (which, through the mayor of Manila, was under the authority of Secretary of the Interior Laurel). Conley was apparently a none-too-savory character. Among other things, he was accused of trafficking in opium, but no action was taken on the charges. Laurel decided, perhaps correctly, that Conley was being protected because he was an American; he knew that a Filipino would have received short shrift from the stiff-necked Governor General. So Laurel informed Wood that new charges—bribery, this time—had been brought against Conley, and asked that the American be suspended during investigation.

Wood said Laurel was prejudiced, but agreed to a court trial. Laurel testified against Conley. The charges were dismissed. An investigating committee proposed a compromise whereby Conley would be reinstated if he agreed to resign later on. Wood ordered Laurel to reinstate the American. Instead, Laurel himself promptly resigned, and persuaded most of the other high Filipino officials to join his walk-out. The Filipinos appealed to Washington, where President Coolidge pursed his lips and supported Wood.

For some reason, however, the Conley Incident did not catch the imagination of the Filipino public. Laurel was, perhaps, a little too inexperienced to play his cards well—and he was bidding for leadership against such skilled politicians as Manuel Quezon and Sergio Osmeña. At any rate, the crisis petered out.

After a while, the cabinet members who had walked out with him drifted back into the government, many in positions more lucrative and powerful than before. Laurel was ignored. For twelve years, broken only by a term in the Philippine Senate, he was out of political office.

THE Conley Incident, which was to have shot him to the top of the political heap, had instead closed to him the greatest aspiration of the Filipino: high political office. He watched bitterly while less able men forged ahead in the government. True, after the Commonwealth was established, President Quezon appointed him Associate Justice of the Supreme Court in 1936. But for a man of Laurel's ambition, it was a crumb.

Inevitably, he blamed the Americans for the thwarting of his political aspirations. He plunged bitterly into his law practice and veered more and more to sympathy for Japan. His law firm represented many Japanese clients. He sent several of his sons to study in Japan. He himself became an expert on Japan's *bushido* code of Oriental chivalry. He was the first Filipino to receive an honorary degree from the Imperial University of Tokyo.

Democracy, because it was American, became increasingly distasteful to him. Early in 1941, Justice Laurel defended the wide emergency powers granted by the Philippine Assembly to President Quezon, on the ground that "constitutional dictatorship" was in keeping with a world-wide trend marked by "totalitarianism gradually supplanting democracy." He pointed approvingly to the "constitutional and benevolent dictatorship" of Japan.

When the constitutional and benevolent Japanese captured Manila, after Pearl Harbor, Laurel almost at once offered his services to them. Within a few weeks he was Commissioner of Justice in the provisional puppet regime. It was so clear that he was the top collaborator that in the spring of 1943 Filipino guerrillas selected him for assassination. Early one morning he was shot and badly wounded at a golf course near Manila; but his physicians pulled him through. The attempt must have convinced the Japanese that Laurel could be trusted all the way. He became chairman of the commission which wrote the puppet constitution, and, late in 1943, the Japanese made him puppet President. Thus, with Japanese help, he had achieved the highest post in the Philippines. It did not greatly matter that he was a puppet and a traitor. He may even have honestly believed, in an atmosphere of



Japanese power and propaganda, that the war was already won—by Japan.

He declared: "I for myself do not want the Americans to come back. One need not be a military strategist to realize that there is no likelihood for America to reconquer the Philippines. Because I like my country to be free, I do not like America to come back."

In September, 1944, when the Americans did come back, puppet President Laurel declared war on the United States and Great Britain.

### III

AS SOON as it was clear that the battle was lost in the Philippines, the Japanese flew Laurel to Tokyo. There he waited quietly for his arrest some months later. He was high on MacArthur's list of war criminals, and all he could reasonably hope for was a speedy trial and a quick death.

But General MacArthur himself, however unwittingly, arranged things so that Laurel was never really tried and certainly not executed. Earlier in 1945, MacArthur had "rescued" his old friend General Manuel Roxas from the Japanese, and definitively exonerated him of treason charges—even though the charming, clever, opportunistic politician had served under Laurel during the occupation. Roxas was shrewd enough to exploit an opportunity when he saw one, and he did so well that within a year the friend of the adored MacArthur was elected President of the Philippines. But Roxas could not accept exoneration of his own wartime collaboration without championing exoneration of his fellow-collaborators. If they were guilty of treason, so was he; if he was innocent, so were they. Willy-nilly, even the erstwhile puppet president had to be befriended in his extremity.

MacArthur had thus started a chain reaction. A pitifully inadequate People's Court was set up in Manila to try the men accused of treason, but there were few trials and fewer convictions. This year, as his last important act before a sudden heart attack killed him, President Roxas proclaimed an amnesty which set Laurel, among others, scot-free.

The whole collaboration question is by

now utterly boring to Filipinos. Right after the war they had expected the Americans to mete out justice, but the Americans fell into an unexpected fit of protocol and insisted that the Filipinos take charge. Meantime MacArthur's behavior had so thoroughly beclouded the issue that it was impossible to do a sensible job of fixing blame and determining guilt. At the same time, the wartime resistance movement—one of the finest in any occupied country, East or West—was muddled by latter-day "guerrillas" who joined up after the battle was won and who had other interests than vengeance on an enemy they had never resisted. And, in Manila itself, there were thousands of ordinary people who during the occupation might have hated the Japanese privately but nonetheless found themselves forced to perform the little daily acts of public collaboration—the bow to the passing Japanese soldier, the obedience to military decrees, the painful effort to learn a few words of Japanese. Their consciences still hurt; it was easier to forget the whole collaboration issue.

So Laurel was, in effect, whitewashed even before he was caught. The collaborators were claiming that they had worked for the enemy only to stave off worse puppets and harsher decrees. In Japan, a few days after the surrender aboard the battleship *Missouri*, MacArthur's headquarters permitted a Filipino reporter to interview Laurel in prison. He was shrewd enough to say the very words that would most impress the Filipinos:

"If the Commonwealth Government contemplates trying the leading men of the Philippines who participated in the republic for their acts, I submit that they be spared of that responsibility and that it try me instead, first and solely. . . . I want this collaboration case to be done away with. I want peace, peace, peace. And if our people should decide that I am guilty of disloyalty and treason, I am ready to be shot at the Luneta and appear before my Creator and rededicate and redevote myself to my country and my people even in the hereafter."

If this sounds like low-grade corn, remember that the words came from a man still in danger of losing his life, and that they were addressed to a tired, battered, bewildered, emotional Filipino public. So the little people in Bulacan, who had stood up to the

Japanese grimly, nodded solemnly when they were told that Dr. Laurel was, after all, the greatest hero of them all.

#### IV

**D**R. LAUREL is a free man today, purged by this year's amnesty of any guilt associated with his wartime activities. In reality, he has been free since 1946, when the People's Court acquiesced to his demand for release on bail.

Almost from the day he returned to Manila, he has been busy campaigning. He has made speeches by the dozen throughout the islands. In an atmosphere of subdued friction between Americans and Filipinos, he has lambasted the United States. "This republic," he said of the postwar Philippines, "is as much a puppet as the one during the Japanese occupation." When the proposal for amending the constitution came up, he had an issue again. His eloquence tore it to shreds. Most Filipinos agreed with him, though they voted to insert the "parity" amendment because they realized they had virtually no other choice.

What Laurel was shooting for, even back in 1946, was the presidential election which will be held in November 1949. For a time he could not say so openly, for President Roxas was a strong man with an enthusiastic following—and Laurel owed much to him, including his life. But, after a while, Roxas began to lose his political strength in a morass of government corruption. The Filipinos have a lovely word for graft, bribery, and surplus property scandals; they call them "anomalies." Anomalies were front-page news in every Manila paper every day. It was worse than anything the country had seen since Spanish days. It is still going on.

The Roxas administration was losing prestige, too, because it was unable to cope with the Huk problem in central Luzon—the very rice provinces to which the Bulacan village is the gateway. Much-needed new capital from the United States was not being invested in the Philippines, and Filipino business men believed that American investors hesitated to risk money in a country beset by insurrection and banditry.

The Huks are powerful in the central plain of Luzon, where, for centuries, Filipino peas-

ants have been exploited by absentee landlords and ever-present usurers. They have followed all kinds of leaders, good and bad, in their desperate anxiety to find justice: religious fanatics, political adventurers, fools and saints and socialists. During the war, they fought the Japanese bitterly, under the leadership of a young man named Luis Taruc. Taruc and his lieutenants, unfortunately, are Communists or at least fellow-travelers, and the peasants who follow him are too unhappy to care or too ignorant to know. With the war's end, the millennium they had expected did not arrive. The tenant farmers were as much in debt and in want as before the war. Taruc skillfully welded their disappointment into a campaign directed against the Americans and the "fascist" Roxas. As a result, dozens of towns and villages in the Huk country unfurled the red flag, and it was worth one's life (if one were a landlord) to visit these localities without military protection.

The Huks opposed Roxas in the 1946 Presidential election, and elected their own men (including Taruc) to Congress. Roxas refused to seat them, though the balloting was honest enough. He sent troops against the irregular Huk forces, and announced that Taruc was wanted for murder. But, as in China, Greece, Indo-China, and elsewhere, force did not prove altogether effective against experienced Communist leadership supported by a discontented peasantry.

For Laurel the situation was made to order. In March of this year, he announced his candidacy openly. "If the people think that I am the instrumentality in cleaning up this government and giving them a good administration," he said, "I am available."

It was, of course, good politics to attack the corruption of the Roxas regime and to offer to clean house. It was equally good politics to seek an alliance with the leaders of the large block of disaffected voters in central Luzon. All spring, Laurel jockeyed carefully for the support of the Huks, their peasant sympathizers, and their supporters among left-wing intellectuals in Manila.

The Manila *Chronicle's* correspondent in the Huk country, speculating on the possibility of a tie-up between Laurel and the left-wingers, observed a few weeks ago: "These are the very people who branded



Laurel the No. 1 quisling of the second [puppet] republic. To them, Laurel was worse than Roxas. Today, it could be vice versa. A common cause to save us from 'American imperialism' is . . . a possibility."

On May Day of this year, Laurel turned up in Manila as the principal speaker at a rally of 15,000 people called together by a combination of left-wing and fellow-traveling organizations active in the Philippine capital. The very slogan of the rally was in keeping with the current party line throughout the world:

"We are for Democratic Peace, Economic Security, Real Independence, against Fascism and Imperialism."

So, with the capacity for involuted reasoning that marks the true party-liner, the Communist and fellow-traveling elements—who fought the Japanese magnificently, who castigated Roxas and Laurel as quislings and fascists, who proclaimed their love for "democracy"—are quietly arranging things to work with José Paciano Laurel. They are not strong enough to gain power in the Philippines by themselves; perhaps he can do it for them. And, in any event, his bitterness against America matches their own current line.

## V

SINCE President Roxas' death, Laurel has even gone so far as to propose the establishment of a coalition government of the kind which the Russians have found useful among their satellites. Interviewed by an Associated Press correspondent in late April, he declared:

At a time like this when the young Republic of the Philippines is facing a crisis, we should adopt what other countries are doing and that is to suspend temporarily all political parties. . . . I do not want it as construed that I am against political parties. That would be undemocratic and totalitarian. But at a time like this when the country is faced with a crisis, the best way to achieve unity is to stop the political bickerings and quarrels. As a temporary measure we should do away with partisan politics.

His general political philosophy is shot through with the typical mysticism of the man who flirts with totalitarianism. Recently he called for a government of "republicanism vitalized by social control to promote the welfare of the great masses of our population." What this means is hard to say; but it is likely that Perón of Argentina would understand it.

Politically, the Philippines is ready for change. Roxas was succeeded in April by his vice president, Elpidio Quirino, the very model of the safe machine politician, fat and genial and self-confident. As President, Quirino has surprised the country by proclaiming an amnesty for the Huks and arranging for Taruc and his associates to take their seats in the Philippine Congress. This may eliminate the more extreme aspects of disorder that raged throughout central Luzon, but Quirino is no radical and will not long retain Taruc's gratitude.

As for the anomalies, Quirino has promised to clean them out, but so far he has made no noticeable headway. Quirino himself is an honest man; and his war record is one of real heroism. He refused to have anything to do with the Japanese, and spent many months in Santiago prison. The Japanese murdered his wife and two daughters before his eyes.

But for some reason Filipinos do not take Quirino altogether seriously. He lacks, for all his good intentions, the quality of leadership. In Manila it is common gossip that he frequently finds it necessary to remind his associates that he, Quirino, is president of the Philippines. His greatest drawback, however, is his health. At the time Roxas died of a heart attack, Quirino himself was on a leisurely tour of the southern islands ordered by his physicians because his blood pressure was dangerously high. He still must be very careful, and Filipinos are tiring of Presidents who enter office with tuberculosis (like Quezon), heart trouble (like Roxas), or other ailments.

By next year, therefore, it is quite possible that they will look elsewhere for leadership. A number of prominent Filipino politicians, acting on this assumption, have already announced their candidacies. The only one who could probably defeat Laurel, however, has not done so, and has not yet, at this

writing, given any indication that he intends to do so.

He is Carlos P. Romulo, the Philippine delegate to the United Nations. Romulo is well known to most Americans, and since the war his prestige has shot up among his own people. Before Pearl Harbor he was a successful Filipino writer and journalist, and in 1941 he won the Pulitzer Prize for a series of articles on conditions in the Orient. He had an excellent war record, and in the United States served his government in various capacities, culminating in the present post at Lake Success. Romulo is a sincere democrat, a fiery speaker, and a real scrapper. His countrymen are proud of him. But he has no political machine in the Philippines. And so far he has given no sign that he wants to enter the campaign next year. If he waits too long, he might, like Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg in Philadelphia this summer, be available but passed over.

Of all the announced candidates, Laurel appears to have the best chance at the moment. Amnesty or no amnesty, he still appeals to the extreme left-wing more than anyone else because of his anti-Americanism. He appeals to the burgeoning middle classes and the peasants because his brand of nationalism would throw out the small Chinese traders and money-lenders who are making profits that Filipinos would like to make. And he would appeal to the moneyed interests, who have considerable power in Manila, if he could prove to them that economic and financial assistance from the U. S. government would continue even if he became President.

**F**ROM the American point of view, a Laurel victory would have serious consequences. In the world-wide struggle between the United States and the Soviet Union, the trouble zone may easily shift away from stalemated Europe—toward the Middle East and especially the Far East.

In the Orient the lines of conflict are yet to be drawn. During the next few years, it is very likely that all the alarms and excursions that have marked the European scene since 1945 will be duplicated in China, Korea, Indonesia, Indo-China, and India. As Walter Lippmann recently pointed out, it is signifi-

cant that the new team of Soviet envoys at Lake Success and Washington are Russia's topflight Far Eastern experts.

To all the peoples of Asia, Philippine-American relations are the yardstick by which to judge American prestige, power, and intent in the Far East. An anti-American victory in the Philippines would signal the bankruptcy of America's Far Eastern policy. We have ourselves selected the archipelago as our long-range military, air, and naval base of operations in the Orient. Since the war's end, we have arranged for air fields, army installations, and naval bases in various parts of the islands. These bases are so important to strategists in the Pentagon Building that many high officers insist that we hold them, not merely by lease, but as American soil under American sovereignty—that these bases be as separate from the Philippine Republic as the Canal Zone is separate from the Republic of Panama.

An unfriendly administration can make these bases insecure, as we discovered some months ago, to our dismay, when the Panamanian legislature refused to continue allowing us bases to guard the Canal. The geographical location of the Philippines is such that American loss of face there would reverberate not only in Southeast Asia but also in China and Japan and India. It would provide an incentive to the growing nationalist tendencies throughout this great area—and, most of all, to the Soviet Union.

As the lines are drawn, the Communists may find, by the Rule of the Strange Bedfellow, that they have in José Paciano Laurel a powerful ally.

Can we avert the threat? Of course we can—and without being charged with undue interference in the domestic affairs of a state newly independent. Filipinos, in the last analysis, are going to judge all presidential candidates next year on how they rate with Washington, in terms of future economic assistance. If we make it clear that they are, of course, free to choose their own president, but that American help will not be lavished upon a man who subverts democracy and hates the United States, Dr. Laurel's political career can be checked. Otherwise, we stand to lose heavily in the struggle for world leadership and world peace.



# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

**T**wo phrases scrawled on the margin of a map: "shun pikes" and "John Charteris's library." They display the foresight of a man who knows that several jobs will be converging at about the time of the *Harper's* deadline. I made one note, I think, at a filling station on the shore of Memphremagog and the other in a diner just outside Portsmouth. There is humiliation in them, though, for the map is a road map of upper New England and time was when I should no more have carried such a map in my car than a surgeon would take a textbook to an operation. In those days it could have served no use except to feed my vanity. I knew all the roads it doesn't show, could make combinations that would get you from anywhere to anywhere else in four states by either a quicker or a pleasanter route than the cartographer offered you, and would have undertaken to drive innumerable stretches of upper New England, well, not blindfolded but as much by feel and smell as by sight.

I have set many of the least important scenes of wholly unimportant fictions in automobiles traveling those roads. One such car comes in green evening over a shun pike that crosses a divide from what must have been Thetford and down into a bowl brimful with shadows where a white spire thrusts through the elms, and those elms darkening to a blurred movement were probably in Bethel. In blowy morning another car waits on the edge of a mall beyond which is a row of superb houses, one by Bulfinch, and from the Bulfinch house a woman will presently come out to drive toward that story's high moment. It appeared in *Harper's* years ago; the mall and the houses are in Orford. Late at night another car turns off a road to a small lake and in the darkness a tortured relationship is broken off. I cannot name that pond now but I remember that it was going to be Lake Willoughby; then Willoughby's fiord and

cleft rocks proved to be farther from Boston than the rationale of the novel would permit. In another scene a man remembers a girl standing on the running board of a car, years before, her skirt blowing in a breeze that will mean a storm presently and glints of sun on her face from a harbor that was certainly Wiscasset. But this scene is from a novel that didn't get written—from one of the books in John Charteris's library. . . .

**M**Y HOSTESS asked, "How have you gotten away so long with being a professional Westerner?" Her question had the fastidious tact that makes Boston manners the most democratic in the world, since they imply no distinction between stevedores and the gently reared. It may have been a touch unjust to one who has spent twenty-five years, with a small crew of other outlanders, shoring up her inherited culture, but the Bostonians mean well. It's just that nothing in their society, their family life, their churches, or their schools has ever taught them how to behave, so that if you come from Ogden or San Antonio or St. Louis you at first mistake for rudeness what is only crudeness. But it was an amusing question too for at that moment the Western press had me cast as a heavy. A Denver columnist had proclaimed that I hate the West and a Nevada copy desk had headed a discussion of my *Harper's* article "Cow Dung." (Nevada must be getting soft. In my day the West said what it meant.) Across Wyoming the papers had me not only a "paid [God knows by whom] propagandist" but what is even worse out there a "foreigner," which in Wyoming means someone who doesn't agree with you and had better go back to where he came from. Wyoming had not looked up the literary allusions in my *Harper's* article. In fact it had not looked up the article but had delegated its reading and the exercise of its critical in-

telligence to others, no doubt for cause. The editor of the *Kemmerer Gazette* supposed that paid propaganda written by this foreigner had been appearing in *Harper's Weekly*. Son, the *Weekly* perished a generation back and maybe you had better read some contemporary magazines, and maybe I had better pull up stakes again, head westward, and leaven my inherited culture with a little literacy.

The notations on the road map signify that I was going to bring you up to date on touring in New England. The aged in the congregation may remember that I used to do so periodically. The last time was the spring before the war and I made John Chamberlain and Samuel E. Morison so almighty mad that they emptied Wyoming six-guns at me in the next issue of *Harper's*. I admit I was a little hurt and it was then that I resolved to find a topic which would make no one mad, which could not possibly cause a controversy. After long thought I ended up with the culture of roses, and after much research and interviewing I wrote the piece. I took it to a friend who wins prizes for his roses. He read it, smiled sourly, and said, "Somebody should have told you about people who grow flowers. Now you are really going to find out what bullwhips were made for." I laid that Easy Chair away in lavender and decided that if roses made people mad there was no point in trying to avoid controversy. . . . But now I had a new car and for the first summer since 1940 it was possible to talk about touring upper New England.

I HAD a new car. Is the first stirring the symptom of a neurosis or of an organic disease? It makes its appearance as a set of logical considerations. The car is eight years old; repair bills have a frequency that automobile salesman consider uneconomic; there is a hazy apprehension that a trip may have to be interrupted for some major repair. Two transcontinental trips must have strained it badly, it has been shaken by thousands of miles of back roads in the Rockies more traveled by elk than by automobiles, it has taken rough weather and hard going in every portion of the United States. Certainly by next year one will need a new car. So it is only good sense to take a look at this year's cars and find out what Detroit is up to.

I say a man is not a true motorist if he does not give up right there. I gave up: a stern determination to get a new car had crystallized. I began by trying for the modest model of which I have owned four over the years. Honest dealers would not promise me delivery in less than eight months—far too long a period for a man whom logic has convinced. Enough an admirer of the capitalistic system that I will not help it cut its own throat, I refused to pay the five to eight hundred dollar bribe that would have got me the car I wanted from other dealers. Here one's obstinacy hardens and his conception of what he can afford changes—and no true motorist would dream of resisting. Enlarged conceptions proved no easier to realize; I could not get any car I would have. I moderated my admiration of capitalism and made use of its principal lubricant, pull: I called on a friend who knows his way around. Two days later an honest dealer had sold me a car honestly—but my conception of what I could afford had not only been enlarged, it had been remodeled. The car is entirely out of my income-tax bracket but a true motorist would feel ignoble if he hesitated.

The new car is a sweetheart. The designers have made all this year's cars look like beetles, but that's all right: they feel they have to make them look like something, and their imitations have seldom been art. The engineers have done nothing much to motors, which remain mostly prewar except in a couple of experiments which are working toward simplicity by way of increased complication and which I refused to help subsidize for Detroit's information. They have bolted on a handful of gadgets that are harmless and will gratify frivolous souls. But also they have lowered the bodies to the clearance, devised better tie-rods, and improved the co-operation between springs and shock absorbers. This helps and in addition there are twenty or thirty more horsepower than I have ever had under my foot before. My satisfaction has been stepped up more than the horsepower—and anyway the first few weeks of a new car, any new car, are one of the pleasanter experiences our culture offers us. One slight trouble was that my nervous system did not adjust quickly to my new estate. When I thought I was doing fifty I would find that I was doing seventy-five.



THAT is seldom a sagacious speed for New England roads. The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road. But the Yankee roadmakers were intolerant of man's carnal nature, including his desire for comfort, and were interested solely in finding routes which an ox-cart, a vehicle incapable of haste and indifferent to curves, could travel without bogging down. Their inheritors have not bothered to reconsider either turnpikes or shun pikes in terms of the automobile, about whose capacity they remain doggedly skeptical. There is no stretch of first-class road twenty-five miles long anywhere in Massachusetts, and till this year there has not been a stretch half that long anywhere north of Boston. Moreover, if motorists have had years of frustration bottled up inside them, so have highway departments. They spent the idle years working out ingenuities that now enable them to block half a dozen roads with crews and machinery that formerly would have barely sufficed for one.

Still it was a good summer for touring in New England. The color photographs in glazed-stock magazines have shown you the details that came to compose a montage in my mind—Winnepesaukee, Penobscot Bay, Old Bennington, Otter Creek, Mad Mountain, Camel's Hump, Moosilauke, the gaps and gulfs and notches, and everywhere as in the photographs girls with their midriffs bare. The melancholy news is that the inns have at last gone the way of restaurants elsewhere in the United States. Food is bad, service lackadaisical and impudent, prices outrageous. Some once honorable names are just dumps now, and dumps at twelve dollars a dinner, please get a slip at the desk. Regional peculiarities, however, remain fixed. Dining rooms still close at seven-thirty or eight, and be damned to you if you drive up five minutes late. You must still buy breakfast American plan though you may want only a cup of coffee, for the ladies who frequented the first Crawford House liked to pick their dainty way through fifty choices, and in upper New England three generations are not enough to change more than the price of a folkway. Most desk clerks and head waiters still suspect you of vagrancy, if not breaking and entering, when you come in. There are a few exceptions, a few places which revere

a great tradition, but I have found that it is wise to shut up about them. The last time I praised one in this column, its chef and beds were in a slump by fall.

I have mentioned Wiscasset and the Penobscot. Let them be my obeisance to the coast of Maine, not all of whose shining beauties are attainable by car. For me it soon came, as it has always come, to Vermont. "You really can see a difference," a friend remarked, formally retracting his disbelief soon after we had crossed the Connecticut at Fairlee. You really can. Vermont is a separate *pays* within the region. Its landscape is as different as its economy. I crossed it slantwise and lengthwise a dozen times and found roads and vistas that had been filmed over in my memory coming clear again miles before I reached them. Every man to his own preference but in the intervalles of the Green Mountains I do not miss the Tetons.

I do not know how one tours Vermont and have always been at a loss when asked to plot a good three- or five-day trip. It is enough to travel the State; to begin anywhere and go on from there will do. But this year for the first time since the war I traveled the country north of St. Johnsbury where I spent summers long ago. The tourist should see that landscape, I think, with its silvery openness, its washed air, its North Country waters that are dark under their blue. The tropical lushness of its vegetation is due to the short growing-season but recalls to you the passion that is triply locked within the Yankee temperament. From June on, even at the crest of summer, there is always an intimation of autumn. In that country you are always pretty far from every place except Vermont. There, as throughout the *pays*, once you have seen where the highways lead, you should get off them to the shun pikes that twist through woods along the hillsides. So far as there is tranquillity anywhere, you will find it there.

Summer is the guidebook season for touring New England. But I have always preferred the fall, when the playsuited girls have gone back to college and the residents have, as the anecdote puts it, fumigated. If the summer lushness is passionate, if harvest time has the opulence of New England's first fruits, fall is truer to the extraordinary people who shaped the province in their own image, left their impress on much of the

United States besides, and have nearly vanished now, though more of them are left in these northern reaches than anywhere else. The sculpture and the architecture of the valleys show plain when the leaves have fallen, and one can see the hills forthrightly. One realizes the granite and thin soil of New England as so harsh a country that only a harsh and willful people could maintain themselves there—but one also sees the gun-steel blue and deep purple of the distances, and the hills softened by the mauve and lavender of bare trees. A quiet land has grown even quieter.

That is the best time for the mutter of tires on the familiar roads. The air shrilling at the windshield is sharp. The afternoon clouds have a prophecy of snow. Across a beautiful landscape is drawn a gauze of melancholy that is even truer than the granite to the Yankee mind; to travel it is to remember, as the Yankees never forgot, whither all journeys lead. The symbolism is easy but it is exact too and one is glad to have the additional symbols of tourists, of all travelers. The colors fade, lights come on in farm kitchens, there are separate smells of maple and birch in the smokes that rise from chimneys and blend with the evening. You turn the car downward from a ridge still golden with sunset into a valley where the elms are already dark, and you are an unimaginative tourist indeed if you do not feel a lift when, opposite a deserted common, opposite a white meeting house, you pull up before a lighted door. Quiet and cold air and swift motion have made you ravenous—if the symbolic journey merely pauses here there is the reconciliation of a good drink and hot food to come.

**T**HUS in some fictions I have written and in others that I meant to write. . . . One trouble this summer was that I traveled New England less as a tourist than as a man with work to do and therefore mostly alone. The margin of a solitary motorist's mind always flickers with fantasies; he casts up strange sums and falls into sometimes disturbing introspection. Too often I found riding beside me in the front seat one whom I finally recognized as a doppelganger. His errand was to remind me that I have written less than I intended to about this country

and these people, to recall books that seemed feasible and promising but proved not to be. The worst of a double is that he knows why.

Essex County for instance. On how many midnights have I driven homeward through Ipswich and Danvers and wondered whether it might not be possible to feel there some vibration lingering on from the violent emotions which colored that landscape with terror and blood upwards of two and a half centuries ago. Someone who understands a little of what the twentieth century has learned about the mind's terrors, I thought, ought to get to work on the occurrences at Salem Village. It might as well be me, I always decided, and past midnight in these towns where they speak of "moors" quite naturally and where the ground mist could take supernatural shapes if one wanted it to, I blocked out my history of the witchcraft delusion. Not to be written, the double reminded me, it will have to wait for some other amateur Freudian. But it was a good book.

And those sun-glints reflected from Wiscasset harbor to the face of a girl who stood on the running board of a car. A man was to remember them years later, alone in his study when all Cambridge was asleep. That was a good book too, it was a good deal better than the history of witchcraft in Essex County. Sure it was, the double agreed, but both of them were very fine, and a lot of others too, you've been expert at thinking up books and then consigning them to the protective custody of things left undone. There is no excellence a book can be denied so long as the paper on one's desk remains blank.

Why not? That must be how the library of John Charteris, in Willoughby Hall, not far beyond St. Martin's Churchyard, got on the margin of my road map. Its shelves held, along with other interesting items, the Intended Editions that were "the only desirable editions of most authors." Why not? They are thrifty as letterpress, beneficent to the public, and they lack the disenchantment of printed books. It was good to think them out when one was younger. Besides, at the wheel of a car, it is always possible to intend them again. When Wyoming has been attended to, one thinks, accelerating down a remembered straight stretch, New England roadways that the cartographer omitted can be sketched in—but don't look sidewise at the doppelganger.



# Public Address System

A Story by Jessamyn West

A NUMBER of people are blaming Bill Hare for what happened to Leonard Hobart. They say he's responsible. Bill Hare doesn't have to depend upon hearsay for this information. He's president of the Tenant Building and Loan Association and is in his office on the main street of town eight hours a day. That's a public place, every Tom, Dick, and Harry feels free to go in—and does. They go in—Bill hasn't any way of telling a client from a busybody since they look pretty much the same and often times are—and say, "Bill Hare, don't your conscience hurt you the way this Leonard Hobart business has turned out?"

It doesn't. But Bill is getting tired of saying so. He'll say something else soon. Mrs. Hobart comes oftenest. She'll say, "Mister Hare,"—when Nadine Hobart says a word she says *all* the letters—"Mister Hare," she'll say, "I hold you personally responsible for what happened to my husband." She came in yesterday. "Mister Hare," she said, "I place the blame for what happened to Leonard squarely upon your shoulders."

Bill Hare will take a good deal from Nadine Hobart because of what she's been through. But not everything. He watches her tear-shaped specs tremble on her fleshy nose and notes the way she builds her braids up into a kind of stockade on top of her head and remembers a few of the things Leonard told him about his wife. He thinks, Mrs. Hobart, you're a good-looking woman and you've been through a lot, but you keep *nagging* me and I'll tell you the truth. I'll tell

you for one thing that you're responsible, far more responsible for what happened to your husband than I am.

From first to last what Bill Hare did, was done to help Leonard. He was more Quixotic than anything else—had far more to gain, personally by letting the softball committee do what it wanted to do: that is, go into Los Angeles and buy it a public address system of a Los Angeles firm. But no. Not fair minded Billy! "We must play ball with the local merchants," he told them. "We must give Leonard Hobart his chance." And since Bill Hare was chairman of the committee to buy the public address system he was naturally listened to.

"You mean Hobart's Electric Shop?" asked Aldo Mattutzi. Bill said he did.

"Why waste time on Old Leonard?" asked Aldo. "I move we go right into L.A. where we can see the stuff at its source and in quantity."

"No sir," said Bill Hare. "The success of softball in Tenant depends upon the good will of the townspeople. We've got to play ball with them if we want them to play ball with us."

"Oh hell!" said Aldo. "In the first place Leonard probably don't carry the equipment. In the second place, even if he does and we bypass him he'll be the last person to raise a squawk."

"Mattutzi," Bill said reasonably, "you know that's not the way to handle this."

"Hobart's your next door neighbor, isn't he?" Aldo asked, insinuating that Bill's rea-

sons for going to Hobart's might be personal.

"He is," Bill said. "I've lived next door to Leonard Hobart for ten years but as far as I'm concerned he'd just as well not be there."

That was the truth. And it wasn't because Bill Hare was a big wheel in Tenant and Leonard Hobart a practically invisible cog. It was the truth because of time and silence and Nadine. Time: twenty-four hours in the day; eight or ten for business. Eight for sleep. Six left for his family (Bill has a wife and three children), for softball, for taking a drive, for tuberous begonias, for fishing, for the Royal Arch. Where was there any time for Leonard? Silence: Leonard was silent. Not even his shoes squeaked. In a room full of furniture he looked like furniture. When he was outdoors he appeared somewhat leafy. Leonard was a vacation for the eye and for the ear an intermission. Nadine: Bill heard *her*. In the morning he heard her tell Leonard which tie to put on. At lunch she told him what groceries to pick up on his way home. At night she reminded him to wash his hands before he ate.

"As far as I'm concerned," he told the committee, "Leonard doesn't exist. And if he hasn't got what we want I'll be the first to say let's go in to Los Angeles. But we ought to see him first and find out what he does have."

Bill naturally was given this job.

LEONARD had a small shop, dark, and crowded with radios. Amidst them he seemed somewhat varnish-colored himself. Bill looked this way and that trying to find him and saw him, finally, at the back of the shop taking the insides out of somebody's portable.

"Hi, Leonard," he said.

Bill saw Leonard look up, then quickly look downward, pretend in fact that he had not seen him nor heard his greeting. Bill walked down the narrow alley way between radios to the back of the shop. Unconsciously he kept step to "Doing What Comes Naturally," sung by The Nightingales. That's a chorus of twenty girls and one of the radios was tuned in on their program.

"Hi, Leonard!" he called again. But still Leonard didn't reply.

Arrived at Leonard's work bench he said, "Hard at it, eh?"

Leonard then looked up. "Good morning,

Mr. Hare," he said. "Radio's making such a racket I didn't hear you come in."

That was a lie. Bill knew it, then; and afterward Leonard told him so. Afterward Leonard told him almost everything.

"Remember the day you first came into the shop?" he asked Bill, afterward.

Bill didn't very well. "Yeh, I guess so," he said.

"I resented you that day, Bill."

"Resented me? I was just a poor customer."

Leonard disregarded this. "You were a big wheel in Tenant, Bill. And you had lived beside me for ten years and paid no more attention to me than if I were a stray dog."

Afterward, Leonard could say things like that to Bill and laugh. They were friends then and Leonard could tell Bill things he had never told any one else and in most of what he had to say Bill was interested.

"I thought to myself when you walked in that first morning," Leonard said, "here comes Bill Hare who'll expect me to drop everything the minute he says, Hi, Leonard."

Bill laughed. "Why hell, Leonard, didn't you want to make a sale?"

"Sure I did. But it was a pleasure to make you say Hi twice, to get my attention."

Leonard didn't have any trouble making the sale. He could get the softball committee just as good a public address system as any Los Angeles firm and he quoted them an even better price. Bill placed the order with him then and there, Leonard agreeing, of course, to install the system at the softball field.

Leonard was very pleased about the sale. Pleased to have made the acquaintance of Bill Hare and to have the prospect of working with and getting to know the committeemen. He went home happy that evening. He told Bill about it afterward.

IT WAS raining as Leonard walked homeward from work, that night, the first rain of the season, a sort of practice downfall, very slow and easy. On the empty lots the summer dust was cratered by the big drops. When the first autumn rain comes down the tiny shreds and particles of a long summer's grinding, the bits of leaves and cellophane and dried flower petals, the flakes of tobacco, hairs from bird feathers, horse's tails, lip-stick brushes, the grape seeds, dried cherry stems, broken off thumb nails, all these things,



pulverized, leap upward an inch or so of the earth as the big drops hit them. Leonard watched this happen on his way home that evening. He had done so before, but he had never before had any one to whom he could speak of it.

The whole town of Tenant seemed interesting to Leonard as he walked home that evening. First a building, then a vacant lot. Everything mixed. Loops, garlands, tendrils, lamp posts, swinging signs. Foothills at the end of streets. Frequency modulation beneath the lacy pepper boughs, empty bottles glittering in a clump of farewell summer. Beautiful up-hill dream breasts behind the plate glass windows. Busts, he corrected himself.

"Does your wife insist on busts?" he asked Bill.

"What?" asked Bill, who hadn't been listening very closely.

"As a part of your vocabulary?" Leonard explained.

"Sally leaves my vocabulary pretty much alone," Bill said.

Leonard reached his own front porch that night and stood there, reluctant to go in: fall, the first rain, home town, big sale, acquaintances, friends! Next door was Bill Hare's house. Bill a neighbor of his, a business associate. A friend! Leonard closed his hand gently on a spattering of rain drops as if afraid he'd crush them. Why not go in, he thought, and lead the kind of life you've always dreamed about? What kind of a life is that, he asked himself. Why loving, he answered himself, lead a life of loving kindness. He went inside and it seemed possible.

Sometimes the furnishings of his living room disturbed him. There was a wicker settee in which the wicker work strands seemed too numerous and to be traveling in too many directions. Sitting across the room from it he would find himself trying to follow one particular strand: discover where it began and where it was going. His eyes would hurt with the intensity of his concentration and still the pattern would elude him.

One evening, his eyes following, then failing to follow the design of the wicker work in the settee's arm he had gone over and tried to trace the design with his fingers. Piece out the pattern by touch if sight were not enough. But Nadine had said, "Leonard

for heaven's sake what are you doing? Creeping around the settee that way. And patting it."

"Patting it!" he had protested. "I'm not patting it. I'm just trying to feel out the pattern."

"Feel out the pattern? That's just as bad. What do you want to feel its pattern for?"

"I want to see if it *has* a pattern."

"Leonard Hobart," said Nadine, "are you crazy?"

"No," said Leonard. "No, I don't think so."

If he sat on the wicker settee the problem of its pattern escaped his eyes. But then he saw and worried about the picture on the wall opposite the settee: the picture of a vast, mid-ocean welter of green-grey swells. At the picture's lower edge there was one wave, poised, ready to break. Only it never broke. That was the trouble. There it hung, a white lip, threatening but stationary. Once he had run into the dining room to the wall behind the picture. But arrived there he had felt foolish. A painted wave can not be made to break by getting behind it and pushing.

Tonight, however, neither the stationary wave nor the wicker work settee troubled him. In fact, he didn't even see them. "Nadine, Nadine," he called. From the kitchen there came sounds of supper being prepared, but no answer.

"Nadine," he called again, "I'm home."

Nadine came to the kitchen door, her coronet of braids lustrous and her eye glasses shining.

"Hello, Nadine," Leonard said. "Beautiful evening, warm, with a drizzle of rain."

"What are you saying?" Nadine asked.

"Raining," Leonard replied. "Beautiful evening, warm and raining."

"Is it?" said Nadine. "Well, I wish you'd speak up, Leonard, so I could hear you the first time. I wear myself out trying to find out what you're saying."

"And not worth the trouble half the time," Leonard agreed pleasantly.

To this Nadine did not reply, but observing his empty hands she asked, "Where are the rolls?"

"Rolls!" Leonard exclaimed clapping his hands to his pockets as if they might be there. "Rolls. I forgot them. Do you need them for supper?"

"Not if you don't mind stale bread."

"I don't," said Leonard turning back toward the living room and the evening paper, but Nadine told him, "Wash your hands. Supper is ready." So he had no time to read.

HE WAS first at the table, even so. He and the stuffed pork chops and the creamed celery and the stale bread waited together. The children were not there and Nadine was calling them, calling up the dark stairs to young Nadine, aged sixteen, out into the rainy evening for Tom, aged twelve. Finally they were all at the table and the pork chops were passed, rich little pockets filled with food. Like a squirrel's cheeks, Leonard thought, then tried not to think as he cut into one.

"I had a piece of luck at the store today," Leonard told his family after the eating had started.

Young Nadine turned eagerly to her mother. "Timmy's coming. I told you he would. I'll have to have new sandals and a bag to match."

"Who's Timmy?" Tom asked.

"You wouldn't know, dear," his mother told him.

"Bill Hare stopped in. He wants—"

"If *she* gets new sandals I get a new football. Mine leaks so it's got to be pumped up every five minutes," Tom said.

"Good! Pump it up every five minutes. You can't be kicking it into peoples faces if you're pumping it up."

"Do your face good to have a ball kicked —"

"Tom, dear," said Nadine. "You can have the ball. Now let your sister alone."

"They're installing a new public address —" Leonard began again but Nadine had an idea. "I could dye that scarf for you," she told her daughter, "so that it would match your sandals and bag."

It wasn't until after the children had finished eating that Leonard had a chance to tell his wife about the sale.

"You seem pleased," said Nadine.

"I am. Bill could just as easy have gone into L.A."

"So it's Bill, now."

"Well, he calls me Leonard," Leonard defended himself. "We had a nice chat. I ap-

preciate his swinging the sale to me."

"So he told you that, did he?"

"No, he didn't. But he's chairman of the committee. And whatever Bill Hare says in this town you can bet goes."

"You don't think Bill Hare's thinking about anyone but Bill Hare, do you?"

"What are you driving at, Nadine?"

"Bill Hare's buying the system of you so he'll have some one on hand to service it. You'll take care of it. Gratis, too, or I miss my guess. You'll spend your summer at the softball park. Any little flutter in the thing and they'll be calling on you."

"I like baseball," said Leonard. "That won't be much of a hardship."

"Baseball and servicing a public address system are two different things. You'll be doing the latter. You mark my words."

NADINE and Leonard were both right. Leonard did spend a good deal of time at the park. And it wasn't for him, a hardship. The system didn't go in until just before the opening of the softball season in late May. Leonard not only installed it but he went with Bill and Bill's committee for a number of nights after it was in to make sure that the loud speakers were exactly where they should be, that the announcer's booth was properly and handily equipped, the connections dependable and so forth. Leonard was as anxious as Bill that both patrons and players be convinced that nothing out of Los Angeles could have been better.

Leonard enjoyed himself on those May evenings. The air was mild and soft. The grass (the softball diamond is located in Goodman Memorial Park) after its mowing and watering earlier in the day gave the place a fresh, country smell. Troops of kids followed the committee about; and in the midst of all the technical talk Leonard was the authority.

Leonard intended, of course, to be on hand for the opening night. He was an enthusiastic baseball fan under any circumstances and with a public address system of his own installing receiving its first official try-out, he could not have been kept away. The game—the Tenant All Stars were playing the San Benito Champs—was not scheduled to begin until eight o'clock but Leonard planned to be at the field by seven-thirty.



At six-thirty, however, Bill Hare stopped in to ask Leonard to ride down to the park with him. "I thought it might be a smart idea to go down early and make a few tests," Bill said. "Just be certain everything's clicking."

The Hobarts were still at the dinner table and Nadine, at this request of Bill's, gave her husband a look which said plainly enough, What did I tell you? Bill caught the look and asked Nadine somewhat apologetically if she'd like to ride to the game a little later with his wife.

"Thank you, no, Mr. Hare," said Nadine. "Softball's a little outside my province."

When Bill and Leonard reached the diamond Bill said, "Maybe Burt's already here. If he is we'll get him to call out a few over the loud speaker. Just to see if she's still got the power."

**B**URT GAYNOR was the announcer for the evening, a professional from Los Angeles hired to add *éclat* to the opening game. But Burt hadn't showed up yet, so Bill told Leonard, "I'll go out in the stands. You go up there and give her a try-out. Say the multiplication table if you want to. It don't matter *what* you say."

Bill still had the idea, at that time, that Leonard was a silent man for the lack of anything to say. Later, he realized, of course, that Leonard had been a silent man for the lack of any one to listen to him. Bill walked up into the stands at the southwest corner of the field where tests had proved the acoustics to be bad and waited for Leonard's voice. What he expected to hear was, "One—two—three—testing."

Instead, what he heard was, "Tonight, ladies and gentlemen, the Tenant All Stars, play the San Benito Champs in what promises to be a sizzling spine-tingling history making softball classic. While we're waiting for the teams to put in their appearance on the field let me tell you something about the players.

"On the mound for the Tenant All Stars will be Al Tuck, big two hundred pound side-wheeler. Al's a spot pitcher, the boy who holds the league record for strike outs, a southpaw who's got control as well as steam. Give Al a low ball hitter and boom, upstairs the old apple comes. A high ball hitter and it's down in the basement."

Bill stopped, turned around, faced the announcer's booth. He stood stock still, squinting across the twilit diamond, as the talk about Al Tuck continued. It wasn't what Leonard was saying so much—that was the *spiel* of a man who knew the Tenant team, all right, but who had read more baseball than he'd played—it was Leonard's voice that impressed Bill. The voice of Leonard, the silent man. It had the authority of a natural phenomenon: of a cataract, or a thunderstorm, or a glacier, Bill climbed quickly down from the grand stand, then ran back across the field to the announcer's booth. He felt very excited, somehow.

**A**FTER the game Bill took Leonard home. (The All Stars had won, Al Tuck, the spot pitcher, holding the Champs to six hits, one run.) They talked about Burt Gaynor, the announcer for the evening, who had not arrived until the fourth inning, and who had then been incompetent.

"Burt would've done a lot better," Leonard defended him, "if he hadn't been nervous."

"Nervous," said Bill. "Was he nervous, too?"

"A cop stopped him in Belvedere Gardens on suspicion of drunk driving. It upset him."

"Suspicion!" Bill exclaimed. "Well, I'm glad he was stopped. Five innings were more than enough for Burt."

"I thought he got better as he went along," Leonard said. "As it wore off."

"Look, Leonard," said Bill. "Burt Gaynor is no problem to softball in Tenant. Drunk or sober. You know that. Tenant got itself a new announcer tonight."

To this Leonard said nothing. It was eleven o'clock and in about half the houses they were passing the lights were still on, and in half of these the blinds were up so that they could see what was going on inside.

"Lots of card players," observed Leonard.

There were. Tables of four, two men and two women for the most part. High school girls slamming cards at each other in a violent game of double Canfield. Solitary players, middle-aged men, moving cards from the top of a deck to the bottom. The wanted card never seeming to turn up.

"Lots of hair combers," said Leonard.

One hair washer. A man painting the ceil-

ing of his kitchen. A woman ironing. A boy cleaning a rifle.

"You know who he is, don't you?" Bill persisted. "Our new announcer?"

They passed more card players, hair combers, workers, talkers, lovers.

"You'd want the job, wouldn't you, Leonard?"

Leonard replied reluctantly, as if talk might make the whole evening fade out like a dream.

"My voice was quite a surprise to me, Bill," he said.

"Me too," Bill replied.

"I'm not used to having people listen to me."

"How'd it seem, Leonard?" Bill asked.

Leonard tried to say. Out there, far out in the field *his* voice echoing against the stands. Bringing the heads of people about from their companions to face *him*. Drowning out lesser sounds: birds, wind in the park's trees, a kid's crying. *His* voice: the breath out of his own lungs, the vibrations given his breath by his own muscles. A part of him going where he could not go, doing what he could not do.

"Why, it's power," he told Bill.

"Sure, it is," Bill said, smiling. Then he had an idea. They had stopped at Leonard's place and Bill could see Nadine silhouetted against an upstairs window. "Maybe you'd like to talk this over with Nadine before you commit yourself to the job."

"No," Leonard said. "There's no need to do that. I'll accept it right now."

AS THE season went on Leonard's announcing got even better. Not his voice. That couldn't be improved, but his manner and what he had to say. There was talk of his being invited to be the official announcer in other leagues. Bill was naturally proud of him and when softball fans dropped into the Building and Loan office to hash over the games, Bill would tell them the story of Leonard's debut as a broadcaster and of the part he had played in it.

"I lived next him for ten years," he would tell his listeners, "and I never heard him speak. Didn't know if he *could* speak. Now listen to him."

Every one marveled at Bill's astuteness in discovering in such unlikely material a soft-

ball announcer, and Bill was willing to accept a fair share of the credit for Leonard's success. Then, when the criticism began to come in he had to accept his share in that, too. It was natural that it should come to him, since he had been chairman of the committee that bought the public address system. The criticism, at first, was unorganized and sporadic and Bill paid little attention to it. Then Mrs. Florence Delia came to see him.

Mrs. Delia was president of the Goodman Park Neighborhood Association and as such came bearing an official protest. To her, Bill listened. He sat her down as formally as if she had been a stockholder, folded his hands on his desk and gave her his undivided attention.

"What's on your mind, Mrs. Delia?" he asked.

Mrs. Delia had several things on her mind. First of all she wanted Mr. Hare to know that the Neighborhood Association enjoyed the softball games. They enjoyed the broadcasts. They were proud of the Tenant All Stars. They were proud of Leonard's success as an announcer. Only, and here Mrs. Delia was both firm and warm as only an Italian matron can be, there was too much of it.

"At six o'clock, two hours before a game starts Mr. Hobart is out there at the field yelling balls and strikes," Mrs. Delia said. "Even when there is to be no game at all he does this. We are no longer able to hear ourselves think in the Goodman Park neighborhood. Mr. Hobart has a very fine, big beautiful voice, but we are getting too much of it."

Bill had heard all this before. He had even heard *it*, Leonard's practicing, Leonard's voice carrying as it did. He knew he would have to put a stop to it sometime and meanwhile he tried to placate Mrs. Delia and defend his protégé.

"Mrs. Delia," he said, "you can understand that a man needs to practice, can't you? Mr. Hobart is new at broadcasting. It's only natural that he should feel the need of practicing."

"He practices at the top of his voice," protested Mrs. Delia. "He makes the china rattle on our shelves. That is not natural, Mr. Hare."

Bill tried another tack. "Mrs. Delia, you



are an Italian and you Italians understand artists. Your Caruso—for instance—rehearse, rehearse. Isn't that true?"

"Our Caruso," Mrs. Delia said, "sang. Mr. Hobart bellows. Bellowing is not a pleasant thing to listen to, Mr. Hare."

Bill Hare is an honest man. "I agree with you, Mrs. Delia," he said. "I'll speak to Mr. Hobart about it. I'll put a stop to it."

This was all Mrs. Delia asked. She left Bill with some compliments for Leonard's regular broadcasts. "Those we enjoy," she said. "It sounds like something very great going on when Mr. Hobart broadcasts. It makes my spine tingle like the late war and the sadness of good men dying."

This confused Bill but he said, "Thank you. Thank you, Mrs. Delia. I understand how you feel. I'll see Mr. Hobart at once."

By at once Bill had meant in a day or two. But he went to see Leonard that very afternoon, for hard on Mrs. Delia's heels came Nadine Hobart. She would neither sit, shake hands, nor speak of the weather. She was in a hurry, she told Bill, and what she had to say was painful to her.

"Mr. Hare," she said, "you are breaking up my marriage."

Bill was aghast. The last thing in the world he would willingly do was to interfere in anyway with Nadine Hobart's marriage. "Mrs. Hobart," he faltered, "what do you mean?"

"Leonard," she said. "Before you got him started in this broadcasting business he was a good husband. Punctual, sympathetic, helpful. Now all that is changed. And above all Leonard is never at home any more. Broadcasting or practicing to broadcast! You must have heard him."

"Yes," said Bill, "I have."

"Well," said Mrs. Hobart, "put a stop to it. Besides my personal situation the neighbors are complaining."

"I know," said Charlie. "To me, too."

"You're responsible for it Mr. Hare."

"I'll do what I can," Bill said.

"Do what you can? You started it. Now you stop it."

**B**ILL closed his office about four that afternoon and went around to Hobart's Electric Shop to have a talk with Leonard. Leonard, as on the first time he

had called, was at the back of his shop doing some repair work. But this time he replied at once to Bill's, "Hi, Leonard."

"Hi, Bill," he said, put down his work and came to meet his friend. "What's new, Billy-boy?" he asked.

"Well, Leonard," said Bill, without any beating about the bush, "we've been getting some complaints about the broadcasts."

"You mean about the practice broadcasts, don't you?"

"Yes," said Bill. "About the practices. The Goodman Park Neighborhood Association objects."

"Well, that's all fixed up, Billy," Leonard said. "I was going to tell you. The Association won't complain any more. I'm putting in a public address system of my own."

Bill pushed his hat to the back of his head, then took it off. "At your house?" he asked, "or the shop?"

"My house. It's already arrived. I'll connect it up this evening. It's a thing I've had in mind to do for some time. It'll be a great help to Nadine for one thing, calling the kids into meals and so forth. And I'll find uses for it, too no doubt. I've discovered that I enjoy using the darned thing, believe it or not. Over the public address system, I don't mind admitting to you, Bill, I feel like a different person. Amplification—well, I don't know—it just seems to suit me, some how."

"Are you planning to practice your broadcasts at home?" Bill asked doubtfully.

"I wasn't," Leonard said, "unless you think I ought to, Bill. I kind of had the idea that my softball technique was okay now."

"I think so, too," Bill said heartily. "Rehearse and you're liable to go stale. The broadcasts are just about perfect as they now stand."

"Perfect! They're not perfect yet by a long shot," Leonard said, "but I have noticed one interesting development in them recently."

"What's that?" Bill asked.

"I don't know just what to call it—anticipation's maybe the word."

"Anticipation?" Bill repeated.

"Most announcers call out the plays a little after they're made, don't they?"

"Sure."

"I call them a little before."

"You what?"

Leonard repeated what he had said. "I call them a little before they're made, Billy. Haven't you noticed it?"

"No," said Bill. "I haven't."

"Not very much before, yet, less than a second, probably, I call ball and *after* I say it, the pitch turns out to be a ball. Inside curve, low, I say, and inside curve, low, it is. You've never noticed?"

"No," said Bill, "I never have."

"Watch tomorrow night's game, Billy. You'll see what I mean. They move when I give them the word. Not vice versa as with other announcers. It'll be an added attraction, when people catch on."

BILL felt uneasy and embarrassed. He knew Leonard was full of whimsies, he liked it in him, but, this seemed carrying a whimsy pretty far. He left Leonard and went immediately home. He had no appetite, that evening and couldn't keep his mind on what his wife said. There was an old hollow feeling under his breast bone, not quite a pain, but unpleasant enough to send him to bed as soon as dinner was over. About midnight his wife awakened him. She had leaned over from the twin bed next his and grasped his arm.

"Bill," she said, shaking his arm, "Bill. What in the world is that noise?"

"What's what?" Bill asked, only partially awake.

"That sound. What is it?"

It seemed to Bill more like a subterranean force than a sound. It was strong enough to be felt in vibrations along the head board of his bed, against which he had pushed his shoulders in his hurried wakening. Then he realized what it was.

"It's Leonard," he said. "He was going to install a public address system at his place this evening. He's testing it."

"Go on back to sleep, Nadine," Leonard said, the words issuing from the Hobart house like thunderclaps.

"Why is he shouting?" Sally Hare asked. "Why doesn't he turn it down?"

"I'm not shouting," said Leonard, as if answering *her*. "This is my normal voice."

At that Sally scurried over into Bill's bed. There was something frightening about that voice in the middle of the night, the more

frightening because the voice was Leonard's. It suggested that there was no more dependence to be put on reason. It was not reasonable for such a sound to issue from Leonard Hobart's mouth. So quiet a man.

"I guess he doesn't realize how much he's being amplified," Bill said.

"Doesn't he realize it's the middle of the night, either?" Sally asked.

"I don't believe time means much to Leonard," Bill said.

NEXT evening Bill went early to the softball field. It was Saturday, the sixteenth of August, a warm, still night. Although it was a half hour before game time the stands were already three-fourths filled and Leonard was in the midst of his regular pre-game talks. Listening to him Bill lost all the uneasiness which he had felt the night before. Leonard's introductory remarks were calm and factual, Leonard at his best. And his voice, or the voice which was the union of Leonard and the amplifying mechanism, it, too, had never been better.

"Tonight, friends," Leonard was saying, "we are to see the play-off for the Tenant softball championship, Elks versus Tavern Keepers. Battery for the Elks will be Kitto and Patrick. Battery for the Tavern Keepers Eby and Eldridge."

Bill, in his seat behind first relaxed completely. I must've somehow misunderstood Leonard yesterday, he thought as he listened to him soberly relaying statistics to the crowd: batting averages, gate receipts, league standings. People were still pouring on to the field through the turnstiles and those already in the stands were discussing the coming game with animation. As one of the persons responsible for softball in Tenant, Bill looked about with pride. After the record-breaking crowds they had had all season they would be able to afford another piece of equipment for the field next year. Bill speculated a little as to what it should be. The lines past the turnstiles had dwindled, had ceased to be lines at all. The Elks team was in the field, Kitto their pitcher was warming up and in the announcer's booth Leonard was telling the fans about Ben Woodford, Tavern right fielder and first man at bat.

"Ben's batting average for the season," he concluded, "has been .294, good but not



sensational. On deck for the Tavern Keepers is Jim Lazarus. In the hole, Al Bailey."

Kitto finished his warm-up, the Elk fielders went out deep, for Woodford, when he connected, was known to take the ball for a ride. Kitto sent a final toss over to second, the umpire called, "Play ball," and the game started. Bill settled back to enjoy himself. Kitto was an amusing pitcher to watch, a tall lanky boy with an involved wind-up which took him, at its mid-point right down to the earth.

"Here comes the crank-up," said Leonard. "Kitto's starting off the game with his Sunday pitch. It's a fast one, it barely cuts the outside corner of the plate and Big Ben watches it go by. Strike one on Big Ben Woodford."

"He called that before the umpire, didn't he?" Bill's neighbor, a man in a yellow T-shirt asked him.

"I couldn't say," Bill answered.

"Did *you* hear the ump call it?" the man persisted.

"We probably couldn't hear the umpire for the loud speaker. He was probably drowned out," Bill said.

"The ump didn't even have his hand up yet, did he?"

"I don't know," Bill said uneasily. "I wasn't watching the ump."

Whatever had happened, the umpire evidently did not object for Leonard's magnificent commanding voice continued.

"Patrick, Elk catcher, is signalling Kitto for a repeat and he gets it, a knee high sizzler right over the plate. Woodford swings but misses. Two strikes on Woodford."

"What'd I tell you?" Bill's neighbor asked.

Bill said nothing.

"Here comes another crank-up," boomed Leonard, "Big Benny is going to look this one over. He does. It's a fast peg, but it breaks wide. Ball one for Woodford. The count now stands two and one on Woodford, first man up in the first inning of the ball game, Elks versus Tavern Keepers, Elks at bat."

Down on the field umpire and catcher with masks up were having a talk. Kitto trotted off the mound to join them.

"Ump says *he* wants to call them," the man in the T-shirt told Bill. Then as the three men resumed their positions he added, "Ump

says he'll give the announcer one more chance."

"Kitto gets back on the firing line," Leonard announced to his listeners and Kitto, as if he had received an order, walked slowly back to pitcher's box. "Here comes the wind-up," Leonard continued, "it's another fast ball, a hummer dead over the plate but high. Woodford swings, he really leans on the old stick this time, but he misses. He misses by a mile. That's three strikes and out for Big Benny Woodford."

**I**N the echo of Leonard's encompassing voice Woodford swung and connected. It drove a liner deep into right field. Tate Pierce fumbled the pick up, finally made it, then in his hurry, over threw. Woodford was safe on first with plenty of margin.

Leonard's amplified voice, mighty and reverberating was undaunted by this fact. As if to compensate for the discrepancy between what had happened and what he had declared would happen, his voice became even louder, even more commanding. It vaulted over the grand stands, spiraled skyward, then hardening in an arc of solid sound settled just above the heads of the spectators, an arc beneath which they all sat, silent and unmoving as prisoners.

Bill had never suspected that the mechanism which he had selected and helped install was capable of so much power. It—or Leonard's voice amplified by it, not so much split the air with sound as filled it. The voice which had arched above their heads settled lower and lower. It became a yoke on their shoulders, a weight, a gravestone pushing them nearer and nearer the earth. The words Leonard had been saying, "Three strikes and you're out," he continued to say. But through repetition the words lost their meaning and finally, as words, they disappeared all together. The sound of Leonard's voice, amplified, became nothing but power, nothing but brute force. Bill could feel it belaboring him across his shoulders, thundering against his ear drums, and finally, pummeling him inside his head, in the innermost, private and vulnerable recesses of his mind.

Bill never knew, no one ever knew, how long it went on nor why they all sat there numb, unmoving for however long it did go on. Bill himself was the first to do anything.

Next was the man beside him in the yellow T-shirt. To him Bill whispered—it was impossible to shout *above* the horrible din of that great, amplified voice, the only way to be heard was to get *under* it—"The poor fellow is out of his mind."

Together Bill and the man in the yellow T-shirt scrambled down through the crowded stand, then reaching the ground ran at full tilt toward the broadcasting booth. Leonard wept when he was separated from the amplifier.

They took him to Norwalk that night.

AT THE time no one blamed Bill for what happened. Now they have begun to talk. They come into the Building and Loan office and say, "Except for you I guess Leonard Hobart would still be here selling radios."

Bill doesn't pay much attention to them. Nadine is different. She came in yesterday. She was in again this afternoon.

"I hold you responsible for what happened to my husband."

Up to now Bill has listened with patience to these tirades. Now he says, "Madam, you

are responsible for what happened to your husband."

"I?" Nadine's usually firm glasses wobble upon her fleshy nose.

"I, you, all of us," says Bill. "But especially you."

"What do you mean, Mr. Hare?" asks Nadine.

"Poor Leonard," Bill says, "we forced him —" He begins again. "No one listened to Leonard—" But suddenly he is tired of explaining. It is useless, he feels to explain anything to anybody—particularly to Nadine.

"Good day, madam," he says and walks Nadine right through the doorway of the Building and Loan office and out on to the street. "What do you mean, Mr. Hare?" insists Nadine but Bill puts plate glass door between them and locks it.

"What *do* you mean, Mr. Hare?" Bill asks himself, ironically, imitating Nadine's demanding voice. He walks over to his desk, sits down and begins to think about Leonard.

He puts his hat on his head, his feet on his desk. "What do you mean, Mr. Hare?" he asks himself, but flatly now and without irony.

## *A Nostromo*

KATHARINE STRELSKY

You in the sunken chartroom, indifferent hosts to the starfish  
and the pasturing shark, skeletons cradled in seaweed:

what are they to you now, the fair summer voyages  
with sunburnt American girls buying Arabian silver,  
Montenegrin rugs, white and red coral from Naples,  
when friendship was sometimes possible, and always love  
under Arcturus in the scented Ionian midnight—  
"*Come ti chiami?*"—water fires swirled in the sea lane  
and the exigent unknown mouth tasted of salt.



How easy, how necessary then to belie the threat,  
to exorcise the insoluble, absolve the guilt  
we all shared in the sunset vermouth, the changing for dinner.  
“Not this year, not this year.” Security was the sextant,  
the clean bundle of laundry, the accurate bills of lading,  
the thousand lire saved for the Christmas vacation,  
and the rent paid up on the flat in the Via Giuliana.  
Order and obedience, obedience and order,  
stood off the old-new poverty, promised revenge  
to dead Caesars, and holidays for the *Figli di Lupe*.  
And always the sun and the sea and the short, sweet hour  
seemed to argue *their* part, and so you, too, uttered “*Duce!*”  
and others gulped their despair, applied for the gilt lapel fasces,  
mouthed the *Giovinezza*, and waited—waited.

(We too were poor and bound, though we scarcely knew it.)  
So there you lie now, tranquilly stirring as the tide runs.  
Not yours the moral fatigue, the humiliation  
you bequeathed him, your one-time companion of the solitary heart  
and the fine, lean hands, bitter and gentle in loving.  
You abandoned him when you sank, however inadvertently,  
to the weedy silence, the dubious, deserved oblivion.

Again now he stares at the sightless horizon and jots down  
in the log-book the meaningless calculations. How to reckon  
where any one is now, where should the compass point?

He knows again the agnostic constraints of the sea winter—  
nickel and rubber to Genoa, guns and machinery to Haifa,  
and always the wanderers, the tormented shadows of no-world  
seeking a new, anywhere, where they cannot remember  
the charred pot of geraniums, the smoking rubble,  
the shoeless, swinging forms.

*He* must not remember,  
he must think about this day, this month, the featureless future—  
yet he must not think or feel very much, there's no strength yet  
for love or hate, or even for thinking, only to continue  
today. And today. And today. And maybe tomorrow.

God of the lonely and weary, God of the undefeated,  
will You be near him, breathe on the darkened ember  
of this man's hope—of all our hopes—our tomorrow?

## *How to Unlock Gifts*

SCHOOLS, colleges, universities, research foundations, and other endowed institutions all over the United States are in a critical state financially. Their costs of operation have been rising and their income from investments and gifts has not kept pace. Hence, innumerable money-raising campaigns, some successful, many not; but all expensive in that they must struggle up an increasingly steep grade.

Ask anybody why this crisis has arisen and he will promptly answer that it is due to taxes. Although the country is prosperous, our system of income taxation bears down so heavily upon large incomes, and provides such scant credit for donations whether out of large incomes or small ones, that the sources of philanthropy are drying up.

The resultant crisis is more acute and more ominous than most people realize. Many a college president, as he looks into the future, sees no alternative to a snowballing deficit or government subventions. In fact, there is scarcely an endowed institution of higher learning in the land that is not now in receipt of considerable amounts of government money to finance research projects—the same government that takes our tax money. Few of us regard this with equanimity, but we are inclined to view it as a postwar necessity.

Yet there *is* an alternative—a very simple one: a revision of the income-tax laws to provide more substantial and logical credits for philanthropic contributions.

Some students of taxation estimate that if the personal and corporate income tax schedules were revised so as to permit deduction of contributions to educational and scientific institutions, not from one's taxable income, but *from one's tax itself*, up to say five per cent of one's income; this would unlock the needed funds. Such activities as education, science, medical research, health, etc., cannot be allowed to go into an eclipse. Being essential to the national welfare, they must become a lien upon the federal treasury unless adequately supported by private giving. In either case the money comes from taxpayers; but the latter, traditionally the American way, eliminates all danger and temptation of political control. There are therefore good grounds of common sense for such an income tax credit. Moreover, from the administrative point of view, it would introduce no operating difficulties.

Whether or not the specific formula and percentage of credit mentioned above are correct need not be discussed here; this is for Congress and its advisory experts to decide. They are suggested merely to indicate the kind of change that promises to be effective.

My point, therefore, is simply this: that the financial crisis of our endowed institutions can be surmounted by a carefully devised change in the national income tax formulas—surmounted so as to enhance their income without jeopardizing their precious independence of federal dictation, and without preempting any tax revenues required for the *necessary* functions of government.

—Robert W. King



# The Big Cheat

*Allan E. Backman*

**R**ECENTLY, a young Southerner who was a veteran and whom we'll call Bill Johnson bought a 1941 Buick sedan priced at \$945. Johnson was delighted that he received what he considered the generous allowance of \$425 on his ancient prewar jalopy and was required to pay down only \$200 in cash. It would be no trouble at all, he was told, to retire the remaining \$320 at "about" \$40 a month. What's more, that sum would include the cost of insuring the car—which sounded impressive until Johnson found out that the insurance cost totaled only \$22.

A few days later Johnson was notified by the finance company that had purchased his contract that his monthly payment would be \$43.55. That evening he did a little simple arithmetic and discovered that his rate for carrying \$320 for twelve months would, on the basis of simple interest alone, be 55 per cent. Since he was cutting down on the amount of his indebtedness every month and thus increasing his percentage charge, he had actually contracted to pay finance charges at the rate of approximately 100 per cent a year.

Johnson was a victim of the little-known but prevalent practice of "packing" time-payment contracts with hidden finance charges. Like thousands—perhaps millions—of other purchasers of both new and used cars, he had been most ingeniously cheated.

Like most business rackets, "packing" is a

distortion of a legitimate business practice. Everyone knows that it costs more to buy an article on time than it does to pay cash. Some one must furnish the money to make up the difference between the price of the goods and the amount paid down. Clearly he is entitled to compensation for the use of his money and for assuming the risks of repayment and the reasonable expense of conducting a business. Financing and thereby facilitating the purchase of a great variety of articles on the installment plan is therefore recognized as an honest way to make a living. The automobile financing business is no exception. Few dealers have enough capital to assume the financial burdens incident to installment sales. So, when new or used automobiles are sold on credit, the installment or time-payment contracts are usually sold by the dealer to banks, finance companies, and similar financial institutions. These agencies advance the money to finance the transaction and collect the payments. When they charge fair and uniform rates for their services, they are highly useful to the distributing end of the automobile industry. But this favorable over-all picture is often clouded by the "packing" of time-payment contracts by a large group of dealers, many finance companies, and some banks.

Innumerable purchasers have completed payments under "packed" contracts without ever suspecting that they had been victimized.

*Mr. Backman, editor of the Guide to National Advertising of the National Better Business Bureau, first became interested in the "packing" of time-payments while investigating installment buying.*

For the success of the scheme depends on keeping the facts from the buyer. Except in a few States, financing rates are not regulated by law. Accordingly, unscrupulous dealers and financing agencies conspire to make the finance charge as high as the uninformed and unsuspecting purchaser will stand. A high charge having been put over on the customer, the finance agency buying the contract will deduct its regular, rock-bottom charge (sometimes called discount), withhold also a legitimate reserve for itself, and then *will return the balance to the dealer*. This is the "pack."

The rate paid by Bill Johnson was not illegal. Most people think that "finance charges" and "interest" are synonymous terms. From the practical standpoint of the person who pays them, they are the same; legally, they are not. There is a legal fiction that a "finance charge" is not "interest" but is merely the difference between a cash price and a time-payment price, which may be whatever the vendor chooses to make it. State laws set ceilings on interest rates and provide penalties for usury but, with few exceptions, ignore financing rates completely and leave the blue sky as the limit on what time payment purchasers may be made to pay.

California and Pennsylvania do have laws placing ceilings on finance charges. Statutes in Wisconsin and Indiana empower State agencies, among other things, to control rates. In Maryland, Nebraska, and Michigan, it is required that when the sales contract is signed, the purchaser must be given a copy disclosing all the pertinent details of the transaction and, particularly, segregating the finance charge from the cost of insurance. Armed with this information, an alert person knows how much he is paying and what he will get for it. He is in a position to compare the rates of one company with those of another. It is essential that the finance charge and the cost of insurance be stated separately. Only when they are lumped together is it easy to conceal a "pack."

Since there are only seven States having legislation with which "packing" may be controlled effectively, the residents of the remaining States and the District of Columbia are without legal protection against even the most unconscionable gouging. It would take years to secure the passage of effective legis-

lation in all these States. In the meantime, the only practicable remedy available is public awareness.

**T**O PROTECT yourself against "packing," you should know that putting over a "pack" generally involves five basic steps: *Step 1. Setting the Stage.* A finance company comes to an automobile dealer and offers to handle the financing of cars which he sells on the installment plan. The dealer wants to know what the finance company's rates are and what he, the dealer, will get out of them. The finance company may offer the dealer a choice of rates in the form of rate charts specifying *different* finance charges for the *same amount* to be financed. As an inducement for turning over his business to the finance company, the dealer is offered part of the finance charges. The higher the rate charged, the larger the cut or kick-back given to the dealer. If the dealer is not offered a rate chart high enough to suit him, an unscrupulous finance company will prepare one to meet his requirements. The finance company has nothing to lose. You, the automobile purchaser, are the only loser.

*Step 2. The Concealment.* When you buy a car from an automobile dealer who "packs," you will probably be shown a contract setting forth the price of the car, the down payment and/or trade-in allowance, and the balance due. The dealer says that he will arrange financing for you. If you want to obtain financing yourself, and sometimes even if you offer to pay cash, he will discourage you. The reason, as some dealers shamelessly admit, is that they make more money out of kick-backs than they realize in profits on the purchase and sale of cars.

You may or may not be given a copy of the contract that you sign at the time of purchase. It may or may not specify the finance charge. If it does, financing and insurance charges will be lumped together. The dealer is reluctant to break down the two charges because he knows that the cost of insurance as against that of financing is so small that comparison would instantly brand the transaction for what it is—a brazen attempt to cheat you.

*Step 3. The Dealer's Alibi.* Usually within twenty days after the transaction, you receive a notice from the finance company specifying



the twelve monthly payments to be made. Quick addition shows you *for the first time* that, for example, you are committed to pay \$450 on a \$300 balance. When you go to the dealer and protest the exorbitant charge of \$150, he shows you the rate chart used to prove that it is the standard rate of the finance company. There is nothing that he, the dealer, can do about it, he says. He does not tell you that he has received a kick-back of \$75 or more from the finance company.

*Step 4. The Finance Company's Alibi.* You then go to the finance company with your protest. There you are shown the contract which bears your signature and which is now filled in. You are told that there is nothing the finance company can do. They have merely purchased the paper from the automobile dealer—they say—and you must abide by the terms set forth.

If you decide to make the best of a bad bargain and pay the balance and charges to date in full, you are due for another rude awakening. You are told that your contract calls for the payment of a definite amount. It may be paid in installments or it may be paid at once, but it must be paid in full. If you wish to pay in full, well and good, but you will receive a rebate of no more than, say, \$15 by doing so. In other words, you will be forced to pay \$135 for financing a \$300 balance for less than a month.

Several anguished witnesses to such unconscionable rate gouging appeared last January at a hearing held by a New York State Joint Legislative Committee which is investigating installment financing. One woman, who wanted to pay her balance in full before the first of fifteen payments was due, testified that she was offered a rebate of only \$11.20 on total financing charges of \$96.20. It was disclosed that by making this offer the finance company was actually giving up only \$2.80 because of a refund it would get on the insurance. The "interest" rate under the settlement offered was 291 per cent.

*Step 5. Juggling the Insurance.* Within twenty to thirty days after signing the contract, you will probably receive a certificate of insurance or an insurance policy. Until this time, you did not know how much insurance protection you were getting, or how much it was costing you, and had little or nothing to say about it. The insurance, too,

was handled by the dealer and finance company. You may learn, *for the first time*, that the policy covers fire and theft plus deductible collision insurance at a cost of \$30, or that it covers fire and theft only, at a cost of \$15. The lower the cost of insurance included in a "packed" contract, the greater are the spoils to be divided by the dealer and finance company.

**T**ODAY, as the gap between supply and demand for automobiles slowly narrows, the price differential at which dealers can buy and sell cars will likewise narrow. Under these circumstances, "packing" will offer the unscrupulous dealer his only opportunity for exorbitant profits. "Packing" may therefore assume epidemic proportions, unless something is done to control it. The threat is immediate, for it will take considerable time to pass effective laws in those States which now have none.

All that is needed to stop it is the universal adoption of "broken-down" rate charts, *i.e.* charts in which the finance and insurance charges are listed separately. Some dealers contend it is impossible for them to submit details at the time of sale because insurance charges vary greatly depending on the year, make, or model of the automobile. This defense is without merit. In those States where full disclosure is required by law, it is accomplished without undue hardship to dealer, financing agency, or insurance company. In fact, many legitimate dealers and financing agencies are already using broken-down contracts in States where the law makes no such requirement.

The solution is simple. As recommended by Better Business Bureaus, before you sign an automobile time-purchase contract, you should get four fundamental facts in writing:

- (1) Cash delivered price, including specified extras.
- (2) Exact amount of down-payment and trade-in allowance, if any.
- (3) Finance charge and for how long.
- (4) Cost of insurance and coverage provided.

Contracts which contain this information cannot be "packed" without your knowing it; and all dealers and financing agencies can give you this information if they want to—and if you insist.

# After Hours

“**H**URRY, hurry, hurry,” the tall man in the booth called. “Hurry, hurry, hurry!” And he banged a trap drummer’s cymbal with the barrel of an old black six shooter. “Hurry, hurry, hurry. Take a teddy bear home to baby.”

This was the first of two carnivals I went to in the Berkshires in August, manifestations, in a way, of country *vs.* city culture, or small town culture *vs.* small city culture, though this didn’t occur to me until later when I got to totting up their respective virtues. At the first one there were seven booths, not counting the one where pop and hot dogs were sold. They had been set up by the volunteer firemen of Egremont on the grass next to the Men’s Club, a dignified white building with an uncommonly handsome spire; it had once been a Congregational church. The uprights of the booths were wound in crêpe paper, pink and blue and green and white, but most of the color had been washed out on the second night of the carnival, when it rained. It had taken the firemen (almost everyone who is able-bodied and cares about the community seems to be a fireman in Egremont) quite a few evenings to set up their show, and it was bright with colored lights and naked white bulbs and pleasant with many voices.

“Here you are, folks. Seven rings for a dime.” The ring-toss game looked easy, but you not only had to ring the object you tossed at, but the ring had to settle down around the square block on which the cocktail shaker, the plastic salts and peppers, the playing cards, the bath salts, or the ashtrays with green snakes on them sat. I watched a seventeen-year-old boy in blue jeans spend nearly a dollar trying to get a glass and chromium cocktail shaker, and give up in disgust.

There was a penny pitch and a pen in which to throw baseballs at stuffed cats. The

back of the pen was a wall of straw, and the sides were made of red lath and wire snow-fencing. Four balls for a dime. The prizes were candy bars and red and yellow and blue paper leis, and every boy and girl at the carnival had at least one lei around his neck; some of them had a dozen or more. There were three wheels of chance that buzzed as they spun: one for dolls and stuffed animals, one for ten pounds of sugar, and one for gleaming kitchen utensils that reflected the blue and red and yellow lights that were strung up from the men’s club to a large elm on the far side of the grass. There was a wash tub filled with chemical blue water out of which you hooked wooden fish. It was run by the owner of the local store; he had put rouge on his nose and an ancient high silk hat with “Judge Hooker” painted on the front of it on his head, and he wore a cutaway coat. Inside the old church eighty or ninety men and women and a few children sat somewhat solemnly at long tables made of planks and sawhorses playing bingo.

The carnival went on for four nights, and on the last evening they interrupted the bingo game to give out the grand prizes for which everyone in the neighborhood had bought chances. None of them (the baby washing machine, the bicycle, or portable radio) were won by people who were there at the drawing, but the radio went to an itinerant bread man who stops at all of the houses on the village street three times a week. I saw one of his regular customers carrying it off for him. “We had eighty-one tickets in our family,” she said, “and the Hathaway breadman won it.” She seemed pleased though; she had sold him the winning ticket.

The reason for the carnival was the fire department’s need for a new hose. They had rented the carnival equipment, the wheels and the penny pitch and the other contrap-



tions, and bought the prizes from a company in Westfield for four hundred dollars. There weren't any prizes left by the time the carnival ended after midnight on Saturday, and the fire department had raised enough for the hose and some to spare. They took in over eleven hundred dollars, and made a net profit of about six hundred.

I asked one of the volunteers if they had had many fires this summer. "Well, I tell you," he said. "We don't have many fires. Just one this summer. A guy in West Egremont put some damp oats into his barn on top of some dry hay and combustion set in. It smoked a lot, but we got it out before there was any real fire. It always happens with these city farmers." Except on the last night of the carnival none of the city people came.

**I**T WAS quite a different matter at the other carnival I went to in the same week. The Berkshire Museum in Pittsfield had its Annual Summer Members Night with an extensive exhibition of sculpture by Mestrovic as the principal attraction. There were a good many summer and city people there, and the sculptor himself, a short man with a black, boxlike beard, was on hand as a special treat. There was music and purple punch, an auction and movies.

The auditorium was full for the auction and the movies. It was not an ordinary auction, and I doubt if the people who went to the firemen's carnival would have had much patience with it. It started off with a sort of "twenty questions" game. With some difficulty the auctioneer, a young man in a linen suit, inveigled three members of the audience, a man, a woman, and a twelve-year-old boy, onto the stage, and made them guess the contents of two large packages wrapped in brown paper. When, after a good many more than twenty questions, it finally became evident that the first box, which was misleadingly almost big enough to hold a punch bowl, contained an autographed book of photographs of Mestrovic's sculpture, the auctioneer auctioned it off. It brought twenty-five dollars from a man who announced that he'd be glad to sell it for twice that, the money to go to the museum's educational fund. There were no takers. The second box, which was even larger than the first, contained an album of ten-inch records. It went

for fifteen dollars. "They're plastic and they're unbreakable," the auctioneer said to the young woman who came up to the stage to get them. He encouraged her to tell the audience what the records were.

"Bird songs of North America," she announced, with no apparent enthusiasm.

The auction was followed by a brief speech about a movie called "Secrets of Sculpture," which we were shortly to see. The speaker, a Mr. Cunningham of the National Sculpture Society, stood at a lectern way over at the left side of the stage half hidden, from where I sat, by a curtain. It took the microphone a while to get warmed up. "Louder!" a few voices called from the audience. Mr. Cunningham tried again and you could see his lips move. "Louder," the voices called again. "Now?" Mr. Cunningham leaned close to the microphone. "Louder!" the voices came back.

And then suddenly his words were almost startlingly clear and ringing. "The movie was photographed," Mr. Cunningham boomed, "under almost insurmountable difficulties—as you will quickly see." It was a movie of the modeling and casting of the tremendous equestrian statues of American Indians (twenty-five feet high) that Mestrovic had made for Chicago.

After the movie there was a reception in the main gallery upstairs. It was rather like a wedding reception before the champagne appears. People spoke quietly and looked over the shoulders of their partners for someone else they might know. A few of them examined the large wood carvings that hung on the walls. A few others clustered around Mr. Mestrovic. It was a good turn-out, for a museum, and even if the auction did gross only forty dollars, the director had reason to be pleased.

Carnival for carnival, museum culture seemed to me to come off second best to fireman culture; small town won out over small city. Nobody at the firemen's carnival looked as though he were there out of a sense of duty. The crêpe paper booths and the stuffed pink and white animals in the shadow of the tall spire of the abandoned church seemed to me to have a great deal more to do with American culture than the heroic Indians that Mestrovic had made to ornament a Chicago square.

## No Red Hair on Angels!

IT is sometimes assumed these days that patronage of the arts is at a very low ebb because the people who ought to be buying it don't know what they want. Not only that, artists are believed to be people who perform only by inspiration and can't be told what to do. The *rapprochement* and understanding that used to exist between the artist and the man he worked for is looked back upon with some wonder—one of those things that graced civilization before it got all loused up with commercialism and the almighty dollar. There was a time when a painter and a patron could get together and draw up a contract that specified what a picture would look like right down to the last detail. They understood each other.

The most famous contract of this sort was for an altar piece called "The Coronation of the Virgin," that Enguerrard Charonton painted for his patron Jean de Montegnac in 1453. The two men drew up a document that spelled out not only what would be in the picture but what kind of pigments would be used. "It should" the contract read, "be in the form of a paradise, and in the paradise should be the Holy Trinity, and there should be no difference between the Father and the Son, and the Holy Spirit should be in the form of a dove. . . . Item: the vestments should be rich, and that of the Virgin should be of white damask . . ." It went on like this for several pages with a few specifications about using a special ultramarine blue from the city of St. Jean d'Acre except on the frame, where a "fine German azure" would be satisfactory.

Times have changed less than you might think. The other day a friend in Denver sent me three letters written by a man who runs a company that markets church decorations, murals, and statuary to a painter who turns out angels and other ecclesiastical accoutrements on order. These are documents that belong in the annals of art history along with the one I've just quoted.

Nov. 17, 1946

Dear ———:

. . . Paints are on the way. I want 15 cherubs (angels) such as you painted for me before—

(must be your best work) 20 Large Clouds just like you made before (same color and must be good work) 15 small clouds just like you made before (same color and must be good work).

(On angel's hair no red hair) Red hair is out. No red hair on angels.

Also want 2 standing angels standing on clouds holding a swinging incense burner. One for the right and one for the left side exactly like picture of angel enclosed. This is different from ones you made for me before. Size of this angel from the feet to the head 6 Feet in Ht. with 15 inches of clouds under the feet making the angel from the clouds to the head 7 ft. and 3 inches. Must be exactly as illustrated in picture. These angels must be very pretty & in very pretty colors. Also enclosed find check for \$20.00 to start work.

Send at once sketch of this angel showing angels together one far right and one far left side holding the swinging incense burner so I can see how they are going to look. *I want a price on all this work. Keep it cheap.*

Thank you. Give this your immediate attention please.

Very truly yours,

April 8, 1947

Dear ———:

I want one dove with clouds and ray to measure 50" x 50". Dove to be white shaded with black and black outline. The rest just like you made before.

Also 12 Cherubs with pretty faces and dainty necks. Last Cherubs had necks too thick for angels.

Also 15 small clouds and 20 big clouds shaded with purple and very pretty. Put your own touch to them.

Do not rush but must have as soon as possible.

I have quite a bit of work for you after this is finished so please do this as soon as possible and send to me.

Still waiting to hear from you in regard to sketches. Do you intend to do them? Kindly advise at once about sketches. Thank you.

Sincerely,

September 11, 1947

Dear ———:

I want the Sacred Heart from his feet to top of his head 5½ feet. About an eight inch mound shown on illustration right below feet. Also cross extending about 14 inches above his head. Use your own judgment in proportion. Earth part under mound should be about 12 inches



with snakes like illustration. Width of earth should be 15 ft. wide. Lilies should be as high as in illustration. Also same amount of small pigeons. Put lamb as illustrated. Angels should be about 5 ft. in height from head to feet with wing extending up from head even with cross. Also angels standing on earth same as illustration. Use your own judgment in proportion. Also make heads nice in proportion to bodies—not too small. Shade wings of angels in very loud colors. Make garment of angels ivory and shade in the folds with a little green. Make lamb white and shadow with a little black. Outline lamb in black. Also doves to be painted white shaded in black and outlined in black. Halos around angel's heads make chrome yellow medium. Halo around Sacred Heart's head make yellow with maroon inner cross. Then make big cross oak color. Outer garment of Sacred Heart a beautiful soft red. Nothing loud—tone it down. Inner garment white shaded. Seat of throne make in loud colors. Make it look like he is sitting on a throne or seat. Also bring snakes out like they were going to bite you. Make them loud. Also make lilies beautiful and shade strong. Now when you do this do the Sacred Heart in one piece. Do lamb and earth in one piece. Do each one of the angels separate in one piece. Do each side of lilies in one piece. You can arrange this anyway you like but it must be the easiest way to put up. Am sending you 4 bolts of heavy canvas if I can get it. If you do this I want it in proportion just like in illustration that I am sending you and I must have a nice job. That takes care of the Sanctuary.

P. S. also want 15 more large clouds and 15 small clouds.

P. S. Also I want 2 angels painted with scroll in their hands like ones you painted for me before. You should have pictures of them. Angels should be from head to feet 4 ft. I want 12 inches of clouds at bottom of angels and clouds around center part of angels. Shade wings nicely. Scroll should be white—Make right angel in blue and the left one in pink. Hope you remember kind of angels you painted for me. Please do not get confused. This makes 4 angels in all—2 of one kind and 2 as illustrated.

I can only afford \$325.00 on this particular job. I am allowing you \$50.00 a piece on 4 angels which is \$200.00 and \$125.00 for Sacred Heart, Snakes, lilies, lamb, and clouds.

If this isn't satisfactory to you just forget it because that is as much as I can pay for this particular job. If you want to do this wire me at once and I will send you the canvas. You can get started soon as I hear from you.

With best wishes.

P. S. How are you coming with first order of clouds I gave you?

Cordially,

### *Memo to the Easy Chair*

MR. DEVOTO knows something about bull whips, and he has fighting virtues I would like to enlist in a campaign that involves a number of his loyalties. He is an expert on the West for one thing, and for another he knows all the roads in northern New England well enough, as he explains this month, to be able to find his way around by using his sense of smell. Furthermore he is an ardent and effective conservationist. Would he like to come for a weekend in my part of New England? I can give him a chance to use all of his prejudices, including the one that prompted him to write a piece several months ago about the deterioration of American drinking habits.

There's a clean-up job to be done, and if anyone can do it Mr. DeVoto can. I want to clean the Old West out of the Berkshire Hills. We are infested with a plague of cowboys. Less than a mile down the road from where I often spend a weekend there is a farm that holds rodeos on Sunday afternoons. People ride there in high-heeled boots and ten gallon hats, and call their horses ponies. Ten or so miles away on the other side of the mountain is a Bar something-or-other Ranch where they also have rodeos and round-ups, hold barbecues, and wear handkerchiefs tied around their necks backward. Young men stalk elm-lined New England streets with a bowlegged stride, clad in Levis and black shirts with white stitching. The thing seems to be spreading. I even came upon one dude ranch on Route Seven north of Bennington, Vermont.

Since Mr. DeVoto believes so deeply in the preservation of the West, which must mean keeping it where it belongs, and has an ardent attachment to the character which is peculiarly New England's, I would like to suggest that he put on his gray fedora, mount his Packard sedan, smell those effete Westerners out, and ride them the hell off our New England ranges.

Yippee!

—Mr. Harper

# NEW BOOKS

## Enchantment Without Illusion

*Eric Larrabee*

THE path of Everyman toward high places, in the "populist" culture mapped by Jacques Barzun last month, twists like a cloverleaf in a suburban parkway; even those of us who are going to the same Delectable Mountains cross over and pass each other in opposite directions. The spectacle is one of mechanical civilization sure of its potentialities but uncertain of its direction. Nearly everyone can conceive of the route as a Pilgrim's Progress and accept the choice put by C. S. Lewis, "on or back we must go." But where are we now? Which way is onward? Your answer depends a great deal on whether or not you admire "populist" culture. Mr. Lewis, and many others, do not. "On or back we must go," slaves or sages we must become, he says, "to stay here is death." He sees about him not progress but regress, and the directions he gives for the road ahead sound like those of the New England farmer: "If I wanted to go to Boston, I wouldn't start from here."

This situation is of particular advantage to theologians. We are "populist" not only because an art can become the province of anyone who has taken three-easy-lessons (as Mr. Barzun suggested) but because a doc-

trine can become the property of anyone who has an opinion. We both demand doctrine and do not take it seriously; it fills the best-seller lists with philosophy but shakes no thrones and breaks no heads. Today's Everyman is a practicing dualist who enters an elevator with the conviction that it will work but reads a book with a well-defined misgiving. He is used to finding in books the things he doesn't believe, and the "need for belief" is itself a condition of his reading—who would read a defense of elevators? The war left a power-vacuum in doctrine as well as in politics, and the seekers after the absolute have rushed into it. C. S. Lewis's great service has been to make theology interesting, but with or without his aid the Huxleys and Heards, the Weavers and Wylies, the Tates and Tillichs would have been bound to prosper.

Another advantage to theology is noted by Canon Alan Richardson in his *Christian Apologetics* (Harper, \$3.00)—today the theologian need no longer adapt himself to a single prevailing metaphysical outlook. There is no such thing; there is only ideology, the set of preconceived notions by which we measure what we see. Under "ideology,"

*Substituting this month for Jacques Barzun, who is on vacation, Eric Larrabee, one of Harper's editors, discusses a number of recent books that are related by a common philosophical theme.*



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

### Unwritten Rules of American Politics

*John Fischer*

THE safest bet anybody could make on this month's election is that the Progressive party will begin to come unraveled before the last votes are counted. The Communists, of course, have practically guaranteed that. The slick assurance with which they took over the management of the new party already has scared away a good many of the innocent idealists who ran a-whooping to join Gideon's Army at the beginning of the campaign. By Christmas nearly all the rest (perhaps including Henry Wallace himself) can be expected to drop out of the ranks, nursing purple bruises of disillusionment. The remaining core of incurable fellow travelers most likely will dwindle, eventually, into a kind of Soviet counterpart of the late German-American Bund.

Even if Mr. Wallace weren't toting the red albatross around his neck, however, his enterprise almost certainly would fail to develop into a major party. For it violates the

unwritten but enduring rules of American politics—and no group which ignored these rules has ever been able to grow out of the nursery stage.

Earlier efforts to form a third party—about one a generation—have fallen into much the same pattern. In particular, the basic argument for a third party always remains the same. It is a persuasive argument, especially for well-meaning people who have not had much first-hand experience in politics. It runs something like this:

"Both of the traditional American parties are outrageous frauds. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have any fundamental principles or ideology. They do not even have a program. In every campaign the platforms of both parties are simply collections of noble generalities, muffled in the vaguest possible language; and in each case the two platforms are very nearly identical.

"Obviously, then, both parties are merely

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BURLINGAME  
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machines for grabbing power and distributing favors. In their lust for office they are quite willing to make a deal with anybody who can deliver a sizable block of votes. As a result, each party has become an outlandish cluster of local machines and special interest groups which have nothing in common except a lecherous craving for the public trough.

"This kind of political system"—so the argument runs—"is clearly meaningless. A man of high principles can never hope to accomplish anything through the old parties, because they are not interested in principle. Moreover, the whole arrangement is so illogical that it affronts every intelligent citizen. Consequently, it is the duty of every liberal to work for a tidier and more sensible political system.

"We ought to separate the sheep from the goats—to herd all the progressives on one side of the fence and all the conservatives on the other. Then politics really will have some meaning; we will know who the enemy is and where he stands; every campaign can be fought over clearly-defined issues. The Europeans, who are more sophisticated politically than we simple Americans, discovered this long ago, and in each of their countries they have arranged a neat political spectrum running from Left to Right.

"As a first step toward such a logical scheme of politics, we need to organize a progressive party with a precise ideology and a clearly formulated program." (Nowadays the implication usually is that such a program must be more or less Marxist, whether in the Communist or Social Democratic tradition.) "Such a party will rally together the labor movement, the farmers, and the white-collar liberals—and then it should have little trouble in defeating the reactionary business men who have long held such strategic positions in our old-fashioned political system."

**T**HAT, I believe, is a reasonably fair statement of the position taken by most of the supporters of Mr. Wallace. It is much the same as that once taken by the followers of Theodore Roosevelt and old Bob LaFollette, and a similar case has been argued in season and out by most of the splinter groups of the American left.

It sounds so plausible—at least on the surface—that it is hard to see why it has never

made much headway. Indeed, many veteran third party enthusiasts have been able to account for their failure only by assuming a perverse and rock-headed stupidity among the American electorate. This, in turn, sometimes leads to a secret conviction that the dopes don't know what is good for them—and that what this country needs is a Strong Leader or a small, tough party of the enlightened, which can herd the ignorant masses up the road to Utopia whether they like it or not.

There is, however, one other possible explanation for the chronic failure of the third-party argument: maybe there is something wrong with the idea itself. Maybe it never gets to first base, not because the American voter is a hopeless dullard, but simply because he rejects instinctively a notion which doesn't make sense in terms of his own experience.

It can be argued, indeed, that a third party movement usually is an attempt to transplant a European concept of politics into an American setting—and that it fails because our own political tradition is more vigorous, more deeply rooted, and far better suited to our own peculiar needs. Such attempts often serve a useful purpose, as we shall see; but it is not the purpose which the evangelists of the new party have in mind. Their whole endeavor, in fact, springs out of a profound misunderstanding of the way in which the American political system works.

Moreover, it seems to me that a careful look will show that our native scheme of politics is a more complex and subtle conception than the crude blacks and whites of the European ideological parties. And finally there is considerable evidence that our own system—in spite of certain dangerous weaknesses—has on the whole worked out more successfully than the European.

## II

**P**ERHAPS it is the very subtlety of the American political tradition which is responsible for the almost universal misunderstanding of it abroad. Every practicing American politician grasps its principles by instinct; if he does not, he soon retires into some less demanding profession. Moreover, the overwhelming majority of citizens have a sound working knowledge of the sys-



tem, which they apply every day of their lives—though many of them might have a hard time putting that knowledge into words. There are almost no foreigners, however, (except perhaps D. W. Brogan) who really understand the underlying theory. Even the editors of the London *Economist*—probably the most brilliant and well-informed group of journalists practicing anywhere today—display their bewilderment week after week. To them, and to virtually all other European observers, our whole political scene looks arbitrary, irrational, and dangerous.

Another reason for this misunderstanding lies in the fact that surprisingly little has been written about the rules of American politics during our generation. The newspapers, textbooks, and learned journals are running over with discussions of tactics and mechanics—but no one, so far as I know, has bothered to trace out the basic tradition for a good many years.

In fact, the most useful discussion of this tradition which I have come across is the work of John C. Calhoun, published nearly a century ago. Today of course he is an almost forgotten figure, and many people take it for granted that his views were discredited for good by the Civil War. I know of only one writer—Peter F. Drucker of Bennington College—who has paid much attention to him in recent years. It was he who described Calhoun's ideas as "a major if not the only key to the understanding of what is specifically and uniquely American in our political system"; and I am indebted to Dr. Drucker for much of the case set forth here.

CALHOUN summed up his political thought in what he called the Doctrine of the Concurrent Majority. He saw the United States as a nation of tremendous and frightening diversity—a collection of many different climates, races, cultures, religions, and economic patterns. He saw the constant tension among all these special interests, and he realized that the central problem of American politics was to find some way of holding these conflicting groups together.

It could not be done by force; no one group was strong enough to impose its will on all the others. The goal could be achieved only by compromise—and no real compromise could be possible if any threat of coercion

lurked behind the door. Therefore, Calhoun reasoned, every vital decision in American life would have to be adopted by a "concurrent majority"—by which he meant, in effect, a unanimous agreement of all interested parties. No decision which affected the interests of the slaveholders, he argued, should be taken without their consent; and by implication he would have given a similar veto to every other special interest, whether it be labor, management, the Catholic church, old-age pensioners, the silver miners, or the corn-growers of the Middle West.

Under the goad of the slavery issue, Calhoun was driven to state his doctrine in an extreme and unworkable form. If every sectional interest had been given the explicit, legal veto power which he called for, the government obviously would have been paralyzed. (That, in fact, is precisely what seems to be happening today in the United Nations.) It is the very essence of the idea of "concurrent majority" that it cannot be made legal and official. It can operate effectively only as an informal, highly elastic, and generally accepted understanding. Perhaps the best example is the Quaker church meeting, where decisions are not reached by formal vote at all, but rather by a give-and-take discussion which continues until "the sense of the meeting" jells and is accepted by everybody present.

Moreover, government by concurrent majority can exist only when no one power is strong enough to dominate completely, *and then only when all of the contending interest groups recognize and abide by certain rules of the game.*

These rules are the fundamental bond of unity in American political life. They can be summed up as a habit of extraordinary toleration, plus "equality" in the peculiar American meaning of that term which cannot be translated into any other language, even into the English of Great Britain. Under these rules every group tacitly binds itself to tolerate the interests and opinions of every other group. It must not try to impose its views on others, nor can it press its own special interests to the point where they seriously endanger the interests of other groups or of the nation as a whole.

Furthermore, each group must exercise its implied veto with responsibility and discre-

tion; and in times of great emergency it must forsake its veto right altogether. It dare not be intransigent or doctrinaire. It must make every conceivable effort to compromise, relying on its veto only as a last resort. For if any player wields this weapon recklessly, the game will break up—or all the other players will turn on him in anger, suspend the rules for the time being, and maul those very interests he is trying so desperately to protect. That was what happened in 1860, when the followers of Calhoun carried his doctrine to an unbearable extreme. Much the same thing, on a less violent scale, happened to American business interests in 1933 and to the labor unions in 1947.

This is the somewhat elusive sense, it seems to me, in which Calhoun's theory has been adopted by the American people. But elusive and subtle as it may be, it remains the basic rule of the game of politics in this country—and in this country alone. Nothing comparable exists in any other nation, although the British, in a different way, have applied their own rules of responsibility and self-restraint.

It is a rule which operates unofficially and entirely outside the Constitution—but it has given us a method by which all the official and Constitutional organs of government can be made to work. It also provides a means of selecting leaders on all levels of our political life, for hammering out policies, and for organizing and managing the conquest of political power.

### III

THE way in which this tradition works in practice can be observed most easily in Congress. Anyone who has ever tried to push through a piece of legislation quickly discovers that the basic units of organization on Capitol Hill are not the parties, but the so-called blocs, which are familiar to everyone who reads a newspaper. There are dozens of them—the farm bloc, the silver bloc, the friends of labor, the business group, the Midwestern isolationists, the public power bloc—and they all cut across party lines.

They are loosely organized and pretty blurred at the edges, so that every Congressman belongs at different times to several different blocs. Each of them represents a special interest group. Each of them ordinarily

works hand-in-hand with that group's Washington lobby. In passing, it might be noted that these lobbies are by no means the cancerous growth which is sometimes pictured in civics textbooks. They have become an indispensable part of the political machine—the accepted channel through which American citizens make their wishes known and play their day-to-day role in the process of government. Nor is their influence measured solely by the size of the bankrolls and propaganda apparatus which they have at their disposal. Some of the smallest and poorest lobbies often are more effective than their well-heeled rivals. For example, Russell Smith, the one-man lobby of the Farmers Union, was largely responsible for conceiving and nursing through Congress the Employment Act of 1946, one of the most far-reaching measures adopted since the war.

Now it is an unwritten but firm rule of Congress that no important bloc shall ever be voted down—under normal circumstances—on any matter which touches its own vital interests. Each of them, in other words, has a tacit right of veto on legislation in which it is primarily concerned. The ultimate expression of this right is the institution—uniquely American—of the filibuster in the Senate. Recently it has acquired a bad name among liberals because the Southern conservatives have used it ruthlessly to fight off civil rights legislation and protect white supremacy. Not so long ago, however, the filibuster was the stoutest weapon of such men as Norris and the LaFollettes in defending many a progressive cause—and under the Dewey regime, the surviving handful of liberal Senators may well have occasion to use it again.

NATURALLY no bloc wants to exercise its veto power except when it is absolutely forced to—for this is a negative power, and one which is always subject to retaliation. Positive power to influence legislation, on the other hand, can be gained only by conciliation, compromise, and endless horse-trading.

The farm bloc, for instance, normally needs no outside aid to halt the passage of a hostile bill. As a last resort, three or four strong-lunged statesmen from the corn belt can always filibuster it to death in the Senate. If the bloc wants to put through a measure to



support agricultural prices, however, it can succeed only by enlisting the help of other powerful special interest groups. Consequently, it must always be careful not to antagonize any potential ally by a reckless use of the veto; and it must be willing to pay for such help by throwing its support from time to time behind legislation sought by the labor bloc, the National Association of Manufacturers, or the school-teachers' lobby.

The classic alliance of this sort was formed in the early days of the New Deal, when most of the Roosevelt legislation was shoved onto the statute books by a temporary coalition of the farm bloc and urban labor, occasionally reinforced by such minor allies as the public power group and spokesmen for the northern Negroes. Mr. Roosevelt's political genius rested largely on his ability to put together a program which would offer something to each of these groups without fatally antagonizing any of them, and then to time the presentation of each bill so that he would always retain enough bargaining power to line up a Congressional majority. It also was necessary for him to avoid the veto of the business group, which viewed much of this legislation as a barbarous assault upon its privileges; and for this purpose he employed another traditional technique, which we shall examine a little later.

This process of trading blocs of votes is generally known as log-rolling, and frequently it is deplored by the more innocent type of reformer. Such pious disapproval has no effect whatever on any practicing politician. He knows that log-rolling is a sensible and reasonably fair device, and that without it Congress could scarcely operate at all.

In fact, Congress gradually has developed a formal apparatus—the committee system—which is designed to make the log-rolling process as smooth and efficient as possible. There is no parallel system anywhere; the committees of Parliament and of the Continental legislative bodies work in an entirely different way.

Obviously the main business of Congress—the hammering out of a series of compromises between many special interest groups—cannot be conducted satisfactorily on the floor of the House or Senate. The meetings there are too large and far too public for such delicate negotiations. Moreover,

every speech delivered on the floor must be aimed primarily at the voters back home, and not at the other members in the chamber. Therefore, Congress—especially the House—does nearly all its work in the closed sessions of its various committees, simply because the committee room is the only place where it is possible to arrange a compromise acceptable to all major interests affected.

For this reason, it is a matter of considerable importance to get a bill before the proper committee. Each committee serves as a forum for a particular cluster of special interests, and the assignment of a bill to a specific committee often decides which interest groups shall be recognized officially as affected by the measure and therefore entitled to a hand in its drafting. "Who is to have standing before the committee" is the technical term, and it is this decision that frequently decides the fate of the legislation.

#### IV

CALHOUN'S principles of the concurrent majority and of sectional compromise operate just as powerfully, though sometimes less obviously, in every other American political institution. Our cabinet, for example, is the only one in the world where the members are charged by law with the representation of special interests—labor, agriculture, commerce, and so on. In other countries, each agency of government is at least presumed to act for the nation as a whole; here most agencies are expected to behave as servants for one interest or another. The Veterans' Administration, to cite the most familiar case, is frankly intended to look out for Our Boys; the Maritime Commission is the spokesman for the shipping industry; the National Labor Relations Board, as originally established under the Wagner Act, was explicitly intended to build up the bargaining power of the unions.

Even within a single department, separate agencies are sometimes set up to represent conflicting interests. Thus in the Department of Agriculture under the New Deal the old Triple-A became primarily an instrument of the large-scale commercial farmers, as represented by their lobby, the Farm Bureau Federation; while the Farm Security Administration went to bat for the tenants, the farm

laborers, and the little subsistence farmers, as represented by the Farmers Union.

This is one reason why federal agencies often struggle so bitterly against each other, and why the position of the administration as a whole on any question can be determined only after a long period of inter-bureau squabbling and compromise. Anyone who was in Washington during the war will remember how these goings-on always confused and alarmed our British allies.

CALHOUN's laws also govern the selection of virtually every candidate for public office. The mystery of "eligibility" which has eluded most foreign observers simply means that a candidate must not be unacceptable to any important special interest group—a negative rather than a positive qualification. A notorious case of this process at work was the selection of Mr. Truman as the Democrat's Vice Presidential candidate in 1944. As Edward J. Flynn, the Boss of the Bronx, has pointed out in his memoirs, Truman was the one man "who would hurt . . . least" as Roosevelt's running mate. Many stronger men were disqualified, Flynn explained, by the tacit veto of one sectional interest or another. Wallace was unacceptable to the business men and to many local party machines. Byrnes was distasteful to the Catholics, the Negroes, and organized labor. Rayburn came from the wrong part of the country. Truman, however, came from a border state, his labor record was good, he had not antagonized the conservatives, and—as Flynn put it—"he had never made any 'racial' remarks. He just dropped into the slot."

The same kind of considerations govern the selection of candidates right down to the county, city, and precinct levels. Flynn, one of the most successful political operators of our time, explained in some detail the complicated job of making up a ticket in his own domain. Each of the main population groups in the Bronx—Italians, Jews, and Irish Catholics—must be properly represented on the list of nominees, and so must each of the main geographical divisions. The result is a ticket which sounds like the roster of the Brooklyn Dodgers: Loreto, Delagi, Lyman, Joseph, Lyons, and Foley.

Comparable traditions govern the internal political life of the American Legion, the

Federation of Women's Clubs, university student bodies, labor unions, Rotary Clubs, and the thousands of other quasi-political institutions which are so characteristic of our society and which give us such a rich fabric of spontaneous local government.

THE stronghold of Calhoun's doctrine, however, is the American party—the wonder and despair of foreigners who cannot fit it into any of their concepts of political life.

The purpose of European parties is, of course, to divide men of different ideologies into coherent and disciplined organizations. The historic role of the American party, on the other hand, is not to divide but to unite. That task was imposed by simple necessity. If a division into ideological parties had been attempted, in addition to all the other centrifugal forces in this country, it very probably would have proved impossible to hold the nation together. The Founding Fathers understood this thoroughly; hence Washington's warning against "factions."

Indeed, on the one occasion when we did develop two ideological parties, squarely opposing each other on an issue of principle, the result was civil war. Fortunately, that was our last large-scale experiment with a third party formed on an ideological basis—for in its early days that is just what the Republican party was.

Its radical wing, led by such men as Thaddeus Stevens, Seward, and Chase, made a determined and skillful effort to substitute principles for interests as the foundations of American political life. Even within their own party, however, they were opposed by such practical politicians as Lincoln and Johnson—men who distrusted fanaticism in any form—and by the end of the Reconstruction period the experiment had been abandoned. American politics then swung back into its normal path and has never veered far away from it since. Although Calhoun's cause was defeated, his political theory came through the Civil War stronger than ever.

The result is that the American party has no permanent program and no fixed aim, except to win elections. Its one purpose is to unite the largest possible number of divergent interest groups in the pursuit of power. Its unity is one of compromise, not of



dogma. It must—if it hopes to succeed—appeal to considerable numbers on both the left and the right, to rich and poor, Protestant and Catholic, farmer and industrial worker, native and foreign born.

It must be ready to bid for the support of any group that can deliver a sizable chunk of votes, accepting that group's program with whatever modifications may be necessary to reconcile the other members of the party. If sun worship, or Existentialism, or the nationalization of industry should ever attract any significant following in this country, you can be sure that both parties would soon whip up a plank designed to win it over.

**T**HIS ability to absorb new ideas (along with the enthusiasts behind them) and to mold them into a shape acceptable to the party's standpatters is, perhaps, the chief measure of vitality in the party's leadership. Such ideas almost never germinate within the party itself. They are stolen—very often from third parties.

Indeed, the historic function of third parties has been to sprout new issues, nurse them along until they have gathered a body of supporters worth stealing, and then to turn them over (often reluctantly) to the major parties. A glance at the old platforms of the Populists, the Bull Moosers, and the Socialists will show what an astonishingly high percentage of their once-radical notions have been purloined by both Republicans and Democrats—and enacted into law. Thus the income tax, child-labor laws, minimum wages, regulation of railroads and utilities, and old-age pensions have all become part of the American Way of Life. In similar fashion, Mr. Wallace has forced both the old parties to pay a good deal more attention to such matters as civil rights than they ever would have done on their own initiative. He has compelled them to bid—and to bid high—for a handsome block of Negro votes.

While each major party must always stand alert to grab a promising new issue, it also must be careful never to scare off any of the big, established interest groups. For as soon as it alienates any one of them, it finds itself in a state of crisis.

For sixteen years the Republicans lost much of their standing as a truly national party because they had made themselves un-

acceptable to labor. Similarly, the Democrats, during the middle stage of the New Deal, incurred the wrath of the business interests. Ever since Mr. Truman was plumped into the White House, the Democratic leadership has struggled desperately—though rather ineptly—to regain the confidence of business men without at the same time driving organized labor out of the ranks. It probably would be safe to predict that if the Republican party is to regain a long period of health, it must within the next four years make an equally vigorous effort to win back the confidence of labor. For the permanent veto of any major element in American society means political death—as the ghosts of the Federalists and Whigs can testify.

## V

**T**HE weaknesses of the American political system are obvious—much more obvious, in fact, than its virtues. These weaknesses have been so sharply criticized for the past hundred years, by a procession of able analysts ranging from Walter Bagehot to Thomas K. Finletter, that it is hardly necessary to mention them here. It is enough to note that most of the criticism has been aimed at two major flaws.

First, it is apparent that the doctrine of the concurrent majority is a negative one—a principle of inaction. A strong government, capable of rapid and decisive action, is difficult to achieve under a system which forbids it to do anything until virtually everybody acquiesces. In times of crisis, a dangerously long period of debate and compromise usually is necessary before any administration can carry out the drastic measures needed. The depression of the early thirties, the crisis in foreign policy which ended only with Pearl Harbor, the equally great crisis of the Marshall program a few months ago all illustrate this recurring problem.

This same characteristic of our system gives undue weight to the small but well-organized pressure group—especially when it is fighting *against* something. Hence a few power companies were able to block for twenty years the sensible use of the Muscle Shoals dam which eventually became the nucleus of TVA, and—in alliance with the railroads, rail unions, and Eastern port interests—they are still hold-



ing up development of the St. Lawrence Waterway. Even more flagrant examples are the silver and wool blocs, each representing only a tiny fraction of the American people. The first has been looting the Treasury for a generation by a series of outrageous silver subsidy and purchase laws. The second, in league with a handful of stockmen, may yet get away with the wholesale land grab which Mr. Bernard DeVoto has repeatedly discussed in these columns.

The negative character of our political rules also makes it uncommonly difficult for us to choose a President. Many of our outstanding political operatives—notably those who serve in the Senate—are virtually barred from a Presidential nomination because they are forced to get on record on too many issues. Inevitably they offend some important interest group, and therefore become “unavailable.” Governors, who can keep their mouths shut on most national issues, have a much better chance to reach the White House. Moreover, the very qualities of caution and inoffensiveness which make a good candidate—Harding and Coolidge come most readily to mind—are likely to make a bad President.

**A**N EVEN more serious flaw in our scheme of politics is the difficulty in finding anybody to speak for the country as a whole. Calhoun would have argued that the national interest is merely the sum of all the various special interests, and therefore needs no spokesmen of its own—but in this case he clearly was wrong.

In practice, we tend to settle sectional and class conflicts at the expense of the nation as a whole—with results painful to all of us. The labor troubles in the spring of 1946, for instance, could be settled only on a basis acceptable to *both* labor and management: that is, on the basis of higher wages *plus* higher prices. The upshot was an inflationary spiral which is damaging everybody—and at this writing there is a good deal of mournful evidence that the process is about to be repeated. Countless other instances, from soil erosion to the rash of billboards along our highways, bear witness to the American tendency to neglect matters which are “only” of national interest, and therefore are left without a recognized sponsor.

**O**VER the generations we have developed a series of practices and institutions which partly remedy these weaknesses, although we are still far from a complete cure. One such development has been the gradual strengthening of the Presidency as against Congress. As the only man elected by all the people, the President inevitably has had to take over many of the policy-making and leadership functions which the Founding Fathers originally assigned to the legislators. This meant, of course, that he could no longer behave merely as an obedient executor of the will of Congress, but was forced into increasingly frequent conflicts with Capitol Hill.

Today we have come to recognize that this conflict is one of the most important obligations of the Presidency. No really strong executive tries to avoid it—he accepts it as an essential part of his job. If he simply tries to placate the pressure groups which speak through Congress, history writes him down as a failure. For it is his duty to enlist the support of many minorities for measures rooted in the national interest, reaching beyond their own immediate concern—and, if necessary, to stand up against the ravaging minorities for the interest of the whole.

In recent times this particular part of the President's job has been made easier by the growth of the Theory of Temporary Emergencies. All of us—or nearly all—have come around to admitting that in time of emergency special interest groups must forego their right of veto. As a result, the President often is tempted to scare up an emergency to secure legislation which could not be passed under any other pretext. Thus, most of the New Deal bills were introduced as “temporary emergency measures,” although they were clearly intended to be permanent from the very first; for in no other way could Mr. Roosevelt avoid the veto of the business interests.

Again, in 1939 the threat of war enabled the President to push through much legislation which would have been impossible under normal circumstances. And Mr. Truman recently found it necessary to present the Greco-Turkish situation under the guise of a world crisis, in order to get authority and funds to carry out a rather small, routine police operation.



## VI

**B**ECAUSE we have been so preoccupied with trying to patch up the flaws in our system, we have often overlooked its unique elements of strength. The chief of these is its ability to minimize conflict—not by suppressing the conflicting forces, but by absorbing and utilizing them. The result is a society which is both free and reasonably stable—a government which is as strong and effective as most dictatorships, but which can still adapt itself to social change.

The way in which the American political organism tames down the extremists of both the left and right is always fascinating to watch. Either party normally is willing to embrace any group or movement which can deliver votes—but in return it requires these groups to adjust their programs to fit the traditions, beliefs, and prejudices of the majority of the people. The fanatics, the implacable radicals cannot hope to get to first base in American politics until they abandon their fanaticism and learn the habits of conciliation. As a consequence, it is almost impossible for political movements here to become entirely irresponsible and to draw strength from the kind of demagogic obstruction which has nurtured both Communist and Fascist movements abroad.

The same process which gentles down the extremists also prods along the political laggards. As long as it is in a state of health, each American party has a conservative and a liberal wing. Sometimes one is dominant, sometimes the other—but even when the conservative element is most powerful, it must reckon with the left-wingers in its own family. At the moment the Republican party certainly is in one of its more conservative phases; yet it contains such men as Senators Morse, Aiken, Flanders, Tobey, and Baldwin, who are at least as progressive as most of the old New Dealers. They, and their counterparts in the Democratic party, exert a steady tug to the left which prevents either party from lapsing into complete reaction.

The strength of this tug is indicated by the fact that the major New Deal reforms have now been almost universally accepted. A mere ten years ago, the leading Republicans, plus many conservative Democrats,

were hell-bent on wiping out social security, TVA, SEC, minimum-wage laws, rural electrification, and all the other dread innovations of the New Deal. Today no Presidential aspirant would dare suggest the repeal of a single one of them. In this country there simply is no place for a hard core of irreconcilable reactionaries, comparable to those political groups in France which have never yet accepted the reforms of the French Revolution.

This American tendency to push extremists of both the left and right toward a middle position has enabled us, so far, to escape class warfare. This is no small achievement for any political system; for class warfare cannot be tolerated by a modern industrial society. If it seriously threatens, it is bound to be suppressed by some form of totalitarianism, as it has been in Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, and most of Eastern Europe.

**I**N FACT, suppression might be termed the normal method of settling conflicts in continental Europe, where parties traditionally have been drawn up along ideological battle lines. Every political campaign becomes a religious crusade; each party is fanatically convinced that it and it alone has truth by the tail; each party is certain that its opponents not only are wrong, but wicked. If the sacred ideology is to be established beyond challenge, no heresy can be tolerated. Therefore it becomes a duty not only to defeat the enemy at the polls, but to wipe him out. Any suggestion of compromise must be rejected as treason and betrayal of the true faith. The party must be disciplined like an army, and if it cannot win by other means it must be ready to take up arms in deadly fact.

Politics thus becomes merely a prelude to civil war—and all too often the prelude is short. In Italy the Partisan brigades are drilling today on the same parade grounds where Mussolini's Blackshirts once trained for their march on Rome. And in France both Communists and DeGaullists are reported to be squirreling away Bren guns against the day when each expects to "save the Republic" from the other.

Under this kind of political system the best that can be hoped for is a prolonged

deadlock between parties which are too numerous and weak to exterminate one another. The classic example is prewar France, where six revolutions or near-revolutions broke out within a century, where cabinets fell every weekend, and no government could ever become strong enough to govern effectively. The more usual outcome is a complete victory for one ideology or another, after a brief period of electioneering, turmoil, and fighting in the streets; then comes the liquidation of the defeated.

Because this sort of ideological politics is so foreign to our native tradition, neither Socialists, Communists, nor Fascists have ever been accepted as normal parties. So long as that tradition retains its very considerable vitality, it seems to me unlikely that any third

party founded on an ideological basis can take root. The notion of a ruthless and unlimited class struggle, the concept of a master race, a fascist élite, or a proletariat which is entitled to impose its will on all others—these are ideas which are incompatible with the main current of American political life. The uncompromising ideologist, of whatever faith, appears in our eyes peculiarly “un-American,” simply because he cannot recognize the rule of the concurrent majority, nor can he accept the rules of mutual toleration which are necessary to make it work. Unless he forsakes his ideology, he cannot even understand that basic principle of American politics which was perhaps best expressed by Judge Learned Hand: “The spirit of liberty is the spirit which is not too sure that it is right.”

## *Health Hints, 1871*

THERE is nothing in the working of a sewing-machine calculated to impair the health; the labor is uniform, not excessive, nor calculated to overstrain any of the muscles of the system. A contrary view was taken at one time, but it was formed from incomplete observations, and a want of care in ascertaining all the facts in given cases. The motion of the feet promotes the circulation, and tends to keep them warm; the motion of the fingers invites the blood to the extremities, which all admit is a healthful operation, while the necessity of adjusting the work keeps the mind alert.

There is, perhaps, not an eminent physician in any system of practice, who will not declare, with a distinguished medical practitioner, now deceased: “I believe that during the twenty-six years I have followed my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms naked.”

Women are not required to stand in prayer; it is physiologically hurtful; they should sit or kneel.

Skating has all the enlivening influences of dancing and none of its necessary immoralities; with the incalculable advantage of securing the breathing of a pure and invigorating outdoor air, instead of the stifling heat and dust of the ballroom.

—from *Fun Better Than Physic; or Everybody's Life-Preserver*,  
by W. W. Hall, M.D., published in Springfield, Massachusetts, 1871



# *The Renegade*

A Story by Shirley Jackson

Illustrations by Bernarda Bryson

IT WAS eight-twenty in the morning. The twins were loitering over their cereal and Mrs. Walpole, with one eye on the clock and the other on the kitchen window past which the school bus would come in a matter of minutes, felt the unreasonable irritation that comes with being late on a school morning, the wading-through-molasses feeling of trying to hurry children.

"You'll have to walk," she said ominously, for perhaps the third time. "The bus won't wait."

"I'm hurrying," Judy said. She regarded her full glass of milk smugly. "I'm closer to through than Jerry."

Jerry pushed his glass across the table and they measured meticulously, precisely. "No," he said. "Look how much more you have than me."

"It doesn't *matter*," Mrs. Walpole said, "it doesn't *matter*. Jerry, *eat* your cereal."

"She didn't have any more than me to start with," Jerry said. "Did she have any more than me, Mom?"

The alarm clock had not gone off at seven as it should. Mrs. Walpole heard the sound of the shower upstairs and calculated rapidly; the coffee was slower than usual this morning, the boiled eggs a shade too soft. She had only had time to pour herself a glass of fruit juice and no time to drink it. *Someone*—Judy or Jerry or Mr. Walpole—was going to be late.

"*Judy*," Mrs. Walpole said mechanically, "*Jerry*."

Judy's hair was not accurately braided. Jerry would get off without his handkerchief.

Mr. Walpole would certainly be irritable.

The yellow and red bulk of the school bus filled the road outside the kitchen window and Judy and Jerry streaked for the door, cereal uneaten, books most likely forgotten. Mrs. Walpole followed them to the kitchen door, calling "Jerry, your milk money; come straight home at noon." She watched them climb into the school bus and then went briskly to work clearing their dishes from the table and setting a place for Mr. Walpole. She would have to have breakfast herself later, in the breathing spell that came after nine o'clock. That meant her wash would be late getting on the line and if it rained that afternoon, as it certainly might, nothing would be dry. Mrs. Walpole made an effort, and said, "Good morning, dear," as her husband came into the kitchen. He said, "Morning," without glancing up and Mrs. Walpole, her mind full of unfinished sentences that began, "Don't you think other people ever have any feelings or—" began patiently to set his breakfast before him. The soft-boiled eggs in their dish, the toast, the coffee. Mr. Walpole devoted himself to his paper and Mrs. Walpole, who wanted desperately also to say, "I don't suppose you notice that I haven't had a chance to eat—" set the dishes down as softly as she could.

EVERYTHING was going smoothly, although half an hour late, when the telephone rang. The Walpoles were on a party line and Mrs. Walpole usually let the phone ring her number twice before con-

cluding that it was really their number; this morning, before nine o'clock, with Mr. Walpole not half through his breakfast, it was an unbearable intrusion and Mrs. Walpole went reluctantly to answer it. "Hello," she said forbiddingly.

"Mrs. Walpole," the voice said, and Mrs. Walpole said, "Yes?" The voice—it was a woman—said, "I'm sorry to bother you, but this is—" and gave an unrecognizable name. Mrs. Walpole said, "Yes?" again. She could hear Mr. Walpole taking the coffee pot off the stove to pour himself a second cup.

"Do you have a dog? Brown and black hound?" the voice continued. With the word *dog* Mrs. Walpole, in the second before she answered, "Yes," comprehended the numerous aspects of owning a dog in the country (six dollars for spaying, the rude barking late at night, the watchful security of the dark shape sleeping on the rug beside the double-decker beds in the twins' room, the inevitability of a dog in the house, as important as a stove, or a front porch, or a subscription to the local paper; more, and above any of these things, the dog herself, known among the neighbors as Lady Walpole, on an exact par with Jerry Walpole or Judy Walpole; quiet, competent, exceedingly tolerant) and found in none of them a reason for such an early morning call from a voice which she realized now was as irritable as her own.

"Yes," Mrs. Walpole said shortly, "I own a dog. Why?"

"Big brown and black hound?"



Lady's pretty markings, her odd face. "Yes," Mrs. Walpole said, her voice a little more impatient, "yes, that is certainly my dog. Why?"

"He's been killing my chickens." The voice sounded satisfied now; Mrs. Walpole had been cornered.

For nearly half a minute Mrs. Walpole was quiet, so that the voice said, "Hello?"

"That's perfectly ridiculous," Mrs. Walpole said.

"This morning," the voice said with relish, "your dog was chasing our chickens. We heard the chickens at about eight o'clock, and my husband went out to see what was the matter and found two chickens dead and he saw a big brown and black hound down with the chickens and he took a stick and chased the dog away and then he found two more dead ones. He says," the voice went on flatly, "that it's lucky he didn't think to take his shotgun out with him because you wouldn't have any more dog. Most awful mess you ever saw," the voice said, "blood and feathers everywhere."

"What makes you think it's *my* dog?" Mrs. Walpole said weakly.

"Joe White—he's a neighbor of yours—was passing at the time and saw my husband chasing the dog. Said it was your dog."

Old man White lived in the next house but one to the Walpoles'. Mrs. Walpole had always made a point of being courteous to him, inquired amiably about his health when she saw him on the porch as she passed, had regarded respectfully the pictures of his grandchildren in Albany.

"I see," Mrs. Walpole said, suddenly shifting her ground. "Well, if you're absolutely sure. I just can't believe it of Lady. She's so gentle."

The other voice softened, in response to Mrs. Walpole's concern. "It is a shame," the other woman said. "I can't tell you how sorry I am that it happened. But . . ." her voice trailed off significantly.

"Of course we'll take care of the damage," Mrs. Walpole said quickly.

"No, no," the woman said, almost apologetically. "Don't even *think* about it."

"But of course—" Mrs. Walpole began, bewildered.

"The dog," the voice said. "You'll have to do something about the dog."



A SUDDEN unalterable terror took hold of Mrs. Walpole. Her morning had gone badly, she had not yet had her coffee, she was faced with an evil situation she had never known before, and now the voice, its tone, its inflection, had managed to frighten Mrs. Walpole with a word like *something*.

"How?" Mrs. Walpole said finally. "I mean, what do you want me to do?"

There was a brief silence on the other end of the wire, and then the voice said briskly, "I'm sure I don't know, Missus. I've always heard that there's no way to stop a chicken-killing dog. As I say, there was no damage to speak of. As a matter of fact, the chickens the dog killed are plucked and in the oven now."

Mrs. Walpole's throat tightened and she closed her eyes for a minute, but the voice went inflexibly on. "We wouldn't ask you to do anything except take care of the dog. Naturally, you understand that we can't have a dog killing our chickens?"

Realizing that she was expected to answer, Mrs. Walpole said, "Certainly."

"So . . ." the voice said.

Mrs. Walpole saw over the top of the phone that Mr. Walpole was passing her on his way to the door. He waved briefly to her and she nodded at him. He was late; she had intended to ask him to stop at the library in the city. Now she would have to call him later. Mrs. Walpole said sharply into the phone, "First of all, of course, I'll have to make sure it's my dog. If it *is* my dog I can promise you you'll have no more trouble."

"It's your dog all right." The voice had assumed the country flatness; if Mrs. Walpole wanted to fight, the voice implied, she had picked just the right people.

"Goodby," Mrs. Walpole said, knowing that she was making a mistake in parting from this woman angrily; knowing that she should stay on the phone for an interminable apologetic conversation, try to beg her dog's life back from this stupid inflexible woman who cared so much for her stupid chickens.

Mrs. Walpole put the phone down and went out into the kitchen. She poured herself a cup of coffee and made herself some toast.

I am not going to let this bother me until after I have had my coffee, Mrs. Walpole told herself firmly. She put extra butter on her



toast and tried to relax, moving her back against the chair, letting her shoulders sag. Feeling like this at nine-thirty in the morning, she thought, it's a feeling that belongs with eleven o'clock at night. The bright sun outside was not as cheerful as it might be; Mrs. Walpole decided suddenly to put her wash off until tomorrow. They had not lived in the country town long enough for Mrs. Walpole to feel the disgrace of washing on Tuesday as mortal; they were still city folk and would probably always be city folk, people who owned a chicken-killing dog, people who washed on Tuesday, people who were not able to fend for themselves against the limited world of earth and food and weather that the country folk took so much for granted. In this situation as in all such others—the disposal of rubbish, the weather-stripping, the baking of angel food cake—Mrs. Walpole was forced to look for advice. In the country it is extremely difficult to "get a man" to do things for you, and Mr. and Mrs. Walpole had early fallen into the habit of consulting their neighbors for information which in the city would have belonged properly to the superintendent, or the janitor, or the man from the gas company. When Mrs. Walpole's glance fell on Lady's water dish under the sink, and she realized that she was indescribably depressed, she got up and put on her jacket and a scarf over her head and went next door.

MRS. NASH, her next door neighbor, was frying doughnuts and she waved a fork at Mrs. Walpole at the open door and called, "Come in, can't leave the stove." Mrs. Walpole, stepping into Mrs. Nash's kitchen, was painfully aware of her own kitchen with the dirty dishes in the sink. Mrs. Nash was wearing a shockingly clean house dress and her kitchen was freshly washed; Mrs. Nash was able to fry doughnuts without making any sort of a mess.

"The men do like fresh doughnuts with

their dinner," Mrs. Nash remarked without any more preamble than her nod and invitation to Mrs. Walpole. "I always try to get enough made ahead but I never do."

"I wish I could make doughnuts," Mrs. Walpole said. Mrs. Nash waved the fork hospitably at the stack of still-warm doughnuts on the table and Mrs. Walpole helped herself to one, thinking: this will give me indigestion.



"Seems like they all get eaten by the time I finish making them," Mrs. Nash said. She surveyed the cooking doughnuts and then, satisfied that she could look away for a minute, took one herself and began to eat it standing by the stove. "What's wrong with you?" she asked. "You look sort of peaked this morning."

"To tell you the truth," Mrs. Walpole said, "it's our dog. Someone called me this morning that she's been killing chickens."

Mrs. Nash nodded. "Up to Kittredge's," she said. "I know."

Of course she'd know by now, Mrs. Walpole thought.

"You know," Mrs. Nash said, turning again to the doughnuts, "they do say there's nothing to do with a dog kills chickens. My brother had a dog once killed sheep, and I don't know *what* they didn't do to break that dog, but of course nothing would do it. Once they get the taste of blood." Mrs. Nash lifted a golden doughnut delicately out of the frying kettle, and set it down on a piece of brown paper to drain. "They get so's they'd rather kill than eat, hardly."

"But what can I *do*?" Mrs. Walpole asked. "Isn't there *anything*?"

"You can try, of course," Mrs. Nash said. "Best thing to do first is tie her up. Keep her tied, with a good stout chain. Then at least she won't go chasing no more chickens for a while, save you getting her killed for you."

Mrs. Walpole got up reluctantly and began to put her scarf on again. "I guess I'd better get a chain down at the store," she said.

"You going downstreet?"

"I want to do my shopping before the kids come home for lunch."

"Don't buy any store doughnuts," Mrs. Nash said. "I'll run up later with a dishful for you. You get a good stout chain for that dog."

"Thank you," Mrs. Walpole said. The bright sunlight across Mrs. Nash's kitchen doorway, the solid table bearing its plates of doughnuts, the pleasant smell of the frying, were all symbols somehow of Mrs. Nash's safety, her confidence in a way of life and a security that had no traffic with chicken-killing, no city fears, an assurance and cleanliness so great that she was willing to bestow its overflow on the Walpoles, bring them doughnuts and overlook Mrs. Walpole's dirty kitchen. "Thank you," Mrs. Walpole said again, inadequately.

"You tell Tom Summers I'll be down for a pork roast later this morning," Mrs. Nash said. "Tell him to save it for me."

"I shall." Mrs. Walpole hesitated in the doorway and Mrs. Nash waved the fork at her.

"See you later," Mrs. Nash said.

OLD MAN WHITE was sitting on his front porch in the sun. When he saw Mrs. Walpole he grinned broadly and shouted to her, "Guess you're not going to have any more dog."

I've got to be nice to him, Mrs. Walpole thought; he's not a traitor or a bad man by country standards; anyone would tell on a chicken-killing dog; but he doesn't have to be so pleased about it, she thought, and tried to make her voice pleasant when she said, "Good morning, Mr. White."

"Gonna have her shot?" Mr. White asked. "Your man got a gun?"

"I'm so worried about it," Mrs. Walpole said. She stood on the walk below the front porch and tried not to let her hatred show in her face as she looked up at Mr. White.

"It's too bad about a dog like that," Mr. White said.

At least he doesn't blame *me*, Mrs. Walpole thought. "Is there anything I can do?" she said.

Mr. White thought. "Believe you might be able to cure a chicken-killer," he said. "You get a dead chicken and tie it around the dog's neck, so he can't shake it loose, see?"

"Around her neck?" Mrs. Walpole asked,



and Mr. White nodded, grinning toothlessly.

"See, when he can't shake it loose at first he tries to play with it and then it starts to bother him, see, and then he tries to roll it off and it won't come and then he tries to bite it off and it won't come and then when he sees it won't come he thinks he's never gonna get rid of it, see, and he gets scared. And then you'll have him coming around with his tail between his legs and this thing hanging around his neck and it gets worse and worse."

Mrs. Walpole put one hand on the porch railing to steady herself. "What do you do then?" she asked.

"Well," Mr. White said, "the way I heard it, see, the chicken gets riper and riper and the more the dog sees it and feels it and smells it, see, the more he gets to hate chicken. And he can't ever get rid of it, see?"

"But the dog," Mrs. Walpole said. "Lady, I mean. How long do we have to leave it around her neck?"

"Well," Mr. White said with enthusiasm, "I guess you leave it on until it gets ripe enough to fall off by itself. See, the head . . ."

"I see," Mrs. Walpole said. "Would it work?"

"Can't say," Mr. White said. "Never tried it myself." His voice said that *he* had never had a chicken-killing dog.

Mrs. Walpole left him abruptly; she could not shake the feeling that if it were not for Mr. White, Lady would not have been identified as the dog killing the chickens; she wondered briefly if Mr. White had maliciously blamed Lady because they were city folk, and then thought no, no man around here would bear false witness against a dog.

**W**HEN she entered the grocery it was almost empty; there was a man at the hardware counter and another man leaning against the meat counter talking to Mr. Summers, the grocer. When Mr. Summers saw Mrs. Walpole come in he called across the store, "Morning, Mrs. Walpole. Fine day."

"Lovely," Mrs. Walpole said, and the grocer said, "Bad luck about the dog."

"I don't know what to do about it," Mrs. Walpole said, and the man talking to the grocer looked at her reflectively, and then back at the grocer.

"Killed four chickens up to Kittredge's this morning," the grocer said to the man and the man nodded solemnly and said, "Heard about that."

Mrs. Walpole came across to the meat counter and said, "Mrs. Nash said would you save her a roast of pork. She'll be down later to get it."

"Going up that way," the man standing with the grocer said. "Drop it off."

"Right," the grocer said.

The man looked at Mrs. Walpole and said, "Gonna have to shoot him, I guess?"

"I hope not," Mrs. Walpole said earnestly. "We're all so fond of the dog."

The man and the grocer looked at one another for a minute, and then the grocer said reasonably, "Won't do to have a dog going around killing chickens, Mrs. Walpole."

"First thing you know," the man said, "someone'll put a load of buckshot into him, he won't come home no more." He and the grocer both laughed.

"Isn't there any way to cure the dog?" Mrs. Walpole asked.

"Sure," the man said. "Shoot him."

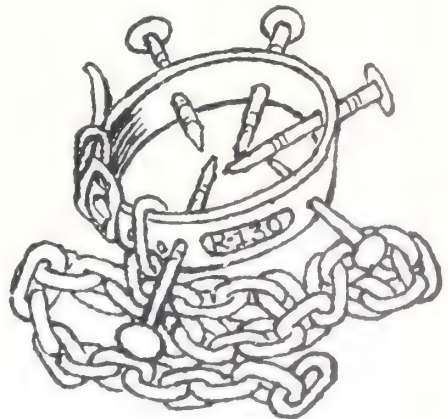
"Tie a dead chicken around his neck," the grocer suggested. "That might do it."

"Heard of a man did that," the other man said.

"Did it help?" Mrs. Walpole asked eagerly.

The man shook his head slowly and with determination.

"You know," the grocer said. He leaned his elbow on the meat counter; he was a great talker. "You know," he said again, "my father had a dog once used to eat eggs. Got into the chicken house and used to break the eggs open and lick them up. Used to eat maybe half the eggs we got."



"That's a bad business," the other man said. "Dog eating eggs."

"Bad business," the grocer said in confirmation. Mrs. Walpole found herself nodding. "Last, my father couldn't stand it no more. Here half his eggs were getting eaten," the grocer said. "So he took an egg once, set it on the back of the stove for two, three days, till the egg got good and ripe, good and hot through, and that egg smelled pretty bad. Then—I was there, boy twelve, thirteen years old—he called the dog one day, and the dog come running. So I held the dog and my daddy opened the dog's mouth and put in the egg, red-hot and smelling to heaven, and then he held the dog's mouth closed so's the dog couldn't get rid of the egg anyway except swallow it." The grocer laughed and shook his head reminiscently.

"Bet that dog never ate another egg," the man said.

"Never touched another egg," the grocer said firmly. "You put an egg down in front of that dog, he'd run's though the devil was after him."

"But how did he feel about you?" Mrs. Walpole asked. "Did he ever come near you again?"

The grocer and the other man both looked at her. "How do you mean?" the grocer said.

"Did he ever *like* you again?"

"Well," the grocer said, and thought. "No," he said finally, "I don't believe you could say's he ever did. Not much of a dog, though."

"There's one thing you ought to try," the other man said suddenly to Mrs. Walpole, "you really want to cure that dog, there's one thing you ought to try."

"What's that?" Mrs. Walpole said.

"You want to take that dog," the man said, leaning forward and gesturing with one hand, "take him and put him in a pen with a mother hen's got chicks to protect. Time she's through with him he won't never chase another chicken."

The grocer began to laugh and Mrs. Walpole looked, bewildered, from the grocer to the other man, who was looking at her without a smile.

"What would happen?" she asked uncertainly.

"Scratch his eyes out," the grocer said succinctly. "He wouldn't ever be able to *see* another chicken."

MRS. WALPOLE realized that she felt faint. Smiling over her shoulder, in order not to seem discourteous, she moved quickly away from the meat counter and down to the other end of the store. The grocer continued talking to the man behind the meat counter and after a minute Mrs. Walpole went outside, into the air. She decided that she would go home and lie down until nearly lunchtime, and do her shopping later in the day.

At home she found that she could not lie down until the breakfast table was cleared and the dishes washed, and by the time she had done that it was almost time to start lunch. She was standing by the pantry shelves, debating, when a dark shape crossed the sunlight in the doorway and she realized that Lady was home. For a minute she stood still, watching Lady. The dog came in quietly, harmlessly, as though she had spent the morning frolicking on the grass with her friends, but there were spots of blood on her legs and she drank her water eagerly. Mrs. Walpole's first impulse was to scold her, to hold her down and beat her for the deliberate, malicious pain she had inflicted, the murderous brutality a pretty dog like Lady could keep so well hidden in their home; then Mrs. Walpole, watching Lady go quietly and settle down in her usual spot by the stove, turned helplessly and took the first cans she found from the pantry shelves and brought them to the kitchen table.

Lady sat quietly by the stove until the children came in noisily for lunch, and then she leaped up and jumped on them, welcoming them as though they were the aliens and she the native to the house. Judy, pulling Lady's ears, said, "Hello Mom, do you know what Lady did? You're a bad bad dog," she said to Lady, "you're going to get shot."

Mrs. Walpole felt faint again and set a dish down hastily on the table. "Judy Walpole," she said.

"She is, Mom," Judy said. "She's going to get shot."

Children don't realize, Mrs. Walpole told herself, death is never real to them; try to be sensible, she told herself. "Sit down to lunch, children," she said quietly.

"But, *Mother*," Judy said, and Jerry said, "She is, Mom."

They sat down noisily, unfolding their





# Scientific Thought in the Coming Decades

*Lancelot Law Whyte*

**W**HAT are likely to be the main developments in scientific thought during the second half of this century, and how will they influence social trends?

There is no doubt of the importance of this question in making any estimate of the social outlook for the coming period. During the past hundred years exact science, based ultimately on Newtonian principles, has been the greatest single influence affecting the development of society, and this influence has been exerted not only directly through its technological applications, but also indirectly through its effect on thought in general. The influence of science on general methods of thought—for example on ethical, social, and political conceptions—is subtler and more elusive than the effect of technology on industry and warfare. Yet in certain periods the impact of new scientific ideas and principles may be as important as that of new inventions, and in this survey it will be assumed that this will be true in the coming decades. The argument will suggest that the practical discovery of the atomic bomb will be followed by theoretical discoveries of equal social importance.

**A**T FIRST sight it may be considered fantastic to attempt to anticipate the future of scientific thought. It is

often considered that prophecy of such a kind cannot constitute anything more than an arbitrary personal guess, so weighted with the probability of error as to be of no practical value. Yet this need not always be so. The history of science shows that the general character of new theoretical developments has often been anticipated years or even decades before they received their definitive expression or their decisive experimental confirmation. This was true in respect to both Newton's formulation of the law of gravity and Darwin's theory of evolution by natural selection.

And it is not surprising. It is often much easier to sense what is in the air than to achieve its precise constructive formulation, and the more important the issue the more likely this is to be the case. Thus we find that there were periods when the scientific world seems, at least in retrospect, to have been waiting for a definite step which many knew to be necessary but none could yet achieve. At such times it often happens that speculative philosophers, mathematicians, and others are occupied in preparing the ideas which will subsequently be applied by the scientist.

The outline of the future of scientific thought which is put forward here is based on the view that we are now in one of these

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anticipatory periods. A study of scientific thought, particularly in physics and biology, during the first half of this century reveals certain latent trends which are not yet fully explicit, but may mature in the new theories of the coming period.

So much in provisional explanation of this speculative attempt; its final justification will be given or withheld by the actual course of events. But it must be made clear that two further assumptions underlie these predictions: (1) that the continuity and vigor of science are not prejudiced by economic decline, state influence, or by war—on this I express no view; and (2) that the scientific search for a more complete understanding expressible in progressively more comprehensive theories will continue to be as strikingly justified in the future as it has been in the past—an assumption I believe will prove correct.

## II

IT IS not possible to set out the evidence here, but there are many signs that the coming period may see the establishment of a *single unified science* covering the inorganic and organic realms and also providing the valid scientific approach to the subject matter of psychology, and possibly also of sociology.

The interrelationships of the different branches of science are already recognized to be of great importance, but they are not yet fully understood. In the anticipated unified science the complexity and departmentalism of the different methods of the special sciences might be overcome in a simple and comprehensive synthesis. There is probably no reason why this unified theory should not be as clear and objectively reliable in relation to its wide subject matter as the classical theories of mathematical physics are in relation to their limited fields. Thus all systematic and objectively confirmed knowledge would be brought within a single and relatively simple order, the apparent complexity of phenomena being recognized as at least partly due to the use of inappropriate methods.

A unified science of this kind must rest on a few fundamental concepts expressed in *universal principles* applicable to all kinds of

systems, whether inorganic or organic, material or mental, etc. It is probable that these principles will express a *new conception of natural process as possessing a formative or developmental character*. The conservation principles used by exact science hitherto (for example, the conservation of atoms, matter, energy, momentum, etc.) are proving too limited in scope to account for processes which possess an inherent progressive or one-way tendency (such as the evening out of temperature differences, biological multiplication, growth, differentiation, etc.). It is therefore probable that a unified science must be based on a concept of a formative process, the conservation principles of classical physics applying to those aspects of process where the formative or one-way property is negligible. This means that the new unified science will reveal *the precise scope and limitations of physical measurements*. Quantity would be seen to represent one aspect only of the order of nature, and relations of succession, for example the fact that growth is seldom if ever reversed, recognized as another important aspect of phenomena.

Such a science would throw new light on the relations of wholes to parts—that is, of complex systems to their components—so that the behavior of parts would be understood not only when isolated, but also as components of larger systems. It would then be evident that *the process of the whole often overrides the tendencies of the parts*, so that in many situations the larger system must be considered before predictions can be made about the parts.

BUT in addition to these general features, the establishment of a simple unified science implies a dramatic situation in relation to the fundamentals of atomic physics. It means that physical research must seem, at least provisionally, to have reached *a limit to the fine structure of matter*, so that neither experiment nor theory will suggest the need for further minute structure within, say, the hydrogen nucleus. Physical theory will have achieved a satisfactory description of all known facts about nuclei, atoms, etc., so that fundamental physics will, at least for the time being, become a *closed subject* offering no fields for further research. The indeterminacy principle, discovered in 1925, has



already indicated that there are limits to the possible accuracy of space-time measurement; this may mean that the method of physical analysis, that is, the division of complex systems into smaller and simpler parts, may have been exhausted. Physics may have touched bottom; research into smaller and smaller regions of space may have come to an end.

In a restricted (and perhaps temporary) sense, physics would have attained absolute knowledge of its fundamentals, and this knowledge would be expressed in a perfected theory. *A wave of theoretical clarification*, based on the universal principles confirmed in physics, would thus pass from fundamental physics through molecular physics to biology, and on toward the mental and social sciences. The unified science would be closed and perfected at one end, and be steadily extended in clarity and scope toward *the science of man*.

This new science of man would imply the coalescence of physiology and psychology in a concept of the human individual overcoming the body-mind dualism.

But this in turn suggests that the new conception of process must be neutral as between matter and mind; it will not suggest that phenomena are either material or mental, but will provide a more general and comprehensive method which can reduce in special cases to the "purely physical," and in other cases to the "purely mental" aspects of process. Indeed, the principles of the unified science must stand impartially behind physics, biology, and psychology, and show where contemporary physical conceptions are applicable, where biological concepts are valid, and where psychological concepts are necessary. The unified science will not explain biology in terms of physics, or vice versa, but reinterpret the concepts of the sciences of matter, life, and mind in terms of comprehensive principles of which all other principles are special cases. A true scientific synthesis must do no less than this.

SO POWERFUL an intellectual instrument will give an unprecedented stimulus to the development of a valid science of man, providing a balanced conception of the human person and of society in process of development, and including a recognition of all the requirements of a full human life at

different stages of social development. Such a science of man will inevitably in some degree modify man's conception of himself and therefore also his ethical attitudes. A science of man is of necessity more than a science in the classical sense, for it must state the optimal conditions for individual and social development. The new unified science will therefore itself represent more than science, and might be called a meta-science, or even a metaphysics.

IT is hardly possible to exaggerate the influence which the new science would have on thought in all fields, if these speculations were to prove correct. The basic principles of the science would express a universal method of thought or way of thinking about all natural processes which leads to correct results when properly applied. The proved validity of the method in physics and biology would bring it unique prestige and lead to its immediate application in all realms of thought. Indeed it must be expected that it will affect the entire tradition of thought in all countries where science is honored. No barrier would for long resist the spread of its influence. No ideology, whether secular or religious, would be capable of surviving into the twenty-first century which could not display its conformity to the basic principles of the new science. On the view presented here, the unified science would ultimately constitute the only universal authority. Beside this new social power, the influence of the world religions and of orthodox Marxism would decline, because they are not unassailably rooted in objective universal truth.

The new scientific orthodoxy will not, however, be arbitrary, tyrannical, or static. On account of its objective truth it would be widely acceptable and therefore represent the first power fitted to serve as the instrument of a universal human society in process of development. In recent years an unbalanced and over-technological science has intensified certain harsh, anti-humane, and degrading tendencies in the technical-collectivist society which is developing in many countries. In the long run, only a balanced and therefore humane science can check this tendency and sustain the elasticity and variety which are indispensable to the continued health of any human community.



## III

**B**UT we have still to consider the nature of the influence of the new science on thought in general. What will be the main principles of the new method of thought which will enjoy such unique prestige?

First, and most important of all, it is clear that the discovery of universally valid principles will encourage universality in all realms. The new outlook will thus tend to bring together cultures based on contrasted traditions and principles, and so to further the development of a universal society. The unified science will initiate an epoch of universality.

Moreover, the science will teach that the actual phenomenon is always a process of change; that all attempts to resist or neglect change are ultimately abortive; that all process is of one character, apparent dualism being of limited validity; that the whole in general overrides the parts, and the whole must often be considered before the part; that the role of quantitative factors in determining process is restricted and not always decisive; that process is in general formative and developmental. It will be seen that these principles, though scientific in form, have immediate ethical and social implications when applied to human affairs. Moreover, their influence will in general be toward repairing some of the defects of recent thought. This is not the result of wishful thinking in drawing up this estimate of the future of science. It is inevitable that if man understands nature and himself sufficiently he will find himself knowing how he must think and act if he is to fulfill the potentialities of his own nature. Universal principles alone can guide the thought and action of the individual, just as they alone can promote the development of a universal society.

The principles just outlined are similar to those of dialectical materialism, and like the latter they hold the germ of a world outlook which might contribute to the establishment of a world society. There is little doubt that an event as dramatic and pregnant as the establishment of a unified science might serve mankind well in the coming period. For the sake of that possibility many lovers of fundamental research may be prepared to accept the

loss implied in the attainment of absolute knowledge in certain fields. Certainly from one point of view the perpetual search for knowledge is more inspiring than the prospect of the attainment of final knowledge. The intellect is deadened where there is no more to learn. But the pure search for knowledge is already prejudiced by the urgent demands of the social situation, and the human need for a universal truth which can overcome dualisms and conflicts now overrides all other considerations. In any case, if observation and experiment unquestionably confirm the principles of a unified science, then scientists will have no choice but to accept the situation, even if research in certain fields is thereby brought to an end.

**T**HE growth of exact science from 1600 onward led to a period marked by the hope that scientific research would result in the emancipation of the race, at least from its material needs. This hope marked much of European thought during the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. As it proved, science has achieved the possibility of that emancipation from want, but this possibility has not been realized, because the science of the time was unbalanced and undermined religious and traditional attitudes without replacing them by any new conviction of adequate power. Throughout the nineteenth century, many thinkers had given warnings that a mechanical quantitative science, blind to its social consequences, would endanger civilization. Their voices were heard but their message was neglected, until the bitter experiences of the past thirty years made a platitude of their prophecy. One result today is that in the scientific world there now prevails an unhappy sense of disillusionment regarding the ultimate value of fundamental research. Indeed, the assurances that atomic energy will prove of value to industry are too apologetic to issue from anything but a guilty conscience. The tragedy of science today is symbolized in the fact that it became Einstein's role to persuade Washington to take up the research which led to the atomic bomb.

Terrible as these facts are for those who value the inquiring intellect, there is an answer and a way out. On the interpretation presented in this article the contemporary

reaction from fundamental experimental research is from one point of view appropriate and even necessary. The greater need today is for theoretical research; for the discovery and formulation of powerful unifying principles; for the restoration of order, simplicity, and significance to knowledge. Experiment and theory are both indispensable to science, and the healthy progress of science depends on a continual oscillation of emphasis from one to the other. The balance should not, and indeed cannot, be held steady. The scientist must go out in search of facts, but he must also sometimes pause to arrange them. There can be no question that the more pressing requirement is now for new theoretical methods appropriate to the vast array of established facts. If, as a consequence of greater attention to theoretical inquiry, a unified science is indeed established, the present disillusionment will pass away, and there will be an extraordinary stimulus to the application of the new absolute knowledge of fundamentals for the benefit of man. Social disillusion with experimental science will be followed by social confidence in the application of the new theoretical principles.

**B**UT what is the immediate value of these speculations? For those who recognize at least the possibility of their proving in some degree correct, who consider that they are of sufficient interest to be taken seriously, I suggest that they contain an important practical implication. If the trend of science is in this direction, then theoretical and practical endeavors which are in conformity with this trend are more likely to bear fruit than those which are not. It is therefore worth

considering whether all thought and action should not as far as possible be brought into relation to the outlook presented here. If the next half-century is in fact to see the advance to a unified science, a great broadening of human thought, involving the overcoming of many prejudices, must be brought about. Those who work in this direction will at least have the inner satisfaction of taking part in a great historical movement; those who dislike and reject the new ideas, and there are sure to be plenty of these, will provide the resistance and struggle without which no new movement can attain maturity. In the scientific world, as in every other, resistance serves to challenge the new to greater efforts of discipline and achievement.

Every great movement is in essence simple, and this is true of the anticipated unified science and of the social epoch which it will mark. It will be a time of universality, of universal principles displaying a common ground beneath the natural diversity of phenomena and of peoples. It will therefore result in the adjustment of exaggerated or inappropriate contrasts, in philosophy as in the standard of living of the peoples. The period will be one, not of infinite and romantic aspirations, but of the practical task of ordering finite patterns in a finite world. Social change will become less violent and arbitrary, and social action conform more closely to general principles. For it is only through the intellectual discovery of universal principles and their application in practice that the new science and the new society can be established. The purpose of this article has been to suggest that this process is already under way.



# Priests, Workers, and Communists

## What Happened in a New York Transit Workers Union

*Jules Weinberg*

**I**N NEW YORK CITY, this year, a group of amateurs, students of the Catholic Church's labor program, defeated a group of professionals, students of Karl Marx, in a labor struggle that has already had national repercussions. The amateurs were rank-and-file union men, the professionals were communists and fellow-traveling union leaders, and the scene of battle was New York's sprawling transport systems.

At the center of conflict was Red Mike Quill, president of the Transport Workers Union, CIO, who had earned his nickname by carefully following the Communist party line. Quill had a reputation, too, for effective rabble-rousing, and in March 1948 gave one of his best performances when he addressed two thousand members of his union, gathered at Manhattan Center to hear him explain the outcome of the pro-amateur struggle.

Red Mike shouted he was through with communists and crackpots.

"Ah, dear Lord, listen to the man," one of his audience murmured, "all he has to do is open his mouth and the thunder pours out."

The commies, Quill went on, wanted him to split the labor movement. They wanted him to take his union, with its forty thousand members, out of the CIO to form a new labor confederation. They had offered to make him

head man of the new outfit. But Mike said he refused to become a union-buster.

At the climax of his speech, he seized a copy of the *Daily Worker*, New York's Communist newspaper, and raising his hands high over his head, he tore it into shreds. "That's what I think of them!" he roared.

The *Daily Worker* noted the insult. A few weeks before, Mike Quill had been ranked—in their editorial opinion—with the "progressive leaders of the people's movement." Now, suddenly, he became a disruptive tool of the reactionary interests, and a red-baiter to boot.

The rest of the New York press, less embittered, gave the story considerable attention, searching hard for the reasons behind the break. Victor Riesel, labor columnist for the *New York Post*, who had followed the TWU situation closely, reported an alleged conversation between Quill and communist leaders. Supposedly, Quill was told he would have to split the CIO so that his new group could support the candidacy of Henry Wallace. The national policy of the CIO, while not, at the time, supporting any candidate or party, was strongly opposed to Mr. Wallace. If Quill had done the bidding of the communists, it was expected that other CIO unions would go along with him, notably the United Electrical Workers, under the party-line leadership of

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Emspak, Matles, and Fitzgerald, and segments of the department store unions, led by Osman, Kovenetzky, and Carnes.

More than political expediency was involved, however, for Michael J. Quill had represented a triumph for the Communist party. One of the most brilliant efforts they had made in the labor field had been directed toward control of New York's transportation facilities. With such control, they could tie up the major commercial center of the United States. If New York's transportation was disrupted, wheat would pile up on Kansas sidings, textiles would rot in New England, hardware would rust in the Midwest. The communists would hold a weapon that could effectively impair the national economy.

But lost in all the high-political speculations were the activities of the amateurs. In Quill's audience, that night at Manhattan Center, were two obscure union leaders, Raymond Westcott, of the Bronx, and John Brooks, of Manhattan, representing Section 505-Local 100. The victory of this moment was theirs; for it was they who, with a small group of friends, had beaten the communists at their best-played game, the struggle for power.

**M**IKE QUILL was a bucko boy, loud, vigorous, forceful. All his life he had been involved in agitation. Born in Ireland in 1905, he had grown up during the repressions, watched various members of his family being carted off to British jails by the Black and Tans. At the age of fifteen, he had carried a rifle in a brigade of the Irish Republican Army. He came to the United States in 1926 and in 1930 was employed as a gateman on the Interborough Rapid Transit system, working twelve hours a day, seven days a week. In 1934, meeting secretly with six other men he began to organize the Transport Workers Union. Within two years, the union was all-powerful in New York's transit system. The National CIO, in 1937, granted a charter, and Quill, first and only TWU president, began to branch out into airlines and other transportation fields. Along the way he had always had communist support. As late as 1947, they were still helping him; they made him president of the Greater New York CIO Council. Through the American Labor party, they saw to it that he was elected city councilman in the municipal government.

Westcott and Brooks offered a sharp contrast to Quill. Westcott was short, slender, bespectacled, in his early thirties, rather gentle, almost shy in speech and manner; Brooks, stocky, slow-moving, quiet, possessed of rare flashes of biting humor. They had had no such years of experience as Quill. Yet Quill saw the movement which they instigated sap a large portion of his power. They took complete control of the New York Omnibus Company. Their cohorts undercut communist domination in the Third Avenue Transit System. And the weight of their activities was felt in the IRT, the same system where Quill had made his first mark as a union leader.

The major fact, ignored by press and by Quill in his speech, was that Westcott and Brooks had touched off a series of events that made it almost impossible for Mike Quill to take the Union out of the CIO. Whether or not Quill resisted the communist offer to break with the CIO, the factions controlled by Westcott, Brooks, and their friends would have simply stayed behind, within the fold.

Quill hadn't been given much choice.

"And Mike don't like being lonely," John Brooks commented.

## II

**O**NE of the stranger aspects of the struggle is that it was carried on in a union in which more than eighty per cent of the members were Catholics. Yet these Catholics, presumably rabid anti-communists, had shown, through the fourteen-year history of their union, only the vaguest interest in the ideologies involved. It was to be their church, however, that resolved the final conflict, but in ways that have little relationship to the traditional concepts of Catholic attitudes and methods.

Five years ago, when Westcott and Brooks first became active in union affairs, they found themselves in a strange social sphere, the TWU, touched by all manner of subtle influences and counter-influences. Most of the men in TWU are Irish or of Irish descent. The attitudes of their faith are intermixed with a long memory of the Irish repressions. An unknown wag once called the IRT Subway the "Irish Republican Training School." A man's stand on communism was less impor-



tant than his opinion on the partition of Eire—and Mike Quill's party-lining provoked less comment in Third Avenue bars than his claims to service in the Irish Republican Army. There were prejudices between national groups, ill-feeling between Irish and Italian workers. "The only thing I'll admit," an Irishman said, "is that the Eyeties druv us out o' the ditches and into better jobs."

And there was a sensitivity, as Ray Westcott later discovered, to the idea that all Catholics are dominated in temporal affairs by their clerics.

"I could always talk to a Jewish or Protestant worker on the simple merits of my case," Westcott said. "They knew I was a Catholic, but as soon as I'd approach another Catholic, before I could say a word, he'd tell me, 'Look here, Ray, let's leave religion out of this.'"

Indifference to the moral issues, however, was not the main problem faced by Westcott or Brooks. Their true difficulties were once pointed out by Walter Reuther, president of the United Auto Workers, who has ideas on most subjects in and outside labor.

Communists hold power, Mr. Reuther said, because they are superbly equipped to serve their own ends in union affairs. They are expert in all facets of the union business, from the methods of parliamentary procedure, through which meetings can be controlled, to the intricacies of labor law, by which unions can be controlled.

Westcott and Brooks possessed none of this knowledge. At the beginning, in 1943, they knew only that they were workingmen and had rights that needed protection. They were clerical workers at the New York Omnibus Company. During the war, their jobs were relatively secure, but like most white-collar workers, they had no union representation. The company's road and maintenance workers had been organized by TWU. Office employees saw their wages fall behind the gains made by these other workers, and behind the rising cost of living.

Their management was tough and concessions came hard. Though jobs were plentiful, there was a general feeling that organization was necessary. Brooks and Westcott felt this sentiment. Sounding out their fellow workers, they found them overwhelmingly in favor of joining or forming a union.

THE next step seemed obvious. Trained organizers of TWU were called in. Westcott, personally, outstripped these men, obtaining some fifty signatures on union pledge cards. But time and again, in his talks with workers, questions would arise that he couldn't answer. Many of the people he approached were worried by the reddish tinge of TWU. They were sure, from newspaper accounts and office gossip, that TWU was communist-dominated, but they weren't sure how that would affect them. They'd heard, though, that the reds would force you to picket on political matters, and even gouge money out of you to support communist-front activities.

Westcott became worried. He felt that he and his friends were getting in over their heads. He wondered if they were doing the right thing after all. As a Catholic, he was aware his church had a definite labor philosophy, developed in the past half-century, which called upon workingmen to organize trade unions, which recognized their right to bargain collectively with employers, and which called for a more equitable distribution of property among the masses who depended on their labor for their well-being. But in this problem a vague knowledge of the church's philosophy wasn't much help. At John Brooks' suggestion, they visited a friend of his, a parish priest, Father Alexander, who had some knowledge of labor matters. Father Alexander said that if they really wanted the story of the transport unions and industry, they should visit the Reverend Philip A. Carey, a Jesuit labor educator, director of the Xavier Labor School, at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Sixteenth Street, Manhattan.

Although he felt it impolite to ask, Ray Westcott wondered what kind of labor would be taught at a Jesuit labor school.

Both men were a bit disappointed. "I guess what we wanted at the time," John Brooks said, "was somebody to hold our hands and say we weren't such bad fellows and it was all the will of God. But when we called Father Carey and saw him, we first began to know how much we didn't know and how much we'd have to learn."

XAVIER LABOR SCHOOL is housed in a gray granite building, which is used in the daytime as a semi-military school for boys. Westcott and Brooks entered

a long room, with an office at either end, and bookracks lining the walls. Father Carey, a gray-haired, handsome man, pleasant and soft-spoken, came to meet them and take them into his office. His desk was cluttered with union publications, notes scrawled on large sheets of paper, copies of the *Daily Worker*, the *Commonweal* (a Catholic publication), and *America* (a Jesuit periodical). He offered them cigarettes, lit a pipe for himself, and listened carefully while they explained their problems and hesitations. This was a classic example of Catholics turning to their clerics for advice. According to the ideas held by many critics of the church, it was now Father Carey's prerogative to use his authoritarian powers by *telling* Westcott and Brooks exactly what they must do. But unless the three men are evading the truth, Father Carey confined himself to an objective review of their problems. (I might add parenthetically that unless all the men involved are deliberately lying, interviews with more than two hundred Catholic trade unionists have failed to produce a single example of a priest's ordering union members to follow any course of action.)

Yes, Father Carey said, the men needed a union, as all workers needed unions to represent them. And it was true that TWU was communist-dominated and was often used for political rather than workers' purposes.

Westcott asked if they could be an independent local within the TWU, so that they could control their own affairs?

Father Carey said it was unlikely that any union would let the tail wag the dog. If they wanted to, they could form an altogether independent union of office workers, until they'd acquired real organizational strength, but he warned them that he believed they would eventually need the greater power of TWU behind them.

It sounded like a good idea to the men. The joker was that they hadn't the vaguest idea of how to go about it.

Father Carey invited them to attend his labor school. If they thought it worthwhile, he would organize special speed-up classes for a group from their office, so they could acquire some of the fundamentals. Later, they could enroll in the regular school, which has a two-year course of study, attended one night a week by students. John Brooks was glum when they left Father Carey.

"I got Ray aside," he recalled, "and I put it up to him. I said, 'Listen, Ray, I didn't know there was all this stuff to getting into a union.' Here we would have to study, take time off from home and our families; and even though Father Carey said the school didn't charge any fees, we'd have to pay for our books and car-fares and suppers out. And there'd be the time off from the job, maybe, when we were working on union business. In the long run, there might be strikes and lockouts. Maybe we'd get our heads bashed in, and it would be our womenfolk who'd have to take it. They were the ones who'd have to face the grocer and the tailor. So we decided to put it up to the women. It was their decision as much as ours."

Westcott's take-home pay was less than \$60 a week. His wife and one of his children were ill. When it is realized that eventually his schooling and union activities cost him about \$800 in time lost from the job and general expenses, his wife's acquiescence assumes heroic proportions.

"The wife and I always did see eye to eye," Westcott said.

### III

RAY WESTCOTT and John Brooks, without being aware of it at the time, were being aided by the most militant and successful labor program ever engaged in by the Catholic Church in the United States. Xavier Labor School is but one of a system of schools across the country. They have been established in every industrial city in the nation: one hundred permanent schools, twenty-four directed by the Jesuits, thirty-two by diocesan authorities, and the rest sponsored by Catholic fraternal organizations, colleges, and the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

Most of the schools came into existence between 1936 and 1944, the era of the Wagner Act and industrial organization by the CIO. And each year 7,500 men and women, like Brooks and Westcott, are graduated into the ranks of labor.

The Catholic labor philosophy, casually recalled by Westcott, had ordered priests to "go to the workers." Papal Encyclicals, promulgated by Leo XIII and Pius XI, had outlined a program which the clergy was to bring



to workingmen, and the Popes had instructed each bishop to set aside a number of his priests for this particular purpose. In response, a host of the United States' 41,000 priests had taken up the cause of organized labor. The ranks of labor priests, as they were called by newspapers, included Cardinals Mooney, Stritch, and Mundelein; Bishops Sheil and Haas; Monsignors John A. Ryan and Ligutti; Fathers Boland, Monahan, Masse, Corridan, Clancy, Higgins, Shortell, Smith, and Hammond—to select at random a few names from a long list.

Primarily, these men considered themselves educators. They took the teachings of their church and translated them into action. Father Carey said that this step was like “the difference between telling a man that the manly art of self-defense is a good thing to know, and teaching that man how to box.”

Xavier is the largest and oldest of the schools. It was originally founded in 1911, as the Xavier Institute of Social Studies. One of the first faculty members was the Reverend John A. Ryan, who has been called the father of the church labor program in the United States. The time wasn't ripe, however, for a labor school, and it wasn't until 1936, when Father Carey took over, that it achieved its present success.

Westcott and Brooks, along with ten other men from the New York Omnibus Company, entered Xavier in a class of 350 men and women, representing every kind of background and experience. Longshoremen, teamsters, and wire-lathers sat beside lawyers, artists, and postal clerks. But more than eighty per cent of these students earned less than \$2,000 a year.

“Most of the people I met at labor school,” Westcott said, “were family men, like me, not too much interested in big talk about politics. We weren't noble lads fighting red-fascism. We were men with wives and kids to take care of, and though it sounds funny to the intellectuals who're so sore at the commies, we just went to labor school to get ahead in the world.”

He discovered that no other school could give him a more practical education. The labor movement, itself, had lagged far behind in the business of training leaders among its rank and file. With some notable exceptions in the garment and auto trades, worker educa-

tion was practically non-existent. A complete course at Xavier offered Brooks and Westcott training in labor law, trade union methods (organizing techniques, contract negotiation, and handling of grievances), parliamentary procedure, economics, public speaking, labor history, and labor ethics. The insistence on practicality was almost fanatical; each year, at Xavier, a group of alumni, called the Seniors, meets to discuss the curriculum and keep it fresh, up to date, and utilitarian.

Those students who came merely to pass the time were discouraged, and Brooks and Westcott found themselves surrounded by serious-minded, hard-working men and women. They attended classes led by competent instructors. Their teacher of parliamentary procedure was Peter Belmonte, for thirteen years an official of the Paper Cutters Union, AFL, a veteran of many convention and union meeting battles. Their instructor in trade union methods was John Holly, original organizer of the building trades unions in New York, who bore the scars of struggle against the racketeer Scalise and had been a strike leader and organizer in the textile workers' unions. Under the guidance of these men there was none of the debating society technique which has been a hindrance to many extension-school projects.

John Holly took his class through a dramatic survey of trade union methods. Westcott and Brooks studied case examples of union formation. With their classmates, they drew up sample constitutions, debated each point, ran mock conventions, and took part in simulated grievance procedures, where workers confront shop stewards with problems that the steward has to take to the employer. And before them, always, were the examples of successful students of the church schools: John Holly, himself; John Dillon, shop steward in the United Electrical Workers, leader in the anti-communist revolt in that union; Charles Cicchino, who rose from bus driver in a racket-ridden union to international vice president of the same unit, an AFL organization; Dick Horgan, organizer of the Telephone Workers; Dave Keefe and Claire Johnson, organizers of the Stock Exchange Workers; Joe Fischer, president of the CIO Utility Workers.

Westcott and Brooks felt they were in good company.



## IV

**B**UT the New York Omnibus men found they weren't learning fast enough. While they were still at their schooling, they were facing serious problems. "We started right out," Brooks said, "by making some mistakes that might not've happened if we'd had more time to prepare."

Father Carey had suggested they see a competent labor lawyer, who could help them through the maze of legislation leading to union recognition. They went to Dr. George Brenner. They'd determined, finally, on an independent union, and at the fixed fee of two dollars a year per member, a normal rate for labor lawyers, Dr. Brenner arranged the papers through which the State Labor Board ordered a consent election at New York Omnibus Company.

"The mistake we made," Westcott said, "was to let management split us into three voting groups—stenos, general clerks, and statistical clerks. This meant each unit would vote separately for its bargaining representative and whether or not they wanted *us*. While we carried the big unit, with enough votes to have carried the whole office if we'd voted as a single group, we lost the stenos and the special clerks."

The union had been recognized in 1944. Within a year, the split made trouble for them. It had weakened their power to the point where they doubted if they could ever carry on a successful strike, and they knew, since they'd organized in defiance of TWU, that their picket lines would probably not be respected. At the end of the war, grievance machinery with the office broke down. Management bluntly told the independents they weren't going to be pushed around by white-collar workers any longer. The office grievances began to pile up as management refused, or was too busy, to handle them.

"The whole thing was downright foolish, when you think of it," Westcott said. "For instance, we had a provision in the contract that called for a bulletin board in the office. We didn't particularly care about the bulletin board. We'd noticed in the sample union contracts in school that they all called for one. But management went month after month, **not even putting one up.** Well, we

figured, if that's the way they treat us on a little matter of a bulletin board, what'll happen with real grievances?"

"It's silly for another reason," John Brooks commented, "since here we were, trying to stay out of the commies' hands, and here was management, which is supposed to be so opposed to communism, forcing us right into their hands. There was nothing we could do. We had to join TWU."

Their union was but a year old when they called a special committee into session and placed the matter before the members of the rank and file; and the independents became part of Section 505—Local 100 of TWU.

This blow, however, if it could be called such, was softened by the fact they were much better trained men, by this time, capable of holding their own, and backed by a solid group of loyal followers, who had complete faith in the abilities and attitudes of their leaders.

**T**HEIR experience with party-line tactics came quickly. They had been trained in straight trade unionism. They had learned that the legitimate end of the labor movement is to better the condition of workers, and had been rather surprised that among their teachers communism was treated more as a consequence of ignorance and injustice than as an evil to be fought blindly.

Father Carey summed up: "Most intelligent people realize that communism is a vacuum phenomenon. When the labor movement and democracy work as they should, communism fades away and becomes unnecessary. In action, communism provides its own defeats. Our own social faults most often provide its victories. Eventually, every union leader who sticks to what is best for his union, his industry, and his nation is going to defeat any racketeer or communist elements that rise in his organization. Neither communists nor racketeers can stand democracy."

It was this positive approach, Ray Westcott said, that they carried with them into their first brush with the communists. They didn't look for trouble, it came to them.

A few months after they'd joined TWU, a call came from "CIO Headquarters" for two representatives from each local and section to march on Washington in protest



against the repeal of OPA. The cause was thoroughly valid, as the union's rank and file were solidly in favor of price controls. But when Westcott and Brooks arrived in Washington, they were met at the train, not by representatives of the CIO, but by a committee wearing American Labor party tags. If the CIO was officially present, it was in hiding, for no more than passing mention was made of it. Mimeographed sheets were given to each delegate asking that he register for a function of the ALP. "Every man on the committee," John Brooks said, "sounded like a ranking member of the politburo, and where the hell was the official representation of the CIO?"

Westcott and Brooks went back to New York with the sad knowledge they'd been bilked into a party-line deal. National CIO Headquarters had issued no such call to arms.

They made a full report to their section, promptly and succinctly admitting they'd been played for suckers, apologizing for misuse of union funds, and promising it would never happen again.

THE opportunity to make good their promises arose at the next regular convention of the TWU. The delegates were addressed by Paul Robeson, Vito Marcantonio, and Irving Potash (who was recently indicted under the Smith Act for alleged subversive activities). But the convention went along in desultory fashion until they reached the business of electing members to the international executive board.

Petitions had been presented to the nominations committee placing before it the name of Dickie Downs, an organizer on the IRT, well-liked by the workers who wanted him to have this honor in recognition of his years of service. The committee attempted, instead, to set aside these petitions in favor of one Charles Smolikoff, recently hired by the union as an international organizer. (Smolikoff led the Pan American Airways sitdown strikes in Miami.) They argued that Smolikoff had a tough job and needed the prestige of international board membership. This is not an uncommon practice in unions. But one of the rank-and-file members of the nominations committee, John McHugh, of IRT, resented the high-handedness with which the committee was operating. He noted

some irregularities: the fact, for instance, that Austin Hogan, at that time party-line president of Local 100, and a candidate for the international board, was chairman of the committee that would presumably nominate himself.

McHugh insisted that a minority report be presented to the convention, and when the committee balked, he took the fight to the floor.

The delegates were soon in an uproar. All of Westcott's training had primed him for this moment. He became a leader of the floor fight, using every trick of procedure to keep the battle going. Smolikoff's election was emphatically blocked. Dickie Downs was elected.

The nominating committee made another move, suggesting that the executive board be enlarged by two members to accommodate Smolikoff—who by then had earned himself the nickname "Comrade." "After that," Westcott said, "you could see all the lads knew there was more to this thing than a matter of Smolikoff's prestige."

The proposal was shouted down.

WESTCOTT noted where the strongest protests had come from: Third and Eighth Avenue delegates. As soon as the convention was over, the New York Omnibus men got in touch with these leaders. "We'd begun to see friends," Westcott said, "lads who thought the same as we did, a lot of young guys fresh out of the Army, who didn't want to take this domination stuff from anybody, any time. And we managed to get together."

It was in 1946 that Westcott, Brooks, and a man named Mack Rudolph began organizing rank-and-file elements into a tight, tough, trained unit. They worked carefully, selecting one hundred and twenty-five men, chosen for qualities of latent leadership ability. The rank and filers immediately put a candidate in nomination for a position on the local's executive board, a road employee, Peter McCaffrey. Once again they'd made a careful selection. McCaffrey was so popular that Austin Hogan's brother, a rival candidate in a previous election, had had himself transferred out of the section rather than face defeat.

A stream of these men attended Xavier

Labor School. Every one of the present officers of the New York Omnibus unit is a graduate.

The amateurs were ready for big things, and once again, it was the communists who presented the opportunity.

Early in 1947, Westcott's group was aware of the attempt that would be made to split the CIO by taking TWU into the proposed new labor confederation. They knew one of the reasons was to lessen the power of the National CIO to oppose Henry Wallace. With or without Mr. Wallace, the policy of disrupting unions for political purposes was foreign to their training. But almost all the top leaders of TWU were members or officials in the American Labor party, and they seemed to have no compunctions about dual-unionism. The life or death of the union was at stake.

**T**HE rank and filers broke up the strategy at the cost of a nickel. For underneath all the political maneuverings, the union was demanding pay increases for its members, the traditional pork chops. The managers of city-operated lines, and private lines, refused to give raises unless fares were revised upward.

Though it may be strange to non-New Yorkers, that same five-cent fare had long been a sacred institution, a solid plank in many platforms—and the American Labor party was the loudest proponent of the longest ride in the world for a nickel.

A union referendum was held, in which Ray Westcott estimated that 23,000 out of 30,000 union members voting declared in favor of fare increases, although almost at that time the leadership was supporting the Congressional candidacy of Leo J. Isaacson, ALP, in the Bronx, and Mr. Isaacson made much of the five-cent fare.

Ray Westcott and his rank and filers bit-

terly attacked the leadership on this point, arguing that a higher fare would permit the pay increases that were needed. Mike Quill and other leaders had continued to hold out for the nickel ride. But with his forces rallied behind him, Westcott saw Quill begin to waver. At times, Quill indicated he'd had enough of the comrades around him. And later, in personal conversations, Red Mike frankly admitted that fear for his family's welfare had slowed his decision. The commies played rough, he knew. He worried particularly about his nine-year-old son, John D. But the rank and filers tightened the screws. There was no longer any doubt that they had the membership behind them.

Quill had to break with the American Labor party, leaving behind him the party line, which now was announced through that political organization. And once he was out, he went whole hog. He resigned from the Greater New York Council. And, as we have seen, at the Manhattan Center meeting in March 1948 he stood up before the membership of the TWU and damned the comrades to hell.

After the Manhattan Center meeting, Ray Westcott called his wife and told her to break out the beer for a mild celebration. "On the way home," he said, "I was thinking how little Harry Sacher, our ex-counsel, who's never been accused of being unfriendly to the commies, would always bait me about communism. When we'd be at a negotiating session, in between talks, he used to get a kick out of asking me, 'Hey, Ray, let's talk. What're you really against communism for? What've you got against it?' I couldn't argue with him. He could tie me up in knots about economics. The only thing I could say to stop him was that I believed in God and communism was atheistic. It was the only thing that would stump him. But I begin to think you don't have to argue."



# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

MY COLLEAGUE Mr. Harper has called on me to clean the weekend cowpokes out of the Berkshire Hills. I understand his annoyance but I am two generations older than he and have learned to turn an annoyance over under a strong light before acting on it. Abhorrent as the idea may be to him at first, it's possible that those waddies are in the right place.

There are rodeos and dude ranches in New Jersey, in Westchester and Dutchess Counties, and on Long Island but my young friend ignores them—it's New England he wants flit-gunned. He is right in saying that, like such other Western plagues as tularemia and Rocky Mountain fever, they are spreading across this section. He reports one in Vermont, God forbid, and I have seen half a dozen in New Hampshire, one of them with two orchestras in magenta shirts and woolly chaps to spell each other at the dance floor and for all I know Billy Rose in the back office. I have heard of one on the coast of Maine, where presumably when the bronzed horsemen get tired of roping the local milch cows they can go down at low tide and throw a loop on a horseshoe crab. Well, Harper, there is precedent even for that: it was in these parts that they shanghaied Old Storm-along, who presently was roping whales. I'll go farther. If the State of Maine ranch is on Route One south of Portland, it must improve the roadside view. I can't think of any installation that wouldn't.

My colleague has revealed a conservative's reverence for the established order. Every time he takes one of his censorious walks on a back road in the Berkshires, he sees at least a score of horsemen and horsewomen (show business has taught us to say "cowgirl"—why

not "horsegirl"?) but they seem to him a natural and proper part of the landscape. They aren't: they have only been regularized by time and the dollar magazines. Horses pulling democrat wagons and girls riding plowhorses bareback are indigenous, but the horsey crowd, the horsepersons, came from outside. They are as alien as the cowpokes and to a critical mind their costumes and behavior seem just as silly. Their boots are harder to keep clean than those the weekend buckaroos wear, their breeches are less complimentary to the female rear, and from the waist up their uniforms are only different, not better looking or more sensible. Furthermore, they work harder at an equally silly cult.

For the Berkshire bronc twisters are only on a weekend or a two-weeks vacation, whereas the horsepersons spend most of the year with horses. Long ago they paid the inevitable tax: West, East, South, bluegrass, or historically, people who associate very much with nature's stupidest animal become incapable of associating with anything else. In order to sustain even that association on equal terms they have had to breed out of their mounts such traces of intelligence as nature originally bred into them. A horseperson's horse can learn a few gaits and can learn to jump over obstacles of moderate size instead of going round them, a horseperson can learn to make it obey its schooling, and that about exhausts the capabilities of both. The horse has to be cared for like an imbecile—like an imbecile that has something fearfully wrong with its feet, lungs, and stomach—and the horseperson loses all non-equine functions. He is simply a human attachment to an inefficient form of transportation that never transports

anything. Withdrawn altogether from human relations, he has lost the ability to think about anything he can't get a saddle on and half or more of the ability to talk, even about horses. His speech is a series of intermittent half-grunts, with the terminal *g*'s dropped because the English also feel a kinship with horses.

If in the West bronzed horsemen try to raise cattle, in the East horsepersons ride horses, and why doesn't Mr. Harper regard them as a blight on the Berkshires? Just a year ago I saw three women in a row riding sidesaddle not five miles from Great Barrington, and if my colleague will visit my part of New England I'll show him large herds of the horsey following hounds that are following an anise bag. It's not only yippee, Harper, it's also tallyho and view-halloa.

**B**UT let's get on with yippee. We have here the offspring you get by crossing a myth with the advertising business. The cross, however, has had literary and religious assistance. These cowpunchers on the sidewalks of Lenox and Williamstown are the present stage of a complex evolution. It can be traced back to Theodore Roosevelt's boyhood hope that someday he might have real hair on his chest and to T. R.'s idolator, Owen Wister, who, if less dazzled by seeing a man who was supposed to have shot a man, was better qualified to make a hard and tolerably dull business seem romantic in prose. Evolution has come a long way since their time. In the modern forms we can see some characteristics that are faintly recognizable in the fossil ancestors, just as we can see eohippus here and there in the modern horse. Thus the square yard of neckerchief woven from rainbows that makes my colleague's nostril curl began as the ordinary two-cent bandanna, red or blue, of all rural America, though it cost the working cowboy five cents. Also, the dude boots really had progenitors with high heels that helped the wearer stay in the saddle or deal with a calf at the other end of his rope. The song that speaks of a ten-dollar horse and a forty-dollar saddle shows that there is some slight warrant for the rodeo saddle; this development began in Texas and the Southwest, where the Mexican fondness for silver ornaments worked on the cowboy imagination, which found little expression in the

business of herding steers. In the Mexican sombrero there is about the same warrant for the peaked, ten-gallon hat that has been added to the myth's costume, though no working cowpoke ever wore one. The Stetson of the trade had—still has—a brim from half an inch to an inch wider than that of your own hat; the only other difference was that frequently the cowpoke did not dent the crown. Frequently, too, however, he failed to wear even a two-quart Stetson. I have seen what we used to call a boater on one waddy, and another of Mr. Harper's colleagues reports a pork-pie on his old range.

If Teddy and Wister brought the myth into literature, William F. Cody put it to work in show business, where it has remained ever since. The pulp magazines have constantly accelerated its evolution, and the movies and the radio have done even more. All these required help from the costume department. The cowpoke's work clothes have always been jeans pants, a Sears-Roebuck shirt commonly blue but sometimes black because black doesn't need washing, and his boots. He wore leather chaps, a Mexican invention and commonly of the type called batwing, when he rode in the brush—only when he rode, for they interfered with the jobs he had to do dismounted. Chaps were comfortable when he had to ride in a cold wind, too, and as the cattle business moved northward the sheepskin ones, which made the wild West woolly, evolved to meet the severer weather. But everywhere the cowpoke was simply any rural American dressed for his job, dressed as cheaply as possible.

**O**F COURSE, with the simplicity of a man who lives with horses, he got a naïve pleasure from slicking up. Hence the more expensive boots he kept in the bunkhouse, his forty-dollar saddle, and his Saturday shirt. Saturday, not Sunday, for he wore it to town. It was just a forty-nine-cent checked cotton shirt from Sears-Roebuck but it probably began the evolution that has brought us today's horrors. Just as the pulp stories needed plot accessories never encountered on the range, the place where the rural hired hand raised beef, so the Wild West show, the professional rodeo, and eventually technicolor needed props and costumes. The myth had transformed a hired hand into a culture hero



and the entertainment business put him into costume. Hence shirts and bandannas ripped from desert sunsets, hence chaps and breeches that look like a caricature of Rowlandson's caricatures, and hats that nobody can wear on a moving horse and nobody but a come-on or a somnambulist would wear anywhere. The hired man on horseback has become a moaner who sings Tin Pan Alley ballads about cowgirls in front of a microphone. His costume is purely formal, an artistic convention. But long ago he gave the advertising business an opportunity. It has shown hundreds of thousands of people that they need not merely watch a culture hero on the screen but could become one in their own persons. It has cleaned up on the rituals and costumes. It has pyramided hair pants and crazy-quilt shirts into a damned good thing, as the Mohawk Trail wranglers in Mr. Harper's town attest.

That is pretty funny in itself. The garments which Gene Autry and the Wacky Waddies Quartet wear, which the weekend brush thumpers wear at the Berkshire rodeos, are vaudeville costumes. It is as if a medieval court jester with some skill at metal work had taken the work clothes of a man-at-arms, enameled them with bright colors, graved forget-me-nots on them, and soldered on a lot of wrought-iron rosettes and curlicues. Such armor might catch a spectator's eye at a parade or the corner cigar store but it would get the wearer unhorsed and impaled if he tried to fight in it. But what is still funnier is that this splendid efflorescence is referred, both historically and in the wearer's mind, back to the Cattle Kingdom and the open range, what the myth calls the Old West. Most of the small, hard realities out of which the myth grew have disappeared, the rest of them become more obsolete day by day. As the hats of the Berkshire (and Denver) cowpoke grow larger and his shirts more incarnadine, the working cowpoke grows steadily less like the bronzed horseman who, the myth says, was the last spit-in-your-eye, the-boss-can-go-to-hell individualist in America. On the open range, God's country.

Even where the cattle business remains most antiquated and anachronistic—in the mountain states that are currently trying to steal the public ranges to replace those which their stupid business methods have ruined—

even there the cowpoke is no longer a cowpoke. There is no more trailing of herds: roundups are small, local, and usually individual affairs held solely for the purpose of cutting out the steers that are to be taken to the nearest shipping pens. The hand who used to be a bronzed horseman now spends his time repairing gas engines, driving a tractor, digging postholes, irrigating, cutting hay, and doing the routine jobs of any farm—and envying the costumed chorus-men at the nearest dude ranch who speak in a drawl, carry a rope, sing songs, and get paid a lot more than he does. He hasn't got a ten-gallon hat or a chromatic shirt or even a pair of chaps, and he does most of his riding in a Ford pickup. When he does fork a horse, he usually loads the beloved podner into a trailer, hitches it to his pickup, and drives to the scene of action before saddling up. Neither Hollywood nor Mr. Harper could tell him from a dry-farmer under mortgage to the bank.

But it is even worse in places where the cattle business has been modernized and has blazed a trail for the medium-bronze horseman of Wyoming—which the same will go broke and have to be bailed out by subsidies before they get the idea. Texas, for instance, which raises more beef than the West does. On the Texas ranches that show whither we are headed, no vestiges of the Old West are left. Steers are raised on small fenced ranges, so they do not even have to be branded. That gets rid of the rope which is a sacred symbol in the myth, and it also gets rid of the saddle horn that the rope went round. Many Texas cattle-handlers, when they do use a horse, use second- or third-hand McClellan saddles that were surplus after the first world war. Texas steers are bred for beef. They are so under-slung that they can't move fast, and any hand who tried to run one, with or without a rope, would be fired for sweating off the profit. The employees of this solvent business have never done a cowpoke's work. They are cattle-raisers, and they are uninterested in the myth, its symbols, and its nonsense. The image they have formed themselves on has evolved from the bulletins of the agricultural college and the experiment station, not from wool-pulp and technicolor. They raise beef for profit. They have no notion that they are the last individualist riding into the sunset singing a song.



A CULTURE myth is a beautiful thing but it can be dangerous. The bronzed horseman with his stylized rituals and funny clothes is fine for Easterners, who might as well indulge that fantasy as any other—the fantasy of Olympic ski-jumping, say. But he is a menace to Westerners who are not in the cattle business, which is to say ninety-five per cent of all Westerners. They have read too much wood pulp, seen too many horse operas, listened to too many synthetic ballads about the Long Trail dripping from their radios. A coal-tar sentimentality has seeped into their souls till they feel a blood bond with the Virginian, till on the fringes of their minds they really believe that they are all Charlie Russell or Ross Santee characters with a foot in the saddle, a go-easy-stranger humor veneered over a basic recklessness, and a six-gun on their hips for a mad steer, a bad sheriff, or a sad sack from the East who doesn't know the code of honor of the range. The advertising business has taken them in. They rush into costume at every excuse and though they trip over unfamiliar spurs and get saddle burns if they are forced to mount a horse, they see themselves as the Old West. Quick on the trigger and herding cows into the sunset, as a man should. They see the medieval cattle business of their section through a mist of Frederic Remington and feel themselves all lordly ranch-owners of the era before the Big Freeze. So they let incompetent ranchers waste the drinking water on their tables and the profits of their farms and factories. They line up beside the incompetents whenever anyone points out what is going on, for is not the Old West, with all its glory and derring-do, at stake?

Last June I was on a party in Colorado, with professors of literature and sociology from Boulder and writers, bankers, newspapermen, and business executives from Denver. That is to say, a highly developed, industrial, metropolitan society, indistinguishable from Yale, Sutton Place, Wall Street, Times Square, and the Chanin Building. Their way of life, their interests, and the synapses of their minds were wholly bound up with Colorado as a complexly integrated modern state where the bronzed horseman is as much a holdover as the duckbilled platypus. So what happened? Presently we were singing—singing cowboy songs. I watched them happily sinking into

the myth. By the time they had said good-by to their paint and a-left Cheyenne, they were personally heading for the last roundup in the finale of a movie with the Eastern villain shot, the stampede stopped just short of the cliff, and the bronzed horseman taking to the trail again. In twenty years I have never been to a party in the West that didn't turn out the same way, except in Taos and Santa Fé. We sang Indian songs there, but nobody thought he was an Indian.

Well, this is all right for people who work in Wall Street and the Chanin Building. It's fine for them, two weeks a year, to put on yellow and purple shirts and see themselves in a posse riding after a badman who has dry-gulched the heroine's pa. But it is bad for the West. It costs money, retards development, and wastes assets. So I have an alternative proposal for Mr. Harper.

LET'S get all the dude ranches and rodeos, and therefore all the rituals and fantasies and funny clothes, into the Berkshires. Eastern dudes won't have to travel so far, and Western dudes won't be able to afford their favorite daydream long enough at a time to get hurt. The National Parks Service will surely accept the reservation and protect the bronzed horseman and his legend as curiosities, just as it protects the buffalo in Yellowstone Park. The Edith Wharton culture of the locality is dead and not all those estates can be converted into hospitals and monasteries. Let's turn the rest of them into ranches and see how long we can keep the mythical Owen Wister culture going in a specially tailored—and guarded—environment. Mr. Harper will get used to loud shirts and bulldogged Jerseys—he already accepts polished riding boots and five-gaited horses. The natives won't mind, for a dude's dollar is as good as a golfer's or Mr. Harper's.

The social benefits would be incalculable. But the main point is that this would free the West of the fantasy that has stunted its growth. It would allow the West to develop a mid-twentieth-century economy and civilization, and to do things it wants to but can't do because bankers and wholesalers and retailers and the crew of the captain's gig all think they are Charles Goodnight, who has been dead a long time. It might even pull the Western cattle business within sight of Texas.



# How *Not* to get Investigated

## Ten Commandments for Government Employees

*Thurman Arnold*

**I**F YOU are planning at any future time to become a government employee, you would do well to obey the following Ten Commandments for Pure Conduct of Government Employees if you want to be safe. These commandments are in no way farcical or exaggerated. For in the effort to uncover the few men and women in government ranks whose loyalty is genuinely suspected, individual dosiers are now being collected on *all* federal employees—whether or not they work in areas of the government where secrets important to the national defense are guarded—and inevitably a large number of men and women are compelled to submit to formal hearings because of charges against them based on irrational gossip, hearsay, or rumor. As a lawyer practicing in Washington, I have come in contact with many government employees thus accused; and I can testify that each of the commandments set down here is based on actual cases either in my office or observed by me.

### *Ten Commandments for Pure Conduct of Government Employees*

(1) Do not attend any social gathering, no matter how large, at which a “subversive” may also be present. This includes dances.

(2) Never talk, even to your neighbors or

at social gatherings, about controversial issues. If your views offend someone, they may show up in a report in a distorted fashion and you will never even know who gave the information.

(3) Do not subscribe to the *New Republic* or the *Nation*, or any other liberal publication. Maybe it’s communist and you don’t know it. Don’t read any books about Russia even out of curiosity, because you can never prove that it was only curiosity. You will be safer if you can honestly swear that you do not know where Russia is or what it is like.

(4) If anyone sends you as a gift a publication of the sort described in the foregoing Commandment, cancel it at once, with an indignant letter. Otherwise it may be taken to mean you have communist friends.

(5) Do not ever attend the large annual reception at the Russian Embassy. How can you prove that you merely wanted to see what the Russians look like and to eat caviar? I recently advised a friend of mine not to attend a party at the Polish consulate in New York City.

(6) Do not contribute any money for the legal defense of some old acquaintance or college classmate charged with disloyalty, for even if he is found innocent, you may be charged because of your contribution.

*Thurman Arnold, author of The Folklore of Capitalism, associate justice of a U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, and assistant attorney general of the anti-trust division, has now returned to his own law practice in Washington.*

(7) Do not marry anyone who, however many years before, had radical associations in college. Avoid, if you can, marriage with anyone who has ever visited Russia, read Karl Marx, or contributed to war relief drives for the Spanish Loyalists.

(8) Be particularly careful never to ride in an automobile in which a "subversive" may be another rider. The car pool is a favorite object of suspicion.

(9) Do not yourself be unduly critical of Fascists or Nazis, and carefully avoid the company of those who have been outspoken on these subjects.

(10) If any relative of yours, no matter how distant and no matter how much you disagree with him, has ever been a "radical," do not take a government position at all. The salary can't possibly be worth the effort it may take to defend yourself.

The conduct required by the above Commandments will not, by itself, keep you out of trouble. There are cases pending before loyalty boards in which, for example, a person is charged with an association which may lead to divulging secrets, where the alleged associate is dead; or where a person has been charged with activities sympathetic to communism in a certain year and in a certain city in which he never set foot in the year in question; or where a person is charged with desertion from the Army during World War I at a time when he was nine years old. So nothing will keep you entirely in the clear, but these Ten Commandments will help.

**S**UCH pressures paralyze independent thought and action in government today. Walter Lippmann may safely argue that owing to blunders in connection with the Berlin crisis, Russia today has much logic on her side and we must beat a diplomatic retreat. But if an employee of the State Department presented the same sort of a memorandum for consideration he would in my opinion be undergoing a serious risk. True, most of those charged in my Ten Commandment cases were cleared, but only after worry and strain exceedingly unpleasant for sensitive people.

Twelve million dollars is being spent on collecting gossip as to the thoughts, private lives, associations, reading, political opinion, and social views of government employees.

Everyone expects sooner or later to be investigated. Given the assurance of secrecy and complete anonymity, your enemies may fill your file with gossip and innuendo. You will never see the evidence against you, or know who your accuser is. It will be your word against an unknown. If that unknown is believed, your job will be lost, your career ruined, and your chance of finding a good job elsewhere scant.

Most of the people charged can't afford a lawyer. Preparation of the cases is long and difficult, particularly because the charges are hopelessly vague. The hearings are long, the appeals endless. The result is humiliation and mental torture. The public and the press do not seem to care. They assume, as in all witch-hunts, that an accused employee must be guilty or he wouldn't be accused. And why should anybody object to proving his innocence?

This attack on government employees is a poor way of fighting a cold war against Russia, and as counterespionage it is sheer nonsense. Secret investigations of private lives, opinions, and associations can never strengthen a democracy. Instead, they bleed it white of those corpuscles of independent thought which are essential to the character of democratic government. In independence of thought and action is the safety of our country. It is not difficult to drive such independence out of government.

**T**RUE, not many are hit by the lightning that flashes over the heads of government servants today. But only the most hardy spirits can avoid fright from the thunder, and they are usually those who will not choose to serve a government that subjects them to wild suspicions. They are the kind who can get jobs elsewhere, and they are leaving. The trouble with government service is its tendency to develop a type usually called "bureaucrats." These are timid people, afraid to take a chance, relying on the most absurd technicalities because inaction is always safer than action. They want their pension at the end. Their chief purpose in life is not to do anything to disturb security. The Thomas Committee is turning the government over to that kind of bureaucrat.

In the sixteenth century, Elizabeth of England was conducting a cold war against Philip



of Spain, not entirely unlike the cold war that Stalin is conducting against us. Elizabeth used every art of deception. Like Stalin, she was too weak to precipitate a war. She commissioned men like Drake and Hawkins to capture Philip's ships and sack his towns in the new world, all the while denying responsibility for these acts. Philip thought he knew the answer. The English were heretics. The real danger, therefore, was that heresy would sap the foundations of the Church that was the cornerstone of the Spanish way of life. And so when Elizabeth sank ships, Philip investigated heresy in Spain and burned Spaniards whose thoughts and associations were suspected. He succeeded in bleeding Spain white. He destroyed independence and initiative in his empire.

Today many Americans think that the same sort of purge, conducted of course on more civilized lines, is useful to protect our own

government. And many others who consider such an undertaking suicidal nonsense are afraid to speak out lest they themselves be accused.

It might be well also to remember what our blind preoccupation with the problem of spies and internal sabotage at the expense of examination of the real danger cost us at Pearl Harbor. We had broken the Japanese code. We might have deduced from that information where the Japanese fleet was, and what it was doing. Instead, generals in the War Department cabled Kimmel and Short to take measures against internal sabotage. The planes at Pearl Harbor were bunched together in response to that fear. They never got off the ground. If we had given Japanese spies free passports they could not have served their country as well as did this obsession that the real danger was from within and not from without.

## *Fame is the Spur*

THE newly revised "Schedule A" of the minimum basic agreement between the major studios and the [Screen Writers'] Guild has been in effect since August 1st. . . . The most spectacular [gain] is in the matter of billboard advertising. . . . The producers have now agreed that when one or two writers receive screenplay credit, the type will be no less than 2½ inches in height. When more than two names are involved, the type will be no less than 2 inches. . . . Two and one-half inches are a lot bigger than it sounds. . . .

—Valentine Davies, in the  
*Screen Writer*, August 1948

*Brief is our life and brief our glory.  
But if I write a picture story  
Two inches high be writ my name  
Upon the tablature of fame;  
Or even, thanks to Schedule A,  
Two inches and a half. My play  
May never win, alas for me,  
The verdict of posterity;  
But when, my child, it is my lot  
To occupy a six-foot plot,  
Remember that my name once stood  
Two inches high in Hollywood.  
Grieve not at fame's restricted bounds:  
That's a lot bigger than it sounds.*

# Look Down, Look Down

## Flight Over Foreign Parts



*Wolfgang Langewiesche*

**Y**ou get an odd perspective of the world, flying an airplane over foreign parts. Some time ago, going from Paris to Rome (bound for the Indies, on a ferry flight) we passed, soon after take-off, over a rich man's country estate—very impressive: big house, large formal gardens. Rather good taste, too, I thought, for the kind of thing it was. "Big-shot, eh?" I thought. "Wonder who *that* is?" But I was busy at the moment. So I let it go—anyway, whom would you ask, up there? Well, I looked it up later—it was of course Fontainebleau. But how is an ignorant airplane driver to be read-up on all he is going to see? That is actually an advantage of the air-view: with labels removed, the exhibits have to speak for themselves and while they sometimes say the thing a bit naïvely, they say it strongly.

Military air reconnaissance rests on the idea that whatever is cooking on the ground shows up, sooner or later, somehow, in the air-view.

Tension in the Middle East? You fly over the Suez Canal at night, and the British searchlights tell you all about it. There was one every twenty miles or so along the African side. I watched one work. It was incessantly feeling about the terrain, looking, I guess, for marauders or smugglers or whatnot. And you could tell that the sergeant (or whoever was at the controls) really meant to look. He would methodically scan, lighting up sand hill after sand hill; but then, just when you thought you had caught his rhythm and could predict where he would shine it next, he would quickly make a surprise dart off to one side, as if to catch someone sneaking by there in the dark interval. It made you think of a little boy in a dark basement, who feels something evil is after him. The tension in it was so visible, you could almost imagine that it was being staged for a documentary film: "Nervousness in the Middle East: A Photoplay."

*This is the second in an informal series of articles by Wolfgang Langewiesche, who recently helped a friend ferry a two-engined plane from New York to the Far East.*



Most people think that you can't see much from an airplane; and this is very true, unfortunately, on most airlines. (It is going to cost the airlines much business.) I dribbled back from the Indies in a leisurely fashion as a passenger, and except for this one glimpse of the Suez Canal, I might as well have traveled by submarine. But it is different when you are your own pilot, and not tied to any airline schedule. You can fly low. You sit out front, where you can see. It is your business to see; your business to know where you are. You still can't stop and go sightseeing, tourist fashion, but if you see something that interests you, you can do a pylon turn "on" it.

That is a maneuver they use in flying school to train your co-ordination; you circle over a barn or a tree at just the right speed and altitude; you hook your eyes, hands, and feet up with each other in just the right way; then the barn appears in your side window, above your banked-down wing-tip, holds still for you, and pivots slowly, like an exhibit on a turntable. In that way, we picked up for a close look many of the world's standard tourist sights—the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the Acropolis, the Golden Mosque at Bagdad, the Taj Mahal, the big temple on the hill behind Mandalay; a boat or a caravan, an Arab castle, an oil well: picked them up, turned them around a few times, and laid them away.

I AM able to report to you, from the European touring belt, that Marseilles has lost the *transbordeur*—you know, that bridge-cum-ferry-cum-cable-car thing that used to stand over the entrance to the Old Harbor: Dr. Speer, I presume, and German steel hunger. The steel pier at Nice is also gone; but a concrete-runway airport, called *La Californie*, has been squeezed between the mountains and the sea. To what extent life at the Riviera was percolating again, we could not make out, even with some pylon turns over the Cape d'Antibes. Countries with gas rationing always look dead from the air; the Grand Corniche was without traffic. But mysterious big white yachts were again tied up at Monte Carlo. In Rome, an elaborate radio tower now stands right beside St. Peter's. Don't worry about Capri. On our way to Athens we took time off for a quick run around the island. For three roaring seconds as we swept past, I could check up on the

Piccola Marina which I had known twenty years before: no change. Same houses, same boats drawn up on the rocky beach. The men still row standing up, facing forward, Homeric fashion; and the sea still glistens.

But this sort of pin-point sightseeing, though sometimes interesting, is not the real stuff of such a flight. In fact, you sort of pity the tourist whose view is limited to a few cathedrals and castles, when all around him the whole wide world is waiting to be seen. I thought of that when we made our pylon turn over the Leaning Tower. Pisa was quite a town, with a big airport, a harbor-suburb, quite some industry, a lot of people trying to get back on their feet; the Leaning Tower was on the outskirts—about where the gasoline bulk plant would be in America. You could see that, as of now and here, it didn't matter. Okay, it leans; check it off. Let's look at Italy instead.

What you really remember afterward is not any particular "sight," but the countries themselves. The airplane shows you a country with a certain ruthless honesty; not its so-called points of interest, not its glamor landscapes, but all of it in one bang. For example, Southern Italy.

One thinks of it as "romantic" and "picturesque"; of its people as happy-go-lucky, given to singing, not very tidy, not ashamed to beg; altogether, a land that high-pressure civilization has left in peace. (It is easy to trace that idea back to its sources: paintings of the romantic period; the tourist's experiences on the Naples water front; and most of all, that prime fallacy of traveling—that Sorrento makes a Sorrentian feel the way it makes a Liverpool man feel.)

Well—when you fly over Southern Italy, such ideas evaporate in a hurry. You do indeed see, once in a while, a castled town, incredibly impaled on a mountain top. You feel then almost sorry you are flying; if now you could only narrow down your vision—say, travel in a car, and preferably with a beautiful woman, and also plenty of U.S. dollars—you could have a most romantic time and take some most picturesque photographs, and kid yourself that you had escaped deep into times past. But you can't narrow down your vision; you can't help seeing the whole thing. And what you see there, what you remember afterward, is this: Southern Italy is a mountainous,

rocky, sub-arid region—about Class V land, your soil expert would probably testify, good only for sheep. On this land a people of high energy and high intelligence carry on a high-pressure, high-intensity agriculture. Where there is a place among the barren mountainsides that is not outright precipice, there is cultivation. Picturesquely untidy? The land is clean, the way a bunch of chicken bones can look clean: it's been picked over, raked, terraced, planted, weeded, protected by retaining walls. Lazy? You see those careful, expensive mountain roads; you see the stair-like weirs carefully built into every mountain gully, to tame down the flash floods. Bypassed by high-pressure civilization? Why—that there should be towns here, fields, commercial agriculture, is in itself a feat of high-pressure civilization.

As a matter of fact, when you look down there, you see subtle signs that remind you of Mussolini's stuck-out chin. It looks rather new. You see the hand of the state in those roads and in other things. So that, far from being untouched, it is probably a direct expression of the self-sufficient nation-state and of any number of other forces of which the pressure is all too high. This you can't prove just looking down. But at any rate, it knocks out of you any idea of the Italian as a shiftless, mustachioed gentleman with a guitar.

## II

THE airplane is an expensive machine and must be kept working. Your time in the air is leisurely and contemplative (that it could sometimes be boring, I won't admit). Your time on the ground is short and hectic. You don't get interviews with politicians, you don't have Dinner with a Typical Family. Each time you land, you are in a new country. You must unravel all the red tape there is—Customs, Passport Control, Flight Control, Airport Director's Office, Currency Control, the Doctor; then a check with the Weather Bureau; then you arrange for gassing-up: by the time you have wrangled a ride to town, it's dark. Now you have to find a hotel, and find a non-experimental meal. Next morning, you have to work through the same procedures outward bound; no matter how early you get up, it is hard to get airborne before ten o'clock.

But just because your ground time is so short, you look at the few things you see, you listen to the few people you meet with a sort of intensity that is perhaps a little crazy: you are the geologist; you have scooped up a handful of sand as a sample; and now you use your magnifying glass on it. For example, we went into Port Darwin, on the north coast of Australia, to gas up on the way from New Guinea back to Java. We had flown along the Australian coast for a few hundred miles, but this was our only contact with Australian ground. All right.

No need to argue that this makes no basis whatever for any judgments, or even for any ideas about Australia. But you can't help having ideas. You were there once, and you did see under your magnifying glass one or two bits of something. The moment we parked and cut the engines, there was something familiar about the atmosphere: pneumatic hammers, tearing up the pavement! Just like New York. The fellows working them were white men, blond. Why not? you say—but after a month in Asia and a few weeks on the Islands, it gives you a queer turn to see a white man work. Besides, they had no hats on; besides, they were stripped to the waist. It was about 2 P.M. on a December day, and the sun there, 12° south of the line, was very nearly overhead. That's what I think of now when I see a statement that Australia considers herself the White Continent.

The Australian customs men were very thorough. So was the Doctor. It was hard to make yourself understood over the racket of the drills. But then the noise quit abruptly, and the workmen sat down in the shade of the hangar. "Smoko," smiled the Doctor. "Now we can at least talk." Smoko, it seemed, was an Australian custom fixed by the unions, and very sacred, of resting for fifteen minutes every two hours. A Dutchman with me said biting, "Don't ever crack up on an Australian airport during their Smoko. They would let you burn." Be that as it may, Smoko is what I think of now when I read that the unions more or less run Australia.

If you thus snatch at things, you may give undue weight to the opinions of the world's taxi drivers. But even taxi drivers—the one at Rome was our prize example of the terrifying docility of men who are supposed to be free. Ciampino Airport was absurdly guarded



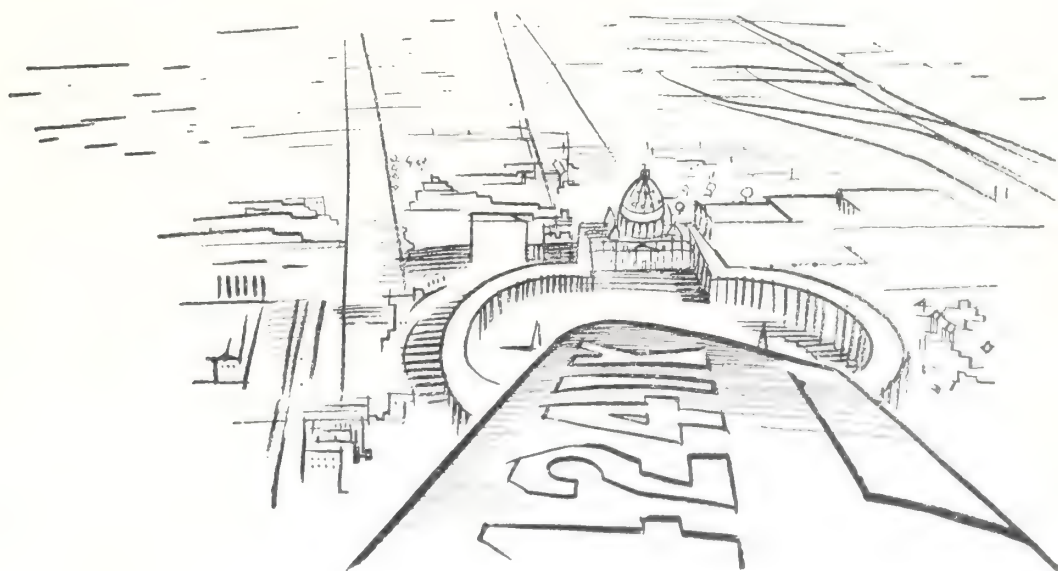
by heavily-armed soldiers. A sign said in plain English, "Trespassers will be shot." Don't ask me why, don't ask me why in English. There is nothing there but an occasional airliner, most of them American-made, and certainly no secret. Yet, they inspected each car that drove in. And our driver had to leave his license and identification card at the gate. "Why all these soldiers?" we asked him. "To guard the gate," he said. "Why the gate?" we asked. "People would drive in and look around," he said. "And that *would* be bad," said my friend sarcastically. "Yes, that would be bad," said the driver.

I LIKED the boy who drove me at Bombay. He was a young chap, had served in the India Navy; he spoke well, and he was most interested in flying. It did me good. I thought at least in this respect—wanting to fly—we were all brothers under the skin. But he started talking career—how long did it take to learn? What did it pay? Well, money and career anyway, I thought; even that makes a sort of bond. What he really wanted, it turned out, was to earn money fast—30,000 Rupees. "What do you want to do with 30,000 Rupees?" Well, by the time he had it, his mother would be dead. And he would then buy his sisters a farm. And then? "I am going to be a saint." "I see," I said. "Yes of course; but I mean what are you going to do after you buy that farm?" "I am going to be a saint," he said. "You know, live in lonely place, be a holy man."

For that matter, even without drivers' comments, the taxi ride from airport into town makes not so bad a sample of a country. Most airports lie far out, and you get first a bit of countryside and then a slice of town—usually you come in through some drab suburb where Typical Families live by the thousands. Of Rome, for instance, you thus see what the tourist easily overlooks: that it is now first of all a city full of ordinary apartment houses, full of quite unpicturesque standard Europeans in business suits, who think and live just as the same people do in Amsterdam or Stockholm.

Bali, now—that's different; or Karachi, where the road to town is jammed with huge carts drawn by camels. In Holland, your taxi ride gave you almost a sort of exhibit. First, you saw cows grazing out, late in the year, with blankets strapped to their backs to keep them warm. The Dutch sure do things right. Next, you drove past a place on a dike that was strewn with fresh flowers: that was a place where the Germans had shot hostages. And then you saw, in town, among the houses, a German bunker, a shape like a Quonset Hut, but of heavy yellow concrete. They had tried to tear it down, they had tried to blast it, but it was practically indestructible: it had been built for Generals. It would have to be ground down piece-meal, but Holland could not spare the labor just now. And so it still sat there, a monument of oppression.

But the most memorable taxi ride was the London one when you first saw the bomb



damage. You don't see it right away, because of a peculiar translation error made by the American Eye. Once in a while indeed you would pass a house with its upstairs torn open, its private insides exposed to the street, but not often. Actually, your first reaction was—is *that* all?

Most of the bombed-out places had been tidied up, all ruined structure cleanly cut out, the rubble neatly fenced off. The fire blackening had long blended into the general soot of London. So that each bombed-out place now looked like a vacant lot, American style; and an American eye doesn't notice a vacant lot. It is too commonplace. Only gradually did you remember that London used to have no American-style vacant lots (their tax and real-estate laws did not produce them). Now there were those gaps in every street perspective, but the violence that made them you could no longer imagine. Only a certain gloom was left. We stayed several days in London to have our engines checked after the Atlantic crossing, and to arrange for more documents and papers. Across the street from our hotel was a house with its top story bombed and burned out. Its gaunt, hollow-eyed stare followed me half way across the world.

### III

**O**N your air-age blitz visits to foreign countries, you have one advantage over a ground traveler who would try such fast work. You have come in by the back door. You have seen the hinterland before you see the main city. You already know a lot of crude facts which other travelers strain hard to guess at. (Imagine the difference in viewpoint between two newly-arrived foreign journalists in New York, one who had just stepped off the Cunard pier and one who landed on the West Coast and driven across.)

Sometimes a few words make a lot of things crystallize in your mind. In Bangkok I got into conversation with a British banker. It was one of those conversations a traveler dreams of—where one who knows tells you what's what in a nutshell. Talking about corruption and incompetence, he said: "But it doesn't matter. They can't hurt this country. The rice keeps growing just the same, a new crop every year."

Yes, I thought, I have seen it grow. I thought how, coming in from Burma, we had flown over rice fields for a whole hour; I thought of all the small parcels of rice-land, carefully diked, carefully flooded, so that the whole land looked like a vast greenhouse, each field a windowpane reflecting the sky.

"And the woods are inexhaustible," he said.

They certainly are, I thought. I've spent considerable time over them—an unbroken surface of tree-tops through which you can't even see the ground. It wraps itself over everything so that what really are steep jagged mountains appear rounded and softly padded—and very treacherous. Inexhaustible? If you had a forced landing in there, you would never walk out.

"One thing that's holding this country back," he said, "is that so much of the good land is in the hands of the monasteries." So *that* is why, I thought. All through Burma and Siam it strikes you that the temples are so magnificent. The dollar-conscious eye can't help looking at them once in a while simply as expensive things, built and paid for by somebody.

Bangkok is one of those places that carry a whole story written on their face, Fontainebleau-fashion. We got there one evening with a quarter-hour to spare before sunset—the abrupt turn-off-the-light sunset of the tropics. Just time enough to circle over town and see the temples. There are square miles of temples at Bangkok. The Royal Palace is itself a temple, or so integrated with a temple that your rude eye can't tell the difference. There are golden pagodas and marble pagodas, the temple of Dawn, the temple of the Emerald Buddha, the temple of the Reclining Buddha. There is, in short, plenty to see of genuine and guaranteed mysterious East.

But what you kept looking at instead, as you circled, was something else: an avenue, a super-avenue which cuts through town; broad, a long perspective, with a rhythmic repetition of business blocks and apartment blocks—some Bauhaus dream, set in ferro-concrete right into the kingdom of Siam. It must be the world's purest specimen of this kind of thing. If it were in America, it would be a tourist-sight, like Radio City. When you come on it here, after all the jungle, it looks not only astounding: it looks almost mad. It



is the kind of thing which in other eras and in other styles used to be built by a mad king.

Right away the air reconnaissance man in you thinks: (1) somebody, some strong will has cut this gash into this sacred scene; (2) this strong man has ideas which—here you think of Kemal Ataturk, here your mind grasps in one package a whole set of things which range from automobiles to authoritarianism; (3) there has been attempt here to respond to Europe and America in the Japanese manner; a try to graft a Western fruit on an Eastern tree.

Now those things you just simply see; and if you never got the names, the dates, the details, you would nevertheless have seen, as in a diagram, much of Siam's recent history. You would even have met, in a way, its strong

man—perhaps more intimately than you would in a polite interview: Pibun, "the Marshall."

Now, on the ground, if you tried to find out what's what in Siam, it would take you only three days to get completely lost—in mystery, politics, oriental politeness. Also, language trouble of a sort: when *coup-d'état* has been translated from French into Siamese and from Siamese into American, what does it mean?

But when you see it from the air, like that, you get it all nicely summed up for you. Thus a place *can* give you, I think, a sort of capsule account of itself, even on the run. And as we flew down the line to the Indies, a good many places had their say.

*(Mr. Langewiesche will continue his flight diary next month.)*

## *Lullaby*

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

SOMBER, for thy slumber's use,  
 Somber and fuliginous  
 Be thy quilt and pillow. Quiet.  
 Close the eyes to all that white  
 Harsh, insistent, burning, mordant  
 Acrimony of the sun.  
 Nebulous oblivion  
 Be thy music, undiscordant,  
 Be thy mute obedient servant.  
 Let the debt survive the dun:  
 Never mind; go under so,  
 While in circles, round and round,  
 Wheel the silenced arcs of sound,  
 Moving, in their grooveless ways,  
 Through the antidote of days,  
 Infinitely smooth and slow.

# What Do You Mean, Free Enterprise?

Nathan Robertson

THE United States today is in a condition comparable to that of a man suffering from schizophrenia. A few innocent fancies are safe enough in quiet times, but in a crisis, either the patient gives up his delusions, or society commits him to the firm hold of others. Our national phantasy, fateful in these edgy times, is our belief that we are living in a free-enterprise system. Since reality is quite the reverse, we are in no condition to make rational decisions. It is time to get wise to ourselves.

It is true that we have a free-enterprise system in the sense that if a man has enough money he can go into any work or any business he chooses. In most respects he can run his business to suit himself. He may make money or he may go under, depending upon the circumstances and his own ability. He can get out of one occupation or business and go into another whenever he can afford to.

But these are only the surface signs. Fundamentally, a free-enterprise system, as spelled out by Adam Smith, the great classical economist, is one in which there is a minimum of government or monopoly interference—in which the natural laws of supply and demand rule. In that kind of system an individual entrepreneur takes all the risks and, as a

reward for bearing those risks, is entitled to all the law of supply and demand will permit him to win.

America once had close to—although never completely—a free-enterprise system of that kind. Of course, from almost the beginning, this country had tariffs which interfered with the laws of supply and demand; subsidies to the railroads and to Western pioneers which fell considerably short of Adam Smith's ideal; prohibitions against some businesses regarded as immoral, such as the slave trade; and government competition, such as the postal system in communications.

But except for a few interferences of this kind, the laws of supply and demand were in control, and we had something rather similar to a free-enterprise system. There was little government interference or monopoly. A man could go into any business he chose, pay any wages for which he could get men to work, charge any price he could get, and make as much money as the laws of supply and demand would permit. He could even throw away the nation's basic natural resources in the most profligate manner if he chose to do so in his grab for riches and power. He could make millions—or go bankrupt.

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**T**ODAY we have something quite different. The individual entrepreneur still faces the risk of competition within his own segment of the economy—if he happens to be in an area of business where competition still exists, such as farming or retailing. But in many segments of our industry, competition has been drastically restricted so that the laws of supply and demand no longer operate as they are supposed to. Many of our big manufacturing industries have price-fixing schemes of one kind or another. The steel, cement, and other heavy industries, until very recently, have had the basing-point system for controlling competition, and it is not yet clear to what extent the practice has been abandoned since it was outlawed by the Supreme Court. Price-fixing has extended clear down through the retail trades under the Miller-Tydings Act, which permits manufacturers to fix the price at which their products can be retailed to the public. Patents have been used as the basis for widespread price-fixing.

Even beyond all this, American industry has become so big, with such huge industrial units, that only those with many millions of dollars to risk can enter into many fields of enterprise. This large scale, of course, limits competition. It takes huge aggregations of capital to enter most of the big industries like steel, automobile, machinery, or electrical equipment manufacturing—and even publishing. At least \$10,000,000 is needed to launch a metropolitan newspaper today, and even then the chances of making a profit are slim—as Marshall Field can testify.

But a more important factor in changing our economic system is government. Today a business man, whether he is a manufacturer or retailer or farmer, no longer faces the biggest risk of all in a free-enterprise system—the risk of the uncontrolled ups-and-downs of the economy. No one believes that we have completely eliminated the business cycle, but we have today so vast a network of government supports that many economists believe we will never again have anything like the crash of 1929. Some of these economists contend that this is the reason we escaped the postwar depression, which was expected to throw 8,000,000 men out of work after hostilities ceased.

So today, instead of having a nearly-free-

enterprise system in this country—as we used to have and as most people still seem to think we have—we are operating under something quite different. It is a drastically revised system—revised by monopoly and by government supports. Partly because we still have not recognized just how different our new system is, no one has yet named it—but it might be called the “safe-enterprise system.”

This “safe-enterprise system” is almost as different from the one that Adam Smith talked about or the system we once had as the economy of Nazi Germany or of Soviet Russia. But it is just as American and goes along with democracy and liberty as naturally as the original. In fact, our democracy today is probably more complete than it ever was in the past. We still have free speech and free worship. We still can protest and vote “no” if we want, and more of us have the right to vote “no” than ever before. But we no longer have the freedom to pay workers five or ten dollars a week for a sixty-hour week, or to put millions of people into the breadlines.

The schizophrenic part about all of this is that we still talk and plan as though we had a system of the old kind. Proposals are rejected in Congress day after day because they will “interfere with the free-enterprise system.” People tend to confuse the “free-enterprise system” with basic Americanism and put it on the same pedestal as “liberty” or “democracy.”

**W**HAT makes this particularly strange is that we did not even begin to call our system a “free-enterprise system,” or to use that phrase as almost synonymous with capitalism, until about ten or fifteen years ago. We had occasionally referred to it earlier as a system of “free competitive enterprise.” But the more simple phrase, with the competitive idea eliminated, was popularized by the business interests of this country about ten years ago, when they were fighting off some of the New Deal reforms. One of the bright young men then working for the National Association of Manufacturers is credited with promoting the new phrase.

The slogan had great value in fighting such innovations as the wage-hour law and the Wagner labor act. The business men were afraid that we were going to abolish the

"free-enterprise" system which permitted them to pay their workers whatever they could get them to work for individually, and perhaps to regulate how much profit they could make. Actually we did abolish the first of these "rights"—but we never tampered with their profits, except to a limited extent during the war. So far, the changes in the "free-enterprise system" have not hurt business. In fact, profitwise, business is going better today than ever before in history—with profits reaching more than \$18,000,000,000 after taxes last year, or more than double what they were in the boom year of 1929.

Business pushed the phrase in speeches, advertisements, and propaganda. Politicians accepted it and won applause with it. Everything indicated that the American people wanted a free-enterprise system, except that by the time the phrase took hold we had moved on to another system without most people realizing it—although they had repeatedly approved the measures which brought the change about.

All the phrase did was to confuse America at a time when it could scarcely afford to be confused. It is important for the people of this country to get over their confusion—their schizophrenia—if they are to run the new system intelligently. Business men need to recognize the nature of the new system in order to adopt workable price policies, labor needs to recognize it to develop sound bargaining programs, and the public needs to recognize it to decide the issues of the day rationally. To decide some of the questions we now face without recognizing where we are or where we are going is like a ship captain trying to chart a course before he knows where he is or what port he wants to reach.

## II

**M**OST Americans seem to be in the same boat with the ship captain. Sensible and responsible men who are looking to the best interests of the country frequently take violently opposing stands on the same issues. People speak in the most glowing language about the free-enterprise system and then in almost the same breath show they really do not want it. Recently, for instance, one of the leading critics of the New Deal in Congress, a man who talks volubly about the

glories of free enterprise, explained his constant support of the farm program by telling newspapermen that "certain parts of the New Deal have become a part of 'the American way of life.'"

The shape of our economy started to change in the last part of the nineteenth century with the growth of monopolies and the governmental steps to curb them. Actually the first big change came when we decided to place restrictions on some areas of free enterprise: the public utilities and the industries engaged in developing our natural resources. We decided that the railroads and the utilities, because of their subsidies and their monopoly positions, were secure and were not taking as big a risk as other businesses, and so should not be permitted to earn such rich rewards. We set up the Interstate Commerce Commission and the public utility commissions to regulate their profits and the services they provided the public. To protect our national resources, we gradually—and too late—enacted legislation limiting to some extent the aggressions of selfish entrepreneurs in the lumber and other natural resource industries. And as industry grew bigger and more powerful, we enacted the anti-trust laws, though we did not do much to enforce them.

In most areas of business we still maintained a system of comparatively free enterprise until the depression of 1929 shook America and the world to their economic and political foundations. Some governments and economic systems fell, and others came close to it. Desperately we began under Herbert Hoover to pour billions of dollars of government money into the railroads, the banks, and the insurance companies to shore up our economy. Franklin D. Roosevelt came into office and extended the same help to the average citizen.

We were so desperate that we didn't worry too much about abstract theories of government—although the Senate did debate for days over the question of whether we could feed hungry people as well as hungry cattle. There were warnings at the time that we were destroying our freedom, but we ignored them and probably would again under the same circumstances. We voted, or our representatives voted, a lot of changes in our system, piece by piece, in an effort to save various segments of the economy from ruin.



These changes added up to a radical revision of the whole. But more important than any one of them, or all of them together, was the new principle of government Hoover and Roosevelt joined in writing into our system at that time—that the government stands back of our economy in time of trouble.

THE men who initiated this fundamental change, and the other revisions of our system under the New Deal, believed in the free-enterprise system and were merely trying to save it by correcting isolated abuses or weaknesses. For instance, one of the most fundamental changes of all—the federal insurance of bank deposits—came not from the New Deal but from a conservative Republican, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan, who sponsored it and fought for it in Congress with only tacit approval from the Administration.

The farm program adopted in 1933 as one of the first acts of the Roosevelt Administration, and now accepted by both parties, was a drastic modification of free enterprise. It placed a government cushion, or guarantee, under our biggest industry—an industry which supports directly or indirectly about half the people of the country and vitally affects the rest. With the adoption of that law the “free-enterprise system” went at least half the way out of the window—without protest from anyone in authority except the Supreme Court. And even the Supreme Court changed its mind within a year or two.

In the face of such a law it is silly to talk of free enterprise in agriculture any longer. And yet that is just what the farm spokesmen do when they oppose ceilings on farm prices because they would “interfere with the free enterprise system.” Like many of the rest of us the farmers want floors, but no ceilings. The latest crop report points to the possibility of huge surpluses in some of the major crops, which may require the government to put up support money running past the billion dollar mark to hold prices up at a time when many of us would like them to go down. This is not free enterprise, under which prices can drop with a bang.

Our urban economy now has fully as many government cushions under it as the farm economy, although most business men do not feel them because they are more indirect.

First there is the social security law, providing floors below which the incomes of our industrial workers cannot fall even during unemployment—and providing continuing income for the aged and infirm. Then, for those who work, the wage-and-hour law provides a floor under wages and a ceiling over the hours of work. What a change this is from the old free-enterprise days when men and women worked in sweatshops and cotton mills for seventy hours a week to earn perhaps seven dollars! These two measures alone protect millions of individuals. Together with the farm income guarantees, they provide a tremendous structure supporting national purchasing power—the foundation stone for our whole industrial prosperity.

Supplementing the social security law is a vast system of retirement plans set up by private industry during the recent war, when taxes were so high that it was almost as cheap to set up a lavish retirement system as to pay taxes on the income. These reserves—estimated to run into many hundreds of millions of dollars—are just as secure a bulwark to the individuals and the economy as the social security benefits.

THERE are besides a wide variety of government subsidies and cushions for specific industries. The air-transport industry, for instance, is subsidized through airmail contracts, and when the TWA got into financial difficulties it rushed to Washington for a retroactive subsidy to pull it out of the hole. More recently the entire air-transport industry, with the exception of one or two companies, has been under financial strain. Instead of raising rates and competing under the rules of supply and demand the industry appealed to President Truman for help. Amid applause from the airlines, the President directed the RFC, the ever-ready crutch for industry, to study the situation, presumably as a preliminary to government loans. At the same time the Civil Aeronautics Board considered requests from the lines for bigger government subsidies—which would not be Adam Smith's solution to the problem.

The shipping industry has been subsidized by the government in one way or another for many years. Current subsidies to the merchant marine are running close to \$100,000,000 a year on top of all the rich benefits provided

these companies by the government in the past. Even the nation's press, which is founded on the word "free," is not free of subsidies. Newspapers and magazines enjoy the benefits of mail subsidies totaling many millions of dollars a year. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, of the Chicago *Tribune*, estimated not long ago that mail subsidies represented the entire profit of the prosperous *Time-Life-Fortune* enterprises.

Whether our banking system is subsidized is open to debate, but some economists contend that the banks got close to a billion dollars a year in subsidies during the war for handling the paper war debt. Government research subsidies are now reaching into almost every field of private enterprise and running into many hundreds of millions of dollars a year. They go not only to business concerns and educational institutions in the form of research grants, but even into the pockets of private physicians, the men who seem most determined to avoid government interference with their own profession (these payments come directly from the Public Health Service, which some physicians regard as an arch-enemy).

**I**N SOME areas the definition of subsidies becomes difficult. Many industries benefit substantially from the government's weather reports, from the trade-promotion activities of the Commerce Department, from the improvements for the benefit of commerce in our rivers and harbors, from flood control expenditures, soil conservation, the establishment and maintenance of air navigation facilities, and a host of similar government operations including the production of cheap hydro-electric power.

Without counting any of these hazy fields, the Budget Bureau reported to Senator James E. Murray of Montana that subsidies to business and agriculture in the fiscal year 1946 totalled \$2,247,000,000. The Byrd Economy Committee of the Senate used an even higher figure. This, of course, was in a year of prosperity—when most of the government's guarantees did not cost the Treasury anything. In addition, the federal government paid in various grants to the states that year a total of \$971,000,000—much of which eventually went to construction companies, road-building material manufacturers, and others.

Moreover, the huge payments now being made to foreign countries under the Marshall Plan provide a sizable cushion for industry's base of purchasing power. Most of that money is returning to this country for the purchase of goods, and such payments will probably run into the billions of dollars for years to come. But for many years the biggest cushion for business will be military expenditures by the government. They are expected to level off at about \$15,000,000,000 a year—which is several times the biggest spending program ever launched by the New Deal.

Government money has become such a major element in the American economy that one out of every six adults in this country now receives some of it in one form or another. Regular payments go to almost 16,000,000 individuals, including veterans and their dependents, members of the armed forces, government employees, federal pensioners, social security beneficiaries, and farmers.

Even more basic than any of these money payments, however, are the guarantees the federal government now offers to our credit structure. In addition to the federal insurance of bank deposits, which has eliminated the national fear of bank runs, the government offers ninety per cent guarantees on farm and urban mortgages. These guarantees, which cover a big segment of the private debt structure, have stabilized the mortgage market as it never was before—and to some extent, at least, have eliminated the wild ups-and-downs that have brought so much disaster in the past.

### III

**T**HE federal government alone is now pumping into the economic system about \$40,000,000,000 annually—most of which will have to continue unless we drastically modify the services our government provides, the military force, benefits to veterans, and foreign aid. This figure, which equals our total national income of only sixteen years ago, is for a period when we have been enjoying boom prosperity. State and local government expenditures swell the total beyond \$50,000,000,000 a year.

Come a depression, the federal government's spending would go far beyond these figures, since it is legally obliged to cushion



farm prices, pay unemployment benefits, and make good its guarantees. Furthermore, under the principle of government established by Hoover and Roosevelt in the past depression—that neither business nor people shall be permitted to go under *en masse*—the government would have an obligation to pour billions of dollars into financial and industrial enterprises and into relief of individual need. That it will do so is conceded.

What this all amounts to, in short, is not a free-enterprise system, but a comparatively safe-enterprise system under which our economic health is founded on government credit and government credit is used not only to battle depression but to avoid it. Even in good times the government will act to save an industry—as it did recently for the air-transport companies.

There is still risk in business, particularly in those areas where competition prevails. Many small businesses fail every day. Government does not guarantee a profit to every business man, or even to every farmer. An entrepreneur's rewards still depend considerably on his ability and his luck. But the risks in business today are far more limited than they were in the days when we really had the "free-enterprise system" we talk about so much.

**T**HIS is a fact with vast implications—for every business man, for every worker, and for every citizen. Certainly every politician must recognize and face up to the new system. It presents a challenging problem to the administration to be inaugurated in January 1949—particularly to the Republicans if Thomas E. Dewey becomes President.

Dewey must decide—and should before he is put in the White House—whether he will accept the new safe-enterprise system and try to make it work better, or whether he will try to go back to the old free-enterprise system. One of his journalistic supporters—Mark Sullivan—is suggesting that he go back, by repealing the farm program. But if Dewey is planning anything of that kind he owes it to the American people to make his program clear, for it would mean undoing much of what has been done in the way of economic legislation in the past fifty years. Indeed, such a course would involve repudiation of much of the Republican platform.

And the American people must admit that the safe-enterprise system under which they live requires certain adjustments. Does this system, for example, warrant such unlimited business profits as in the past, when business men risked all to win all? If business does not make the necessary adjustments in price and profit policies we must decide whether or not a large segment of industry has achieved the relative security of a public utility—a position where limited risks warrant legislation limiting profits. We will have to face up, also, to a permanent budget of \$40,000,000,000 or more a year and pay the taxes that such a system of government services and supports require. In good years we will have to pay in taxes considerably more than that, so that the government will be sound enough to meet the extraordinary expenses it faces in bad times.

The old free-enterprise system exists only in our nostalgic imagination, and we have spent more than enough energy defending it. If we want to retain custody of our economic fate, the first step is to admit the facts.

# Buzby's Petrified Woman

*Loren C. Eiseley*

I THINK the sound of the wind in that country never stopped. I think everyone there was a little mad because of it. In the end I suppose I was like all the rest. It was a country of topsy-turvy, where great dunes of sand blew slowly over ranch houses and swallowed them, and where, after the sand had all blown away from under your feet, the beautiful arrowheads of ice-age hunters lay mingled with old whisky bottles that the sun had worked upon. I suppose, now that I stop to think about it, that if there is any place in the world where a man might fall in love with a petrified woman, that may be the place.

In the proper books, you understand, there is no such thing as a petrified woman, and I insist that when I first came to that place I would have said the same. It all happened because bone hunters are listeners. They have to be.

We had had terrible luck that season. We had made queries in a hundred towns, and tramped as many canyons. The institution for which we worked had received a total of one Oligocene turtle and a bag of rhinoceros bones. A rag picker could have done better. The luck had to change. Somewhere there had to be fossils.

I was cogitating on the problem under a coating of lather in a barbershop with an 1890 chair when I became aware of a voice.

You can hear a lot of odd conversation in barbershops, particularly in the back country, and particularly if your trade makes you a listener, as mine does. But what caught my ear at first was something about stone. Stone and bone are pretty close in my language and I wasn't missing any bets. There was always a chance that there might be a bone in it somewhere for me.

The voice went off into a grumbling rural complaint in the back corner of the shop, and then it rose higher.

"It's petrified! It's petrified!" the voice contended excitedly.

I managed to push an ear up through the lather.

"I'm a-tellin' ya," the man boomed, "a petrified woman, right out in that canyon. But he won't show it, not to nobody. 'Tain't fair, I tell ya."

"Mister," I said, speaking warily between the barber's razor and his thumb, "I'm reckoned a kind of specialist in these matters. Where is this woman, and how do you know she's petrified?"

I knew perfectly well she wasn't, of course. Flesh doesn't petrify like wood or bone, but there are plenty of people who think so. In the course of my life I've been offered objects purporting to be everything from petrified butterflies to a gentleman's top hat.

Just the same I was still interested in this

*"This narrative," writes Professor Eiseley, head of the department of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania, "is founded on an actual incident, but somehow has expanded into what seems to be a sort of short story."*



woman. You can never tell what will turn up in the back country. Once, for example, I had a mammoth vertebra handed to me with the explanation that it was a petrified griddle cake. Mentally, now, I was trying to shape that woman's figure into the likeness of a mastadon's femur. This is a hard thing to do when you are young and far from the cities. Nevertheless, I managed it. I held that shining bony vision in my head and asked directions of my friend in the barbershop.

Yes, he told me, the woman was petrified all right. Old Man Buzby wasn't a feller to say it if it 'tweren't so. And it weren't no part of a woman. It was a *whole* woman. Buzby had said that, too. But Buzby was a queer one. An old bachelor, you know. And when the boys had wanted to see it, 'count of it bein' a sort of marvel around these parts, the old man had clammed up on where it was. A-keepin' it all to hisself, he was. But seein' as I was interested in these things and a stranger, he might talk to me and no harm done. It was the trail to the right and out and up to the overhang of the hills. A little tar-papered shack there.

I ASKED Mack to go up there with me. He was silent company but one of the best bone hunters we had. Whether it was a rodent the size of a bee or an elephant the size of a house, he'd find it and he'd get it out even if it meant carrying a five-hundred-pound plaster cast on foot over a mountain range.

In a day we reached it. When I got out of the car I knew the wind had been blowing there since time began. There was a rusty pump in the yard and rusty wire and rusty machines nestled in the lea of a wind-carved butte. Everything was leaching and blowing away by degrees—even the tar-paper on the roof.

Out of the door came Buzby. He was not blowing away, I thought at first. His farm might be, but he wasn't. There was an air of faded dignity about him.

Now in that country there is a sort of etiquette. You don't drive out to a man's place, a bachelor's, and you a stranger, and come up to his door and say: "I heard in town you got a petrified woman here, and brother, I sure would like to see it." You've got to use tact, same as anywhere else.

You get out slowly while the starved hounds

look you over and get their barking done. You fumble for your pipe and explain casually you're doin' a little lookin' around in the hills. About that time they get a glimpse of the equipment you're carrying and most of them jump to the conclusion that you're scouting for oil. You can see the hope flame up in their eyes and sink down again as you explain you're just hunting bones. Some of them don't believe you after that. It's a hard thing to murder a poor man's dream.

But Buzby wasn't the type. I don't think he even thought of the oil. He was small and neat and wore—I swear it—pince-nez glasses. I could see at a glance he was a city man dropped, like a seed, by the wind. He had been there a long time, certainly. He knew the corn talk and the heat talk, but he would never learn how to come forward in that secure, heavy-shouldered country way, to lean on a car door and talk to strangers while the horizon stayed in his eyes.

He invited us, instead, to see his collection of arrowheads. It looked like a good start. We dusted ourselves and followed him in. It was a two-room shack, and about as comfortable as a monk's cell. It was neat, though, so neat you knew the man lived, rather than slept there. It lacked the hound-asleep-in-the-bunk confusion of the usual back-country bachelor's quarters.

He was precise about his Indian relics as he was precise about everything, but I sensed after a while, a touch of pathos in it—the pathos of a man clinging to order in a world where the wind changed the landscape before morning, and not even a dog could help you contain the loneliness of your days.

"Someone told me in town you might have a wonderful fossil up here," I finally ventured, poking in his box of arrowheads, and watching the shy, tense face behind the glasses.

"That would be Ned Burner," he said. "He talks too much."

"I'd like to see it," I said, carefully avoiding the word *woman*. "It might be something of great value to science."

He flushed angrily. In the pause I could hear the wind beating at the tar-paper.

"I don't want any of 'em hereabouts to see it," he cried passionately. "They'll laugh and they'll break it and it'll be gone like—like everything." He stopped, uncertainly aware of his own violence, his dark eyes widening

with pain. "We are scientists, Mr. Buzby," I urged gently. "We're not here to break anything. We don't have to tell Ned Burner what we see."

He seemed a little mollified at this, then a doubt struck him. "But you'd want to take her away, put her in a museum."

I noticed the pronoun, but ignored it. "Mr. Buzby," I said, "we would very much like to see your discovery. It may be we can tell you more about it that you'd like to know. It might be that a museum would help you save it from vandals. I'll leave it to you. If you say no, we won't touch it, and we won't talk about it in the town, either. That's fair enough, isn't it?"

I could see him hesitating. It was plain that he wanted to show us, but the prospect was half frightening. Oddly enough, I had the feeling his fright revolved around his discovery, more than fear of the townspeople. As he talked on, I began to see what he wanted. He intended to show it to us in the hope we would confirm his belief that it was a petrified woman. The whole thing seemed to have taken on a tremendous importance in his mind. At that point, I couldn't fathom his reasons.

Anyhow, he had something. At the back of the house we found the skull of a big, long-horned, extinct bison hung up under the eaves. It was a nice find, and we coveted it.

"It needs a dose of alavar for preservation," I said. "The Museum would be the place for a fine specimen like this. It will just go slowly to pieces here."

Buzby was not unattentive. "Maybe, Doctor, maybe. But I have to think. Why don't you camp here tonight? In the morning—"

"Yes?" I said, trying to keep the eagerness out of my voice. "You think we might—?"

"No! Well, yes, all right. But the conditions? They're like you said?"

"Certainly," I answered. "It's very kind of you."

He hardly heard me. That glaze of pain passed over his face once more. He turned and went into the house without speaking. We did not see him again until morning.

The wind goes down into those canyons also. It starts on the flats and rises through them with weird noises, flaking and blasting at every loose stone or leaning pinnacle. It scrapes the sand away from pipy concretions

till they stand out like strange distorted sculptures. It leaves great stones teetering on wine glass stems.

I began to suspect what we would find, the moment I came there. Buzby hurried on ahead now, eager and panting. Once he had given his consent and started, he seemed in almost a frenzy of haste.

Well, it was the usual thing. Up. Down. Up. Over boulders and splintered dead falls of timber. Higher and higher into the back country. Toward the last he outran us, and I couldn't hear what he was saying. The wind whipped it away.

But there he stood, finally, at a niche under the canyon wall. He had his hat off and, for a moment was oblivious to us. He might almost have been praying. Anyhow I stood back and waited for Mack to catch up. "This must be it," I said to him. "Watch yourself." Then we stepped forward.

IT WAS a concretion, of course, just as I had figured after seeing the wind at work in those miles of canyon. It wasn't a bad job, at that. There were some bumps in the right places, and a few marks that might be the face, if your imagination was strong. Mine wasn't just then. I had spent a day building a petrified woman into a mastodon femur, and now that was no good either, so I just stood and looked.

But after the first glance it was Buzby I watched. The unskilled eye can build marvels of form where the educated see nothing. I thought of that bison skull under his eaves, and how badly we needed it.

He didn't wait for me to speak. He blurted with a terrible intensity that embarrassed me, "She—she's beautiful, isn't she?"

"It's remarkable," I said. "Quite remarkable." And then I just stood there not knowing what to do.

He seized on my words with such painful hope that Mack backed off and started looking for fossils in places where he knew perfectly well there weren't any.

I didn't catch it all; I couldn't possibly. The words came out in a long, aching torrent, the torrent dammed up for years in the heart of a man not meant for this place, nor for the wind at night by the windows, nor the empty bed, nor the neighbors twenty miles away. You're tough at first. He must have been to



stick there. And then suddenly you're old. You're old and you're beaten, and there must be something to talk to and to love. And if you haven't got it you'll make it in your head, or out of a stone in a canyon wall.

He had found her, and he had a myth of how she came there, and now he came up and talked to her in the long afternoon heat while the dust devils danced in his failing corn. It was progressive. I saw the symptoms. In another year, she would be talking to him.

"It's true, isn't it, Doctor?" he asked me, looking up with that rapt face, after kneeling beside the niche. "You can see it's her. You can see it plain as day." For the life of me I couldn't see anything except a red scar writhing on the brain of a living man who must have loved somebody once, beyond words and reason.

"Now Mr. Buzby," I started to say then, and Mack came up and looked at me. This, in general, is when you launch into a careful explanation of how concretions are made so that the layman will not make the same mistake again. Mack just stood there looking at me in that stolid way of his. I couldn't go on with it. I couldn't even say it.

But I saw where this was going to end. I saw it suddenly and too late. I opened my mouth while little Mr. Buzby held his hands and tried to regain his composure. I opened my mouth and I lied in a way to damn me forever in the halls of science.

**I** LIED, looking across at Mack, and I could feel myself getting redder every moment. It was a stupendous, a colossal lie. "Mr. Buzby," I said, "that—um—er—figure is astonishing. It is a remarkable case of preservation. We must have it for the Museum."

The light in his face was beautiful. He believed me now. He believed himself. He came up to the niche again, and touched her lovingly.

"It's okay," I whispered to Mack. "We won't have to pack the thing out. He'll never give her up."

That's where I was a fool. He came up to

me, his eyes troubled and unsure, but very patient.

"I think you're right, Doctor," he said. "It's selfish of me. She'll be safer with you. If she stays here somebody will smash her. I'm not well." He sat down on a rock and wiped his forehead. "I'm sure I'm not well. I'm sure she'll be safer with you. Only I don't want her in a glass case where people can stare at her. If you can promise that, I—"

"I can promise that," I said, meeting Mack's eyes across Buzby's shoulder.

"And if I come there I can see her?"

I knew I would never meet him again in this life.

"Yes," I said, "you can see her there." I waited, and then I said, "We'll get the picks and plaster ready. Now that bison skull at your house . . ."

It was two days later, in the truck that Mack spoke to me. "Doc."

"Yeah."

"You know what the Old Man is going to say about shipping that concretion. It's heavy. Must be three hundred pounds with the plaster."

"Yes, I know."

Mack was pulling up slow along the abutment of a bridge. It was the canyon of the big Piney, a hundred miles away. He got out and went to the rear of the truck. I didn't say anything, but I followed him back.

"Doc, give me a hand with this, will you?"

I took one end, and we heaved together. It's a long drop in the big Piney. I didn't look, but I heard it break on the stones.

"I wish I hadn't done that," I said.

"It was only a concretion," Mack answered. "The old geezer won't know."

"I don't like it," I said. "Another week in that wind and I'd have believed in her myself. Get me the hell out of here—maybe I do, anyhow. I tell you I don't like it. I don't like it at all."

"It's a hundred more to Valentine," Mack said.

He put the map in the car pocket and slid over and gave me the wheel.

# French Canada—Can it Survive?

*Miriam Chapin*

**F**RENCH CANADIANS are preoccupied with national survival. The melting-pot is no ideal of theirs. Like the Jews and the Irish, they must think and act always against a background of defensiveness. Civil rights to them mean the rights to their own language and their own religion. In the struggle for survival and for equality with English Canada, they are within sight of safety, since in another decade or two their higher birth-rate is likely to give them a majority in the Dominion. Claims to equal wages, equal treatment in the civil service, equal language rights have been pressed all along the line. But in recent years French Canada has been feeling a new threat: the overwhelming power of the United States in industry, in finance, in all channels of national culture.

To what advantage shall French Canadians inherit their land, if they are to remain in economic inferiority, speaking a mongrel tongue? Turning to meet this new challenge, French Canada shifts its defenses and explores the prospects for allies.

The motherland of French Canadians is Quebec, not France. They feel themselves more vulnerable than English Canadians because they have cut more ties with the land from which they came. They have become completely North American—but North Americans who speak French. Two and a half million are in Quebec; elsewhere in Canada

are minority groups that add up to another three-quarters of a million. In the United States are more than two million, the least assimilable of immigrants. Since it is easier to go home across a border than across an ocean, the old links are kept. Even more, there is a constant effort to maintain contacts with Franco-Americans; *Le Comité Permanent de la Survivance Française* includes members from many states.

It is language that makes a French Canadian. Their most fervent nationalist leaders have tried to impose on them the psychology of a chosen people. At the first convention of the A.C.J.C. (Catholic Canadian Youth Association) in 1904, resolutions stated that "the French Canadian race has a special mission to fulfil on this continent, and the aptitude to fulfil that mission; it must, to that end, keep a character distinct from other races; the progress of the race is in special fashion attached to the Catholic faith." But there is no French Canadian race. One meets Gillespies and Hamiltons who speak only French; plenty of Amerindian blood runs in *habitant* veins; for four hundred years seafaring men, Lascar, Portugee, Jew, Swede, Slav, have been cast on Gaspé ledges. The living lingered and begot children, to grow up French Canadian. In the devotion to language lies the heart of nationalism. *La Survivance*, daily of Edmonton, Alberta, carries

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at its masthead the words of Canon Groulx, "In America, in this atmosphere saxonized and saxonizing, we know now that we have remained Catholic because we have remained French."

**T**HIS nationalism, cutting across all party lines, makes Quebec politics a treacherous and mysterious snarl to the unwary outsider. Premier Duplessis' National Union party has very close connections with the Tories (Progressive-Conservatives), but because the Tories are the Empire party of English Canada, and Quebec is anti-imperialist, Duplessis must continually proclaim that National Union is purely provincial and stands for autonomy. He took for his recent election slogan, "The Liberals give to foreigners (*étrangers*); Duplessis gives to his own province." That was a fling at the Liberal government's gifts to England at war, which of course the Tories approve. Yet he opposed making the Supreme Court of Canada the final court of appeal instead of the Privy Council in London. London is farther away than Ottawa—he would rather submit a case to England than to English Canada.

The Quebec Liberals reproached Duplessis with selling out Ungava—the northeastern part of the province—to American steel interests for a plate of lentils; elsewhere in Canada, the Federal Liberals have almost identified their values with those of American business. Connecting Duplessis with American or any other trusts is good election tactics in Quebec. Time and again the Communists have been obliged to expel French Canadian organizers because they instinctively worked with their own bourgeoisie for the independence of Quebec rather than with English Canadian labor in the Communist program for the working class as a whole.

This sense of common nationality also makes for comradeship in curious ways. Quebec is not a big country; in the upper brackets everybody knows everybody. You may hate a man's politics, but his grandfather married your aunt; you are all *Canadiens*, you will all join in singing "Alouette." Fascists, Liberals, National Unionists, Communists are not really in separate compartments. All sorts of people know Adrien Arcand, the fascist leader. When there is no election in the offing, a Liberal politician or a Duplessis

lawyer may greet a Communist leader as *mon vieux*, may even lunch with him, a proceeding which would certainly cause a lifted eyebrow in Toronto as in Washington. The defunct *Bloc Populaire*, political incarnation of clerical nationalism, never got enough mass backing to win elections, but its spokesmen still set the intellectual tone of the province.

## II

**R**ELIGION is a weaker bond than language. The Irish Catholic is part of the English-speaking community. He plunges joyfully into national politics, while the French Canadian is interested mainly in local issues. French Huguenots, few and regarded as rather odd, still feel themselves part of French Canada. To most of the country, French means Catholic, even though the reverse is not true. When a young man who was as proud of his atheism as of his old French name enlisted, the sergeant asked:

"Religion?"

"None."

"You French, ain't you?"

"Sure."

"Then you Cat'lic."

And Cat'lic he stayed for five long years, being marched to mass with the others willy-nilly.

To the Orangemen of Ontario, indeed to most of western Canada, the language of Voltaire and Anatole France means popery and clerical control of education. Therefore the separate schools outside Quebec have been bitterly fought, even by those who admit the need for teaching children in their own language. French Canadians pay a heavy price for depending on their Church to guard their culture.

The Church keeps its hold because it has been such a staunch defender. Without its stern insistence on discipline, language, rights, French Canadians might long since have been swallowed up in the flood of Anglicization. Even those who reject its doctrines, who demand publicity for its secret financial dealings, who resent its tribute to the Vatican and laugh at its pretensions, who would curb its political power and tax its idle lands into use, still see it as an intrinsic part of French Canadian life, impossible to root up without destroying all. The ordinary workman in the

towns is no more devout than other men; the intellectual speaks with a shrug of the brotherhoods as the "religious disorders"; but each is christened, married, buried with the Church's rites.

Almost all social services are in the hands of the Church. The great institutions were set up by various orders to care for orphans, the old, the sick, the insane, the blind. They receive per capita grants from the province, and very little inspection. Some are excellent—Mont St-Antoine, for delinquent boys, has the only children's psychiatric clinic in Quebec. Others are medieval. But most French Canadians would demand reform, not expulsion. Few families have no priest or nun among their kin. Mothers bring up favorite sons to enter the Church. In Gratien Gelinas' (Fridolin) sketch, "The Life and Death of J.-D. LaFramboise," the *habitante* mother mourns to the head of the seminary who expels her son, "If he could only be a priest, he wouldn't have to linger in purgatory, he could go right to heaven." Frequently letters come to the women columnists in the French newspapers from mothers whose sons rebel and decide to marry: "All my hopes are shattered."

AMERICANS who come to work in Quebec do not always understand the relation between Church and people, or the limits of its power. An executive who was setting up a new plant in the north country had to choose before winter between building a church near at hand and building houses for families living in barracks. He consulted the bishop, offering transportation to church in the nearest town. The bishop plumped for the local church, and the manager built it. Then he went about complaining that "these people are priest-ridden." It did not seem to occur to him that he had given the people no chance to decide. They might easily have picked housing. Premier Godbout gave the provincial franchise to women over the open and bitter opposition of the late Cardinal Villeneuve. Premier Duplessis has flouted the opinions of the Jesuits on colonization. Senator Bouchard defied the Church, attacking the separatist activities of certain high clergy in wartime. He lost his job as head of Quebec Hydro next day, but the movement has never fully re-

covered from the blow he dealt. All these men are good Catholics. So are those who believe that priests should marry.

A constant struggle goes on to modernize the schools, to get away from the sort of teaching that makes a girl on a radio quiz program unable to tell how many seconds there are in half a minute, yet able to answer instantly in minutes and seconds when asked how long the martyrdom of Jean de Brébeuf endured. The head of the rural teachers' union, Laure Gaudreau, protested publicly last year against the teaching of history by nuns "who never read a newspaper nor listen to the radio." Technical schools have been set up, directly under the provincial secretary, a layman. The need to earn a living has forced the earlier and better teaching of English. Only about a third as much per head is spent on the public schools as in Ontario, and only about a quarter of the children in them go on to high school. But there is agitation, a continual drive to bring the schools up to date, to pay the lay teachers better, to enforce attendance, to get more scientific training. If there were no pressure from without, if government never found the authority of the Church useful in keeping order, French Canadians would have seen to it before this that their Church was a religious and not a political body.

UNTIL the war, this pressure was felt mostly from English Canada, and resistance was expressed as anti-imperialism. It showed itself in opposition to conscription for overseas service, in resentment against discrimination in civil service and industry, in strikes for higher wages in English-owned plants. When a Quebec textile town goes out on strike, grandmas and babies take to the picket line. It is a community affair, and it is always against *les Anglais*. In industry, the excuse has long been made that French Canadian education, especially that of the classical colleges, fitted a man only to be a priest, a lawyer, or a notary, and that its authoritarianism left him without initiative. There is plenty of truth in that. But all too often, when a young man has surmounted those hurdles, he still finds himself passed over for promotion. The other day a youth whose name is as French as Gagnon, but whose engineering education and speech are



English, was frankly told by the manager of his firm that his name was his chief hindrance.

Americans have largely escaped the ill-will that such incidents engender. Even when they deal directly with French Canadian workers, and not, as usually, through English Canadian foremen, they lack the conqueror's guilt-fear complex that so bedevils English-French-Canadian relations. Within the past two years an English-Canadian business man who employs some forty French workmen remarked, "Well, after all, we conquered 'em, didn't we? They're all right if you know how to handle 'em."

One overhears women in a streetcar talking: "She could have got an apartment down on St. Louis Square, but my dear, only French people live there."

Those are mild examples compared to what went on during the 1944 drive to impose conscription, when the latent antagonism on both sides boiled up.

### III

**A**MERICANS do not step on such tender corns; they hardly know they exist. Americans have been thought of by Quebec simply as tourists. Ten million of them a year; a source of riches; spending and spending, demanding luxuries and service, refusing to speak or understand French, but good-natured, carelessly generous.

In some districts their impact has meant a social upheaval. The fifty-mile-wide strip of the Laurentians, north of Montreal, where the skiing craze has brought in more gold than ever came out of Val d'Or, is transformed. Boys who learned to ski on barrel-staves are instructors, lords of creation during the season, petted and flattered by pretty women, lavishly tipped by their husbands. Girls as waitresses see more money—and more drinking—in a week than their mothers saw in a lifetime. These places are known as the "corrupted" villages. The authority of the curé is no longer supreme. Even down the river, in the oldest parishes, it is impossible to keep the girls out of modern styles. They see too much of the world these days.

America has also been to many homes that magic land where Oncle Pierre went to work in the mills, and from which he came back in a car. The Mayor of Woonsocket, born

near St. Hyacinthe, returned for a visit not long ago. He boasted, not of the missions his town had sent to Africa or the fine church it was building, but of the hot lunches served to every child in school and the new sewage system. America had got him.

Americans may irritate French Canadians by talking too loudly in restaurants about Quebec's backwardness, whose causes they do not know; female ones are apt to gush too fluently over its quaintness; but on the whole they have left behind a feeling of friendliness. They enrage the intellectual, embedded in history, when they talk of French Canadians as if they were an immigrant group. He feels himself a North American, whose ancestors were ensconced on the St. Lawrence before a Pilgrim ever set toe to Plymouth Rock. He cannot comprehend how his neighbor can be so ignorant of the world's past, so gluttonous of its present; still, he makes him welcome.

**B**UT since 1940, this careless tourist image of the American in French Canadian eyes has begun to blur. The background of the change is the shift in industrial control. Not only have American buyers taken over much of the stock in English-owned concerns, but former American holdings such as the aluminum and power plants on the Saguenay have been vastly expanded. Hundreds of new firms have been set up. American investment has poured into Quebec.

French Canadians have never owned even fifteen per cent of the industry of their province. Even when they have money, they tend to put it into real estate, not industry. They are the professional men, the small landlords, the shopkeepers—or the hired help. The production of consumer goods is largely in English Canadian hands: textiles (though Courtauld's has fallen to American Viscose), furniture, sugar, flour. Clothing is a Jewish business. The control of the Canadian Pacific Railway and of the Hudson's Bay Company is still held in England; Montreal nationalist papers have been demanding that the government take over the CPR to pay for the grain sent during the war. But the heavy industries that grew so fast in the war years are all American-owned: aluminum and power, asbestos, aircraft (even the crown company, Canadair), trucks, electrical goods, much of the news-

print. C.I.L., the big chemical firm which expanded into munitions, is 40 per cent Imperial Chemicals and 40 per cent du Pont. If a Quebec dealer wants to buy chlorate of potash for making matches, which comes from Buckingham, P.Q., he must order from the office in the United States. The big electrical and automobile companies are mostly subsidiaries of American ones and can sell only in the territories allotted them. Dividends are transmitted in U. S. funds, which adds to Canadian financial difficulties. Now the iron of Ungava, the greatest untouched deposit on the continent, is to feed American mills and be shipped in American bottoms.

Signs of perturbation are not lacking. In April, *Relations*, Jesuit monthly of Montreal, published an article on silicosis in a small mill, pointing out that it was owned by the same group which is joined with Hanna to open up Ungava, and mentioned their connection with Rockefeller, Morgan, and du Pont. "The American people has succeeded in exercising a certain control over these industrialists, who at present treat their workers more humanely than formerly, but here in Quebec, associated with the Timmins group, they will know no restraint." It fears there will not be enough French Canadian workmen, and so "foreigners," that recurrent nightmare of the nationalist, will be brought in. It argues that if the province does not take charge of the development of its own resources, "it will suffer a fate worse than the conquest." In July, *Relations*, with a new editor, recanted: "We do not believe there is cause for alarm over the exploitation of Ungava." The nationalist press, however, has continued the earlier line.

*Notre Temps*, the leading cultural weekly, which closely follows Vatican policy, published a bitter critique of *Sélections*, the new French Canadian edition of the *Reader's Digest*, calling it State Department bait (*hameçon*), and urging people to buy instead "our own" magazines. *Le Devoir*, considered the semi-official organ of the Archbishop of Montreal, and one of the most influential dailies in the province because of its circulation among the clergy, has no mind to see Canada drawn into war with Russia by American policy. "Communism or no, Russia has a right to feel itself threatened by the atomic bomb. When one cleans one's brain

of the massive propaganda that poisons public opinion, one realizes that American imperialism, proud and vengeful, is as immediate a threat to peace as Muscovite imperialism."

All these nationalists consider Louis St.-Laurent, formerly Minister for External Affairs and now successor to Prime Minister Mackenzie King, an *Anglicisé*, a man who forgets his own people. At times their animosity to the "centralizers" in Ottawa becomes stronger than their anti-communism. So the violently anti-communist *Montréal-Matin*, Premier Duplessis' organ, says of St.-Laurent, "He has directly provoked Russia, accusing it of all the crimes." There is plenty more of this kind of comment, which could easily have been written by Henry Wallace. He, however, would hardly agree with the remedy for all political ills which these men advocate—the corporate state, modeled on that of Mussolini and Salazar.

In the field of labor, fear of foreign owners accounts for the growing willingness of the Catholic Syndicates to co-operate with the international unions, *i.e.* the Trades and Labor Council which includes AF of L unions, and the Canadian Congress of Labor, made up of CIO and independents. Twice lately the heads of all three have signed a united protest against acts of the Duplessis government. Once they succeeded in stopping repressive legislation; another time they found fault with the conduct of an AF of L organizer's trial. In the past there have been accusations of company unionism against the Syndicates, owing to the willingness of employers to deal with them rather than with the Internationals, and of atheism and communism against the latter. Only about a fifth of Quebec workers are organized at all.

**I**N A town such as Baie Comeau, which makes newsprint for the Chicago *Tribune*, the influence of the American company hits the French Canadian family directly. Sixty miles from any other town, with no railroad, Baie Comeau depends in summer on the little steamers of the lower St. Lawrence, or a bus over a dirt road, in winter on the snowmobile, and the year round on the airplane. Set on the edge of the Quebec wilderness, it looks like a New Jersey suburb, endowed with a backdrop of far blue mountains and a great river at its



front door. The enormous mill crowds the town. The winding tree-planted streets show no trace of French architecture, neither the steep roofs and dormers of colonial days nor the outside stairways of Montreal. The little brick library, the two schools, separate according to law, would be quite at home in New England. The drugstore sells *Time* and *Life*, the Sunday papers from Boston and New York; it has a thirty-foot soda fountain serving sandwiches and sundaes. The comfortable little hotel sets forth lettuce salads and roast beef, not *soupe aux pois* and *tourtières*. The church is almost inconspicuous on the edge of town; it is the mill that dominates here. Only the Hudson's Bay store reminds the eye that this is Canada. Yet the population of this forest town speaks French. They came from lumber camps and subsistence farms, to sanitation and the foreign boss. Another generation will show if the regimentation of the company town can rob them of their national consciousness.

In the past two years the League of Decency, a section of Catholic Action, has subjected Quebec to a campaign against immodesty which is in part a reaction against American standards in advertising and daily living, typified by the two-piece bathing-suit. It has put clothes on infants in streetcar ads who in Toronto were cheerfully bare; it has draped the billboard ladies from neck to knee; banished the store-window mannequins who dared display a brassière or a panty, berated the sweater girls, and put a wide white strip across the breasts of a Bonnard nude in Carrefour. This extreme disapproval of the human body, which until recently required that little girls in convent schools must bathe with nightgowns on, is ascribed by some to "jansenism." Perhaps the influence of Port Royal has lasted so many years; more likely such efforts are due to the need of the clergy to control a lusty frontier people under conditions of hardship and feudal oppression, carried over into an industrial age. None the less, the cult of freedom for the body under the summer sun makes new converts every year, in spite of stringent regulations on every beach. Ordinary folk are certainly not puritanical. Brides and grooms wed at early mass are sped on their way by jests that would bring a blush to a Minsky habitué, while the curé chuckles benignly.

#### IV

AMERICA's best gift to French Canada has been in the field of medicine, surgery, sanitation, public health. Before 1940 doctors usually went from Quebec to France for their advanced training. French medicine was in decline; they learned of new discoveries in the United States or the U.S.S.R. at a late second hand. Nowadays they go to Johns Hopkins and the rest; the province benefits. The University of Montreal does research on aging, on rheumatism, cancer, allergies. The public health service in Montreal, by hard work on its baby clinics, campaigns for inoculation against diphtheria, and use of the BCG vaccine against tuberculosis, has in ten years brought the infant mortality down from 90 to 54, which, considering the desperate housing situation, is a creditable record. The capital has a scandalous rate over 100; anyone who has seen the stinking streets under the cliff of Quebec's Upper Town knows why. Few doctors who have to support a family can afford to practice in the country; the midwife and the bonesetter are the main dependence there, or the herb tea and the caterpillar tied around the neck till it dries up. County health units do much, but they are overworked and inadequate in staff. When the country folk surge into the cities to factory work, as the majority have, they encounter industrial medicine. At first distrustful, they learn to demand better care and to lose their fear of hospitals.

The movies, the comics (now excluded under the dollar-saving plan), and the picture magazines are the obvious channels for the Americanization of the language. Canadian French has long been corrupted by English. It absorbs new American expressions every day. Sentences are stuffed full of English words, spoken with French accent and equipped with French endings. One hears phrases like, *Je feel pas comme ça, j'ai jompé ma job, ces gars-là n'étaient pas smart, mon char s'est stucké*. One simply does not notice them. They are spoken as French and heard as French. Words change meaning: *franchise* now means the right to vote, not frankness or freedom. Words that concern machinery are usually American: *washer, engin, valve*,

*brakes*. Some expressions are direct translations: *marchandises sèches* for dry goods. Cash has replaced *argent comptant*. In some villages potatoes are known as *yurlyroses*, for a popular strain. Victor Barbeau comments, "Our language reflects our social conditions. All enterprises belong to *les Anglais*." (*Les Anglais* includes English Canadians.)

There are contrary currents. In sports, when French Canadians have taken them to their hearts and been successful, they have made the vocabulary French. Batters and pitchers are *frappeurs* and *lanceurs*. A base hit is a *coup sur*, right field *champ de droit*. In hockey, where *les Canadiens* are the most picturesque and often the winning team, not much but the name is English among Montreal fans. A puck is a *rondelle*, the goal-keeper is *gardien des buts*, the forwards *les avants*, though outside Quebec officials and spectators are English-speaking.

Much hard work goes into guarding the language. *Le Société du bon parler français* holds meetings, sends out lecturers. Curés constantly urge their flocks to speak French no matter how well they know English, and to speak it well. The new Archbishop of Quebec, Monsignor Roy, told an Alberta audience this spring, "When one sees that a language has been a rampart and a safeguard for faith, one has no right to let it die. You are not an isolated people because you keep your language. On the contrary, you share a great culture, which puts you in communication with many men."

THE radio is one of the most vigorous manifestations of French tenacity. A license has just been granted to a new French station in the West, won against great opposition and after several refusals from the CBC. Premier Duplessis promised a provincial network in his election campaign. With the increased cash income which the war brought farmers and munitions workers, many families now have receivers. The serials over the French stations are noticeably higher in literary value than the English soap operas, since they come from the province directly and are written for a homogeneous audience, acquainted with performers and authors. *Curé du Village*, by Robert Choquette, one of Canada's best poets, is a classic. *Un Homme et son Pêché*, written by the

mayor of a Laurentian town, is a string of earthy, everyday episodes which have made the name of Serafin a synonym for stinginess. It will soon appear as a movie.

The arts of French Canada are among its weapons. The drama groups, of which the most famous is *Les Compagnons de St. Laurent*, are an integrating force. Any theater would be proud of their productions, both classic and modern. There is a beginning French Canadian theater producing its own plays, drawn from its own soil.

By far the best writing done in Canada is in French, free from the colonial deference that sterilizes writing in English. Such novels as *Thirty Arpents*, *The Tin Flute*, *The Town Below* have none of the sentimentality of Maria Chapdelaine and the others which have been turned out to picture the return to the soil as the salvation of the French Canadian. They show real people, not the gay children dependent on the curé, which the phrase "French Canadian mentality" calls up. Quebec is not gay; it is somber. The vitality of the people bursts out in their songs and dances, in their flashing wit, but they are often sullen, and their arts are serious. The attitude of certain visiting authors, as well as of a few of their own intellectuals, toward the *habitant*, has been like that of the conventional Southerner to the Negro: "They're the only really happy people." Now French Canada speaks for itself, and not of happiness, unless by chance.

During the war, Montreal was a center of French publishing. Now that Paris has regained its pre-eminence, Montreal firms are finding it hard to meet the competition, under the restrictions which the Church imposes. They will have to have greater freedom to print controversial books, and some of them are taking it. A hot argument breaks out occasionally across the Atlantic between French writers who reproach Quebec for its partisonship of Vichy, and Canadian ones who retort that Quebec can manage its own affairs and make up its mind without help. At least Quebec is no longer ignored in a secluded corner of the world.

There are fine painters there, better known in Paris than New York. Quebec spends far more than the other provinces to foster art scholarships to France and Mexico and Brazil, schools of fine arts, of arts and trades,



of graphic arts. In music there are good performers and eager audiences, though the devotion to folk songs and ecclesiastical music has limited the development of original composers.

**F**REEDOM from color prejudice has long been a virtue of the French Canadian, but here American influence does harm. When a few years ago the big Canadian Pacific hotel in Quebec closed its dining room to Negroes lest its American guests be offended, the doctor who was the first sufferer received dozens of calls from Quebec people, inviting him to their homes. East Indians have been made especially welcome by some Montrealers, out of sympathy with their struggle for freedom. Unfortunately so far as the hotels are concerned, the American pattern has become widely accepted and protests have stopped.

Anti-Semitism, in French Canada, is a political device, whereby the small storekeeper is encouraged to work off his antagonism on his Jewish competitor rather than on his political bosses. It brings appalling consequences in arson and violence among frustrated, unbalanced youths. None the less the individual Jew who settles in village or city neighborhood, the student at the University of Montreal, finds little discourtesy and often much friendliness. The neighbors of an old Jewish widow in Montreal stared last winter to see a young Dominican priest in his white robes, turning to bless her home as he left her door. He was the son of an old friend in the village where she used to live, come to bring her greetings from his mother as a matter of course.

The struggle which goes on in Quebec to raise its standard of living, to better the lot of its children, within its own framework of custom and language, is important to all the Americas. Most of its leaders see the hope of the future in a Republic of Canada, a binational state where French Canadians have equality and Canada a genuine nationality. They search for common ground with the socialist Canadian Commonwealth Federation

and with groups in other parties. Only the few fanatics want a separate French Catholic Laurentia. Nationalists write, "It is not important to have a French Canadian prime minister. What is important is to have a *Canadian* prime minister." The Luce proposal for a customs union was strongly opposed by Quebec journals, and elsewhere by those who cling to the British connection. Liberals were non-committal. Quebec thinks such a move would be the end of Canada as a nation, and of French Canada to boot.

**I**F THE time ever comes when French is no longer heard along the St. Lawrence, it will be a sad day for all North America. The same stubbornness that has carried French Canada through four hundred years should see it through the present dangers. Premier Duplessis has given Quebec its own flag, the *fleurdelisé*, adapted from the blue emblem with white fleur de lys that the nationalist St. Jean Baptiste Society has long displayed. He is criticised by French Canadians for not having chosen a design that all Canada could someday make its own. St. Jean Baptiste is French Canada's patron saint; his day in June is Quebec's national holiday, and likely to remain so. The excesses of this nationalism are absurd and dangerous, but its basis is a love for land and culture that all French Canadians share.

Industrialization in Quebec was inevitable. Unhappily it came late and from an alien power. The demand of the new working class for a greater share in the wealth they produce merges with the national struggle. French Canada has its own unity. Americans can reciprocate the friendliness it has shown them by a respect for its position, a recognition of the contribution it makes to a North American civilization, not only as a transmission medium for French culture, but as a nation of itself, proud of its history and achievements. If French Canada can keep its own national life, while borrowing from its neighbors the mechanical devices and the scientific spirit which it lacks, it may show the way to a synthesis of industry and the arts.

# Art Under the Nazis

*Hellmut Lehmann-Haupt*

PAINTING and sculpture did not die in Germany under the Nazis, but they were sorely crippled. The "degenerate" artists—the abstractionists, the Dadaists, the Expressionists, and a host of other men and women who were experimenting with new forms and new brands of expression—were hunted and hounded. The Nazis confiscated their pictures and sculpture. They took away their ration cards for paint and brushes and clay.

They threw them out of their jobs in the art schools and then spied on them, as enemies of German culture, lest they perpetrate any further "degeneracies." But the artists went on working, often alone and without communication with other artists. Now finally they are coming out of their long exile, and they are bringing with them the work they have done in secret.

Several months ago in Berlin I spent an afternoon with the abstract painter Theodor Werner and his wife, and he showed me a letter from an old friend and patron of his in America. It was the first word Werner had heard from his friend since the war had ended. It was, in fact, a sort of letter of consolation. How sad it was that Werner had been kept from his painting for all these years. But the room was filled with pictures that Werner had produced since the end of the war and

of photographs of paintings he had finished while the war was still raging. Werner had lived through the war in Potsdam in a house, as it turned out, that lay in the line of heavy artillery fire during the battle of Berlin. All his wartime work went up in flames, except for some photographs of his paintings. But secretly he had been able to carry on.

Some of Werner's colleagues had not been so lucky. The better known a "degenerate" artist was, the more rigidly the Nazis controlled him. Karl Schmidt-Rotluff for instance, one of the grand old men of German Expressionism, was the victim of a complete *Arbeitsverbot*, a rigidly-enforced work prohibition. Every week a policeman made an unannounced visit to his studio to see if he was not secretly painting. The Propaganda Ministry even sent stool-pigeons who posed as would-be portrait clients to tempt him into a compromising commitment. Nevertheless, he evaded them and continued to paint, as did Carl Hofer, Willy Baumeister, Oskar Moll, and hundreds of others whom the Nazis regarded with a suspicion that bordered on hysteria.

Why, one wonders, should a powerful political machine have been so exercised about a group of artists—many of them unconcerned with comment on the social scene? What, indeed, was all the fuss about?

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THE Nazis were shrewd enough to realize the hitherto-unused potentialities of art as a social weapon in Germany. They set about to build up and mobilize bourgeois pride in German culture and in racial superiority, and they played upon the cultural resentment of the underprivileged. Traditionally there had been a wide gap between the intellectual leaders and all other social groups. They tried to close this gap. They drew on the scientists, the scholars, and the artists in an effort to break down the isolationism of the men and women of culture, which, as a matter of fact, had aided the Nazis in their rise to power. They needed them to help in the establishment of the myths of Nazism.

Just how far they went, few of us realized until we arrived in Germany after the Nazis had been defeated. Hitler himself, of course, had considerable artistic ambition, and even his most confirmed opponents will have to admit that he did not altogether lack ability. The concept of the frustrated housepainter is not entirely accurate. An admiring printing firm reproduced a portfolio of his watercolors as a holiday tribute; they were not nearly so bad as one would have imagined or hoped. He had drawn farms and fences and some old medieval townhouses with a dry and pedantic aptitude which betrayed at least a technical understanding of the structures he had selected. The outstanding characteristic of his work was a competent mediocrity.

He displayed a philistine connoisseurship of architecture and took an active part in planning the official buildings that were constructed to glorify the regime. It is impossible to say now whether or not the outcome really satisfied his own personal taste. It is more probable that he professed to like what he thought was good for the Party. Behind the lavish Nazi building program one senses an overwhelming desire for security and prestige, which took the architectural form of insistence on authoritative neo-classicism. The outside world had expected something quite different, something more obviously Teutonic, possibly with some romantic or pseudo-medieval trimmings. The Hitler buildings were a cut above that; but to live and work around these buildings, as some of us had to after the war, was to feel their emptiness and the brutality of the minds that devised them.

He was not satisfied to confine his interest and influence to architecture. The most revealing statement of his ideas about art is in a nine-thousand-word speech on the meaning of culture that he delivered at the 1937 Party Congress in Nuremberg. Like the rest of his writing, it was studded with half-truths and contradictions, as trivial and pedestrian as his own art—but it was the Führer who had spoken. Huge applause greeted his statement that 95 per cent of the national treasure of a people consisted of its cultural achievements and only 5 per cent of “the so-called purely material assets.” Picture, if you can, this kind of thing happening anywhere but in Germany. Imagine the chairman of the Republican National Committee delivering an hour-long address on art at a party convention.

## II

HITLER knew what he was doing. He was not playing up art for art's sake, but exploiting its potential power to make and sway opinion. The Nazi art policy was vigorous and definite in both its positive and negative aspects; it fostered certain kinds of art and condemned all others. On the positive side, as Hitler saw it, was the demand for a national art understandable to everyone and nourished by race consciousness. The need to make art intelligible at the lowest educational level resulted in a demand for a narrow photographic realism. In the Nazi mind a strict insistence on a new brand of pseudo-classicism in painting, architecture, and sculpture was essential to give art an air of authority.

Artists were required to be members of the *Reichskammer der Bildenden Künste* (Reichs-chamber of Art) in order that they could be closely controlled. An elaborate system of awards was developed for those artists who toed the line—their pictures were hung in the annual exhibition at the *Haus der Deutschen Kunst* in Munich; they were awarded professorships and titles, lucrative commissions, and liberal allowances of scarce materials.

Sculptors were especially favored. Josef Thorak, for instance, was provided with an official studio by the state, and war-vital bronze was liberally doled out to Arno Breker, who gave the Führer and the Party exactly what they wanted. What they wanted



was a three-dimensional realization in hard metal of the youthful, heroic superman, with unmistakably Nordic features, acting out the mythology of struggle, victory, sacrifice, and glorification with his immaculate classical body. That was the formula, and Breker, who was a really talented sculptor, matched it to a T. When last heard from Breker was hopefully struggling to get himself "denazified" somewhere in Bavaria.

The Party leaders were not satisfied with calling the tune for contemporary art. With characteristic thoroughness they set out to correct and rewrite history. Since they had made much of believing in art, they felt called upon to demonstrate the superiority of the Germanic contribution to art history. The story of how Hitler dreamed of a super-museum of German art in Linz and how he hoarded treasures for this purpose is fairly familiar. But another gigantic effort made by him and his experts that reached out to the very roots of Western culture has so far remained unnoticed.

Himmler, the supreme chief of the SS, put forty university deans, professors, and Ph.D.'s on his SS payroll and ordered them to propagate the glory of prehistoric German art. They were told to excavate, steal from the museums of occupied territories, write up and publish every item that bespoke the presence and the achievements of Germanic tribes anywhere in Europe. Roman, Celtic, and Slavonic remains were to be suppressed. The organization (called the *Ahnenerbe*, or "Heritage of the Ancestors") operated with unlimited funds through the channels of nearly forty research institutes. It sent an expedition as far afield as Tibet; it collected folk songs from the Tyrol, and even hoarded the skulls of concentration camp victims that happened to be needed as anthropological specimens.

"A people lives happily in its present and in its future so long as it is conscious of its past and the greatness of its ancestors." This was Himmler's slogan for the *Ahnenerbe*.

The negative side of the Nazi art program was still more important. The real motive behind its policies was fear. The Party insisted that paintings elucidate harmless objects and depict innocuous and comfortable situations. They needed dull acquiescence from a public which could not be allowed to question their

motives or methods, and they looked with the darkest suspicion on all creative manifestations which did not reflect the well-being of a seemingly unshaken society. They feared all art which tasted of danger; they feared German Expressionism and the offsprings of its crossbreeding with the international movements of cubism, abstractionism, and surrealist symbolism. "Impertinent attacks on our culture and our national art treasure, promoted by a number of swindlers motivated purely by political, propagandistic motives"—those were the words with which Hitler characterized modern art.

ONE of the most progressive museums in Germany had been the *Städtische Kunsthalle* in Mannheim, which, since it is on the left bank of the Rhine, was very much open to Western influences. As early as 1933 this institution had been selected by the Party as an especially vulnerable target for an attack. Its policies and its collections were ripe for investigation.

On July 8, 1937, quite without warning, Professor Adolf Ziegler arrived at the Kunsthalle with two assistants, and brandished a piece of paper with Goebbels's signature on it. Professor Ziegler, a painter known to the opposite faction as "The Master of the Pubic Hair" for his meticulously detailed nudes, was Nazidom's number one artist and the president of the *Reichskammer der Bildenden Künste*. He was authorized by a special order from the Führer to "secure" all paintings and sculptures of "degenerate" German art since 1910 which were in the possession of the Reich, and of any of its Länder or individual municipalities.

The confiscated items were to be shipped to Munich for an exhibition at which examples of "degenerate" art would be hung as warnings, alongside specimens of the "true work of the master race." The party operators collected paintings, sculptures, and drawings by such men as Wilhelm Lehmbruck, Franz Marc, Max Beckman, Carl Hofer, George Grosz, and Willy Baumeister, and also by foreigners like André Derain, Edvard Munch, Alexander Archipenko, and Marc Chagall. The operation was nation-wide and wholesale. Sixteen thousand works of art—paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints—by nearly fourteen hundred different artists were gath-



cred up. Complete and final destruction of a whole culture was the intention.

No official definition of "degenerate art" was ever enunciated by the regime, but certain principles of selection are easy to recognize from the kinds of work that were condemned. The Nazis swept up the drawings and paintings of Jewish artists and any works depicting Jewish subject matter; they took any paintings that betrayed pacifist sentiments and any war art not in line with the officially prescribed heroic spirit (they took Otto Dix, for instance); and they gathered in expressions of socialist or Marxist doctrines; works showing "inferior racial types," like the Barlach creatures or Otto Mueller's gypsies; all German expressionist painting and sculpture including the work of their old party member Emil Nolde; abstract art, especially that done by the men who had been connected with the Bauhaus.

The exhibition of "degenerate art" opened in Munich in the summer of 1937 and was still open when the Führer delivered his lecture on art at the Nuremberg Party Conference that year.

Every possible trick was used to pillory the paintings. They were hung without frames, closely jammed together to make a clutter, and the labels that were appended to them were of such a slanderous nature that even the Führer ordered some of them changed after he had completed his own preview. The exhibition attracted huge crowds, not only party members and masses of the curious and the casual, but also large groups of friends of modern art who could do no more than pass through the halls in utter silence with faces of stone.

Professor Ziegler and his committee worked on a generous scale. They amassed more than a hundred works by the sculptor Lehmbruck; between two and three hundred examples each of Dix, Grosz, and Corinth; between three and four hundred by Hofer, Pechstein, Barlach, Feininger, and Otto Mueller; more than four hundred Kokoschkas, five hundred Beckmanns, six hundred Schmidt-Rotluffs and Kirchners, seven hundred Heckels, and more than a thousand Noldes. In addition they garnered the works of some foreign artists—paintings by Cézanne, Picasso, Matisse, Gauguin, van Gogh, Braque, Pissarro, Dufy, de Chirico, and Max Ernst.

The museums in western Germany suffered the heaviest losses. The Folkwang Museum in Essen, the Municipal Collection in Düsseldorf, and the Hamburg Kunsthalle each lost more than nine hundred works of art. The National Gallery in Berlin, the Berlin Print Cabinet, and the museums in Frankfurt and Breslau each lost from five hundred to six hundred works.

**B**UT the Nazis had other motives beside the protection of German culture against "the poisoning influence upon public opinion" of this type of art. On May 31, 1938, some months after the collecting had been completed, a law was passed over the signatures of Hitler and Goebbels legalizing the seizures and making provisions for the further exploitation of the booty. They disposed of their loot with exactly the same cold-blooded calculation with which they utilized the gold fillings from the teeth and the ashes from the bones of their gas-chamber victims.

All items of international value were sold outside of Germany, and a final report was made to the Führer by the Propaganda Ministry. It is possible that the figures were tampered with to conceal profiteering, but according to the report they netted more than 10,000 pounds, nearly 45,000 dollars, and about 8,000 Swiss francs. A major portion of the confiscated art was sold in Switzerland at a public auction held in the Theodor Fischer Gallery in Lucerne on June 30, 1939. Some of the proceeds were used to buy what the Party considered desirable examples of German national art for the Linz Museum—most of them nineteenth-century Romantic pictures, with a dreamy landscape by Caspar David Friedrich as the star item. Other examples of nineteenth-century German art were acquired by barter. More than thirty paintings by members of the Expressionist school, with nearly two hundred prints and sculptures thrown in for good measure, were bartered for a single painting by a man named Oehme. The "worthless" paintings, that is those that seemed to have no barter or sale value, had already been sorted out. They were burned in the spring of 1939 by the Berlin Fire Brigade.

Before the disposal of the booty had actually got under way, Goering took a look at it. His haughty eye fell with favor on some paintings

by van Gogh, Gauguin, Marc, and Munch, and he made off with them for his private collection. Unlike Hitler, who practiced his preachments about the value of German art above all other art, Goering's digestion was never upset by the "international poison" which he himself devoured in such generous helpings.

### III

**W**HAT became of the "degenerate" artists themselves, the men who were considered enemies of the state and traitors to the national cause? Many more of them survived than one would have guessed, but they survived in isolation, cut off from other artists, unable to communicate with their friends, living constantly under the threat of the concentration camp, deprived of the tools of their trade and space in which to work. They went underground. They found a few friends, a concierge here to keep an eye out for a raid from the SS, a dealer in art materials there who was willing to take risks to give them without ration cards a few paints and brushes, and sometimes a few disciples who wanted to learn. But the isolation from other painters and from any kind of appreciative public had a paralyzing effect, a damming up of the sources of creation.

After the war the stored-up energies broke loose, and Germany is now in the throes of something like an orgy of art activity. The public was more than ready to receive what the isolated artists were only too eager to pour forth. Many young men and women who had had no contact with art in any form under the Nazi regime (none, that is, except what was officially acceptable) now crowd into lecture halls to hear about modern painting; galleries (and many have sprung up since the war) are crowded. Art books are sold out the day they appear in bookshops, and art magazines in many cases were bought only on the black market. The daily press devotes an amount of space to art reporting and criticism that by our standards is almost unbelievable. Museums and city administrations vie with each other in giving exhibitions. The pro's and con's of modern art, especially of abstract art, are debated with determination and enthusiasm where a few years ago one either held to the official line or kept one's mouth shut.

**T**HE French and the Russians have been quick to recognize this vitality and in their quite different ways to do something about it. The French program has been one of positive and practical encouragement to the artists and of making available to artists information about what goes on in the art world outside Germany. The Russians have undertaken an even more aggressive and elaborate program.

The artists in all of Germany have yearned for official recognition of their role in rebuilding Germany and for material assistance to help them in that task. The Russians have provided both. The first important official exhibition of contemporary art from all four zones was held in Dresden in 1946 under Soviet sponsorship. The Soviet representatives were the first to recognize the educational importance of the German museums and the first to call for an official conference of museum directors (it was held in Dresden late in 1947.) The training of future leaders of German institutions of art, of university instruction (which is now mostly in the hands of old men) needed revitalizing. The first conference on the revision of the fine arts curriculum was held by the professors in the Soviet occupation zone.

There is vitality in the Russian program, there is no question of that. But what is its aim? Like the Nazi leaders, the Soviet leaders have a sharp awareness of the potential power of art in Germany, and there are striking parallels in their programs.

Every official or semi-official Soviet declaration about the function of art makes clear beyond doubt that it is considered valuable only as a means of political propaganda. Art, in the Soviet interpretation, has a right to exist only if it uses a language that can be understood by everyone. It must furthermore serve the regime both in the selection of subject matter and in the manner of its presentation. "The accurate picturing of the realities of life [as understood by revolutionary doctrine], illustrating the spirit of Soviet Socialism and aiming at the education of the workers in its tenets" is, according to Cyril G. E. Bunt, the author of *History of Russian Art*, the purpose of "socialist realism." It is the only kind of art permitted by the Soviet state. These principles had been stated some time ago by the Association of Artists of the



Revolution in a manifesto published as early as 1922. "It is our duty to mankind," the manifesto reads, "to perpetuate the revolution, the greatest event in history, in artistic documents. We render a pictorial representation of the present day; the life of the Red Army; the life of the workers and peasants, the leaders of the Revolution, and the heroes of labor."

The parallel with Nazi doctrines about art is obvious, though I do not intend to infer any parallels between the two philosophies which, though vastly differently, use art in exactly the same manner.

Current Soviet art, such as the painting on exhibition in the shinningly refurbished *Haus der Kultur* in the heart of devastated Berlin, bears an astonishing resemblance to the Nazi paintings in the *Haus der Deutschen Kunst* in Munich, except for the obvious differences in the themes depicted. Stylistically the paintings are a repetition of nineteenth-century photographic realism. The fact that these paintings from Russia are being shown in Berlin seems to indicate that there is no intention of separating art policies at home from those in the occupied territories. The pattern of intellectual invasion is a familiar one.

Such German art as is being created in the Russian zone sooner or later will have to conform to the demands of "socialist realism" or it will be branded by the Soviet critics as "individualistic, decadent, bourgeois, and capitalistic." It seems as though the concept of "degenerate" art were once more threatening the artists of Germany.

**A**ND what have we done to counter this? Our own position is not a particularly strong one. On the whole we have had a tendency to underrate the importance of art in our zone of occupation. Literature, music, theater, and radio have been the concern of our Information Control Division. Educational institutions in general have been under the Education and Religious Affairs Branch, which is now a part of the Cultural Affairs Division of OMGUS. But art has up to this year been a stepchild. The Monuments, Fine Arts, and Archives Section of Military Government has been concerned only with the restitution of loot, with returning to their

rightful owners the thousands of works of art that the Nazis plundered from Occupied Europe. Its record has been a remarkable and dramatic one, but unfortunately the reorientation of German art life has not been one of its functions. A few individuals in military government and their friends as well as a few supporters in America have done what they could to fill the gap by private initiative. The sum total of their efforts is perhaps larger than they would believe. But it is not enough.

It would be a grave mistake for us or for the British Military Government to step in and try to enlist German art and artists in a propaganda campaign for democracy. That would get us exactly nowhere. How could we justify our democratic belief in the freedom of the artist to paint as he pleases if we were to require him to paint propaganda? But that does not mean that we should do nothing. There is a broad stretch of arable land between the extremes of cultural *laissez-faire* and the prostitution of art through propaganda.

We have developed in America in the past few decades many new techniques for bringing the artist and the public closer together. Our museums have become less like stone houses of inaccessible treasures and more like educational institutions participating in the life of the community. Strides have been made in our school systems in integrating art with the rest of the curriculum so that art becomes a natural heritage of many growing individuals. We have progressed far in giving the artist standing in his community as a useful member of society and not as a man apart. These are experiments and experiences that we can pass along to the Germans, but only if we are willing to put our minds on the problem seriously. Until very recently we have had no organization that could deal with this opportunity. It was no one's responsibility, and yet the dangers of allowing the artist to become, in desperation, the tool of demagogues has been painfully demonstrated under the Nazis and is being demonstrated again in the Russian zone today. Should we let our opportunity slip through our fingers through lack of perception or through inadvertence? It is a risk we can scarcely afford to take.

# Cotton-Patch Moses

*Cedric Belfrage*

Illustrations by York Cunningham

**A**CROSS the tracks at Sikeston, southeast Missouri, a car containing two white men halted in the mud craters outside the First (Negro) Baptist Church, one evening in January 1939.

Gales of uninhibited laughter swept from inside the building through the press of people about the door. The crowd parted to let in the well-dressed visitors—a reporter and a local planter. There were white faces among the black in the jammed, shabby church. The people were all tattered and gaunt, and did not seem to have much to laugh about, but all were laughing together.

Every eye was fixed on a spare, coffee-colored man of forty-six, dressed in work clothes, with a lean and furrowed face surmounted by an impressive bald cranium, who stood on the platform. He paused for an instant, one arm high in the air, to observe the visitors. Then he continued his harangue in a voice that stood in no need of a microphone.

"How many of you got notice to move?"

"Me, me!" The cries came from all over the church as hands were raised.

"How many got a place to live?"

All the hands dropped.

A big smile spread the preacher's mouth.

His voice abruptly changed key and mood.

"Well," he said, "you take a turkey or a goose—anything that flies—has to squat first. Where we goin' to go?"

Half-a-dozen people who seemed to be leaders shouted: "Sixty-one highway!" The cry was taken up from pew to pew.

"Suppose it be rainin'?" said the preacher.

"No, no, it ain't a-goin' to rain."

"Suppose it be snowin'?"

"No, no, it ain't a-goin' to snow. But we're goin' anyway!"

The preacher's grin, fixed for some moments across his face from ear to ear, suddenly vanished.

"And Moses," he intoned with sonorous gravity, "got 'em to the Red Sea and they made camp there. But here came old boss Pharaoh's ridin' bosses in their chariots. And Moses raised his hand, and the waters parted, and the children of Israel walked across on dry land. . . . We're gonna make an exodus likewise! It's history repeatin' itself in 1939!"

"That's preachin'!"

"Amen!"

"I mean!"

"Now remember, all you sharecroppers, we must obey the law. People maybe gonna see what we're up against. Maybe we'll get

*Cedric Belfrage, the British journalist who wrote "The German Who Should Have Been Dead," in our July issue, has since become editor of a new American newsweekly, the National Guardian.*





our names in the papers for somethin' else than stealin' hogs and corn. And don't let anyone say we're tryin' to cause trouble. Seems to be almost a criminal offense to wake people up so they'll take group action. That's why I left my store-bought clothes home and wore these—I may have to crawl in a log 'most anytime."

Before they dispersed, the preacher led the people in a hymn:

I know the Lord has heard my cry,  
And pitied every groan.  
Long as I live, when trouble 'rives,  
I'll hasten to His throne.

Strolling back to their car, the planter said to the reporter:

"That's the finest damned oratory I ever heard."

The bald-headed preacher caught up with them. "Mr. Snow," he said, "remember what you said to me—'You'll never get those damn peckerwoods to follow your lead?' Well, maybe they don't think so much of me as a leader, but you see the way it is: they ain't got no 'ternative. They're goin' out—white and black together!"

The reporter pleaded for release from a promise not to print the story. When the car was already moving the preacher called out, relenting with a huge grin:

"Mr. Sam! All right, Mr. Sam! You print that story if you want! Won't nobody believe it anyhow!"

SAM ARMSTRONG printed it—in next day's *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*—and nobody did. Three days later nearly two-thousand people were established in roadside camps, each with its own "marshal" to direct activities, stretching for a hundred miles along Highways 60 and 61: men, women, and children, black and white, singing hymns lustily to banjos and violins between piles of junk that were their worldly possessions—corn-shuck mattresses, battered pots and pans, wire coops of chickens, relics of iron cook-stoves; pouring coffee for each other around the camp fires and calling each other "Sister Almeida" and "Brother Otis." "I didn't think it would ever happen," gasped the publisher of the *Sikeston Standard*; "this condition is appalling. These people must have shelter."

From all over the nation reporters took off for the Missouri Bootheel to see what it was all about. Sightseers, swarming in their wake, were astonished by the character of the demonstration and the cotton-belt living standards which were suddenly dumped in a display window. Even for travelers using these highways regularly it was a revelation of conditions existing a mile away, down the back-country dirt roads where "nobody very seldom meets anybody." Yet the people were cheerful; there was not a sign of anger, let alone violence.

Snow fell. The quilts strung up over poles for shelter sagged under cakes of ice. A Negro

woman camping out with her family of nine said to a sympathetic motorist: "You don' understand—we been livin' outdoors for years. We're in just as good shape out here as where we was livin'."

There was no doubt, according to the resolution of a Charleston citizens' meeting, that "unscrupulous and scheming agitators" were behind "this damnable scheme." To the sheriff of New Madrid County it was "a messy old piece of business." His men were scouring the countryside for the bald-headed Negro, Reverend Owen H. Whitfield. Outside corner drugstores, hysterical characters were getting up lynch parties.

The victim was not to be found. He was in St. Louis, directing the demonstration by remote control and, at the same time, mobilizing friendly forces to follow up on the headlines it had brought to the sharecroppers' grievances.

## II

**T**HE Sharecropper Strike of 1939, as it was called, is one of the most significant and—because war came soon afterward—most neglected events of recent American labor history.

It was not really a strike. The people had been evicted from "homes" to which they had no rights either as owners or as renters, and had no one to strike against. They simply decided that their government and fellow-citizens should know how one group of Amer-

icans lived; they would go to the highway and demonstrate it. The object, to be crude about it, was to get publicity. They got the publicity and the publicity brought results.

The background may be briefly recapitulated. Under the AAA, landlords, tenants, and sharecroppers were to be compensated according to their crop-share for taking land out of cotton production. The ill-written law left a loophole for planters to collect sharecroppers' payments simply by evicting them.

January evictions of sharecroppers had long been part of the scenery in the cottonlands, and had always been carried out with a notable lack of racial discrimination. By 1939 people were being evicted wholesale; hundreds of white and black families in southeast Missouri alone were being reminded that they, who raised the cotton that brought wealth to the section, were there only on sufferance. But nobody believed that whites and blacks could be brought together to protest or resist.

One man in the Missouri Bootheel had believed for years that, when conditions were propitious, it could be done. He was a descendant of slaves, a sharecropper and son of a sharecropper; a man whose whole life pattern consisted of grim poverty, of perpetual—and more or less furtive—motion from one plantation to another, from one leaky shack to another just like it, in fear of the present and pitiful hope for the future.

If any sharecroppers could better their condition and achieve a measure of security, Owen Whitfield and his wife Zella (whom he married when he was a minstrel tap-dancer, she a sharecropper's daughter of thirteen) could have done it. They were ambitious, tireless workers and self-educators, and had a deep trust that God would not let their exertions be in vain. Their sense of their own dignity and worth was combined with shrewd wisdom in the ways of Dixie.

As migrants to the Missouri Bootheel when the cotton boom began there, they believed they had left behind not only the boll-weevil but also the "bale-weevil"—the I-am-the-law planter of Dixie who, as the sharecroppers say, takes from the cropper everything the boll-weevil leaves.

Zella had her sixth baby just after they settled in Missouri—remaining nine days out of the fields for the purpose. This was a regu-





lar event every eighteen months. Owen, ambitious to be the boss's "head working nigger," got up each day before dawn, hiding the light in his cabin so the others would not see how zealous he was. He sat in the dark field until he could see the cotton rows, then started work with the mule team, setting himself a goal of ninety rows a day. By 6:30 Zella was out with the children and the new baby which they slung from a tree-branch in a cotton-sack bag to keep it from the insects. The older children brought water to the field and looked after the younger ones. On Saturdays Zella took "time off" to do the family washing.

On their forty acres they produced fifty-two bales that year. But Missouri planters quickly picked up the bad old ways with sharecroppers, from "rarin' back" Dixie planters who had also joined the northward rush; and Owen received less than a quarter of the money owed him. It was not long before the family was again in flight, with a seventh child on the way. In Illinois Owen struggled to support the family by working on levee construction, but he had to return to sharecropping in which all but the youngest children could help. Twice the family was flooded out, and, when they finally got a few dollars ahead, their economy was jerked back to zero minus by funeral and doctor bills for two of the children who died, one of bronchial pneumonia, one of malarial fever.

O WEN was now a preacher: on Sundays he donned his \$1.98 pants to pastor for the people with whom he worked all week. He believed that the bosses who cheated him would burn in the lake that burneth for ever and ever, and preached about what the Lord would do in Heaven for people who trusted Him.

Yet the enticements of the next world compensated less and less for the family's earthly wretchedness. They were now sleeping four to a bed, two at each end. Babies continued to come and Zella worked in the fields until the pains started, then gave birth in a welter and din of children ranging from seventeen downward. Many a night Owen knelt down to say his prayers and Zella would have to wake him up.

One day Owen said he was going to "put God on the spot." He went out in the field; a snake slithered by and he said to himself:



"That snake's freer than I am—he can go across any planter's field." He sat on the plow with his Bible, fixed his gaze on the sky and told God He hadn't come through.

"You said the righteous and them that preached the Gospel would never go hungry," he said. "But I done worked, behaved my self, kept Your precepts—and those that haven't is gettin' along much better."

He seemed to hear a voice inside of himself speaking, "like the common-sense part of me," as he describes it. The voice said:

"But you ain't been preachin' the Gospel—just makin' a noise. I bless you with enough product to fill many barns. Somebody's gettin' it. If you ain't, that's your fault, not Mine."

This revelation in a cotton-patch changed Owen Whitfield's life. He stopped "whoopin' and hollerin' at God" and "just gettin' the people ready to die." He stopped looking up when he prayed, because he had "learned that God is as close to you as you are to your brother and sister." He proclaimed that "anyone can tell you about Heaven and can't tell you how to get a loaf of bread here—he's a liar." He stopped preaching sermons and went to preaching the Gospel. "A sermon," he decided, "sends you home happy. The Gospel sends you home mad." He even stopped farming because he figured he had more important work to do. The older boys took it over and he went out preaching the Gospel of active brotherhood, for and with the first sharecroppers' union that had just been born in Arkansas. "I was just full of dynamite," he says, "from head to foot."

And during his pilgrimages for the union—to awaken the widely-scattered sharecroppers to their grievances under the law so they could unite to correct them—he met, more or less by chance, the most remarkable planter in Missouri.

### III

**T**HAD SNOW'S thousand-acre plantation a few miles east of Charleston on Highway 60 where the 1939 demonstration took place, is said to be as rich and productive a piece of land as there is in America.

When Snow came there in 1911 from Indiana, it was uncleared swampy forest in a country where cattle-thieving was the favorite sport. But Snow, though a brilliant Ann Arbor graduate with many an urban opening for his talent, had the muscle and dreams of a pioneer and wanted just that kind of a challenge. With his own hands he did the lion's share of the clearing and draining.

Through the years he won an unique place for himself in the Missouri Bootheel. He was "queer" by planter standards because he subscribed to multitudinous periodicals, read books on economics and philosophy, and wrote whimsical literary pieces for the St. Louis papers. But he was also the most pious and unerring disciple of Nimrod in the district, a powerful specimen physically, a successful innovator in every branch of scientific farming, a master-hand at milking a cow, a leader in the fight for farmer legislation and better roads, and the possessor of a wit as

gentle in delivery as it was devastating in effect. Thad Snow was and is, in short, quite a man.

Toward Negroes, Snow's attitude was paternalistic—with the difference that his paternalism was one of works rather than of words. Sharecroppers who came to his place remained there to die of old age. But as a collector of dynamic "characters" in all walks of life, he was intrigued by Whitfield more than he had ever been by a Negro. After the first meeting he wrote an article about "this dusky, bald-headed, and enthusiastic sharecropper. . . . It isn't exactly cricket for a planter to listen at length to a cropper, but I forgot my dignity."

Above all it must have been the sharecropper-preacher's wit that impressed Thad Snow. On his side, Whitfield had learned to be suspicious of white folks and to hide his thoughts from them behind a mask of humility. Snow was something new and puzzling in white bosses; but Whitfield, too, could not help being impressed by any man with a fine wit. The ice was broken when Snow told the story of his old black cow who, understanding her master's passion for clean milk, tested the wind by licking her nose and maneuvered herself to leeward so that the hair and skin-particles would be blown away from the bucket; and Whitfield told how he lost his hair by applying the lotion of a peddler who swore it would take the kinks out.

Between the planter and the sharecropper a relationship of mutual respect developed, as Whitfield stopped by at intervals of a few





months to pursue the conversation. He failed to argue Snow out of the belief that there was some good in the sharecropper system since it was an attempt to give landless men some roots in the soil. But Snow never disputed that sharecroppers were getting a raw deal. He was not against AAA but had long protested the inefficiency with which it was carried out.

Too many planters were too stupid, he said (for he favored only the worst of them with his contempt), to understand that by chiseling their field-hands they only cut their own throats in the long run. But in Washington there were highly-placed men, friends of his, who saw the errors and wanted to correct them. To get action, what was needed was that sharecroppers should do something to help themselves. It was their move.

So Whitfield outlined with religious fervor the kind of peaceful demonstration he had in mind. The religious fervor passed over Snow's head. He is not a church-going man. He is as cynical as he is kindly, believing that 99 people out of 100 who talk good deeds never do any worth mentioning—but never quite despairing that the 100th may turn up.

If he couldn't unite white "peckerwoods" with Negroes, Whitfield was wasting his time. Snow didn't believe the preacher could bring that off. But he wished him luck, shook hands, gave him a brace of ducks he had shot that morning, asked him to drop by again, and settled back on his bed to the study of Veblen's *Theory of the Leisure Class*.

#### IV

THE thirties wore on; Washington's finger in the cotton-economy dike was increasingly ineffectual; and Whitfield's organizing activities became notorious in the Bootheel. One day he found himself with an eviction notice, a \$400 debt for furnish, and no possibility of getting another place to farm. The shack they occupied now was so rotten that it rocked from side to side in every storm, and Zella was terrified for the children. They could have got a place at Thad Snow's, but somehow Owen didn't like to ask. Snow's co-operation was likely to be needed in connection with more important matters.

By then the preacher had seen for himself what life is like outside the cotton belt, hav-

ing been a delegate to a CIO convention in San Francisco. He had eaten in cafés where white folk at the next table paid him no attention, and had no trouble digesting their food. Also he had been to Washington, to protest against certain planter interests holding up surplus-commodity distribution to starving sharecroppers. His people looked to him, as pastor of two churches, for leadership. He had told Zella, "I don't know where Washington is, but I'm goin' there"; collected the one-way bus fare by passing a hat for dimes; had a successful interview with a member of the cabinet who passed the hat for his fare home; and marched to the surplus commodities store with a delegation which cleaned the place out.

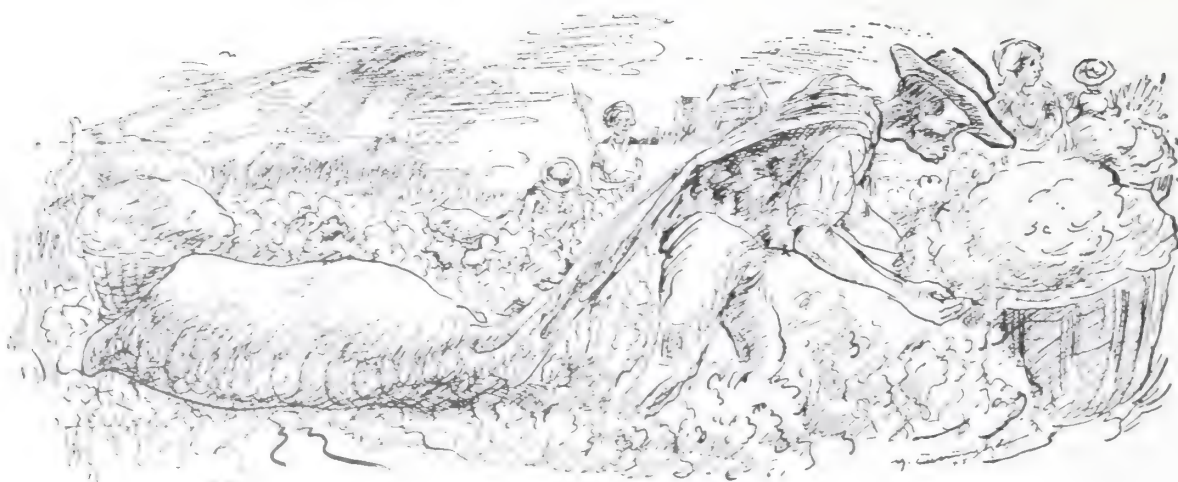
On the eve of the family's eviction he learned that a home on the La Forge project, the first federal housing project for Negro as well as white sharecroppers, had been allotted to him. For the first time in their lives the Whitfields moved into a new, painted, weatherproof house from which no one could evict them, with new furniture and equipment selected by Zella, all to be paid for in the form of rent.

Whitfield did not know it, but the angel responsible for opening the gates of this earthly paradise to him was Thad Snow.

Perhaps Snow was now chuckling, but anyhow he was watching developments closely. He knew it would be a choice for Whitfield between comfort and security in his La Forge home on the one hand, and his long-dreamed-of demonstration on the other. The union had practically fizzled out and the preacher would have to do the job alone. If the demonstration were pulled off, he would be endangering not only his own family but everyone else on the project by staying there. The mere existence of the place had roused to fury some local planters, for whom any move toward independence for field-hands was "Northern interference" and stark revolution.

Snow had never met Zella. He felt sure that any woman in her position would see to it that her man's zeal to stick his neck out was curbed.

But Zella was one of those exceptions to all the rules about human nature. The ideal she shared with Owen was stronger than the interest of herself and even of her children. She was as proud of their new home as Owen was, and as embarrassed by it, for thousands



of others in the section could not even be sure of remaining in some decayed cabin from one winter to the next.

They talked things over and agreed that the time was ripe for action based on the Bible story of Moses in Egypt. They spent just \$1.50 on organizing the demonstration—the price of postcards to call the meeting in the Siketon church on January 6, 1939. And as Owen addressed the prayer and protest meeting, Zella began to prepare for moving out of La Forge.

Delighted to have been proved wrong about this man and woman, and by the nation-wide publicity exceeding all his expectations, Snow wired an appeal to the state capitol for National Guard tents to be rushed to the campers, and set off for Washington to start wheels moving for legislative reform.

He returned to find the Bootheel in the grip of mob hysteria.

“**O** H HELL-FIRE NOW,” he drawls with a benevolent smile in recalling it, “you got to be careful in a situation like that, don’t you know—you got to be *awful* careful.” But it was “a thoroughly worthwhile experience; it seemed to settle my nerves.” Hearing that some hotheads were trying to organize a lynch party for him, he was careful to retain his sense of humor.

The Siketon editor had denounced Snow as the “brains” of the demonstration. To a group of reporters calling to ask what he knew about it, Snow said: “I am denying nothing. In fact I also admit that I planned and executed the Munich pact.” Unknown to everyone, he was being visited every day by the

FBI agents who, before being sent down to investigate, had been told to rely on him for objective, non-partisan information.

Finally, his humor getting the better of him, he sent out a detailed “confession” of how he hatched the whole conspiracy in Mexico City with Leon Trotsky, who had drawn maps showing where each sharecropper camp was to be along the highways. One local editor who ran it on the front page took it seriously and, in an address to the Kiwanis, demanded action to forestall further alien plots by Comrade Snow.

When blood failed to run in the streets as prophesied, and tempers came slowly off the boil, Snow called upon a meeting of planters, in their own interests, to demand legislation protecting sharecroppers’ rights and to live up to it. He picked out a typical planter in the audience and said from the platform:

“John, I know you’ve been stealing from your tenants—do you really vote for this?”

The planter replied jovially: “Sure, I’ll quit stealing if the others will.”

That evening a resolution signed by every planter present, calling for the holes in the AAA laws to be plugged, was forwarded to Washington.

Summing up the whole affair after the strains of the demonstrators’ hymns were gone from the highways, Snow wrote in the *Post-Dispatch*:

“Our mild cropper upheaval was entirely spontaneous; there was a sweet simplicity about it that almost passed belief. But it had to have its ‘devil,’ as any student of social phenomena would clearly understand. I have served creditably, I think, and have got an



enormous kick out of it. Actually I had less to do with it than the man in the moon."

But there is to this day no doubt in Snow's mind that Owen Whitfield, had he remained in the demonstration area to play the "devil" role, would have been lynched.

## V

CLEARED off the highways as a "health menace," singing hymns as vigorously as ever, the demonstrators were dumped some in a swamp across the levee, some in a firetrap dance-hall in the "Badlands" of Charleston, some in the tiny and even more ancient Sweet Home Church, where old folk and children camped on the pews inside, the others in the yard.

There they waited, living on scraps of food donated by wellwishers, for their government to decide what should be done about the problem they represented. The religious tone of the demonstration had stood the test of all attempts to split it on the race issue.

Whitfield was regularly visiting a hideout in the hills above Highway 60, to confer with the group leaders. In the spring he and Zella went to Washington to testify before a Congressional committee on the sharecropper situation. They were interrupted by a call summoning them to the White House.

They took it calmly in their stride. As Whitfield later told a Negro audience back home: "It wasn't me the President was payin' respect to. Eighteen thousand voters in a state where we can vote freely is too much to be ignored. He was payin' respects to you. I do know that much about politics."

FDR agreed that the condition of the sharecroppers was disgraceful, and asked Whitfield why they didn't write in to complain about being cheated out of AAA payments. Whitfield explained: "Because it's plain suicide to write in, your honor; the letter gets sent back to the AAA agent, he calls in the boss, and then there's trouble. Some of our people tried it and they know."

Meanwhile Zella was telling Mrs. Roosevelt about the life of a sharecropper's wife. The First Lady was so flabbergasted to learn her visitor produced fourteen children that she asked: "What cosmetics do you use to keep so young-looking?"

Outside the White House Dr. Alexander of

the FSA, who had been present in FDR's office, told Whitfield: "You know what the President said after you left? 'That's the first man to come to this White House since I've been here, that's ever out-thought me.'" Whitfield grinned and said: "Well, sir, if I couldn't out-think you white folks I'd be in a mighty poor fix."

That fall, construction began on nine federal housing projects in the Bootheel area, accommodating over nine hundred families of four to seven each. In these havens of security and decency life, as average Americans understand it, really began in 1940 for scores of families that were out on the highways. Later the government liquidated its interest in the Delmo Projects and offered them for sale. Immediately planter interests came into the market bidding for them. The forces that Snow and Whitfield helped mobilize raised a fund to buy all the projects except one and sell the homes by installments to the occupiers, for \$800 including furniture.

The projects met but a fraction of the problem of landless farm families. In May 1940 it was reported that 24,700 families in four Midwestern states could find no anchorage that year. But in the Missouri Bootheel there has been a great change since the projects were built. Secure from eviction, the cottonfield workers can take or refuse work like anyone else and make collective agreements on wages. In 1939 the pay for a day's labor in the cotton fields was 75 cents. For picking 100 pounds of cotton a field hand got 65 cents. Today he gets \$3.50 for the same work.

## VI

IN St. Louis, "the sharecroppers who went to the White House" were banqueted by various church, progressive, and Negro groups: they sat down as honor guests to partake of "high society cookin'"—so and so many crab feet on the left-hand side of a cracker." Between banquets, Owen and Zella and the children suffered their worst privations yet. There was nothing in their larder at home except what was sent, as often as she could afford it, by a poor but noble-hearted white woman in the Bootheel.

In their search for understanding of social injustice they were down to the economic bedrock, and knew that white folk were no

more by definition their enemies than Negroes were by definition their friends. When invited to speak before one Negro organization which previously ignored his existence, Whitfield blew up. "Any time you got to wait for them white folks before you'll have to do with me," he said, "you can make yourself a nice hell and jump in it."

The pictures of Whitfield at the White House affected a Bootheel newspaper editor very differently. "Nothing," he wrote, "short of his being returned to southeast Missouri, placed on the Dunklin County plantation where he formerly worked with the riding boss back of him with a black snake whip to see that he keeps on down the row, would satisfy a great number of citizens of this section and would make another good picture."

But Whitfield had learned even more thoroughly than Thad Snow the lesson of common sense about mob hysteria. He knew it would die down in time and that the people, when not incited by red rags, were inherently decent. He still had the problem of finding a haven for about a hundred families who remained homeless. In Butler County, adjacent to where the demonstration took place, he searched everywhere for a piece of land. "We don't want no colored folks around here," he was told over and over again; but eventually he found a wooded ninety-acre tract in the back country, and collected \$150 in St. Louis to buy it as a co-operative colony.

The families were landed there with such belongings as they still had, and just had time before winter set in to cut timber and build rude, mud-plastered huts. Throughout that winter local farmers kept up a campaign to harass them away. An armed sentry, a Negro veteran of the first world war, was posted at the entrance to the colony. There was one brief exchange of shots at night, in which the white assailant was wounded.

The sheriff, who was of the decent type not uncommon in the back hill country, advised the colonizers to move away. He didn't see how he could continue indefinitely to provide protection.

"There's one thing you can do," said Whitfield. "Notify the citizens we came for peace. When we were in the plantations we were in the wrong place and were told to move. We moved to the highway which we thought belonged to us; we were in the wrong place

again and had to be moved. As a last resort we bought a place here. We've come to stay and we want peace. But if there must be war, tell 'em to come and get it. There'll be singin' at the cemetery, and some of 'em will be present but won't hear any of it."

He pointed out to the sheriff that the colonizers would vote as a bloc for officials who upheld the law. There was no further trouble. Penniless but free and strengthened in spirit, Owen and Zella were left in peace, with a mere half-dozen children who were not yet out in the world (a fifteenth was born in 1941), to build their life anew from the ground up.

THEY are still there, in the colony they call "Cropperville," living in a home-made cement-block house next to the little red schoolhouse which a group of young Quakers visited them one summer to build. The children earn money picking cotton in season, and Owen does some trucking, works in a lumber mill, and raises sorghum co-operatively with other colonists. He was away for two years organizing for the Food and Tobacco Workers in Memphis, Winston-Salem, and other cities, and was the most consistently successful Negro organizer in the South. "Much of my success," he says, "is due to my havin' studied the boss much more carefully than he studied me. I never led with my chin."

Unwilling to accept further separation from Zella, he remains politically and religiously active (he cannot separate the one from the other) in the Bootheel. His activity for the betterment of rural conditions will continue until that apocalyptic day "when we gets this here movement pushed up over the hill." He is much sought after locally as a Sunday preacher, and thinks nothing of a hundred-mile bus ride to take his early Gospel of brotherhood to a group of cottonfield toilers.

"There's people," he tells them, "that's glad to hear you say you hate the white folks. Workers who are separated can't do nothin'. But I'll tell you what's happenin'—you don't hate them, you just scared of them. Anythin' a person is scared of, he thinks he hates it."

When Owen gets tired "squawkin'," Zella takes it up: "Fear has done more harm to the Negroes than any white man in the South. Religion accordin' to my understandin' is just



a gang of righteousness put together—but we just pray and wait for God to bind us. He ain't goin' to do no such thing. He walked this earth and told us how to bind ourselves. Let us bind ourselves together in one strong band of Christian love."

When the call takes him along Highway 60, Owen drops in on Thad Snow. And from time to time Snow arrives unexpectedly at Cropperville, laughs with Owen and Zella over reminiscences of the great Sharecropper Strike—and deposits a brace of ducks.

## *Don Juan Muses*

### Over the Dead Body of the Commendador

JOHN HEATH—STUBBS

**H**ow beautiful, white and hard, are the teeth of this dead man—  
 The cold eyes fixed, and about the rigid mouth  
 The wrinkled lines of pain, like mountain canyons.  
 I have looked often upon the faces of the Dead,  
 And seen them carried with naked feet—bodies that once had been  
 Beautiful, obscure and draped in a plain coarse habit,  
 The stiff impersonal lines of Francis or Dominic—  
 To the cells of the grave, that always silent college.

And I remember the Day of the Dead; the offerings  
 Of flowers and fruit, and cakes set at their doors  
 By the country people, the hooded figures chanting,  
 And the many lights moving at noon in the sunlit square.

And now in the dark room, in the pause before  
 The blood is wiped from the blade, before the outcry  
 Begins, of the servants, and the woman's animal sobbing,  
 Before the scuffle in the street and the getaway,  
 I gaze on his cold face, where my own pride's image  
 Stares back at me—paternal body, stiff,  
 As though already he were turning to stone—  
 And so I wonder if this thing was not always  
 That which I most desired—oh, through the nights,  
 Those silver nights under a moon of summer,  
 When I carved my lust into song, or hid my face  
 In the dark forest of a woman's hair, or sought the comfort  
 And softness of their flesh; for pain deep-stemmed  
 Within the marrow, tension of the sinew,  
 Shall get no final comforting, until  
 I feel my living hand in a stone hand's clasp,  
 A stone man's eyes reflect my arrogance.

# After Hours

THE day the Yankees came out of a three-game losing streak in Boston, there was gentle and intermittent rain in Mamaroneck, New York. I listened to part of the game in a reconverted garage that until a few years ago was the home of Fred's Auto Body Service. The narrow, single-story building is now under new management. The steel frame of an addition was going up out in front and the radio inside blared over the sound of a hydraulic pump, a ninety-foot conveyor belt, and the congenial noisiness of about thirty busy people. At the far end of the building was a mounting stack of cardboard boxes, each containing three dozen red-and-yellow glassine bags marked "Fritos." The pronunciation is "free-tose" and the contents, according to the label, are "golden chips of corn."

Fritos are among the phenomena of the postwar, and nothing quite so vicious has been invented since the salted peanut. They are what seems to be known as a "snack," the generic term for thirst-provoking and habit-forming food products. Once you start eating Fritos, it is virtually impossible to stop. They have a crisp, grainy flavor, halfway between a *tortilla* and a potato chip, which derives from devastatingly simple ingredients: corn cooked in water, then ground, deep fried, and salted—that's all there is to it. I had often tried to console myself, somewhere in the middle of the second bag of Fritos before dinner, by reflecting that ground grain and fat is the basic human diet—witness barley and oil, bread and butter, spaghetti *Aglio e Oglione*—but the effort to rationalize the appetite was considerable. Fritos have much in common with Oscar Wilde's definition of the perfect pleasure—they are exquisite and leave you unsatisfied—but for me they have an even

greater lure of secret indulgence than a cigarette had for Oscar. As an inveterate consumer of Fritos to the point of immorality, I had finally come out to Mamaroneck to watch them made and record the rise of a new national habit.

The vice president of Frito New York—a Navy veteran named Charles M. Kenyon—sat with me in his small, crowded office just off the main room, rummaging in the papers on his desk and searching the shelves above for pamphlets and magazines in a line of books on grain, vegetable oils and fats, even a *Handbook of Chemistry and Physics*. His window looked straight into a backyard, where the lady of the house next door was taking in her wash against the rain, a long line of white towels with a bright pink one precisely in the middle. "Ted Williams is on second," the radio thundered over the noise of the Frito-makers, "after a long line drive to center." Mr. Kenyon brought out and unfolded a rumpled piece of green-white graph paper; from the lower left corner a single line rose at a forty-five degree angle to the upper right. "These are our sales per month," he said. "In July 1947 we did \$3,500 worth. In August 1948 we did \$50,000." He handed me the graph and grinned. "We actually feel we have a five-million-dollar business here."

Between interruptions, Mr. Kenyon told the story of Fritos and of how the New York branch came to be started. Fritos seem to have been made first in the United States by a Mexican cartoonist named Gustavo Olguin, who guessed wrong in a revolution and migrated to Texas. Into his San Antonio café in 1932 came C. Elmer Doolin, a teetotaling candy-maker, who tasted Fritos and promptly went into business with Olguin. When the



latter decided to return to the home country, he sold the secrets of Frito manufacture for one hundred dollars to Doolin, his mother, and his brother Earl. They built it up from there. Today the Doolins have four or five plants of their own in the West and Southwest, twenty-three offshoot companies all over the United States, one in Canada, one in Hawaii, and one in Australia. The Doolins license a local company to make and sell Fritos in a given area, sell the necessary machinery at cost, train technical personnel free in Texas, and take a royalty on each bag sold. This year they are expected to gross somewhere in the neighborhood of fifteen million dollars, which is not a bad return on a hundred-buck investment sixteen years ago. Mr. Kenyon likes to feel that Fritos have a great future in New York, too.

"I wish Pete Rousseau were here," said Mr. Kenyon. "That's Henry H. parenthesis Pete—I don't know why we call him Pete." Mr. Rousseau is the president and largest stockholder of Frito New York; he and Mr. Kenyon had worked together for General Foods years before and they were both lieutenant commanders in the Navy—"I guess he's just about the ideal business man. We'd always wanted to go into business together." When Pete Rousseau got out of the Navy, said Mr. Kenyon, he looked around for a small outfit of his own that wouldn't be too vulnerable to competition; a buyer for one of the large chain stores advised him to go into the Frito business. Pete Rousseau went down to Texas and bought an option on the New York license. He got some samples from the Capitol Frito Company in Bethesda, Maryland, and in October 1946 drove around New York in a little Ford pickup (still in use) to test the product and see how the chances looked. They looked good. "I was running a self-service laundry down in Daytona Beach," Mr. Kenyon went on, "when Pete called me long-distance. That was during the telephone strike. We had to sell the operator on the deal to let us talk. He sold his end and I sold mine." The garage in Mamaroneck was the best place they could find that didn't require a long lease, and by August of last year they were really under way. "At first we did everything ourselves. We thought we were lucky if we got two or three hours sleep a night. Now we have seven distributors and twenty-

five trucks." As Mr. Kenyon was speaking a smiling lady in a gray dress came in, holding out a red-and-yellow unsealed bag. "This is Mrs. Kenyon. Want some Fritos right off the line?"

OUT of this little building come about ten thousand bags of Fritos a day. They are sold in five-, ten-, and nineteen-cent sizes, and a one-pound container for hotel bars, restaurants, and country clubs; but ninety per cent of the business is in the nineteen-cent (eight ounce) size, and the New York company can turn out forty-five of these a minute. This is the only Frito branch that makes and sells only one product (other Frito variations are Fritatos and Cheez-san) and they have exclusive contracts with the distributors they have put in business. Foster Birch, who handles Manhattan with seven trucks, was Mr. Kenyon's classmate ('32) at Amherst. The Bronco Distributors are three veterans who put in for the Bronx early in the game. "They'd had Fritos in the service," Mr. Kenyon said, "but we turned them down. We told them they didn't know what they were getting into—we didn't want to be responsible for too many people. They were so persistent we finally let them have the Bronx, and now they do Bronx, Nassau, and Suffolk." Each bag of Fritos is coded by a row of dots under the trade-mark to show the week of manufacture; the distributors call at each store at least once a week, and two weeks later in the summer and three in winter the bag is called back and destroyed. "This is a business of holding down and underselling," said Mr. Kenyon, "so that the product is always fresh. We sell a store on the idea and they say, 'Okay, we'll take three dozen,' and then we have to say No. We start them in with a dozen, and then base it on their requirements. I've tasted some of the bags that come back in, and they're as fresh as the day we made them, but we can't take that chance. How are the ones you've been getting? They been good and fresh?"

For the first eight or nine months Frito New York did no mass advertising, but finally they began to take a small ad in the Sunday papers, *Times* one week and *Trib* the next. The distributors, even though the contract does not call for it, offered to go in half-and-half on some radio time, so Arthur Godfrey

began to mention Fritos three times a week. The smallest increase in sales reported afterward by any distributor (he complained about it) was fifteen per cent, and at the end of two months Frito New York took over the expense. "Arthur Godfrey sold us out," said Mr. Kenyon, "and we had to buy a \$7,500 packaging machine to keep up with him."

Outside in the main room, where we went next to watch Fritos being made, the radio was still competing with the hiss and clank of machinery—"Stirnweiss will hit next. This has been the third hectic day at Fenway Park. A long ball game but a good one." We started first by the front door of the garage, where there were three burners and a large metal tub on each filled with corn. Scattered around on the floor were fifteen or twenty other tubs, either through cooking or waiting to start, and rows of empties were stacked against the wall. After the corn is cooked it goes to a washer, a slanted and covered trough where it is blasted with hot water and run over a magnet to separate out any pieces of metal that may have got into it at the granary. From here it goes straight into a grinder and is mashed between two round, grooved heads made of volcanic rock (these are sent up from the parent company in Texas; nobody has ever been able to find a substitute for the material the Indians have been using for centuries). The moist, ground corn that comes out of the grinder is called *masa*; it is the same dough used for *tortillas* in Mexico, and up to this point the process of making it has been different only in scale. Now the industrial revolution takes over.

The *masa* is slapped together in loaves about a foot-and-a-half long and six inches in diameter; these are lined up on a table alongside a machine that works much like the automatic doughnut-friers you used to see in coffeshop windows. The loaves are flipped into a press and forced out through a circle of slots that hang over a moving stream of hot, deep peanut oil. The press squeezes out strips of dough until they look like a fringe around a lampshade and then nips them off. Away they go in the oil, pushed by a paddle-wheel, until they come around to the other side of the vat, thoroughly cooked, and are picked up on moving strips of wire. The Fritos dry as the wire strips carry them up under an automatic salter and drop them onto the conveyor

belt that will give them a chance to cool. I am able to report that nobody ever touches a Frito until you rip open the bag yourself.

The conveyor belt drops off the Fritos at the packaging machine Arthur Godfrey made them buy. It is called an Airweigh and was invented by a Mr. Woodman, who couldn't make enough of his machines fast enough and had to license the Texas company to join in. The Airweigh shakes down the Fritos and drops just the right amount—a plexiglass door hissing open and shut—over a turning circle of plexiglass scoops. "This is supposed to be the first time," Mr. Kenyon said, "that an industrial machine used plastic to such a great extent." As the turntable came around, a girl sitting beside it fastened a red-and-yellow bag under each scoop, and once the bags were filled the machine dropped them off onto another conveyor. Here another girl spot-weighed one of them now and then as they went past and folded each top into an automatic sealer. Sample bags are pulled out every week and sent to Texas, where a chemist of the parent company tests them. "They set a standard," Mr. Kenyon went on, "and we have to live up to it. Other companies have tried corn chips in this area, but none of them has ever made it. Low overhead and sound thinking has put this thing across."

The Frito factory, so far as I could see, is filled with a group of very pleasant people making something they know other people like. I have no idea how far the company can go before a saturation point will be reached; as Mr. Kenyon had named the hotels and country clubs that now keep Fritos in a bowl on the bar the list had sounded very impressive. But beverage consumption being what it is, Fritos ought someday to reach as secure a position in the national economy as other accepted incentives to thirst, and when that day comes there could be worse businesses to be in than Frito New York. Right now the company is still small enough to be fun. It was raining again when Mrs. Kenyon drove me to the Mamaroneck station; her feelings are much like her husband's. "Pete Rousseau has been very sensible about this," she said, "starting with a little bit and working up. I've seen what happens to people who try to make a big show."

The ball game at Fenway Park was over by the time I got back to the city, and I'd



missed the tenth inning. This was the day that Joe DiMaggio—with a tie score, two strikes, two men out, and bases loaded—hit the ball well over his brother Dom's head into the tenth row of the center-field bleachers. Well, it was worth it.

### *Free Drink*

IF YOU could walk through the east wall of the Blessed Event Room on the second floor of the Stork Club you would find yourself standing on a newly-laid floor and surrounded by busted plaster, sawhorses, and other gurry. Construction is under way. It appears that the Stork Club isn't big enough for some people, notably Sherman Billingsley, who is evidently not content with his club's annual gross of two and a half million. A friend of mine who is also a friend of Mr. Billingsley's told me that the Stork Club was going to expand and said he'd fix it for me to have a look at "the new room." It all seemed slightly clandestine, so I said yes. The new room won't be a room for a couple of months, but when it is it will be called the "Sortilège Room," after a perfume Mr. Billingsley now distributes. "It means 'sorcery' in French," I was told. "Thank you," I said.

The room, to dispose of it as quickly as possible, will seat two hundred people, will have its own bar, kitchen, rest rooms, and one part of one wall will collapse and become a stand for an orchestra. It will have television. It will cost \$125,000 to construct and decorate, and it will be for private parties. And you *will* be able to walk through the east wall of the Blessed Event Room, because Mr. Billingsley is putting a concealed door there just for that purpose. "You'll never be able to see it," he said.

Mr. B. has an annual payroll of \$700,000 and employs a staff of three hundred, sixty-five of whom work in the kitchen, sixty others as waiters, twenty-six as captains, ten as bartenders, twenty-two or twenty-four (he couldn't remember which) as musicians. The rest are cleaners, accountants, purchasers, and so on. "We have had dentists, and doctors, and teachers, and other kinds of professionals working here as bartenders," he said, "because they like the atmosphere."

The atmosphere attracts a lot of other people too. Between three thousand and thirty-five hundred people go in and out of the Stork Club every day-and-night, not including the ones that the *maitre d'hôtel* won't let in because he doesn't cotton to them. This happened to one of *Harper's* editors, now a best-selling novelist, who was then an enlisted man (master sergeant). Evidently a fair proportion of those who go to the Stork Club and get in are a little light-fingered. Mr. Billingsley's ashtrays, which are black and have the name of the club on them in white so that they'll photograph well, disappear at an alarming rate. "They're just the right size for a man's pocket," he explained, patting the pocket of his blue pin-stripe. There is also another little gadget he puts on the tables—a stork with a flower holder in which there is a rose—that disappears. "We sell about fifty of them a night, and about a hundred get swiped. We buy them in lots of twenty-five hundred." This doesn't seem to bother Mr. B., to whom publicity is sweeter than the smell of stolen roses.

He's been at it for sixteen years, and this is the club's third location since it started back in prohibition days. As night clubs go it is pleasant but not spectacular, and it has no special elegance or style. Just how it has grown to be a sort of institution, a prototype of the cosmopolitan saloon, I'm sure I don't know. It attracts celebrities who in turn attract those who want to look at celebrities, and the Cub Room, which is said to be difficult to get into unless Mr. Billingsley likes you, is a sort of informal Union League Club for gossip columnists. It is possible to give private parties at the Stork—in the Cub Room or the Blessed Event Room, and in a month or so in the new Sortilège Room, where you can have them with private orchestra or without. Call up any time and say that you'll be around with a couple of hundred friends. Mr. Billingsley would be glad to hear from you.

It is said that if Mr. Billingsley likes your looks, you may get a free bottle of champagne with his compliments. I got a gin and tonic myself, but I was there at 3:30 in the afternoon.

—*Mr. Harper*

# NEW BOOKS

## Our Economic Future: the Lady or the Tiger?

*Jacques Barzun*

THE year '48 is, among other centenaries, that of Marx and Mill—that is to say, of the appearance in print of the *Communist Manifesto* and the *Principles of Political Economy*. A hundred years after these events it is taken for granted by a good many people that Marx has defeated Mill, or rather that socialism has acquired the irresistible momentum by which in history one system blots out and replaces another.

The newest literature on the subject does not support this too-ready assumption. In fact the one element common to a very diversified group of books is that it is foolish to speak any longer of “systems.” The extremest proponent of what used to be called Liberalism, Mr. F. A. Hayek, does indeed tell us in a collection of essays entitled *Individualism and Economic Order* (Chicago Press, \$5) that we must return to principles, give up expediency, and get rid of the government interference which he terms “interventionist chaos.” But this very complaint shows that what the world now enjoys—or fails to enjoy—is a thoroughly mixed system of regulation and free choice.

### *Mr. Hayek against himself*

THIS zebra pattern of economy of course obtains also in “socialist” Great Britain, in the western part of the continent, and even in Russia, where profit incentives to output and the private accumulation of state bonds are institutions as well established as cost accounting and domestic competition among plants for supplies and benefits. The fact that in the Union of Socialist Republics the preaching of communism is punishable by death is an added flourish that emphasizes the endless paradox of history, and it may justify Mr. Hayek’s demand for a return to

principle. Let us see what he means by the “true individualism” to which he wants us to return.

He relates it first of all to the thought of Adam Smith, Burke, and Tocqueville, which is at least to put his re-definition under good auspices. For Mr. Hayek, the needful individualism has some of that organic, responsible, communal sense which we find illustrated in the positive part of Burke’s attack on the French Revolution. Perhaps by analogy, Mr. Hayek also goes on to attack the Continental view of individuality, a danger—as he thinks—to social cohesion, and hence the first and greatest inducement to totalitarianism.

It is too bad that Mr. Hayek associates this destructive individualism with Rousseau, whose doctrines have been shown by modern scholars to be quite close to Burke’s, and it is even more deplorable that Mr. Hayek should attack pragmatic economic policies, for if pragmatism is not the heir of Burke and Mill then words have no meaning. His self-contradiction is soon apparent: he praises the irrationality of traditional British ways because conflicts create freedom, but he wants principled order and takes it as his task to show our generation that its aims are “incompatible or conflicting and that the pursuit of some of them will endanger even greater values.”

What does Mr. Hayek really want to see done? First, the establishment of “competitive order,” that is, legislation to make the price-system work. The market must express and give force to the choices that are unavoidable in any economy: how do we spend our resources? Who gets what and how much? Mr. Hayek is very eloquent about the way in which choosing by price alone reflects, and also gives out, an amount of information



# Harper's

## MAGAZINE

### The Great Pierpont Morgan

#### Part I

*Frederick Lewis Allen*

A FEW days before Christmas in the year 1912, John Pierpont Morgan, the most influential banker in the world and the mightiest personal force in American business life, was called to testify before an investigating committee in Washington. This group—a subdivision of the House Committee on Banking and Currency—was popularly known as the Pujo Committee, because its chairman was Arsène Pujo of Louisiana; and its aim was to demonstrate, through evidence brought out in its protracted hearings, that there existed in America a “money trust”—that a small group of New York bankers, headed by Pierpont Morgan, held such a grip on the money and credit resources of the country, and so dominated the big industrial and railroad corporations through “interlocking directorates,” that in effect the whole American economy lay under their control. Day after day the Pujo Committee had spread its evidence on the record, and now the inquiry

was coming to its climax. Pierpont Morgan himself, the head and front of American banking power, was going to take the stand.

He was an old man now, well along in his seventy-sixth year. His hair, which had been dark in his youth, and then steel gray, was white and thin. Even his big straggling mustache, which had remained black until old age approached, was graying. Now as always the first thing that caught the attention of anyone who saw him for the first time was his nose, for it was bulbous and flaming red as the result of a baffling skin disease that had fastened itself upon him progressively during his later years. Only when one had accustomed oneself to the sight of this hideous and dismaying feature did one note his extraordinary eyes, whose burning intensity had so often held men in awe of him. But those eyes were tired now. The vital force in him was waning; though no one in the committee room could know it, he was within four

*Frederick Lewis Allen, editor of Harper's and author of Only Yesterday, The Lords of Creation, etc., begins a three-part biographical study of Morgan the Elder.*

months of his death. This was to be his last public appearance, his last accounting for his stewardship.

ALL HIS active life Morgan had spent a part of each year in Europe; now that he had virtually retired from business, his travels during this year 1912, while characteristically magnificent, had been exceptionally protracted.

New Year's Day of 1912 had found him already on the way from New York to Europe, dozing and playing solitaire in his private suite on a liner headed for Cherbourg. He had traveled by special train from Cherbourg to Paris, where he visited the American Ambassador; then had crossed to London to superintend the packing of part of his vast art collection for shipment to New York; and then, after a short stay at Monte Carlo, had proceeded to Egypt, where he had taken a party of friends up the Nile. They had traveled in his own river steamer, an all-steel vessel especially built to his order; and the party had included, characteristically, a bishop and several attractive ladies. One day in Cairo Morgan visited the gold bazaar, bought a liberal collection of bracelets, necklaces, and other gold ornaments, and on returning to the hotel spread them out on a table in his sitting room, crying to the ladies, "Now, help yourselves!"—which, after some hesitation, they did.

From Egypt he had moved on to Rome, where he was granted a private audience with King Victor Emmanuel; to Aix-les-Bains, where he took the cure; to Venice, where he took part in the inauguration of the new Campanile, to whose construction he had subscribed; to London and Paris, where he purchased two fifteenth-century tapestries. Then he had boarded the *Corsair*, his private yacht, the finest in the world, to be the personal guest of the German Kaiser at the Kiel Regatta. A flying trip to Rome—where he turned the first sod for the building which he had enabled the American Academy to build—and he was ready to leave for the United States. During the rest of the year 1912 he had put in some weeks of business at his office, had taken a cruise of several weeks on the *Corsair*, had testified in Washington before a committee investigating campaign expenditures, had inspected an art gal-

lery which he had presented to the city of Hartford, had promised to give Hartford a library too, and had attended the consecration of a new chapel for St. George's Church in New York, of which he had long been senior warden.

Not a wholly relaxing year for a man of seventy-five; and now a tired Pierpont Morgan was in Washington again to face a new set of congressional inquisitors, with their elaborate charts designed to show how a network of influence and control reached from 23 Wall Street, the headquarters of J. P. Morgan & Co., by way of banks and trust companies and the directorates of industrial corporations, throughout the whole structure of American business.

He drove from his hotel to the Capitol in a big square-topped limousine and walked beside his daughter Louisa and his son Jack through the staring crowds to the committee room—an old-fashioned figure in a heavy velvet-collared overcoat and high silk hat, walking slowly, with a stick. The committee room was packed, and the crowd outside was kept in order by policemen. Presently the examination of the day's chief witness began, following the traditional formula.

Q. Where do you reside, Mr. Morgan?

A. New York City.

Q. Are you senior member of the partnership or firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., bankers, of New York City?

A. I am, sir. . . .

Q. Does your New York house do a general banking business?

A. We try to, sir.

Slowly the examination unfolded. It was as if—through the agency of the Pujo Committee—the American public were asking this man, at the close of his extraordinary life, "Tell us, before it is too late—have you really controlled American business? And if so, how is it done? And do you think it right that any man, in a republic which hopes to be a genuine democracy, should wield such authority?"

SAMUEL UNTERMYER, counsel for the Pujo Committee, a shrewd and well-prepared lawyer, conducted the examination. Morgan's son and daughter and his partners and lawyers were uneasy lest the old man break down under Untermyer's questioning.



They need not have been. Morgan was a direct and co-operative if singularly determined witness. He took no refuge in the evasions or lapses of memory or vague circumlocutions which often afflict business executives when they confront congressional committees. He answered clearly and stoutly; when he could not remember a fact or figure he said he would be glad to have it looked up and produced for the committee later. And he spoke with completely satisfied assurance.

When Untermeyer, having established that some seventy-eight interstate corporations carried bank accounts with J. P. Morgan & Co., and that their deposits totaled over eighty-one million dollars, asked Morgan if he thought it was a wise thing to permit publicly-owned corporations to make deposits with a private banker, he answered firmly, "I do, sir." Untermeyer further brought out that a great many railroad corporations had made J. P. Morgan & Co. their fiscal agent, so that the Morgan firm had become the designated channel through which these railroads must sell all their securities to the public, and thus had become also their sole source of investment funds; and Untermeyer went on to ask, "Don't you think it would be better for these great interstate railroad corporations if they were entirely free to sell their securities in open competition than that they should be tied to any banking house, however just might be its methods in the issue of such securities?" Morgan answered, "I should not think so." When he was asked whether the fact that there were a few men (such as Morgan himself and his partners) who served on the boards of directors of many banks did not tend to prevent those banks from competing for deposits, his answer reflected a colossal confidence. "I should doubt it," said he. "I have been in business for a great many years in New York and I do not compete for any deposits. I do not care whether they ever come. They come."

With all the ingenuity of a trained trial lawyer, Untermeyer tried to get Morgan to admit that he exercised great power. Morgan would have none of it. He said he exercised no power at all. It was as if he were asserting that all the elaborate charts prepared by Untermeyer's aides were so much nonsense.

The audience in the committee room was ready for this sort of denial; of course this

organizer of huge corporations, this consolidator of banks, this master of the authority of money would be expected under such circumstances to minimize his own status; but presently Untermeyer's verbal rapier would find a weak spot. Morgan was denying too much. He was not only—against all reason—denying that he controlled the reorganized railroads for which he had named the voting trustees who named the directors; he was actually denying that if he himself were voting trustee for all the railroad systems of the United States, this would concentrate control of them in him. He was denying that there was any way in which one man could get a monopoly of money, or control of it.

Yet as the questioning persisted, it became apparent that these denials on the old man's part were not merely tactics in his battle of wits with Untermeyer; they came from something deeper in his nature, something that commanded the audience's respect. Morgan was insisting that what ruled the financial world was not money, but character.

"Is not commercial credit based primarily upon money or property?" asked Untermeyer.

"No, sir," said Morgan, "the first thing is character."

"Before money or property?"

"Before money or anything else. Money cannot buy it. . . . Because a man I do not trust could not get money from me on all the bonds in Christendom."

How could anybody hear those words—so dubiously applicable to the facts of the business world in general, yet clearly so valid to the old gentleman in the witness chair—without wondering what manner of man this was, what principles had ruled his long career, and by what conjunction of circumstances and events he had come to a place where people could honestly believe that he was the real ruler of America?

## II

THE first thing to bear in mind about Pierpont Morgan is that he was by background and nature a patrician. Most of the giants who bestrode the business world of America during the last years of the nineteenth century and the first years of the twentieth—men such as Rockefeller and Carnegie, for example—were Horatio Alger

characters, who had started with next to nothing and had had little formal schooling. Morgan by contrast was born to rising wealth and social position. His grandfather, Joseph Morgan, had made enough money as a hotel-keeper in Hartford, Connecticut, to become one of the founders of the Aetna Fire Insurance Company, amassing a small fortune; and his father, Junius Spencer Morgan, moving from Hartford to Boston and then to London, became a partner in George Peabody's American banking house in London and succeeded Peabody as the head of the house—which came to be known as J. S. Morgan & Co. Thus it happened that Junius Spencer Morgan's son, John Pierpont Morgan, born in his grandfather's house at Hartford in 1837, went first to private and public schools in Connecticut and Massachusetts, and then—when his father moved to London—spent a year at an international boarding school in Vevey, followed by two years at the University of Göttingen in Germany, before he returned to New York to begin work for a firm of merchant bankers at the age of twenty. By contrast with most of the young Americans of his time, he began his career with the advantages of strong financial backing, varied educational experience, and acquaintance with the ways of the great world.

The next thing to bear in mind is that in Morgan's early years as a banker his strongest asset was that he was his father's son. While he was still in his mid-twenties he became his father's firm's American representative. Those were days when London was the great financial center of the world, when American railroad and manufacturing companies depended largely upon British capital, and when a young banker in New York who represented a powerful London firm was almost like a colonial administrator, helping to develop the business enterprises of a crude young country on behalf of investors overseas. In 1871, when Morgan was thirty-four, he combined his firm with that of the Drexels in Philadelphia, who also had strong European connections; and because United States government bonds, like railroad shares, must find foreign purchasers, the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co. soon became the leading distributor of government securities. And it was his English connections that gave him his first important chance for influence in American industry. In 1879 William

H. Vanderbilt wanted to unload a considerable part of his embarrassingly great holdings of New York Central railroad stock—and to do this privately and secretly, lest the idea get about that either Vanderbilt or the Central was in trouble. He turned to Morgan, who was then forty-two years old, and Morgan did the job satisfactorily: sold Vanderbilt's New York Central shares by the thousands to London investors in private sales. Thus he became (as proxy-holder for these Englishmen) an important member of the New York Central's board of directors. Until this moment he had, in a sense, ridden on his father's shoulders; from this time on he stood squarely on his own feet, and his reputation was his own.

The third basic element in the making of Morgan's career was his passion for order, and in particular his hatred of the scrambled disorder of the railroad business in the unregulated and financially profligate eighteen-seventies and -eighties. Morgan wanted to see a sensible, peaceful, prosperous industry in which railroad managements would not be perpetually cutting one another's throats by slashing freight rates and passenger fares, and would not bankrupt one another by building parallel lines in regions where there was traffic enough for only one line. So, having won for himself a position of influence in the railroad business, he took it upon himself to become a peacemaker. At a conference upon his yacht, the *Corsair*, he negotiated in 1885 a peace settlement between the New York Central and the Pennsylvania Railroad, which were then threatening to invade each other's territory. The next year he brought together the heads of a group of railroads which dominated the anthracite coal business, to make a compact to restrict production and control prices. (This was plainly monopolistic; Morgan saw it simply as the enforcement of a profitable and orderly peace.) A few years later he had acquired enough prestige to gather at his house on Madison Avenue in New York nearly all the major railroad presidents of the United States, to try to negotiate a general railroad peace settlement with teeth in it—a hard-and-fast agreement not to slice rates, not to build needlessly competing lines, and so forth. This conference did not achieve a working peace, for even the strongest-looking treaty was soon broken. But it



strengthened Morgan's resolve to enforce discipline himself whenever he had the power to do so.

His opportunities began to come when the Panic of 1893 brought a major depression, and many of the most important railroads of the country slid into bankruptcy. Morgan had already reorganized several railroads—had worked out plans for reducing their fixed debt which had proved palatable, if not necessarily agreeable, to the courts, the creditors, and the stockholders. And he had learned, incidentally, that there are so many million dollars involved in the reorganization of a big company that the man who can conduct such an operation successfully can make a lot of money at it. Now, in the mid-nineties, he secured the lion's share of the business of reorganizing major railroad companies. And he applied the lesson which his passion for order had taught him. Determined to prevent the reborn companies from invading one another's spheres of influence, or from being seized by stock-market raiders for speculative purposes, or from being run in spendthrift fashion, he put each company into what he called "safe hands"—into the charge of a board of directors on which he and his partners and friends were dominant, or even into the charge of a voting trust which would annually choose the board of directors. Thus he became the power behind the throne in the managements of many of the chief railroads of the land.

The influence that he and his partners exercised was pretty much limited to finances. They knew little about practical railroad operation and didn't need or want to know more. Their assignment, as they saw it, was to protect the companies financially, for the benefit of the stockholders, and to see that reliable men ran them prudently. But by the latter eighteen-nineties over half of the major transportation systems of the country were under this sort of Morgan domination, or were run by men who played ball with the Morgan interests; no wonder, then, that people began to call Morgan the emperor of American railroading.

From railroads Morgan moved on into other industries, notably steel, becoming the greatest corporate promoter of his time. And while he was in the midst of his railroad reorganizing, in 1895, he performed an as-

tonishing feat in another area of the banking business: he put through for President Grover Cleveland an exchange of gold for government bonds which saved the government's credit in a time of acute emergency. In due course he was destined to achieve such pervasive influence in the New York banking world that when the Panic of 1907 struck Wall Street he became, as it were, a one-man Federal Reserve Bank—telling everybody where their funds must be disposed in order that the Panic might be defeated. But it is not necessary, here and now, to relate the whole story of Morgan's extraordinary career. I have tried to suggest, briefly, the principal steps by which he moved to an unprecedented supremacy in American finance and became a power in the land. Now let us look at the man himself, and ask ourselves what qualities of mind and character enabled him to take these steps.

### III

TO FIX precisely the size and shape and position of a natural object, such as a mountain peak, the surveyor triangulates, which is to say that he looks at the object from various points of view and compares the different observations which result. Sometimes triangulation is useful in biography as well. A biographer may try to reveal his subject's terrific personal force, the awe in which he was held by those about him, the weight of the few words he spoke; his curtness toward those upon whom he had not focused his sympathies, and especially toward those whom he regarded as interrupters or interferers; his tenderness toward those who engaged his friendship; the patrician limitations of his view of other men—yet all the time this biographer is conscious that the picture he is drawing is two-dimensional and flat, and that each of the qualities which he has recorded will leap into bolder relief when observed from another direction. So I propose now to show Pierpont Morgan through the eyes of a few contemporaries each of whom saw him from, as it were, a different point of the compass. (Contemporaries, you will note; I do not include estimates of him written long after his death by people who knew him only by reputation.)

Let us begin with Lincoln Steffens, writ-

ing in his remarkable *Autobiography* about the days when he himself had not yet become a redoubtable chronicler of municipal corruption but was simply an energetic and observant young financial reporter for the New York *Evening Post*. He depicts Morgan at about the time when the banker was reorganizing railroads right and left and saving the gold reserve of the United States.

IN THOSE days of the eighteen-nineties, writes Steffens, "I had to do with the private bankers who are the constructive engineering financiers.

"Of these last, J. P. Morgan, Senior, was the greatest. I did not see much of him, of course; nobody did. He was in sight all the time. He sat alone in a back room with glass sides in his banking house with his door open, and it looked as if anyone could walk in upon him and ask any question. One heard stories of the payment of large sums for an introduction to him. I could not see why all the tippers with business did not come right in off the street and talk to him. They did not. My business was with his partners or associates, principally Samuel Spencer,<sup>1</sup> but I noticed that these, his partners, did not go near him unless he sent for them; and then they looked alarmed and darted in like office-boys.

"'Nobody can answer that question except Mr. Morgan,' they would tell me. Well, Mr. Morgan was there; why not go in and ask him? The answer I got was a smile or a shocked look of surprise. And once when I pressed the president of one of the Morgan banks to put to him a question we agreed deserved an answer, the banker said, 'Not on your life,' and when I said, 'But why not?' he said, 'You try it yourself and see.'

"And I did.

"I went over to J. P. Morgan & Company, walked into his office and stood before him at his flat, clean, clear desk. I stood while he examined a sheet of figures; I stood for two or three long minutes, while the whole bank

<sup>1</sup>Samuel Spencer was never a partner, nor, apparently, on the salary list of the firm. But as a railroad expert he was in the office a great deal, and he had a procuration for the signing of checks. At 23 Wall Street they insist today that Morgan would not have "rapped for" Spencer as he is later represented as doing. If not, this is a minor flaw in the accuracy of a revealing picture.

seemed to stop work to watch me, and he did not look up; he was absorbed, he was sunk, in those figures. He was so alone with himself and his mind that when he did glance up he did not see me; his eyes were looking inward. . . . I thought . . . that he was doing a sum in mental arithmetic, and when he solved it he dropped his eyes back upon his sheet of figures and I slunk out. . . ."

But one afternoon Steffens's paper received a typewritten statement from J. P. Morgan & Company about some bonds, a statement that did not make sense as written. So, says Steffens, "ready for the explosion, I walked into Morgan's office and right up to his desk. He saw me this time; he threw himself back in his chair so hard that I thought he would tip over.

"'Mr. Morgan,' I said as brave as I was afraid, 'what does this statement mean?' and I threw the paper down before him.

"'Mean!' he exclaimed. His eyes glared, his great red nose seemed to me to flash and darken, flash and darken. Then he roared. 'Mean! It means what it says. I wrote it myself, and it says what I mean.'

"'It doesn't say anything—straight,' I blazed.

"He sat back there, flashing and rumbling; then he clutched the arms of his chair, and I thought he was going to leap at me. I was so scared that I defied him. 'Oh, come now, Mr. Morgan,' I said, 'you may know a lot about figures and finances, but I'm a reporter, and I know as much as you do about English. And that statement isn't English.'

"That was the way to treat him, I was told afterward. And it was in that case. He glared at me a moment more, the fire went out of his face, and he leaned forward over the bit of paper and said very meekly, 'What's the matter with it?'

"I said I thought it would be clearer in two sentences instead of one and I read it aloud so, with a few other verbal changes.

"'Yes,' he agreed, 'that is better. You fix it.'

"I fixed it under his eyes, he nodded, and I, whisking it away, hurried back to the office. They told me in the bank afterward that J. P. sat watching me go out of the office, then rapped for Spencer and asked what my name was, where I came from, and said, 'Knows what he wants, and—gets it.'"



## IV

SO MUCH for Steffens, the reporter. Let us now move our theodolite to another angle of observation and look at Pierpont Morgan through the eyes of the Reverend W. S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Church in New York.

Morgan was senior warden of St. George's and Rainsford's devoted friend and backer. He passed the plate every Sunday when he was in New York, and he had Rainsford to breakfast every Monday morning at his big brownstone house at 219 Madison Avenue to discuss the affairs of the church over an after-breakfast cigar. When in 1889 Rainsford suffered a nervous breakdown from overwork, Morgan saw to it that he was well cared for; let Rainsford say in his own words what Morgan meant to him in the dark hour of that illness:

"Then it was I proved fortunate in my friends. I had no care. Others planned my life and saved me all expense and all trouble. Of course the strongest arm under me was that of my senior warden. He was ever a man to lean on in time of trouble. You differed with him, and he with you, but when a helper was needed you turned to him, you leaned on him, and you leaned hard. He had a great heart . . ."

The close association between these two men was a strange one. For Rainsford was by nature a radical reformer, a passionate democrat. He believed in the "social gospel"—the pre-eminent importance, in Christ's teaching, of the duty of active neighborliness to all men. He wanted to make the church itself a friendly place to which men and women of every sort would come for companionship, enjoyment, solace, and practical help. To Morgan, the conservative and traditionalist, all this was strange. Morgan's religious faith, unquestioned and unchanged since his Hartford boyhood, was something set sacredly apart from daily conduct. Morgan regularly attended the triennial national Episcopal conventions, and according to Rainsford, "The floor of the convention, the association with men who were, by virtue of their office, guardians and exponents of a religious tradition, beautiful and venerable, had for him an attraction stronger than any other gathering afforded." How explain such a man's loyal partnership

with a clergyman to whom the church was first of all an organization to energize and inspire a humble-hearted friendship among men?

Probably the chief reason was that when Morgan believed in a man he believed in backing him with full faith and with few questions; and Rainsford, a big, handsome, straightforward fellow who knew how to meet loyalty with loyalty, attracted his belief. But the story of Morgan and Rainsford would not be complete if it omitted a rift between them which opened up in the middle eightennineties, not very far in time, probably, from Steffens's confrontation of Morgan at 23 Wall Street.

I draw my account of this episode directly from the one in Rainsford's autobiography, *The Story of a Varied Life*, abbreviating it somewhat but quoting from it lavishly and presenting the whole episode as Rainsford himself saw it.

THE meetings of the vestry of St. George's Church were held at 8:30 in the evening in the Corporation room at the Parish House, with the rector as presiding officer. One night, out of a clear sky, Pierpont Morgan rose and read a motion that the vestry be reduced from two wardens and eight members to two wardens and six members, adding, "I think the vestry will agree with me that when I get a seconder it had better be passed without debate."

Rainsford was stunned. He said that Morgan had given him no warning whatever of any intention to propose such a change. "Since I stood in your study that night when you called me to the church," he went on, "I think you will bear witness that I have never advocated any important matter in this, our church's counsel, without first discussing it with you. Here now you spring this revolutionary proposition on me, and on the vestry, without any warning whatever; and you ask that we should proceed to pass it without any discussion. This I cannot agree to, and I must ask you, before you get a seconder, to explain to me and to this vestry your reasons for proposing so important a change. We have done good work together, constituted as we are. If a small vestry is for St. George's a better vestry, there must be some reasons for it. What are your reasons for it?"

Thereupon Morgan "very unwillingly" got on his feet and explained that the vestry's role in the church was different from that of the rector. The rector's part was to teach and inspire; the vestry's part was fiduciary and its obligations were financial. "I am its senior warden and responsible officer," said Morgan. "I am aging. I want at times to have these vestry meetings held in my study. This vestry should be composed, in my judgment, of men whom I can invite to my study, and who can help me to carry the heavy financial burden of the church. . . . The rector wants to democratize the church, and we agree with him and will help him as far as we can. But I do not want the vestry democratized. I want it to remain a body of gentlemen whom I can ask to meet me in my study."

With dismay Rainsford realized that if Morgan had his lordly way, the vestry would cease to represent the congregation in any true sense; they—and the church—would inevitably fall under Morgan's control. (Perhaps what Morgan had chiefly in mind was that he wanted a group of men so well-heeled that he could pass the hat among them to meet the church's needs without being embarrassed by the presence of men who could not contribute their share; but if so, either he failed to make this point clear or Rainsford thought that anyhow it involved a distortion of the vestry's function.)

Then another vestryman, one of Morgan's oldest friends, "one to whom in these financially troublesome times through which we were then passing Mr. Morgan had been of immense service (I did not know this till later), slowly rose. He was white to the lips, and turning to Mr. Morgan he said, 'Mr. Morgan, I am compelled to agree with our rector in this matter, and I move that this vestry be increased to eleven.'"

Seth Low (who later became Mayor of New York) seconded this motion. Morgan could get no seconder for his. Thereupon the motion to enlarge the vestry was put and carried, seven votes to one.

For a moment the group of men sat very silent. Then Morgan got up and said slowly, "Rector, I will never sit in this vestry again," and walked out of the room and out of the building.

The next day Rainsford received Morgan's written resignation, with a request to submit

it to the vestry without delay. He acknowledged the letter, and nothing more, and went to breakfast the following Monday at 219 Madison Avenue as usual. When Morgan, who was "very grumpy," asked about the resignation, Rainsford said that he would not accept it. Pressed for the reason, Rainsford was firm.

"When I first came to you," said he, "I came because you gave me your hand and your promise to stand by me in the hard work that lay ahead. I told you I was a radical. I told you I would do all I could to democratize the church. I am only keeping my word. I certainly shall not now, nor at any time, do anything to help you break yours."

There was dead silence. Rainsford lit his cigar and walked away. Let Rainsford conclude the story of the episode:

"I think after that I went to breakfast three times before Mr. Morgan sailed for Europe. He never made another allusion to his resignation, nor did he enter into any private conversation with me. The day he sailed, I did what I had not done before, I went to the dock to bid him good-by. On this occasion, in the days I am writing of, the late nineties, a rather miscellaneous crowd was wont to gather to bid him good-by. It had become quite a function, and I did not usually care to take part in it. As I went up the gangplank, I saw Mr. Morgan standing at some distance surrounded by his friends. At the same instant he saw me and, coming out of the group, signed to me to follow him. He made for his cabin, entered quickly, without saying a word, and shut and bolted the door behind us. We never had another falling out."

What was said in that cabin Rainsford would not divulge. But Morgan remained senior warden the rest of his life.

## V

A FINANCIAL reporter and a clergyman having testified, let us turn to another phase of Morgan's life, introducing in due course other witnesses diverse in temperament and character. Morgan became the greatest art collector of his time, and the way in which he did it throws light upon him from other points of the compass.



There was, of course, nothing new about the collecting of works of art as a hobby for men of wealth and power. Conquering kings had long been wont to regard masterpieces as a superior form of loot; rich nobles and bankers and merchants, traveling to far places, had brought home with them all manner of lovely objects which had caught their eye; and in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries collecting had become one of the standard preoccupations of men of ample means both in England and on the Continent. Even in the United States, those who had been able to visit Europe or Asia had enjoyed bringing fine things back with them to their bleaker homeland.

But as the nineteenth century drew to a close, and American fortunes multiplied, the collectors became more numerous and more knowing. And there began a new period in which a swarm of American millionaires ransacked Europe for masterpieces, near-masterpieces, and pseudo-masterpieces of painting, sculpture, architectural accessories, and fine workmanship in all manner of materials. This new surge of the collectors gathered momentum during the eighteen-nineties, rushed at full tilt from 1900 to 1914, and continued, though at a less sensational pace, after the first world war. It resulted in such extraordinary concentrations of fine objects from abroad as the Gardner, Huntington, Mellon, and Frick collections, to say nothing of those of John G. Johnson, Folger, Freer, Altman, Havemeyer, Widener, Nelson, Lewisohn, Bliss, Hearst, Bache, and a cluster of others. At the head and front of the company of American purchasers was Morgan, the pacesetter for them all.

This boom in collecting was a natural thing. The man who had accumulated great wealth sought both to establish or secure his place among the elect by indulging in those forms of "conspicuous waste"—to borrow Veblen's term—which found favor among the privileged, and to enrich his own life according to whatever tastes he possessed or could acquire. He tended, in Western civilization, to want to have his womenfolk admirably attired and outfitted; to want to have a fine house full of luxurious appointments and rare and lovely things; and to want to give magnificent parties. If he was susceptible to the English county tradition, he enjoyed having a country

estate with well-cut lawns, prize animals, and prize crops and flowers. He might add a yacht, the very symbol of luxury. He wanted, perhaps, to visit the approved watering-places at the approved seasons, have his own quarters set apart for him there, and even buy or build residences for himself in these select areas. If his tastes were sporting, he could now engage in those forms of sport which traditionally required the most retainers, such as grouse-shooting, or were expensively speculative, as was the maintenance of a racing stable. But none of these exercises of his wealth quite satisfied his sensibilities, if he had any; were there not in life things finer in quality than these? There were the arts.

In few cases could he practice the arts himself, even if this had occurred to him. But he could apply his money to them. In aiding contemporary artists? Not often did this occur to him either, especially if he were American—for he supposed that there were almost no American artists worth supporting, and anyhow contemporary artists were reported to be absurd and troublesome people. But he could collect the well-certified art of the European past, thus simultaneously exercising the talent for acquisition that had made him rich, stimulating and satisfying his appetite for beauty, avoiding contact with the artistic temperament except through the medium of romantic legend, and appeasing his own sense of financial prudence (for what was he doing but investing in things which, if there came a rainy day, might be sold again?). And if he were an American, he could have as well the added inner satisfaction of bringing to American shores a treasure trove which he could vaguely dream of putting one day at the public disposal, for the enrichment of America's all-too-meager cultural life.

MORGAN had always enjoyed bringing home with him fine things that caught his fancy, whether in New York or on his annual trips to Europe. As a youngster he had picked up fragments of old stained glass which he had found on the ground beneath cathedral windows, and had carted to New York a crate of them. He had occasionally bought paintings that seemed to him satisfactory. When he moved into 219 Madison Avenue at the age of forty-five he was sufficiently vain of his books to engage one

J. F. Sabin to prepare a *Catalogue of the Library of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan*: this was the sort of thing that a gentleman of taste and means did. But the books themselves were, with very few exceptions, nothing special. Not yet had the collecting virus entered his system. It was not until 1888, when he was fifty-one, that he bought his first manuscript; not until 1891, when he was fifty-four, that he began to concentrate passionate attention, while abroad, on the purchase in quantity of manuscripts, first editions, and old and rare and fine volumes generally; and it was only gradually, in the years that followed, that he shifted part of his attention from books to other lovely relics of the past. The century had almost turned, and he was already in his sixties, before he became a major assembler of an immense and widening variety of beautiful things, which in due time were to include paintings, bronzes, terra cottas, jades, ivories, enamels, crystals, glass, tapestries, bas-reliefs, miniatures, snuff-boxes, watches, Bibles, Church of England rituals, autographs, and of course books and manuscripts. The twentieth century had begun before he began making serious plans to construct the Library building next door to his house, and it was in 1904, when he was sixty-seven, that he became the president, wholesale benefactor, and supreme ruler of the Metropolitan Museum.

**H**ow did Morgan go about purchasing works of art, and—more interesting still—what motives drove him? Let us call to the witness stand his son-in-law and worshipping biographer, Herbert L. Satterlee, to tell about Morgan's purchase of a Spanish painting, a "Portrait of a Child," which was submitted to him, in London, as a Velasquez. Remember as you read the Satterlee account of this episode that it took place in 1907, when Morgan was almost as famous for his huge-scale collecting as he was for his financial operations and influence:

At the time this picture was shown him he told the dealer to leave it until he could study it and consider the matter. This was quite according to his custom. The dealer left it on a chair at Prince's Gate [the Morgan town house in London]. There was no documentary evidence that went with it, but it was a charming little picture, painted undoubtedly in Velasquez's

time . . . . Of course, when a picture like that was left for Mr. Morgan to consider, it was not hidden. The other dealers who came saw it in turn. One of them might say, "Oh, I know where that came from. I was offered that a year ago at such-and-such a price. It is not an original." Another would remark: "That picture was sold at Christie's ten years ago, but its authenticity is in question. I hope, Mr. Morgan, that you have not bought it as an original, nor paid much for it as a picture." And so on. Mr. Morgan always listened to it all without comment. Before he made up his mind whether he wanted the picture or not he would get someone from the Berlin Museum who happened to be in London, or an expert connected with one of the great London public galleries, to stop in and look at the picture. If it was not documented and the preponderance of the best opinion was against it, he rejected it.

In the case of this picture of the Spanish child, when the dealer came back and said, "Well, Mr. Morgan, what do you think?" he answered, "You cannot prove the picture is Velasquez's, and I feel quite sure it is not."

"All right," said the dealer. "I will take it away." And he started to pick it up.

"No," said Mr. Morgan. "Leave it right where it is. No matter who painted it, I have become very fond of it and I am going to keep it."

To this anecdote, which not only illuminates Morgan's method of collecting but suggests that he may have been moved by a personal love for exquisite things, whether or not attributable to recognized masters, Satterlee adds the unconsciously devastating comment, "It might be a Velasquez after all!"—thereby apparently demolishing Morgan the amateur and substituting for him Morgan the mere speculator in attributions, or at any rate Morgan the assembler of a collection which must carry the most imposing labels. Let us go a little further, and call the most adverse witness of all.

## VI

**R**oger Fry, who in his later years became famous as a critic and connoisseur of art, served as Curator of Paintings and then as European Adviser on Paintings for the Metropolitan Museum from 1906 to 1910, when his connection with the Museum was



terminated. According to Virginia Woolf's life of Fry, it was terminated only because he tried to buy for the Museum a picture which Morgan—who was then President of the Museum—wanted for his own personal collection; and certain it is that during the summer of 1909 something happened which deeply offended Morgan. Only a few of the directors of the Museum were told of this episode—whatever it was—and they considered it discreditable to Fry. Perhaps it is true that Fry had merely tried to buy for the Metropolitan a picture that Morgan wanted for himself, but had gone about the negotiation in a way that—rightly or wrongly—seemed to Morgan underhanded. But at any rate Fry had long tried the patience of the officers of the Museum; his connection with it had been a chapter of misunderstandings, mistakes, differences of judgment, inefficiencies, and cross purposes.

From the outset Fry had resented Morgan's vast influence at the Metropolitan. He had described him as "the most repulsively ugly" man, "with a great strawberry nose," and had said that he "behaved like a crowned head." Fry had written home from New York, "I don't think he wants anything but flattery. He is quite indifferent as to the real value of things. All he wants experts for is to give him a sense of his own wonderful sagacity. I shall never be able to dance to that tune. . . . The man is so swollen with pride and a sense of his own power that it never occurs to him that other people have any rights." And years later Fry, writing an account of a trip which he took with Morgan in Italy in the summer of 1907, described the financier with venom.

He recounted in detail how Morgan—who at the age of seventy was accompanied on his travels by his close friend, the "stately and enameled" Mrs. Douglas, by his sister, Mrs. Burns,<sup>2</sup> and by a courier, "a lank, hungry Italian cadger"—was beset by dealers and cringing aristocrats who had things that they wanted to sell him; how the banker was rude to two Italian ladies who wanted to sell him a service of Majolica; and what lavish pains were taken by all and sundry to please Morgan in the hope of some of his money might be enticed in their direction.

<sup>2</sup> Fry said his sister-in-law, Miss Burns, but was apparently in error.

I was asleep at the Grand Hotel in Perugia one morning in May 1907 [wrote Fry] when a knock at the door woke me and the Cameriera entered with a card. The Count Torelli urgently requested a short interview. I sent word I would be down soon, dressed, and went into an empty room on the ground floor where the Count, young, dandified, and weakly sympathetic, greeted me with anxious effusiveness.

What did he want? I knew the answer beforehand—family heirlooms to be offered to Pierpont Morgan. . . . What were they? Chinese pictures rather recently imported and an immense eighteenth-century carpet spread all over the floor. The poor count had rushed from Rome to Perugia to catch some of the golden shower and there they were displayed. Would I do what I could? The family fortunes depended on his success. He would be eternally and even perhaps practically grateful if only I would intercede successfully with *il Morgan*. I could hold out very little hope but said I would see what could be done.

Before I could get away from him there jumped out from a dark corner of the room a little Levantine or Maltese gibbering in broken English and broken Italian. He had in his hands a large seventeenth-century crucifix which he handed me with feverish gestures. It was not a remarkable work of art and [I] was beginning the usual process of getting out when he whipped out a stiletto from the shaft of the cross. This was the *clou* of the piece and I knew my Morgan well enough to guess how likely he was to be taken by it. "Shows what the fellows did in those days! Stick a man while he was praying! Yes, very interesting." For a crude historical imagination was the only flaw in his otherwise perfect insensibility.

That is a damning judgment upon Morgan the collector. Its harshness may be attributed in part to the fact that Fry's employment by the Museum had been from the outset uncomfortable; to the probability that Fry, a sensitive man not immune to self-pity, hated to be under the domination of a millionaire, who knew less about Renaissance art than he did; and to the fact that anyhow the two men were utterly dissimilar in temperament. Fry was complex, articulate, humorous, fastidious, and a student of *minutiae*; whereas Morgan

was simple, a man of a few short words, lacking in humor, and impatient of fine discriminations. One may guess that when Morgan asked for advice he wanted a plain yes-or-no answer, that Fry preferred to instruct him in historical backgrounds and aesthetic values, and that the conflict between them had in it something of the perennial conflict between the executive and the intellectual. Fry's judgment upon Morgan may therefore be likened to the judgment of a cavalryman upon a thirty-ton tank. Yet Fry was a genuine connoisseur who lived for art, and such explanations by no means explain his comment wholly away.

**P**ERHAPS the truth about Morgan the collector embraces both the Satterlee and Fry findings and also that of Edward P. Mitchell, editor of the *New York Sun*, who found in the banker "a genuine affection and hunger for the rarest and finest and most beautiful achievements in the arts." Unquestionably Morgan had such an affection and hunger. We need not doubt that his appreciation of the "Portrait of a Child" was real.

He had in him nothing of the creative artist; though as a boy he drew a few graceful pencil sketches which showed a neat sense of form, there is no record of his ever having wanted thereafter to produce art for himself. Not even into the building of his Library, the apple of his eye, did he throw the sort of intense creative zest which Isabella Stewart Gardner threw into every detail of the planning and construction of Fenway Court. Nor did he take any noticeable interest in encouraging contemporary artists. He thought of art in the past tense, not the present or future.

Furthermore, when he approached the art of bygone days, he did not do so as a student; he did not even read much. He approached it, rather, as a venerator of old and choice things. What turned him to collecting was a romantic reverence for the archaic, the traditional, the remote, for things whose beauty took him far away from prosaic, industrial America—the same feeling, in essence, which made him delight in the ceremonies of the church.

Morgan was also a man who did not do things by halves. Once he became enamored

of collecting, he went at it in the same overwhelming way in which he went at a business reorganization. As the *Burlington* magazine said of him after his death, "Having become the greatest financier of his age, he determined to be the greatest collector." When Morgan decided to build a yacht, he wanted it to be the biggest one. When he bred collies, he wanted them to win the best blue ribbons. He was the sort of man who, when he takes up a sport, at once dreams of becoming champion. When he went into collecting, nothing would satisfy him but the complete conquest of the marts of beauty—annihilating competition, taking his various objectives by frontal assault.

It may be that the editorial in the *Burlington* magazine was the soundest witness as to Morgan the collector:—

... In the world of art quite as much as in the world of finance, Mr. Morgan was above everything a man of action. His successful raids upon the private collections of Europe were organized and carried out with the rapid decisive energy of a great general. He believed in military methods; he regarded rapidity and irrevocability of decision as more important than accuracy of judgment; he considered discipline more effective than a nice discrimination. And in spite of many instances of failure it would be rash to say that for the end he had in view his choice of means was a wrong one.

## VII

**M**ORGAN never made money on any such gigantic scale as did John D. Rockefeller, who during his lifetime was able to give away something like 500 million dollars without by any means dissipating the family fortune; or as did Andrew Carnegie, whose benefactions totaled some 350 millions. Even so, when Morgan died in 1913 the public—which had thought of his wealth as limitless—was somewhat surprised at the comparatively modest size of the estate he left. If one excluded his art collections, which were variously estimated to be worth from 20 to 50 millions, the amount was estimated at only a little over 68 millions—a smaller amount than was left by Frick, or Harriman, or George F. Baker, or Richard B. Mellon, to name only a few of the multimillionaires of



the time, and considerably smaller than the 135 millions left by Thomas Fortune Ryan in 1928 or the 186 millions left by Payne Whitney in 1927. For Morgan not only made less money than many other multimillionaires; he spent most of what he earned. He lived on an increasingly magnificent scale; his collecting during the last fifteen years or so of his life must have cost him millions a year; and he was also a lavish giver.

The nature and manner of his giving followed a highly personal pattern. In the first place, many of his gifts went quite unpublished. None of them involved naming a building for him. Morgan felt that a gentleman should not advertise his benefactions. (The chief reason why it is difficult for a biographer to estimate whether the total of Morgan's gifts was nearer five millions or ten is that so many of them were made so quietly.) In the second place, most of his gifts were closely connected with his personal loyalties and affections. And in the third place, he did his giving quickly. Unlike other men of wealth—especially today's men of wealth—he did not ask committees of experts to study appeals made to him. He had no truck with surveys of needs. Just as he hated haggling, so he hated undue deliberation. When he saw something worth giving to, he liked to do it without delay or ceremony.

To complete our brief triangulation of

Morgan's nature, let us turn to Joseph B. Gilder's account, in the *Century Magazine*, of how Morgan made one of his major gifts. The story may be exaggerated, but at least it is characteristic.

Harvard University wanted to build a new group of buildings in Boston for its Medical School. Morgan liked the idea. Harvard was a good place; his son Jack had gone there and the results had seemed satisfactory. President Eliot was an excellent man. Medicine was a good thing, and the Harvard Medical School was well spoken of. So when Morgan was approached for a gift he said he would be glad to see the plans for the new group of buildings.

According to Gilder, John D. Rockefeller had taken six months to have the school's needs investigated. Morgan, when two or three representatives of the school came to see him at 23 Wall Street, and were shown into an inside room, walked in watch in hand.

"Gentleman," said he, "I am pressed for time and can give you but a moment. Have you any plans to show me?"

The plans were unrolled.

Said Morgan, moving his finger quickly from point to point, "I will build *that*—and *that*—and *that*. Good morning, gentlemen." And he departed, having committed himself to the construction of three buildings at a cost of over a million dollars.

*[This is the first of three articles on J. Pierpont Morgan. The second, which will appear next month, will tell the story of Morgan's formation of the United States Steel Corporation, one of the biggest business promotions of all time.—The Editors]*

## *Memo for Mr. Stalin*

PETER I and Catherine II have given to the world a great and useful lesson for which Russia has paid the price. They have shown that despotism is never so much to be feared as when it claims to be doing good, for then it considers that its intentions can excuse its most revolting acts; and the evil inflicted as a remedy knows no bounds.

—The Marquis de Custine, in *La Russie en 1839*

# World Revolution, American Plan

*Isabel Cary Lundberg*

ON AUGUST 10, 1948, the *New York Times* displayed prominently, at the top of a page, two photographs captioned TRAINING GREEK FLEDGLINGS AT TEXAS AIRFIELD. In one, a class of Greek Cadets, in regulation khaki shirt and black tie, was receiving instruction from a United States Air Force captain; in the other, a Greek youth, his cap at the proper angle, was seated in the cockpit of an AT-6, his instructor at his side.

Fitted neatly around these photographs, with obvious intent to pair the effects of American aid to Greece and Turkey, appeared a long dispatch from Ankara, Turkey. It told how a twenty-year-old Turkish farm boy named Nazim Barangoglu, who until two years ago had never seen any machine more complicated than a waterwheel, had just learned how to repair the ignition wiring of a big six-by-six truck's engine. "Nazim's experience," said the dispatch, "in leaping from the donkey-and-pack-saddle era into the age of airplanes, radar, and internal combustion engines, is one that thousands of young Turkish farm boys are sharing today. Hundreds of thousands will share it in the coming year . . . . It is an incidental benefit growing out of the threat of Russian attack."

Implicit in those pictures and that dispatch is a profound truth which, so far, most Americans have completely missed. Because we

are pledged to "stop communism"—by aid to Greece and Turkey, by the Marshall Plan and other foreign undertakings—and because we think of communism as revolutionary, we have come to think of the United States, by contrast with Soviet Russia, as anti-revolutionary, aiming simply to shore up the leaning tower of Western capitalism and to maintain the status quo wherever possible. But the total impact of the United States on the world is something quite different. We have forgotten that the United States, too, was born of revolution; that Americans are agents of unsettlement and change; and while we know that the Soviets, in their efforts to expand their sphere of influence, like to "fish in troubled waters," the one question we have never asked is, *who troubled those waters?*

A clue to the answer was provided by a Frenchman, André Siegfried, in a remarkable address delivered as long ago as November, 1932, to an organization of Protestant business men at Neuilly. Said M. Siegfried:

Up to the beginning of the twentieth century the entire world accepted without protest the material and moral supremacy of Europe. But for the past thirty years, especially since the war, the extra-European section of the white race has begun to lay claim to its independence. Henceforth it will gravitate around the United States rather than around the older countries of

*Isabel Cary Lundberg cannot be tagged here as a "former official" or "recognized authority on foreign affairs"; her article represents the independent thinking of a well-informed citizen.*



Europe. At the same time the colored races, as well in Africa as in Asia, and even in America, have commenced to protest against the dependence in which for so long the West has held them. . . . But in so far as the oriental people are transforming themselves in our image—and here let us cherish no illusions—they are doing it on the American plan. The United States is presiding at a general reorganization of the ways of living throughout the entire world. . . .

The West has thought for a long time, not without a certain naïveté, that it represented spirituality in the world. But is spirituality really the message we have taken along with us everywhere? What has been borrowed from us, as I have so often observed, is our mechanisms. Today, in the most remote, most ancient villages, one finds the automobile, the cinema, the radio, the telephone, the phonograph, not to mention the airplane, and it is not the white men, nor the most civilized, who display the greatest enthusiasm for them. A naïve conviction has persuaded those who imitate us that simply by appropriating to themselves our instruments they have become our equals.

The one really new gospel we have introduced is the revelation, after centuries of passively endured privations, that a man may at last free himself of poverty and, most fantastic innovation of all, that he may actually enjoy his existence. There, perhaps, is the most tangible thing we have taught them: the longing and impatience for the comforts of life! And so, without our wishing it, or even knowing it, we appear as the terrible instigators of social change and revolution.

If documentation should be required to identify M. Siegfried's final "we" it can be read in the closing lines of the story of Nazim Barangoglu, the Turkish farm boy who spanned "ten thousand years of progress" in two:

"It is breathtaking," said one Turkish officer, "to think of the impetus it will give to the new spirit that came to Turkey with the regime of Mustapha Kemal Ataturk [leader of the revolution of 1917 and of the movement for the Westernization of Turkey]. The farm boys never again will be content with the laborious old hand methods. The ideas they take back with them will carry on Ataturk's plans for the remaking of Turkey."

## II

FOR us, in America, suddenly to see ourselves as "the terrible instigators of social change and revolution" demands so painful a mental readjustment as to be well-nigh impossible at first. For we have not the slightest conception of the revolutionary potential hidden in our national products, in the articles we use every day of our lives; and we have as a rule no conception whatever of the nature and needs of the billions who populate the other continents in both the eastern hemisphere and our own: human beings who have never seen the inside of a school, much less a bathroom; who never see a shop window and have never touched money.

Why was more than twelve million dollars' worth of printed cotton rushed by the ECA from Japan to the Netherlands East Indies in September? Because an Indonesian Republic is struggling for existence at Jogjakarta, on Java, and Soviet agitation in the area is rife. A bolt of bright cotton goods is reckoned as wages and will cancel out many an "ideological weapon" dispensed by local Marxists.

Advertising creates demand, and not only in America. During the years 1942–1946 the United States government paid the traveling expenses of several million salesmen for American advertised products. They all wore uniforms and they touched at virtually every port of call in the world. The difference between their own material condition and that of the peoples among whom they went, even in Europe, was not lost on them. Anecdotes once fresh, and now forgotten, told again and again of the childish delight that Turks and Russians and Moroccans and everyone everywhere took in the commonplace possessions of the Americans. Intellectuals at home bemoaned the government's failure to indoctrinate the GI and make a propagandist of him; what the intellectuals did not see was that every soldier, sailor, flier, and marine, on beaches and atolls, in swamps and on deserts, in the port of Murmansk and the railhead at Teheran, carried his arsenal of revolutionary weapons on his person, in his knapsack, duffle bag, and foot locker.

Did a single one of them regard himself as an agent of social change and revolution? Perish the thought! Yet one has only to ask

what the native populations everywhere wanted of the GI, the Air Force pilot, the gob, and the Seabee. They wanted what the vast majority of the world's population, European and non-European, wants: the wrist watch, fountain pen, cigarettes, flashlight, chocolate bars, chewing gum, cameras, pocket knives, pills to kill pain, vaccines to save lives, hospital beds with clean sheets, hand soap and shaving soap, gadgets and gewgaws of every description, the jeep, the truck, and *white bread*. Very few Americans, picking and choosing among the piles of white bread in a super-market, have ever appreciated the social standing of white bread elsewhere in the world. To be able to afford white bread is a dream that awaits fulfillment for billions of the world's population. To afford it signifies that one enjoys all the comforts of life.

Once, before the first world war, a good many of the articles the armed forces bartered and left behind might have come from Europe. Today, in the minds of millions of the white, brown, red, black, and yellow races they bear one label: *Made in America*. And the articles are still coming. In American air transport bases that now circle the globe, our Air Force fliers and ground crews, by virtue of the machines they use, the things they have and wear, the things they eat, and the illustrated magazines they read, appear, without knowing it or even wishing it, as "the terrible instigators of social change and revolution."

THE more intelligent Europeans have known for years what we were doing. That is one of the reasons why we have been feared, not loved, in Europe; a reason why we are not loved, even today, with our Marshall Plan. For one thing, we have upset the European apple cart by firing the imaginations of colonial multitudes with notions incompatible with imperialist rule.

It is precisely because we have behind us no imperialistic tradition that we regard ourselves as the bearers of progress and enlightenment, rather than of revolution, when we ship the marvels of American production into far-off backward countries. A cartel might as well be something milk comes in. So innocent are we, politically, that we resent (as though we owned the companies) any interference with the sale and distribution of American moving pictures in foreign countries and

never remotely suspect that every can of film is potentially a can of social dynamite.

And it is precisely because Americans are so politically untutored and unsophisticated that we hold so false and inadequate a concept of revolution. The "forcible overthrow" of a government, ours or any other, is not something that can be achieved overnight. Political revolution must have as its precondition social revolution, brought about through social change, *i.e.*, through gradual shifts in the pattern of human needs and wants. "Western ideas"—ideas of mass production and mass consumption—are now bringing about such shifts on the grand scale. The Industrial Revolution, which reached Germany as late as 1830 and overtook Russia in 1917—in both cases with unforeseen consequences—is now moving, with the predictability of a tornado, eastward. The dislocation caused by the industrial revolution in Germany, half-feudal, half-industrial, was as nothing compared to the dislocation it created in czarist Russia, almost wholly feudal. And all that one can say with certainty, as the tornado sweeps relentlessly across Asia, is that the dislocation it will one day produce in Africa or India, for example, will make the history of the Soviet Union to date read like something out of Mother Goose.

Storm signals are up, for any who will trouble to read them. The movement for separation, secession, and independence has begun since V-J day to break out behind the Iron Curtain, in Burma, Java, and Malaya. In India bids for independence or secession have been made by Hyderabad and Kashmir, and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru begins to sound distressingly like a Tory prime minister. In Egypt, the Sudanese are clamoring to be free. In Kashmir, where the government was having to fly in troops and supplies over a 19,000-foot pass in the Himalayas, Indian forces were flying American-built Dakotas to wage war on the Kashmiri, a peace-loving people whose annual per capita income is estimated at something under \$4 and whose dream is of "industrialization." Sinkiang, bordering the Soviet Union, and once Japanese-controlled, wants to stand free of China, and its people are being urged to "buy native goods."

The ideal of liberty, of liberation, is an American ideal. The realization of that ideal



in the twentieth century rests on one factor: industrialization, the *sine qua non* of any well-founded independence movement. Now, since the United States has stood throughout its history as the symbol of liberty and independence, and since for the past thirty years it has stood as the archetype of the industrial Utopia in modern times, why, then, is the press of the world not charging the United States with fomenting universal rebellion and revolt? The uprisings are never described as "American-led." If American producers and the American proletariat behind its machines are the real revolutionists, why are the "Reds" of Soviet Russia getting all the credit and taking all the blame?

The answer comes from an unexpected source.

### III

LAST summer, on the 24th of August, the members of the first Constituent Assembly of the World Council of Churches gathered in Amsterdam to hear two speakers. One was Mr. John Foster Dulles, America's peregrinating Republican, who said just about what everyone present expected him to say, and was frequently interrupted by applause; the other, who though he also spoke in English was not interrupted at all, was Professor Josef L. Hromadka, a Czech theologian, onetime professor of Christian ethics at Princeton, and more recently a member of the Central Action Committee during the Communist coup in Prague. Dr. Hromadka introduced a sour note into the proceedings at Amsterdam by assuring his audience that the day of Western supremacy was over, and for good; and he went on to be uncomfortably personal in his diagnosis.

What he said, in part, was this: "Anxiety about the advancing social transformation under the leadership of the Soviet Union is depriving the average Western citizen of a real grasp of the situation and of an adequate understanding of what is going on. That makes him confused, restless, scared and nervous, or disillusioned and apathetic. He is losing trust in the former colonial nations which, rightly or wrongly, are looking to Soviet Communism and the Soviet brand of democracy as a more reliable and trustworthy guide through the labyrinth of this world. . . .

I am not speaking about the fall or decline of the West. What I have in mind is simply the fact that the Western nations have ceased to be the exclusive masters and architects of the world. For the past three decades the underdogs of society [have been] marching. . . ."

André Siegfried, sixteen years before, had anticipated this day. By 1948 "the Western nations have ceased to be the exclusive masters and architects of the world." We must concede Dr. Hromadka the point, but M. Siegfried, being no theologian, saw not only that the West would lose the spiritual and material direction of the world, but *why* it would lose it. The *why* encourages us to believe that we are not forced to accept Dr. Hromadka's conclusion.

Simply, starkly stated, the "cold war" going on between the U. S. S. R. and the U. S. A. is a war between *ideological weapons* and *technological weapons*. If their technological weapons (industrial mechanisms) made the Western nations the exclusive masters and architects of the world, can the Soviets achieve the same supremacy with ideological weapons alone?

What tends to be too completely overlooked in all discussions of the United States versus the Soviet Union is the embarrassingly primary observation that without the technical know-how supplied by the United States, the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics would never have achieved its present stage of industrialization, inadequate as it is. Engineers sent to Russia to oversee installation of colossal products of America's heavy industry came back in the early 1930's despairing of a people who left costly material in the open to rust, and of factory commissars who, solely to exercise prerogative, refused to let cement foundations dry before turning on the power—with disastrous, irremediable results.

Karl Marx's overweening admiration for the American technocracy deceived his overzealous, inexperienced followers who, after 1925, thought to outdo the United States by building everything on a larger scale. So they built Magnitogorsk and Dnieperstroï before the cities had streets or the citizens had shoes. It can quite literally be said of the Soviet Union that it is the one nation that tried to lift itself by its bootstraps before it remembered to manufacture boots.

*"A naïve conviction has persuaded those who imitate us that by simply appropriating to themselves our instruments they have become our equals."*

The Soviet Union is not the equal of the United States—yet; and the men who know it best are those that sit in the Kremlin. The dynamic is still in the hands of America: the machines and the workers who make and operate them. The Russians are adept at exporting ideas and slogans to distant continents; but if it is thought that "the advancing social transformation" of the dark-skinned races is progressing faster under the impulsion of Soviet ideology than of American technology, it might be well to consider the activities of the Liberia Company, organized in 1947 as a "pioneer experiment" in utilizing American capital to "develop the economy and social organization of the African Republic."

By August of 1948 this company, through one of its affiliates, expected to have under way within three to six months pilot plants in logging, sawmilling, tinsmithing, textile production, palm-oil processing, and a fishing industry. Native labor will be trained and, except for the products of log camp and sawmill, everything produced will be for the use of the natives, of whom there are an estimated 1,500,000. The Liberia Cold Storage Company, Inc., another affiliate, is setting up freeze lockers and other refrigeration equipment to be used in the new fishing industry. It is expected that there will be eventually twenty-six affiliates, operating everything from hotels to laundries, and all agreements must carry provisions for improving the health, living standards, and general welfare of the natives.

The revolutionary implications of such a program on the "dark" continent are beyond human calculation today.

Professor Hromadka may hold to his optimistic view of the Communist movement, or he may not. For our part, assuming that another thirty years will see Asia industrialized, we incline to the opinion that the Communist movement, as we know it, will not be there. The sobering fact is that the Russian Revolution has not yet run its full course. Within a rigid social structure inherited from the czars (nothing has changed but the personnel at the top: party and army are the

privileged classes, the masses are still at the bottom, the secret police is still the secret police), the Soviet government has tried to compress a developing industrial society. It cannot long be done.

Social scientist Robert M. MacIver is the authority for the statement that "high-level technology and fixed social classes are incompatible." In the Soviet Union, social classes are *fixed*. The proletariat is "frozen" for life. Yet with increasing mastery of technological skills, the Soviet worker must, in time, break out of the iron-cast social stratification in which his forefathers were locked for centuries. A new set of "Western ideas," picked up during the war, can only accelerate the tempo.

High technology and social flux go, as they do in the United States, hand in hand. Industrialization is the great Commoner: it will destroy *any* government under which its benefits are confined to the few and denied the many. The Politbureau is itself creating the pre-condition to what must be, in time, a new social order.

#### IV

THE chief reason why the revolutionary role of the United States has never been clearly perceived is that the policy of its government, ever since George Washington refused reciprocal aid to the insurgent French in 1789, has been the very opposite of revolutionary. It has been essentially a bankers' policy, outwardly conservative, looking to interest on loans and returns on investment. The U. S. S. R., by contrast, has never for a moment relaxed the aim of world revolution expressed in the closing phrases of the Manifesto: "They [the proletarians] have a world to win."

The net result is interesting. By sticking to their knitting and minding their own business, the United States enterprisers in the National Association of Manufacturers, the American Iron & Steel Institute, and the United States Chamber of Commerce have been able to forge the weapons of revolution, while they themselves live in mortal terror of it. Theirs is the "new, revolutionary" one-step process in steel-casting, theirs the "revolutionary" jet plane, theirs the "revolutionary" new automatic kitchens, the "new, revolu-



tionary" chemicals and drugs; proudly and unsuspectingly, they have revolutionized ways of making and doing everything. And in the end they get no credit, because revolution on the American Plan is unpremeditated, unanticipated, and unwanted.

The Soviet Union, on the other hand, by her decision not to try to build socialism in one country, but to try for the world on an all-or-nothing gamble, has lost her chance to forge the weapons she must have to perpetuate world revolution and communism. For world communism, like world capitalism (which has only world markets to win) depends absolutely for support on its ability to produce better housing, better clothing, better schooling, better food, and better movies. The likelihood, therefore, of the Soviet Union's being able to power all the revolutions that Communists are leading, is, in this writer's view, slight for the present. Not even the United States, with its unrivaled productive capacity, could manage it on so vast a scale.

But the reason why the "Reds" and not the Yanks get all the credit and take all the blame is simply this: while the United States unwittingly supplies the revolutionary *dynamic*, the U.S.S.R., at the moment, is supplying the *direction*. Soviet direction consists of a tightly packaged ideology: land for the peasants, security for the workers, and, concealed under a false bottom, privilege for party and army and a secret police for all. Gaudily packaged as it is, and sold by *native* distributors, Soviet propaganda holds out to the worker in steaming jungles and the peasant in rags a new view of himself in a better world. But he has hold of Pandora's box.

For to divide the land among more men, and leave the number of farm tools and animals the same, is to invite starvation. The same policy that was in large part responsible for the Soviets' famine in 1921 is already producing signs of a repetition of that famine in Poland and the Balkans in the winter of 1948-49. Ideological weapons, unless they can be soon translated into "the comforts of life," are so many hollow phrases. Until men of all races—yellow, brown, black, and white—have seen more Soviet tractors, trucks, jeeps, freight cars, steel-mill and cotton-mill equipment, more Soviet movies, cigarettes, wrist watches, and cotton goods than they are likely to see for some time, their "advancing

social transformation" cannot go very far "under the leadership of the Soviet Union."

America, however, like Europe before her, stands to forfeit the right to direct the very peoples she has helped to emancipate. She is the supplier of the world, creative, but no architect. As a people we are today only "good-willers," and our good will, so long as it lacks any architectural design, will do us no good. We cannot undo what our producers have done, nor stop what they are doing. The United States, on behalf of its enterprisers, will lend, give, or, preferably sell to any country its mechanisms. It will teach Europeans or Turks, Christians or Mohammedans, how to use its mechanisms. But in the instant that Europeans or Orientals show promise of changing the social order to accommodate those mechanisms, the United States will rein them up short and try in every way possible to abort the impending birth. The Soviet Union, having little or nothing tangible to give, but richly supplied with plans, programs, and slogans, plunges enthusiastically into the business of directing the revolutionary forces.

In a world torn by two revolutionizing powers, one using ideological and the other technological weapons, it is logical to ask one final question: Which has the better chance to succeed?

## V

EUROPE, because it has had time, now, to grasp the true inwardness of both, would rather have neither. United States aid has come too late to salvage what is left of Europe. Small nations that could remain capitalistic so long as they were able to drain wealth from colonial resources, can remain capitalistic no longer; of this Sweden has long been a shining example. England, to her own astonishment, was the first to veer. The *bouleversements* caused by two world wars have robbed the people of Europe of the "drive" which capitalism requires; fatigue and malnutrition make them indifferent producers. Gross inequalities of land holdings combined with overpopulation, as in Spain and Italy, demand reforms that alone can create the foundation for democratic living. By resisting to the end the social revolution long overdue, the United States stands to

forfeit, in Europe, too, the right to direct the millions on whom she has squandered her substance. Europe must forge a new brand of democracy, its own.

If the United States insists on coercing the sixteen nations of the Western bloc into a mold as inflexible as that in which Soviet satellites are held, our failure is assured. Benelux is the vanguard of a federated Europe: Benelux, Socialist Britain, Socialist Sweden, and the new Resistance forming in Soviet-occupied territory. A federated Europe cannot be capitalistic.

Nor can it be communistic: two circumstances forbid this.

First, the Soviet Union has expressed itself "categorically" on the subject of a European federation: it is against it. Second, the majority of Europe's western population is not Slav and has not the concomitant despotic tradition. Premier Stalin, who in measures for liquidating the opposition appears to have been a close student of Machiavelli, would be well advised in his westward expansion to re-read a pregnant passage from *Il Principe*: "Whoever becomes master of a free state and does not destroy it, may be expected to be ruined by it himself. In all its revolts it has ever the cry of liberty for its rallying point and its refuge, as well as the remembrance of its ancient institutions, which neither length of time nor benefits can efface. . . . This name of liberty will never depart from their memories or their hearts, and they will return to it on the slightest occasion."

In Europe the Soviet Union may seem to be winning all the battles, but it will lose the war. Soviet Russia needs from her satellites, and is taking by purchase, force, or barter, everything they export; but the process of robbing Peter to pay Paul is destroying the satellites. Poland cannot prosper if she sells the U.S.S.R. part of her coal at \$1.50 a ton when the going price is \$12, while Poland is required to pay her liberator the world price for oil—and from Poland's own wells. Czechoslovakia must pay 50 per cent more than the world price for Soviet wheat, and Bulgaria, obliged to sell her tobacco crop to the U.S.S.R., is not getting in exchange a fraction of the goods her tobacco would purchase in other markets. In Hungary, Rumania, Soviet-occupied Austria, everywhere in the Molotov Plan zones the pattern is the same: ruthless

exploitation of the satellite populations, their foodstuffs and textiles, their oil and their machinery, with only token return of goods in exchange from the Soviets. As the dictatorship of the proletariat fails to make good its promises, and the standard of living in the Soviet sphere continues to fall, the Soviet Union must screw the screws tighter and make one last all-out bid for France, then Germany, the two industrial countries on the Continent.

Production, production, and more production: revolution is a dead letter without it. As of January 1948, the Soviet Union, since the war, had *taken out* of other countries 12.6 billion dollars, including reparations (chiefly machinery) and payment of occupation costs. In the same period the United States had *put into* other countries 15.3 billion dollars, exclusive of military aid and costs of occupation forces. The Marshall Plan, which added another 6 or 7 billions, did not come into effect until April 1948.

**B**UT the day will come when foreign aid on such a scale must stop. What, then, will the United States have accomplished? Nothing of all that it set out to accomplish, so long as our policy-makers are incapable of "that dramatic rehearsal of future consequences which we call reasoning."

While providing the very technical mechanisms which impel a people to social change, they try to hold it back, often relying on elements that are, in Professor Hromadka's word, "moribund." One need look no further than France, in which each cabinet overturn brought to the surface a man feebler than the one before. United States policy has moved imperceptibly from Dollar Diplomacy to Dollar Democracy, but recipients of our dollars look on them with suspicion, and the revolutionary potential in every Marshall Plan cargo will not be denied. When foreign aid ends, the tide will turn, and the groundswell, too long repressed, threatens to engulf the Continent in a tidal wave of reaction.

To save itself and its pawned prestige the United States must support the peaceful movement for political change in Europe—or else get out and let the Soviet Union begin the job by violence.

The trouble with Soviet architecture, politically, is that it was designed for the Rus-



sian proletariat in 1917, and is ill-suited to many Western Europeans who are being asked to accept it. But what is *démodé* in Europe in 1948 is as *avant-garde* in the Middle East as it was in Czarist Russia in 1917. In vast areas in which the overwhelming majority of the population cannot read or write and can be persuaded it "has nothing to lose but its chains," the ideological weapon of class struggle favors the Soviet Union. And the fact that the Soviet Union, as long ago as 1920, established communist cells of the more literate *native* elements throughout the Orient gives her, now, a powerful advantage. Soviet Russia does not *make* revolutions. But when Western ideas and machines have successfully prepared the social revolution by teaching men new and better ways of life, the Soviet Union seizes the explosive moment, exploits the legitimate aspirations of a people, and organizes *political* overthrow. The cause she professes to champion is the cause of social justice, and the United States is letting her win the world championship by default.

## VI

**T**O MILLIONS of the world's colonial populations America has for generations symbolized liberty and freedom from oppression. To the United States as the most powerful nation in the world they have repeatedly appealed their grievances. Colonel Stephen Bonsal, aide to Colonel House at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919–20, records their pleas in the diary to which he gave the title, *Suitors and Suppliants: The Little Nations at Versailles*. T. E. Lawrence, the fabulous "Lawrence of Arabia," came with the Arabs; Shahs and Sheiks came; guerrilla "kings" of wild, mountainous tribes; men of all ranks and all races, to plead the cause of their people before the all-powerful Americans.

Today, thirty years later, the "oppressed nationalities" are confused. They are being told that the United States is no longer their friend, that America has gone over to the side of the oppressors. The charge can no longer be dismissed as "communistic propaganda."

In a publication than which there is none more pro-business, there appeared in mid-

September the following set of facts: trouble in Java is imperiling sources of rubber, tin, petroleum, copra, kapok, rope fibers, pepper, tea, tapioca, and quinine; exports from the Indonesian Republic at Jogjakarta are being cut off by a Dutch naval blockade; it is costing the Dutch at Batavia "about \$1,000,000 a day" to keep a standing army of 300,000 men. Correspondents in Batavia and Jogjakarta sent the following dispatch, which appeared in *U. S. News & World Report* for September 17:

American prestige in the Orient is to be affected by the U. S. attitudes toward the Dutch and Indonesians. India, China, and the Philippines are watching closely. . . . The Indonesian Republic is counting on the U. S. to guarantee an equitable settlement and to restrain the Dutch from launching military operations. . . . The Republic wants to import American products in exchange for rubber, pepper, palm oil, and other materials. . . . Doubts about the American attitude, however, are beginning to appear.

The feeling seems to be growing that the U. S. secretly favors the Dutch. Washington's decision to let the Netherlands use \$54,000,000 of European Recovery funds in the Indies is openly resented by Republican leaders. This decision closely followed the State Department's refusal to establish a U. S. Information Service Library in the Republican capital.

Communists, although not yet influential in the Republic, are making capital of this growing resentment. President Soekarno's Republican Government, pro-American now, is under mounting pressure to look to Russia rather than to the U. S. for help.

There seems no evidence at the moment that the United States means what it says when its spokesmen repeat, almost from force of habit, Wilson's magnetic words: "We are fighting for the oppressed nationalities who submerged or standing alone could never have secured their freedom. . . . We say now that all these people have the right to live their own lives under governments which they themselves choose to set up. That is the American principle."

That is not only an American principle, but an ideological weapon stronger than any in the Soviet's arsenal. Will the United States

wake up to, and face, the logical reasonable consequences of its revolutionary technology?

The immediate prospect is for total defeat for the United States on every front, unless its foreign policy is modified. Looked at very simply, this is how the odds shape up:

The people of the United States (exceptions noted) have the maximum of everything the rest of the world's peoples yearn after: freedom from fear, freedom from want.

The people of the Soviet Union have a minimum of everything, and of such poor quality that no one else wants it.

The United States has the productive capacity not only to supply its own population's needs, but to supplement the capacity of other nations to provide the articles of consumption their populations want.

The U.S.S.R., which began two hundred years late and was behind schedule on all production fronts before the war, is patently incapable at present of supplying the needs of even her own people.

The United States is now embarked on a program of foreign aid which, while intended to "stop communism," is actually in many places helping it.

The Soviet Union, embarked on a program of propaganda to "stop capitalism," has a good chance to destroy the United States.

FOR what is happening in the Netherlands East Indies, where the Indonesian Republic is "pro-American now," reflects what is likely to happen in every country in which United States policy permits the Soviet Union to champion the "underdog" and to usurp to itself the slogans that once were ours. It is by pursuing this policy—and only in this way, by default—that "the advancing social transformation under the leadership of the Soviet Union" can become a grim reality.

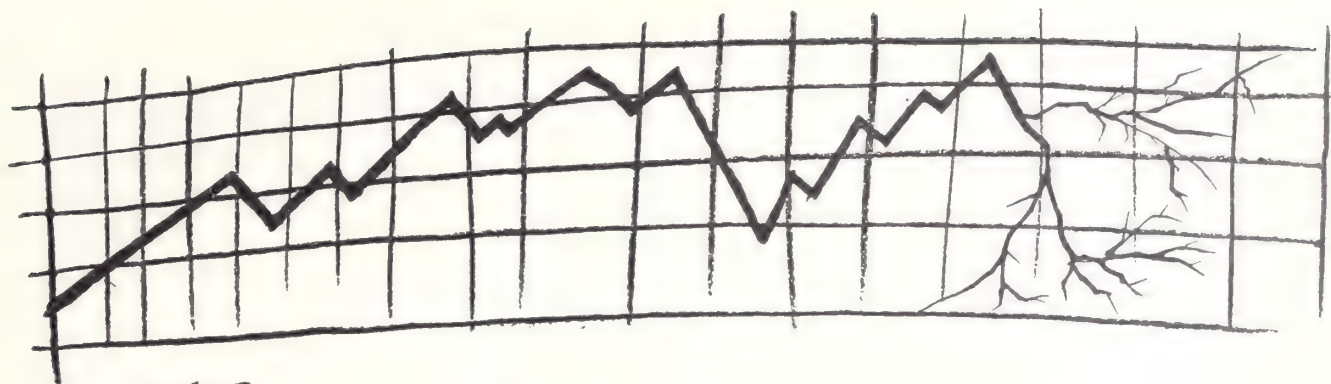
For what will happen next, and with stunning rapidity, is that the Soviet Union, which, on its own undeveloped resources and technology, could not power a revolution anywhere, will not only gain access to the richest stores of the world's raw materials and workers trained to extract them, but will acquire, as has already happened in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, the absolute monopoly of every installation of machinery—American, British, French, and German—and of the skilled labor, in every colonial territory and, not impossibly, in a good many countries of Europe.

The irony of it is that the new nations, like the Liberian and Indonesian Republics, are the very ones ready and waiting for democratic-capitalist development, and *not* the exhausted countries of Europe.

Only America can bring about Soviet ascendancy in the East, by turning her back on the principles which gained her *her* ascendancy over all the world. And if it is argued that State Department policy is "protecting American investments," or protecting the interests of producers against demands of native workers that would raise the cost of raw materials, then the State Department must look clear-headedly at the alternative while there is time. Either the United States must meet Soviet Russia's competition by supplying not only the revolutionary dynamic but the direction as well, or it must go down, as France went down, ingloriously to ruin. Americans cannot expect to ship out their machines to "revolutionize" Turkey, Greece, China, or any other country, and then draw back, exclaiming, "We didn't *mean* to!"

And the atom bomb . . .? A technological weapon useless against anything but another technological weapon. Revolution is a force, kinetic, not static, and will neither be stayed by bombs nor stilled by dollars.





# Will Our Prosperity Last?

*Robert L. Heilbroner*

**A**FTER ten years of boom—the longest period of sustained growth our economy has ever known—the average citizen is looking for a bust. Business man, wage earner, white-collar worker, everyone is nervously peeking around corners and lifting up bedspreads to spy the economic bogey-man. Far from being content in our prosperity and confident in the future, we all seem to be fatalistically resigned to a bust: the question in our minds is no longer *if* but *when*.

One would think that with sixty-one million workers on the job, a vast housing shortage, a host of yet-unfilled demands, a large national budget, and an unreconstructed world, we would be secure against depression for many years. And yet we have been uneasy about our economy ever since the end of the war. Each downward turn of the stock market, every untoward happening in the business world has been pointed up by economic commentators as heralding the beginning of the end. Despite an almost un-

broken record of false alarms, the forecasters still insist (and most of us still believe) that the end is in sight—the current popular date for Doomsday is “some time in 1949.” The odd thing is that despite our conviction that the honeymoon is over, no one is exactly sure why. We just “know” that worse times are in store and we are continually surprised that they haven’t yet caught up with us.

So perhaps this is a good time to take a careful look at the nation’s bill of economic health.

What we need are facts and comparisons. We cannot hope to see the future—so fateful to ourselves and to the whole world—in anything like perspective as long as we are filled with vague forebodings and tipped over by portentous arguments that depend for their appeal on “common sense.” Let us examine some of the current doubts about our prosperity. Is it possible that we are crying wolf without looking to see if the wolf is really there?

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## II

**A** boom can't last forever. We've been on the upswing since 1939. We're due for a bust, people say. And so we are, historically speaking. American business cycles have had an average duration—from the crest of one wave to the crest of the next—of a little over eight years. Within the major cycle are smaller cycles of lesser amplitude; superimposed over the main cycle are a twenty-year housing wave and traces of a fifty-year secular swing of good and bad times. But despite the multiplicity of cycles, sometimes amplifying and sometimes canceling their separate effects, what has principally caught the economist's eye has been the eight-year fluctuation in industrial activity—"the" business cycle. Judging by the average of past performance, we are nearly three years overdue for a downturn; we should have started the decline late in 1945, eight years after the recession of 1938. At that rate we would be pulling out of the trough by about the time most of our forecasters think we will be heading down into it.

Of course on the very face of it, such a mechanical picture of economic change is nonsense. Unless we look to sunspots or some other "outside" cause for providing the timing mechanism we can hardly expect precise regularity in economic activity. Cycles have averaged eight years, but they have been as short as six and as long as twelve. Some have been interrupted by minor recessions, some not. In fact our cycles have been so markedly irregular, time-wise, that some observers wish to discard entirely the term "cycle"—with its clockwork implications—and to substitute

a more neutral appellation like "industrial fluctuations."

But the cycle-mindedness of the professional economists has permeated the thinking of the business community. Industrialists have not forgotten the permanent plateau that was promised them in 1929; rather than be caught flat-footed again they have become determined pessimists. Marriner Eccles of the Federal Reserve Board spoke for a cycle-conscious nation when he told the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, "We certainly are going to have a bust, but as to just when it will be, I can't predict."

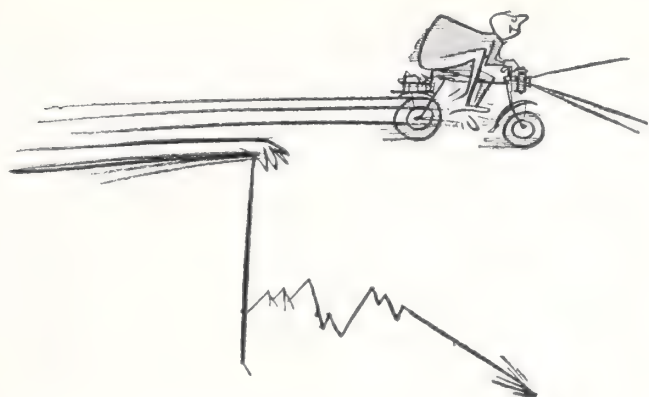
No one will deny the truth of this what-goes-up-must-come-down point of view. In the progress of any boom so many maladjustments are created—overexpansions, rash business ventures, laggard sectors of the economy, abnormal cost and price relations—that some correction is indeed inevitable. But to say that each boom creates stresses and strains which sooner or later must be corrected (are we not going through a mild business shake-out at the moment?) is not to say that each boom has a fore-ordained and rigidly predetermined life period.

If the forces which sustain it are still vigorous, there is no reason to anticipate a recession just because we have had "too many" years of prosperity.

Remember, too, that the history of this boom is unusual. Born and nourished in an economy preparing for war, it gathered momentum under forced draft during four years of conflict, staggered momentarily when reconversion came, and reached its present heights under the impelling vacuum of tremendous pent-up consumer demand. We have had only *three* years of peacetime boom—five years including 1939 and 1940. The years between were devoted not to filling the consumer's bucket—which grew steadily emptier—but to producing goods for the bottomless bucket of war.

**T**HEN too another difference marks off this prosperity from those which have gone before. Our prewar cycles were spontaneously generated by a relatively unfettered and free-working enterprise system. But present-day capitalism is to an increasing extent a centrally controlled and regulated economic machine. The government is the





. . . *automatic self-generated cycle*

nation's largest employer, the business man's largest customer, the farmer's mainstay, the financier's pace-setter. Federal operations are today inextricably woven into the fabric of our economic existence; a retreat to a "pure" business enterprise system is no longer even a workable hypothesis.

Certainly this does not mean the end of industrial fluctuations. But it does mean that the automatic self-generated cycle is largely a thing of the past. We are a long way from 1930, when it was sincerely felt that the greatest contribution the government could make to recovery was to keep its hands out of the workings of the economic system. Public works, crop loan programs, credit control, monetary manipulation—these new tools and techniques mean that we will no longer respond solely to the rhythm of the industrial process. The maintenance of full employment in the face of reverses in the business world has come to be—like it or not—the foremost political necessity for either a Republican or a Democratic administration. In the Employment Act of 1946 what was already a social and economic *fait accompli* was formally recorded on the books.

That this new assumption of economic responsibility raises many problems is certain. The correctness of government forecasting, the degree to which business confidence may be impaired by over-audacious or ill-conceived government schemes, the niceness of the timing of new public works—all these call for administrative judgment of the highest caliber. The fact that we have the tools does not mean we will get the job done. But the point—for business cycle analysis—is this: to feel that we *must* have a bust simply

because we have had a boom is to ignore entirely the immense potential practical significance of large-scale government action as a new force for stability.

### III

**T**here is plenty of trouble right now in lots of businesses. We don't have to look ahead for a depression. We've got one, people say. There is talk these days about a Hidden Depression. If we go behind the record over-all figures of production, we are told, we will find many a business suffering from higher costs and fading demand. More and more pipelines are being filled, larger numbers of people priced out of the market. While the economy as a whole is going along in high, a sort of creeping paralysis is setting into parts of it.

And indeed the evidence at first glance is impressive. Readers of the financial pages must have noticed a growing number of items that offered sharp contrast to the bonanza sales and income figures which have decorated most of our larger corporations' statements. Here are a few scattered examples. Jewelry sales have been lower this year than last year or the year before. Liquor tax receipts were down 15 per cent for the year which ended in June, and the sales of taxable fur coats were off 13 per cent for the first six months of this year as compared with 1947. Shoe sales have lagged behind until the shoe industry had a real little recession of its own earlier this year. The entertainment business



. . . *the cycle-minded economist*

has dropped sharply—night clubs have been in a bad way since 1946 and now movie receipts are down and some movie theaters are cutting admissions. In New York taxicab fares are off nearly 25 per cent—business is at its worst since 1942.

The Sears Roebuck fall catalogue shows a 12 per cent price cut in small electric motors, a 5 per cent reduction in water heaters, an 8½ per cent price cut in men's shirts (that priceless commodity of yesteryear), and other cuts in women's and children's wear, furniture, rugs, textiles.

Nor is the Hidden Depression confined to consumer goods. The textile mills have gone from a full three-shift operation to a one-shift four-day week. Knitting machine manufacturers, who in January had an eight-month backlog of orders, can now give prompt delivery.

There is no question about the fact that business is easing off in many areas. Profit margins, especially for small business, have dropped in 1948: manufacturing concerns with assets less than \$250,000 showed only 2 cents profit per dollar of sales during the first quarter of the year. And red ink has been used in larger quantities in recent months. But it is easy to read of a few business soft spots and to take a panicky jump to the conclusion that all business is about to feel the pinch.

That just isn't so. While perhaps 15 per cent of industry—to take a very rough guess—is feeling a definite evidence of a slowdown in sales, and while maybe another 10 per cent is actually facing difficulties, the great bulk is still going at record pace. Profit figures for America's major corporations—oil, steel, automobiles, mining, textiles, construction, chemi-

cals—will probably reach new highs for 1948. Profits in other tremendous industrial groups—such as foods and beverages—may be under 1947's all-time peaks but will look mighty good in comparison with any other year. As an indication of the trend, 525 large companies reported a net income of \$1.8 billion for the first six months of 1947, \$1.9 billion for the second half of 1947, and a walloping \$2.3 billion for the first half of 1948.

After seven years of operation at full capacity in a war economy and in a goods-starved postwar world, we have forgotten what the *normal* competitive hazards are. Take for example the number of business failures. After the war thousands of veterans with no business experience and little capital went into ventures of their own; half a million new enterprises were born between 1945 and 1948. And quite naturally the business casualty rate went up too. Dun and Bradstreet's failure-rate index advanced 500 per cent after 1945—from a figure of 4 in that year to over 20 three years later.

But consider, before we get too exercised over the state of small business, the casualty rate before the war. Between 1921 and 1930, Dun and Bradstreet's same index never registered below '93! The index reached 154 in 1932 and then, after the worst of the shake-out, averaged in the high 50's until the war. Compared with our previous prosperities, the 1948 failure-rate of 20 looks very far from alarming.

AN ECONOMIST of one bank put it this way: "The surprising thing is not the failures and the trouble spots showing up throughout the economy. What is surprising is that there are so *few* of them. People seem to have forgotten that we live in a dynamic and highly competitive world. There are always stresses and strains. There is always something like television coming up to hurt radio sales. There are always changes in consumers' tastes to reckon with. America is normally a *buyers'* market."

If we look at America in economic cross-section we can see that the Hidden Depression (and its existence is no great secret) is largely concentrated in those industries which during the war enjoyed a disproportionately large share of the public's spending—simply because there wasn't anything else to buy.





The heavy industries and the mass-production factories that form the backbone of our economic complex are still selling, with very few exceptions, to a market that absorbs everything they have to offer. The pinch is here for the jewelers and the night clubs, the publishers and the custom tailors, partly because they now have to compete with available automobiles and houses and washing machines.

And these soft spots will undoubtedly multiply. The pipelines for many goods are being filled. Other businesses which have set their sights for a market which consisted in large part of backlogs of demand must now gear their production down to filling current orders. Eventually even the seven-million-car backlog which virtually underwrites two full years of production for the auto industry must be saturated. Meanwhile technological revolutions—television, the mechanized cotton picker—are throwing their disturbing influence toward unsettling old markets and creating new ones.

For those who are caught in the Hidden Depression it is small consolation to say that this is only a return to normality. But for the majority of businesses, to worry about economic collapse because we are going back to a looser, riskier business world is to lose sight entirely of the atmosphere in which business has by and large thrived for many decades. It would be nice if we had a risk-less and guaranteed economy where everybody made money all the time. But it wouldn't be capitalism.

#### IV

**A**t the rate that inflation is pricing goods out of the market, we're bound to have a collapse, people say. The inflation we've been enduring since 1939 has been going up at an average rate of six per cent a year compounded. By 1945 the 1939 dollar had shrunk to three-quarters its normal size; at the midpoint of 1948 it was worth only 58 cents of its former purchasing power. As usual it has been the fixed-income classes who have most felt the terrible squeeze on the dollar, but there is no section of the nation which has not been defrauded.

Aggregate consumer personal savings which ran as high as \$35 billion a year during the



war have shrunk to \$12 billion per year; consumers set aside only 9 per cent of their incomes in 1947 compared with 12 per cent the year before. This percentage had fallen to 6.5 in June of this year. Ominously the Federal Reserve study of liquid assets showed that 13 million family units had to eat some of their nest eggs last year—28 per cent of the nation spending more than it earned.

And yet we cannot say that we are poorer today than before the inflation started.

We must realize that inflation is caused by an excess of money incomes over the available supply of goods and services. If people did not have money to spend, the rise in prices would quickly come to a halt. This inflation, which results indisputably in pricing some people *out* of the market, has been brought about to a great degree by pricing other people *into* the market. According to a study made by the National City Bank, many working groups have vastly improved their positions even after paying higher taxes. In 1947 the coal miner had nearly twice the *real* income he had in 1930, the textile worker 40 per cent more, the automobile worker a third more, the railway worker a fifth. If you take the pre-inflation date of 1939 as your point of



... family nest egg

comparison, you find some 19,500,000 persons who are somewhat worse off today than they were at that time—including some teachers, transport and automobile workers, government employees—and their plight shadows the picture. But in this same nine-year period, according to a study by the *United States News*, a total of 41,800,000 persons have gained in real income.

The American people have moved, en masse, to a new and higher standard of living and it is *this* standard and not the prewar level which is currently menaced by the rising price level. When we weigh the cost of inflation we should remember that the reason some classes have cut their prewar living standards is that others—like the unemployed of 1939—have come into their own as substantial consumers of the nation's goods.

Look at it this way. Low-paid sectors of the economy do not carry their own weight; that is, they don't buy their share of what we have. Even in 1947, the lowest two-fifths of the nation's consumers bought only one-eighth of the total consumer durable goods and accounted for one-fifth of all other consumer expenditures. The topmost tenth (with incomes over \$5,000) bought one-third of the nation's consumer durables and a quarter of its other consumer goods and services. As we move up the income scale, our intake of consumers' goods increases by leaps and bounds.

And we have witnessed a vast national shift upward since 1939. While our labor force has increased by 11 per cent, our total employment is up by 28 per cent. The dead weight of the unemployed—the marginal consumers—is gone. And as a result of the disappearance of our unemployed labor force, wages have risen sharply—weekly earnings for manufacturing workers are 118 per cent over 1939.

It is against this tremendous increase in the

buying power of the lower and middle section of the nation that we must measure our 76 per cent increase in national production. Our expanded national output is now being bid for by literally millions of people who before the war were little more than economic zeros. Little wonder that inflation hits hardest those who consumed a comfortable portion of the nation's product before the war: the pie is three-quarters again as large, but it is being shared by more people with larger appetites and better seats at the table.

**B**UT if inflation is in a sense a mirror of full employment, it is also a dangerous condition. For even if this boom is not killed by the usual *coup de grâce* of a collapse of the market for our heavy industries, it may yet die of strangulation if large groups of consumers are priced out of the market. Inflation comes about because more and more people are economically activated, but it in turn deactivates other people in the market. Today we are beginning to feel the pressure of this deactivation. The Hidden Depression is not all due to the re-emergence of competition; to a considerable degree it is brought about by shrinking dollar bills that force retrenchment. An unchecked inflation—even if it does not run wild—will end up with a new group of economic zeros in place of the old.

But there is good reason to hope that inflation has spent the greater part of its momentum. After three years of taut lines, we are beginning to feel the presence of slack and give in the economy. If the soft spots of business which dot the business scene have one primary meaning it is that the boom is waning. The incentive to jack up prices because the market can bear anything is rapidly giving way to a cautious business attitude even in those lines—like textiles—which have played the inflationary game to the hilt.

And there are other important downward-pointing signs. The harvesting of our bumper crops spells the inevitable end of the rising price of food. Although it will take nearly a year until lower grain prices become lower meat prices, the relief will come more quickly in eggs and poultry where the breeding cycle is shorter. The readjustment of food prices may be slow, but it is sure—and no single anti-inflationary development could be more important. The National Association of Purch-





asing Agents believes it may result in a reduction of the cost of living by as much as 10 per cent by mid-1949.

To the prospective break in food prices and the steady intensification of competition we must add the unspectacular but important rise in labor productivity which lowers the unit costs of goods. This is apparent in the level of man-hour output in non-durable goods, which fluctuated under the strains of war production but now stands at 9 per cent above 1939. On top of this, many manufacturers of consumer items, with one eye on the diminishing dollar, are planning to add cheaper lines when demand at present prices shows real signs of lagging. We have already seen the reintroduction of cheaper shirts and suits, and reports have been coming out of Detroit for months on the low-cost car that will be produced if necessary.

None of these factors will suddenly break the back of our inflated price level. But we do not, after all, want a drastic downward adjustment. High prices are only one side of the coin; high incomes are the other. What we can anticipate—barring a war or another general round of wage increases—is that our inflation will gradually peter out over the next twelve months. Unless the dynamism of the boom itself collapses, a wild price break such as we had in the twenties is unlikely. But we should see a *realignment* of prices, with lower levels for foods and for those items where profit margins have been too large, and with perhaps upward adjustments for rents and utilities and other laggard sectors. There will be more bargain sales and more supplementary cheap lines of goods. With the edge taken off of consumer purchasing and with production still on the upgrade, the forces of supply and demand will be more nearly in

balance. If we were to have another year or two of rapid inflation our prosperity could be seriously undermined. But the probabilities fortunately point toward stability rather than ruin.

## V

**T**he bust is coming because our boom has spent its force. Our postwar expansion is over, people say. Of all the charges laid against the permanency of our prosperity, perhaps this is the most frightening, if it is true. All our other arguments—the inevitability of a bust, the dangers of the Hidden Depression, the menace of inflation—have implicit in them the thesis that our expansion will some day come to an end, that the motive power behind our prosperity will weaken and die.

Stagnation has always been the Achilles heel of capitalism. The ironic and tragic feature of depressions—idle men *and* idle machines, want amidst plenty—stems from the recurrent danger which faces the capitalist system—saturation. And saturation hits first in the area of capital expansion. There comes a time when there are enough ships, enough new factories, when shipbuilders and construction men are unable to find jobs because the economy has stopped growing. No single factor—with the exception of government spending—is more responsible for maintaining employment than the constant stimulus of new business investment.

We have had three enormous years of capital growth. Between the end of the war and 1949 business will have laid out over \$50 billion for new productive facilities. Inflated prices or no, this represents a staggering addition to our stock of capital equipment. What

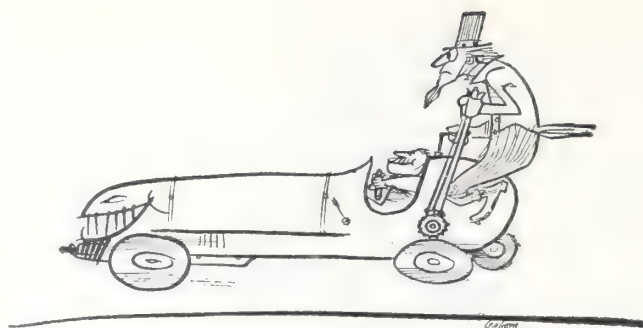


therefore can we anticipate for the future?

Many forecasters believe that private spending for plant and equipment has reached its peak and that it will be on the decline in 1949. The McGraw-Hill survey of capital expansion earlier this year reported that by the end of 1948 business as a whole would have completed 85 per cent of its plans for postwar growth. Some industries, such as automobiles, would have finished up to 97 per cent. Note, however, that petroleum, utilities, and the railroads still see many years of heavy capital expansion ahead of them involving investments greater than our total outlay in the doldrums of the thirties.

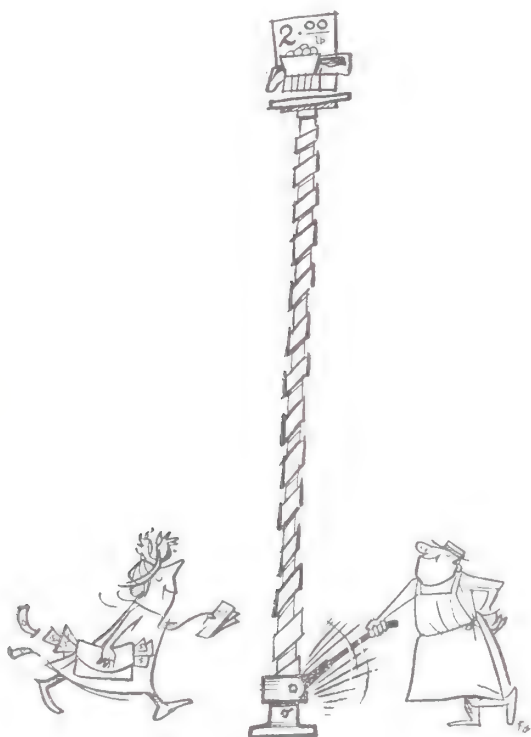
If plant expansion were the only investment channel through which savings could be regenerated into paychecks we should have real cause for concern. But such is not the case. Our housing boom, running at a \$15 billion rate, shows no real evidence of a saturation of demand. And our export balance, although constantly threatened with a dollar shortage, is at least partially underwritten by the Marshall Plan. Even with a probable slowdown—and it is not a certainty—in manufacturing investment there is still a vast outlet for investment in these other fields.

But the real support for the boom lies in



the projected expenditures of the federal government. Armament spending, as now budgeted, will begin to take hold on the economy just as private expenditures are beginning to threaten a decline. Over the year past the cash outlay of the federal government was \$38,600,000,000; it will be \$43,000,000,000 in the year ahead. State and local expenditures are still being held in leash—they are a much smaller fraction of total national spending than before the war—and they provide an expendable cushion of several billion a year.

The growth of our economy has not stopped. Of course, if our government went back to a prewar \$8 billion budget, we should suffer the severest depression we have ever known. But that is a political, as well as a practical, impossibility. Although spending for new plant and equipment may well have passed its peak—factory construction has been on the decline for the past six months—we no longer swing solely at the mercy of changes in the tempo of business expansion. It is the aggregate housing-business-export-government spending rate which determines whether enough income will be pumped into the economic flow. And the government, indirectly as well as directly, is the controlling force of the lot. As long as government expenditures are on the rise, exports high, and housing on the upswing, business expansion becomes a secondary factor in maintaining national income. With any sort of sensible planning we should be able to adjust the faucets of public spending so as to offset a decline in private plant and equipment expenditures; we should never face the situation we faced in 1929, when a collapse of business spending was ignored and allowed to pull the entire economy down, because of a blind devotion to the principles of *laissez-faire*.



... the incentive to jack up prices



## VI

**T**O SUM up: the probabilities—and because we are dealing in social science these probabilities must forever be exasperatingly unsure—point to a continuation of our boom for at least another year or two. (After that, prediction is foolish; what the situation will be in 1950 in politics, international relations, technology, or tastes few would care to guess.) The supports to our prosperity are solid and they show no signs of serious deterioration. The flow of government expenditure is increasing. The outlook for exports and housing is still promising. Consumers are receiving incomes at a record rate and are bolstered by substantial sums in liquid assets. The inflationary spiral will be tempered and then offset by lower agricultural prices and by stepped-up competition in the consumer industries. With these powerful and sustaining elements of prosperity, there is little reason to anticipate a general setback to our national economic health, despite the manifest cracks in our prosperity and the damage done by inflation.

It would be a lot more satisfying if economics allowed us to assay the relative strengths of the upward-thrusting and the downward-bearing trends with such exactitude that we could predict with real assurance what our national income would be at this time next year and the year after.

But to do so would be to ignore all the uncertainties, the unforeseeables, psychological and otherwise, that form an integral part of the present situation.

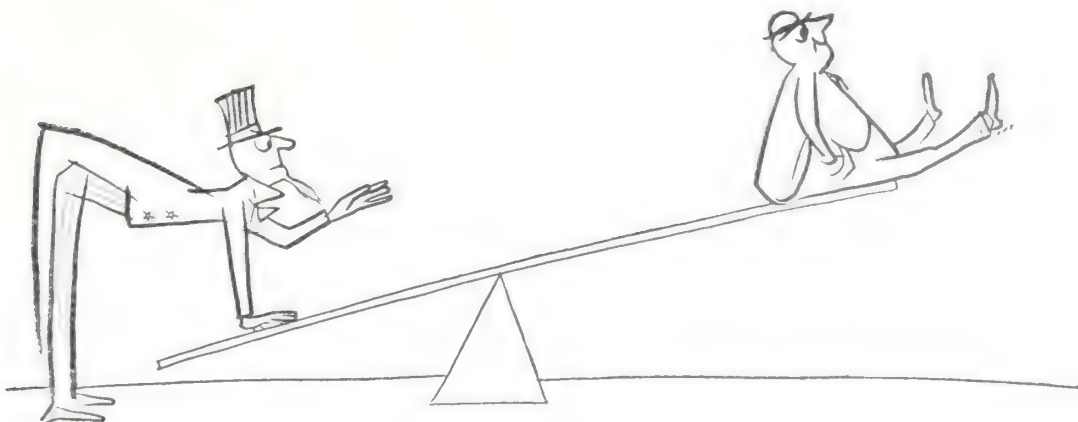
A few things do stand out.

*First*, we are today dependent on intelligent government manipulation of its fiscal powers not for the smoothness of our economy's working, but for its working at all.

*Second*, the apparently automatic business cycle has given way, to a large degree, to industrial fluctuations which we have the means of counteracting. Unemployment can no longer be regarded as the natural order of economic life; it is an economic disease for which we have, through government action, a powerful remedy.

*Third*, we are going to witness more difficulties in business, more failures, more losses, perhaps even small-scale unemployment as we turn from a sellers' to a buyers' market. But we should not assume that the return to normality—to a looser economy—necessarily means a return to the prewar world of mass unemployment and partial productivity.

Undoubtedly we shall go right on worrying about the future. But let us not forget, as we anxiously examine our economic pulse and temperature, that we own stronger medicines than in the past. It is a disturbing thought for some that we must rely on government action to sustain our economic well-being. And yet there is no way out. It should be our consolation that if the greatly expanded role of the federal government poses many perplexing and worrisome questions—which it does—it also holds out the hope for greater economic stability than we have ever known before.



# *One of the Chosen*

A Story by Hortense Calisher

THE night before the fall reunion of his college class, Spanner had come home a little ashamed of his easy acceptance of the prodding special invitation over the phone that day from Banks, a man whose face he could not even remember. For years he had ignored the printed notices that came to him now and then, even though he lived in the city where the college was, but this time, Banks had said, there was to be a private conclave of all the members of the crew who had won the regatta for the college over twenty years before. Half reluctant to include himself in the picture of the old grads redundantly deploying the terrain of dead triumphs, he had found himself saying that he would come. He had been coxswain of that crew.

Thinking it over idly in bed later on, in those random images just before sleep, which carried with them unexpected prickings of realization that lay just below the surface of expressed thought, he had found himself dwelling, not on the members of the crew, but on all those odd ones, the campus characters who had existed, hardly acknowledged, on the penumbra of his own sunlit, multiform activities of those days. Why should he now think suddenly of De Jong, the spastic, who jerking and shambling his way one day into the office of the college literary magazine of which he, Spanner, had been a staff member, had thrust upon the group there a sheaf of manuscript, and gargling incomprehensibly, had left before their gauche heartiness could detain him? The sheaf had contained a group of poems clearly derivative from the unfash-

ionable Housman, and therefore unusable, but marked by a discipline of language, a limpidity, almost a purity of organization, as if in them De Jong had tried to repudiate his disjointed idiot face, the coarse clayey skin, the wide slobbering mouth, thickened with effort. They had avoided discussing him, until Black, the psychology student, had remarked, with his clinician's air, "I saw him once in Phipps' lecture class, way at the top, you know, in one of those high gallery seats. My God—there he was—twitching away at some lecture of his own—oblivious!" One of the others had sniggered nervously. The talk had passed on, and later that year, because of a lack of copy, one of the poems had been printed after all.

He thought now, with a belated guilt, of the grim separation that must have been De Jong's, and whether there would have been anything that the rest of them, if less swaddled with their own crude successes, could have done. He'd never heard the man mentioned again, or seen a reference to him in the alumni magazine.

Why now, in this context, should he remember George Shipley, the Negro basketball star of their era, certainly handsome enough, with straight clipped features so completely lacking the prognathous bulges commonly associated with his race that this, no doubt, had had some effect on his acceptance on certain levels by the student body. Smiling, quiet, he had often sat near Spanner in the rotunda of the law library; Spanner had heard that he was a professor of law now in



one of the good southern colleges for Negroes. Why, burning now with something like shame, should he remember him at the dances to which he brought always the same prim-faced mulatto girl; why should he see him, wide shoulders bent in the *dégagé* dance fashion of that day, black features impassive, slowly circling with the girl, always in a small radius of their own?

Spanner was fully awake now, and raised up on his elbow, his eyes gradually following the familiar outlines of the furniture as they grew more perceptible in the darkness, he forced himself to probe in the archives of recall for others who, like Shipley, like De Jong, seemed bound together in his memory only by the mark of that rejection by the group, which now, in pitying retrospect, it seemed to him, had he then been less grossly unaware, less young, he, by some friendly overture, might have partially repaired.

There was the Burmese princeling who had lived at International House, who had treated a group of them to several awkwardly accepted dinners at Oriental restaurants of his choosing, whose foreignness and wealth had at first had a certain cachet, but from whom they had shortly retreated in ridicule, in gruff embarrassment at the hand, sliding as silk, the emotional waver of the voice. At that, they had never been sure that he was really . . . that it had not been just a form of Eastern cajolery, or a misbegotten sense of acceptance which had elicited the moist look, the over-heated hand. Afterward, when they had met him on campus in a few curt scenes of misshapen talk in which it was evident that camaraderie had flown, his gestures had been restrained enough, Lord knows, his eyes sufficiently flat and dull, with reserve enough to satisfy the most conventional of them.

Of course, there had been that group of those others, pariahs without question, who convened always in that little Greek restaurant, the Cosmos, through the door of which they sometimes glanced out at you with the hauteur of tropical birds in a zoo, jangling consciously into conversation as you passed, with their tense, dulcet exuberance. Toleration of these had been more than one could expect of boys suffused with their own raw reactions to adulthood, which they covered up with a passionate adherence to the norm, with apprehensive jeerings at the un-average

in its lightest forms, so that even displaying too good, too undulate a French accent, in class, was likely to incur for one the horse-laugh from behind. But could they have helped, with some small glow of receptivity, young Schwiller, that model young German from the cleanly-swabbed villa in North Jersey, with too little money, background, or ability—too little of everything except a straining unhumorous will to belong—who, after some covert abortive incident on a group camping trip, had hanged himself to a tree?

Ah well, Spanner thought, fumbling in the dark for a cigarette, and lighting it in a thankful momentary absorption with the ordinary—these had been the extreme cases. But what of the others, less vividly obvious to memory because they had been more usual, or because they had perhaps already achieved their secret dikes of resignation? He remembered, for instance, all the little Jewish boys, with their over-expressive eyes, their thickets of hair whose Egyptian luxuriousness no barber could tame, and most revelatory of all, the forced vying, the self-conscious crackle of their conversation.

As a Jew himself, he had been helped, he knew, by his fair-skinned, freckled, almost "mick" exterior, by the generations of serene cosmopolitan living that were evident, implicit in the atmosphere of his family's sprawling apartment on the park, and frankly, he supposed, by the unrevealing name of Spanner, which his great-grandfather had brought over from England, and had come by honestly, as far as the family knew. His family had belonged among those lucky Jews, less rare than was commonly realized, who had scarcely felt the flick of injustice expressed socially, much less in any of its harsher forms. Still, despite this, it had been unusual, he knew, to remain so untouched, so free from apprehension of the lurking innuendo, the consciousness of schism—for in addition to his race, he had carried too, that dark bruise of intellectuality, the bearers of which the group flings ever into the periphery, if it can.

That was where the luck he had had in being coxswain had come in. Because of it, although he had done well, almost brilliantly in his law classes, all his possibly troublesome differences had remained hidden, inconspicuous under the brash intimacy of the training session, under the hearty accolade of his name

on the sporting page—because of it he had been hail fellow in the boat house and on the campus—he had been their gallant “little guy.” So, he thought, he had ridden through it all in a trance of security which, he realized now, had been given only to the favored few, while all around them, if he and the others had not been so insensible of it, had been the hurts, the twistings, that might have been allayed. The image of the spastic crossed before him again, a distortion to the extreme of that singularity from which many others must have suffered less visibly, from which he himself had been accountably, blessedly safe. He lay back again, and turning, blotted his face against the dispassionate pillow and slept.

THE next morning he awoke late. It was Saturday. Taking his coffee at the dining-room table deserted by his wife and children some hours before, he was half-annoyed at the emotionalism of the previous night. “Who the hell do I think I am—Tolstoy?” he thought, wincing. Rejecting the unwonted self-analysis that had preceded sleep, he finished his coffee offhandedly, master of himself once more. He got the car out of the garage and swung slowly down the parkway, thinking that if he delayed his arrival until well after twelve he would miss the worst of the speechifying.

As he approached the college-dominated midtown neighborhood, idling the car slowly along, he passed some of the brownstone houses, shoddier now with the indefinable sag of the rooming house, which had been the glossier fraternity houses of his day. He had heard that many of them, even the wealthier ones which had survived depression times, subsidized to plush draperies and pine paneling by some well-heeled brother, had gone down finally during the war years just past, when the college had become a training center for the Navy. Then, he supposed, those accelerated waves of young men passing through, had not only not had time for such amenities, but, trapped together in a more urgent unity, had had no need for the more superficial paradiings of Brotherhood.

Although he had had his fair share of indiscriminate rushing during his freshman year, he himself had had no particular desire to join a house, comfortably ensconced, as he had been, in his family's nearby home, already

sated with the herded confinement of prep school. In his sophomore year, he remembered, after he had joined the magazine, and it was evident that he would have a place on the varsity crew, the best Jewish fraternity had been very pressing, then annoyed at his tepid refusal, and there had been overtures from one or two of the Christian fraternities whose social position was so solid that they could afford, now and then, to ignore the dividing lines in favor of a man whose campus prominence or money would add lustre to the house, but by this time he had already been focusing on his law career. Still, he thought now, he had always had the comfortable sense of acceptance; he had, for instance, never felt that deep racial unease with the Gentile to which his most apparently assimilated Jewish friends sometimes confessed. To be free from the tortuous doubt, the thin-skinned expectancy of slight—it had helped. He had been lucky.

In front of one of the brownstones not too far from Jefferson Hall, the old residence hall in one of whose rooms the luncheon was to be held, he found a place to park the car, and got out. He hadn't been near here in years; his life was a well-conducted bee-line from suburb to downtown office, and most of his associations were on the East Side anyway. He walked past the familiar architectural hodgepodge of the buildings, noting with pleasure that the rough red cobbles of the walks had been preserved, glancing with disapproval at the new library which had been begun in his time, on the field where they used to play tennis. Half utilitarian, but with reticent touches of bastard Greek on its lean flat facade, it stretched out, two-dimensional and unassimilable, a compromise of tastes which had led to none. The vulgarization of taste in a place which should have been a repository of the best still had power to shock him; he was pleased at having retained this naïveté, this latent souvenir of youth. Around him and past him, male and female, hurrying or sauntering, or enthusiastically standing still, was that year's crop of imperishable young, on their faces that which the college had not yet vulgarized—the look of horizons that were sure, boundaries that were limitless—the look of the unreconciled.

Already, he twitted himself, he was developing the spots of the returning alumnus. The



secret conviction that inwardly, outer decay to the contrary, one had preserved a personal ebullience better than most, the benignant surveying glance with its flavor of "*si la jeunesse savait*"—he had them all. Smiling to himself he turned in at the doorway of Jefferson Hall, and making another turn to the reception room on the right, met the slightly worn facsimiles of his youth full on.

THEY were gathered around the mantel, most of them, talking in voices at once hearty and tentative, glasses in hand. Drinks to melt the integument of twenty years and more—of course. From the group a man detached himself to come forward and pump his hand.

"Davy! Why, Davy Spanner!" The lost face of Banks coalesced at once in his recognition, fatally undistinguished, except for the insistent hortatory manner that had battened on the years. He had been business manager of the crew.

Banks conveyed him toward the others like a trophy.

"Look who's here!" he crowed. "Our little cox!"

Grinning a little stiffly, Spanner acknowledged, not without pleasure, the nickname paternally bestowed on him long ago by these men who had all been so much bigger than he, who had chaffingly, unmaliciously treated him as their mascot, perhaps, because of his size, but had unswervingly followed his direction. As a group they were still physically impressive carrying extra weight fairly well on their long bones.

They gathered around to greet him. With the unfortunate sobriety of the latecomer, he noted, accepting a drink, that they were all, although not yet tipsy, a little relaxed, a trifle suffused, with the larger than life voices and gestures of men who had had a few. A table set buffet style in a corner, and a coffee urn, had apparently not yet been touched. Downing his first drink, he took another, and plunged into the babble of expected questions, the "where you been all these years?"—the "what're you doing now?"—the "whereabouts you living?" One by one he remembered them all, even to the little personal tricks and ways they had had in the locker-room. Bates, whose enormous sweaty feet had been a loud joke with them all, was almost

completely bald now, as was Goetschius, the polite quiet boy from upstate, who, politely as ever, bent his tonsure over Banks' pictures of his house, his family.

Reassuringly, they all looked pretty good, as he thought he did himself, but he wondered if they knew any better than he did, what had impelled them to come. "Horse" Chernowski, who stood nearest him, had driven up from Pennsylvania, beckoned on, Spanner wondered, by what urge to reasverate the past? In his ill-cut too thick tweeds, his great shoulders swollen needlessly by the superfluous shoulder pads, the hock-like wrist-bones projecting from the cuffs—his nickname fitted him still. He had been their dumb baby, stronger than any of the others, but dull of reaction; once they had lost a race because of his slowness in going over the side when he had jammed his slide.

"Ah, my God, Davy," said Chernowski delightedly, "do you remember the cops picking us up for speeding after the big day—the night we drove back from Poughkeepsie?"

"Yes. Sure I remember," said Spanner, but he hadn't, until then. From across the room he saw Anderson, the stroke, nursing his drink at the mantel, staring at him ruefully, almost comprehendingly; and encountering that blue gaze which had faced him steadily, in the inarticulate intimacy of three years of grueling practice, faraway incident, and triumph, there was much that he did remember.

Handsome, intelligent son of a family which had contributed both money and achievement to the college for more than one generation, Anderson had more perfectly straddled the continuum of campus approval that stretched between "grind" and "hero" than anyone Spanner had known. Spanner remembered him, effortlessly debonair and assured, burnished hair spotlighted over the satin knee breeches of his costume as Archer in "The Beaux' Stratagem," or stripped and white-lipped, holding Spanner's gaze with his own as the water seared past the shell. Although he had been as perilously near the prototype of campus hero as one could be without stuffiness or lampoonery, there had never been any of the glib sheen of the fair-haired boy about him, nothing in the just courtesy of his manner except the measurable flow of a certain noblesse oblige.

He crossed now, to Spanner, and took,

rather than shook, Spanner's hand.

"Davy!" he said. "Well, Davy!"

The crisp intonation had the same ease, the ruddy hair had merely faded to tan, the eyes stared down at him now straight as ever, but from between lids with the faint flawed pink of the steady drinker, and Spanner saw now that there was in his posture the controlled waver, the scarcely perceptible imbalance of the man who is always quietly, competently drunk.

"You look fine, Davy," he said, smiling.

"You look fine too, Bob."

"Sure. Oh, sure," he said, with a wry, self-derisive grimace. He indicated with his drink. "Look at us. Everyone looks fine. Householders all. Hard to believe we were the gents who took it full in the belly—depression, social consciousness." His accent was a little slurred now. "And wars and pestilence," he said more firmly. "Even if we were a little late for that." He downed his drink.

"You in the war, Bob?" said Spanner, somewhat lamely.

"Me? Not me," he said. "My kids were. Lost one—over Germany." He walked over to the buffet, poured himself a drink, and was back, swiftly. "Sounds antiquated already, doesn't it. Over Germany. We're back to saying 'in Germany' now." He went on quickly, as if he had a speech in mind that he would hold back if he thought it over.

"Remember the house I used to belong to? 'Bleak House,' they used to call it, sometimes, remember? The one that got into the news in the thirties because they hung a swastika over the door. Or maybe somebody hung it on

them." He drank again. "Could have been either way," he said.

Spanner nodded. He had begun to be sick of the word 'remember'; it seemed as if everyone, including his self of the night before, was intent on poking up through the golden unsplit waters of his youth the sudden sharp fin of some submerged reality, undefined, but about to become clear.

"They were a nice bunch of fellows in our time," said Spanner.

"You know . . . Davy . . ." Anderson said. His voice trailed off. The fellow was apologetic; in his straight blue look there was a hint of guilt, of shame, as if he too, the previous night, had half dreamed and pondered, but unlike Spanner, had met the dark occupant of his dreamings face to face.

"I wanted them to take you in," Anderson said. "A few of us together could have pushed it through—but all the others made such a God-damned stink about it, we gave in. I suppose you heard." He looked at Spanner, mistaking the latter's unresponsiveness for accusation perhaps, and went on.

"If we hadn't all been so damned unseeing, so sure of ourselves in those days. . . ." He broke off. "Ah well," he said, "that's water over the dam." And grasping Spanner's shoulders he looked down at him in an unsteady bid for forgiveness, just before he released him with a brotherly slap on the back, and turned away, embarrassed. Standing there, it was as if Spanner felt the flat of it, not between his shoulder blades, but stinging on his suddenly hot cheek—that sharp slap of revelation.

## *We Haven't Slipped an Inch*

. . . The oldest continuous file owned by the library is *Harper's* magazine, starting with December 1878. The subject matter of this old issue is similar to that of 1948 issues, reflecting little change . . .

—from the *Rhineland*, Wisconsin, *News*, September 2, 1948



# Eastward Bound

*Wolfgang Langewiesche*

**O**VER the wine-colored sea on which Ulysses bore so many pains we felt no pain at all. A twin-engined airplane, with Atlantic ferry tanks in its belly, is just too barbarously able. Almost as soon as we left Italy behind, the air took on that Greek clearness. The Ionian Islands showed up ahead, their lighted rocky west sides shining in the afternoon sun. Now you could fold your map and navigate by the remembered page of the school historical atlas. This was Corfu, and this Ithaca, and this was Greece.

You sometimes get in an airplane, because of distance, the same view you get in history because of time: things get small enough to see at a glance; you see the whole before you see the parts. Greece now was a range of mountains extending southward from Europe into the Mediterranean Sea; which is all it is.

The air route to the East goes right up the Gulf of Corinth (more a fjord really than a gulf); you have the Peloponnesus on your right, the other half of ancient Greece on your left: almost all of it within sight. There is of course some dispute whether the old Ithaca is the present one or perhaps one of the neighboring small islands. We decreed that for our present purposes this was it. We looked at the little village where Ulysses must have been a sort of baron. It was set back from the shoreline, just as the book

says; and you could see a cove or two where one might well have slipped in with a boat and put a sleeping man ashore. I looked for more details—perhaps a swineherd? But then the island slid out of sight under our wing.

It takes only fifty-six minutes to cross the main part of Greece in a Beechcraft D-18-S. We checked off Missolonghi, where Lord Byron died: a poor little town down on the water, on the only piece of marsh you could have found along this whole coast; perhaps the only one in Southern Greece. This was the marsh that bred the fever that killed him. We checked off Patras, and traced the railroad that winds south to the mountains behind which Olympia was hidden. We could look deep among the mountains of Greece: how steep they were. Somewhere in there, on a narrow mountain road, Oedipus met his father, fought over the right of way, and killed him.

Mount Parnassus was in cloud; a road climbed up the mountain slope and disappeared in the cloud. In there was Delphi. Twenty-five hundred years ago, on a day like this, a man who walked up that road to consult the oracle would indeed have felt that he was climbing into a region of mystery. We came upon the Isthmus of Corinth, but looked for the ruins of Corinth in vain—we were too fast. The canal, which would have saved Ulysses so much trouble, was closed off

*This is the third of four articles in which Wolfgang Langewiesche, research pilot, records impressions of a ferrying flight from Long Island to the Indies.*

by a cave-in where the Germans had mined it. The island of Salamis was under us; the bay where Athens had once won her great naval battle was almost too small to notice. Then we turned toward the naked mountain landscape of Attica that is so bright and at the same time so austere. Of Athens you see first Mount Lycabettus, crowned by its monastery; then a sea of houses—not too distinguishable, at the distance, from the stoniness all around; and then the steep cliff of the Acropolis, with the gold-yellow temple.

**Y**OU feel the main facts of a country's life even in an airplane. Of Greece the main fact is that it is all mountains and there is not enough flat land (nor enough water nor enough soil) to grow worthwhile amounts of food. That is why Nick the Greek runs the Sanitary Café down at the corner of Elm and Main; it is why the Athenians founded colonies; and before that, what pushed them into seafaring. By economic interpretation of history, it may have been why Helen went to Troy in the first place—to get away from that fish diet. And now it is why Hassani, the Athens airport, is a bit squeezed between the sea and a mountainside; why its traffic pattern skirts close to the mountains. Our pilot handbook for Europe said: "With permission of tower, right-hand traffic pattern recommended as hills are annoying on normal approach using left-hand pattern [the normal counter-clockwise circling of the airport]." Quite a few airplanes have flown into the mountains near Athens making an approach through clouds. "Hills are annoying" is almost a three-word summing-up of Greek history.

That is the peculiar thing about flying—it *should* be all abstract, a problem purely of speed and direction, elapsed time, gallons per hour; but it is not. You do deal with the country; the country does deal with you. I had traveled through Greece once for three months by donkey, on mail boats, on foot; once for three hours in this airplane that could fly 2,000 miles non-stop, could cruise at 200 miles per hour, and had all kinds of radio aboard: and still that second time did not stack up so badly. I feel: Greece—yes, I have been there again.

Those short stops on the ground—that's another matter. As you spend one night in

one country, a few hours in another, you make perhaps a sightseeing detour on the way to the airport. It is, when you think back, as if you had walked through a room and heard a few snatches of conversation: sometimes it means something, with all the sharpness of a one-line caption beneath a cartoon. Sometimes it means nothing.

Athens was silent. It was clean and orderly in a police sense; the sidewalk cafés empty, the traffic thin. No black-marketeer whispered at you. Here and there the marble of some ancient monument was newly chipped by street fighting which was now past. On the Acropolis, the German flagpole (a thorough job; steel, firmly cemented into the rock) had been cut down with an acetylene torch; but sloppily, at shoulder height, so that the foot of it still stuck in the rock, an incompletely pulled-out thorn. The American Aid Commission had overflowed all the hotels, and we spent our night and morning there in Anglo-American atmosphere, not touching Greeks, not touched by them.

## II

**T**HIS does not mean that you fly unconcerned above the world's troubles and politics. A foreign flight is itself a bit of an affair of state. You need not only the usual visas for yourself; you also need flying and landing permits for your airplane. And those you can't get yourself: they are got for you through solemn striped-pants diplomatic channels. Diplomatic protests crackle if you don't behave. Jail waits for you if you land in the wrong country, or in the right country at the wrong airport, or if you fly over some forbidden zone. Through all that, the pressures and tensions of politics manage to make themselves felt even in the air.

For example, Russia. The really direct flight from New York to the Indies—across the North Pole and Siberia—is not yet practical aeronautics. But it would have been quite practical (apart from politics) to cut from Iceland to Scandinavia and then across Russia. But that was out. Even accepting the detour through Western Europe, it would have been much more direct to cut across through Belgrade and Ankara to the Persian Gulf. But Belgrade was, in effect, Russia. Our passports had been stamped: "Not valid for



travel to Yugoslavia." A United States Army transport airplane had just been shot down there. Hence the detour, way down to southern Italy and southern Greece. And even then, steering across to Greece, you had Russia in mind. Even "under stress of weather" you must not get off course to the left; for there, in plain sight, was (in effect) Russia. Then, during the crossing of Greece, when we looked to our left into those mountains, we knew again that the Bear was in there, was perhaps looking at us. In Athens (on the ground) one could not leave town without a military escort. You could see—an election in Italy, a coup in Greece, and the air route to India might have to detour clear to Africa!

East of Athens, flying conditions were changing from month to month as borders closed and opened and political line-ups changed. Normally, you would fly from Athens to Cairo and then on to the Persian Gulf. But Egypt had cholera; Cairo was closed tight. We had tried at Amsterdam to arrange landing permission for Syria and Lebanon, but found it would take two weeks. Permission to "over-fly" was the best that could be quickly arranged. Some airlines had shifted to Lydda, the Jerusalem airport, and Palestine was then still open to traffic. But there was martial law, and it was said that one would not be allowed off the airport. Besides, British pilots claimed that an itinerant airplane with a Palestine entry in its journey log book would get the pin-prick treatment from every customs official in the East.

There was, it seemed, a whole layer of such unwritten difficulties one had to consider. One pilot claimed, for example, that if you landed in Country A and its officials found in your passport a visa for Sheikdom B (issued by Country Z), the A officials got stiff-necked with you: A had never renounced her historical claim to sovereignty over B. There were also difficulties of the highest order that overrode all official permits. Even though you had landing permits for Country E, for example, that country could close its borders at any time, and probably would do so before you got there. Then again, what with cholera about, the public health authorities of any country could stop you any time; so you had perhaps better stay out of Country F, though now considered safe, because by the time you

got to G, G might consider F contaminated and you would be marched off to the stockade. Some of those quarantine stations, it was said, were filthy places. Whatever diseases you might not have, you were bound to pick up there.

It is only fair to say that most of this evaporates if you act right and go about your business. But all this did high-light the Suez Canal: what it means not only as a physical cut, dug through the sand, but also as a legal cut. Why can't we have some international air routes, open to all? It also high-lighted the new importance of British-held Cyprus as a flight stop out there, facing that whole tense array of countries. At any rate, we had decided to make a night stop at Cyprus, gas up, over-fly Beyrouth and Damascus, and hop direct to Bagdad. My friend had oil-well machinery business in Bagdad. All the way from Paris we had timed our hops to make Bagdad on Sunday in time to do business Monday morning. Innocents abroad, we forgot that in the Moslem countries Sunday comes on Friday.

### III

FROM Athens to Cyprus it is easy flying. The islands lie spotted all over the Aegean Sea like signposts; and you can fly the common-sense way from landmark to landmark: two islands over, one island down; line up those two and fly in that direction till you come to a big one that has a little one right next to it. Of course you don't need such signposts. You are a commercial pilot with all the ratings. You are, needless to say, perfectly capable of flying anywhere on earth, by compass and watch, instruments and radio. But the beast in you (I mean the poor two-legged animal that wasn't meant to slither about on wings) still likes it better when it can hop from landmark to landmark. It is less abstract, less chilling. When you do scientific, mathematical navigation, you are always having to disregard what the ground says. Here is a big highway that runs generally in your direction but at a slight angle. It tempts you to follow it. But you must not. Here is a piece of coastline that seems to make the wrong angle with your course. It seems to say: "Hey, your heading's wrong." But it is just an optical illusion. Angles are

strangely misleading in the air perspective. You must disregard it and believe your compass. So you are always saying to something or other on the earth: "To hell with you." And that gives a cold and indifferent attitude even to your sightseeing. If you fly from landmark to landmark, it's more like a stroll.

There over those Greek islands, the airplane gives you for once an intimate perspective. The islands are really just mountain tops sticking out of the sea. The towns—white, compact little cities, crowned by Greek churches—are generally built on high points, away from the water: away from the sea raiders. (You remember how Homer's gentlemen, on their way to and from their wars, would casually raid some town, kill the cattle, put the inhabitants to the sword, and carry off the best-looking women. You remember that not far from here, on "the shores of Tripoli," the United States Marines stopped piracy.) At any rate, if you fly at five hundred feet or so, you can fly past those towns rather than over them. You see those people's world just as they see it: the cliffs and terraces slanting steeply away into the water; the empty sea all around; and in the distance another white town, itself held up above the sea horizon by its island mountain.

One of these island towns, Thera, was so striking a sight, high up in the sky on its steep cliff, that we turned back and made a second pass at it, this time below the town, looking up at the houses and the steep stairs that served as streets. Now, white bed sheets and red carpets waved at us out of many windows. Perhaps it was like the wing-wagging between two fliers who meet in the air. For the town itself seemed to be almost flying, a thousand feet above the empty sea. More likely they mistook us for Greek Army. In Greece, too, the local boy no doubt buzzes the old home town first chance he gets. So our welcome may have been obtained by fraud. But you felt there for a minute that rare thing—the direct simple contact between human beings.

Then Rhodes; then Cyprus. You rather run out of history thereabouts—at least I did. Cyprus was once part of the Kingdom of Jerusalem; Richard the Lion-Hearted was once king there. The Venetians once operated there as troop carriers for the Crusades. One of the RAF "types" at Nicosia Airport

claimed positively that Othello had had a castle there which you could still see. But all that is to me a sort of twilight zone of history, along with such subjects as the Kingdom of Trebizond. All that might remain hazy, but even so, in the air view the whole region gave a plain enough account of itself. The farther east you go, the more do you approach what used to be the front in the Crusades; and the flavor of medieval Europe, instead of fading, becomes stronger. It is like magnetism where a south pole brought next to a piece of iron induces a north pole in it: Islam has inspired here through the Crusades a flowering of castles and cathedrals. Rhodes has a fortress that could be interchanged with Elsinore. On Cyprus we saw a mountain stronghold that is more Richard Wagnerish than anything on the Rhine. And at Famagusta, on the eastern end of Cyprus, the very last thing we saw of Europe was a half-constructed Gothic cathedral.

You see the mountains of the Lebanon, a high blue outline, long before you see the coast itself, of Asia. The Lebanon: that's where you go over the hump, from the Mediterranean world into the Arabian; and the air, too, goes over the hump here and turns itself from Levantine into Arabian air.

**T**HIS air thing: you find out in flying that air is not a bland and inert gas; it is strangely live stuff which keeps changing its character, much as if water could suddenly turn itself into wine, then into gasoline, then into beer; and then, perhaps, suddenly puff up into a flame. This is because air is not only oxygen and nitrogen, as the books say (plus traces of certain other gases): it also contains water droplets, water vapor, salt particles, dust, ice crystals, volcanic ash, electricity. And it contains heat, both in what you feel as warmth, and in a certain hidden form which you can't feel. It's quite a brew. It is stirred and re-brewed all the time by the world's countries and its oceans, the deserts, the icecaps, the mountain ranges. So that air flows from place to place as an ever-changing live stream which carries in it all sorts of powers. Often these air streams make a country what it is. When a pilot looks at a place, he sees mostly what the air does to the country and what the country does to the air.

Our air—the west wind we had flown in all



the way from Rome—had changed around us, even while we were flying in it. When air flows across a mountain range, it gets drier and hotter. It gets drier because, on the way up, it forms clouds and dumps some of its moisture on the mountain sides as cloud mist, rain, or snow. But in the same process, it also changes some of its heat from the hidden, unfeeling form into honest warmth that you can feel. In the end, therefore, it comes down the mountain drier, hotter, and clearer than it went up. (If this seems puzzling, don't worry. It is quite a puzzler to a student pilot in ground school. Never mind how: a mountain range dries and heats the air that flows across it.)

Our air had gone through this air-conditioner twice. Italy is nothing but a mountain range; on the west side, between Rome and Naples, where the west wind hits the ridges of the Apennines, we had dodged many low clouds and had had to wriggle some to get into the valley for a look at Monte Cassino. After Naples we had had to go on instruments for a couple of minutes to get above the level where clouds and mountain tops were treacherously mixed. But then, on the eastern side, where the wind flowed down, the air had suddenly taken on that Greek clearness; and we had taken off our sweaters.

Across Greece, the air went through the air-conditioner again. Greece being nothing but a mountain range. Clouds around Mount Parnassus; clouds above the mountains of the Peloponnesus; and afterwards, over the islands, ceiling and visibility unlimited. Here we had started flying in shirt sleeves; the RAF officer that checked us in at Nicosia, Cyprus, wore regulation British shorts. Cyprus itself looked sunburned and khaki-colored, and at the little hotel in Nicosia, signs on the taps asked you not to waste water.

And now, the third and biggest air-conditioner lay athwart our course: the Lebanon. You could see how it lay athwart the west winds, too. You could see how it would squeeze out of the west wind the last of any moisture that might be left; how it would turn, therefore, into real heat all the unfeeling heat that might be in it: so that what probably started as a cool, moist Atlantic breeze, would finally come to the Arab countries as a hot desert wind.

It is a big mountain wall. Don't let them

tell you that an airplane **doesn't** notice mountains. We had made a low **sightseeing** circle over Beyrouth and now, with our heavy extra fuel tanks, we had to shove our throttles pretty far forward, set our propellers for flat pitch, open our cowl flaps to keep the engine cool, and reset the trim tabs for a climb: it is not a difficulty, but it is a definite job. Even so, we couldn't make the climb straight; we had to S-turn a little, like a mountain road, to make the grade.

**T**HE Cedars of Lebanon were nowhere to be seen. You could see, as you climbed, the naked slopes deeply torn with ravines, dry gullies where the water perhaps this afternoon would run down in torrents. Our forecast was for showers over the mountains later in the day, and already the first cumulus clouds were building up over the ridge. You could see that in the course of a year enormous amounts of water were being spilled here on the mountainside, and thus withheld from the countries to the east. Here and there in a high, steep, stony gulch you would see a village and some terracings, patiently hand-made, where people try to grow things with the help of these fitful flash floods. The road to Damascus winds somehow up these canyons, and manages to cross at moderate altitude. But roads can use narrower places than an airplane can. We had to keep boosting our engines, and opened our cowl flaps some more to keep them cool, and slid across the stony summits at nine thousand.

You can look into Palestine from here, on your right, and half-way toward Turkey on your left. Behind you is still the blue Mediterranean. Steep below is Damascus, all stone, the color of very dry sand, almost white; and next to it, as a dark green patch, the oasis that forms its famous gardens. Ahead lies the Syrian desert, shapeless and large, like a sea.

From here on all the way to India, what you see is sand, or stone the color of sand, or sand-colored mud, and villages built of baked mud. I can remember only two spots of real color: the gold dome of the mosque at Bagdad, and the red carpets that hung from the window sills of the palace at Muscat in the Kingdom of Oman, on the far southeastern corner of Arabia. Yes, and some trees—perhaps 100,100 trees. The 100,000 were in the gardens of

Damascus and the date plantations of Basra. The other 100 or so were here and there, and you looked at each one separately and liked it.

I could still list almost every single thing we saw, other than sand—every truck, camel, oil derrick, pipeline, road, tent, town: in fact, I remember clearly some certain leaves of grass. It's that empty.

#### IV

SOME eighty miles east of Damascus, out in the desert, we saw our first camels: way down, very small on the vast expanse of sand. If you had moved your eye too fast, you would not have seen them. We throttled back and went down lower and circled. There were six of them walking exactly straight. A man in a white robe was leading the frontmost one. Now, you would think that such a sight would strike a man as quaint, picturesque; but when you saw it here, your reaction was really one of respect. These people were doing an astonishingly skillful thing, simply to be operating out here at all. The camels walked with a slow rhythm that reminded you of a ship, seen from the air, the way it patiently plows along and throws wave after wave from its bow. They kept stepping evenly while we circled (keeping half a mile distant to be polite). And they kept going straight with a certain unnatural precision. I thought: "I know what you are doing, brother. You are dead-reckoning, steering a straight course, just as we are." It made you wonder how they navigated. Their ancestors, after all, had invented mathematical navigation. The very word, azimuth, is an Arab word. Did they have a compass? Did they go by landmarks? Certainly to our eye the sand was without tracks and without markers. And most of all—where were they bound?

We ourselves were not headed straight for Bagdad. We had set our course for a place, Rutbah Wells, which is on a pipeline in the desert, about halfway between Jerusalem and Bagdad. And, using an old navigator's trick, we had set our course not directly for that point, but to the right of it, so that when we picked up the pipeline, we would know which way to follow it. Actually, therefore, we were steering for nowhere in particular. What were they steering for?

We saw the answer, I think, fifteen minutes later, some fifty miles out further in the desert. A *thing* was floating in the sea—I mean, a clean-cut object showed up on the sand: a well. It was not an oasis, but just a well, built obviously by a skilled engineer: three concrete troughs where you could water your camels. Some black Bedouin tents were nearby and a dozen camels seemed to be grazing (but there was no grass). For fifty miles around (or whatever our horizon distance was at that moment) nothing else was to be seen. This must be what that caravan was steering for, we thought. These people were here rather obviously waiting for those people, and you felt like throwing a note down to them: Cousin Abdul Kerim is on his way back from his shopping trip to Damascus; he is right on course; he will arrive sometime day after tomorrow.

#### V

ABOUT one hundred miles from Bagdad, just when we thought we were shed of desert, we hit Rising Sand. "Rising Sand" is the cool and precise word for a sand storm; precise, because a strong wind is not necessary to raise the sand. It is simply that the air sometimes starts bubbling—one of its tricks; if that happens over sand, the bubbles carry it up with them, and the air sucks itself full of sand. By the time we crossed the River Euphrates, the sky was gray and visibility was down to two miles. There were now field boundaries under us, and for a while it was strangely like the approach to Chicago on one of those days with heavy industrial smoke. We saw Bagdad only when we were right over it. We hated to run our engines unnecessarily in such air. They breathe the sand in, and it raises hell inside. So we cut out our usual sightseeing, and just circled the airport.

One is rather busy at that time—all sorts of controls have to be re-set to get the airplane into the Landing Condition, and at the same time you press your earphones against your ear, trying to understand the tower. But the Bagdad airport is right on the edge of town. And your approach takes you over the built-up part. Sort of on the side, between the up-banked wing and the right-hand engine, I remember a pattern of Bagdad roofs



flowing by under us. In the oblique view, when you looked ahead, it was all walls and flat roofs and small domed roofs—all sand-colored, of course. But when it went by underneath you, it opened up and became all courts. Each house seemed to be built around a court; each court seemed to exist for the sake of a palm tree; often the crown of the palm just about filled all the open space. You could tell that these trees and these courts were the most lovingly tended places, and probably the most pleasant places in Bagdad.

Later, on the ground, all this was quite hidden. Bagdad disappointed us as it disappoints almost any tourist or traveling salesman or oil man on leave. The streets were

dusty and bare; the street scenes were not especially interesting—once you got used to seeing men walk around in a sort of nightshirt, with a shawl draped over the head. We sat in the hotel garden under the rather scrawny palms looking out on the muddy Tigris and the dusty sky, and said that the place was pretty much of a dump. But, having once looked down into its secret and private places, we really knew better. If the airplane had done nothing else for us, it had at least given us a quick lesson about that whole part of the world.

We knew that we could see only the lesser and cruder half of life there, and that there was much hidden.

*(Next month Mr. Langewiesche will conclude the log of this flight.—The Editors)*

## Sonnet

DAVID McCORD

THIS is the sonnet: fourteen lines for bones,  
 Sorrow for marrow, fleshed with life and death;  
 Small in the eye, biotic, out of breath,  
 Gray and mysterious in overtones.  
 Sunglass to Petrarch, a sonnet in the end  
 Held Milton's blindness, Shakespeare's tacit love,  
 Wordsworth's impinging world, Keats' star above  
 His loneliness. One was Rossetti's friend.  
 All things to all: first light, convective dark;  
 Young to the old, old magic to the young;  
 A cloud, a sail, a mountain, and a mark  
 Against the moon, the singer and the sung.  
 A stroller and a player, what is more,  
 Doubling in brass at Auden's marvelous door.

# Africa in the Service of Europe?

*C. Hartley Grattan*

ONE OF the things to watch in the struggle for European recovery is going to be a desperate effort to bring the resources of Africa to the rescue. Europe lacks the natural resources to employ its numerous people fully, and therefore depends—permanently and heavily—upon imports. Europe's problem is where to get these imports and how to pay for them. Can a system be worked out whereby Europe can make use of the huge resources of Africa?

Yes, say many officials and economists, it can. Ernest Bevin, as spokesman of a nation with immense African possessions, has insisted that African development is one of the vitally necessary undertakings. And Sir Stafford Cripps put the case most vigorously to a meeting of African governors in London:

It is the urgency of the present situation and the need for the sterling group and Western Europe both to maintain their economic independence that makes it so essential that we should increase out of all recognition the tempo of African colonial development, and force the pace so that within the next two to five years we can get a really marked increase of production in coal, minerals, timber, raw materials of all kinds, foodstuffs, and anything else that will save dollars or sell in dollar markets.

This is giving the case for African development an urgency that verges on the hysterical.

Now the idea that colonial areas should serve the economic needs of advanced countries is nothing new; it is in fact the oldest of ideas about the proper relations of the two. Nevertheless there is something unprecedented about what is now proposed. For these men do not intend to depend on the adventurousness of private capitalists; they are talking in terms of a vast experiment in the investment of government capital. Private capital may go along if it so chooses; but the governments will carry the ball.

IN TIMES past practically all colonial development has taken place under private enterprise. The governments have rarely taken any direct part in production, and they have provided the colonies with only such services as the local income could finance. Indeed it was long a dogma of colonial policy that the colonies should earn their own way, subsidies from the mother country being kept to a minimum. If a colony failed to attract private capital, either because its resources were meager or because they would be costly to exploit, the colony remained in a backward condition, which was just too bad. Sometimes the native peoples suffered as a result. Sometimes they benefited decidedly from "neglect." But in any case stagnation was the natural consequence—and stagnation is hardly an ideal state of affairs.

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The profits of these private enterprises in the colonies flowed away to investors in the mother country; and so it was difficult—in the absence of any calculated tax system—for the colonial peoples to get anything out of them but the wages paid, plus a little something from governmental services. And the wages were ordinarily low; in fact, the chief reason why colonial enterprises were profitable was precisely the low cost of native labor. Furthermore, since the goods produced by the enterprises were sold in the world markets, any disturbance in these markets at once had repercussions in the colony. A drop in the world price of rubber would mean desperate times for natives in Malaya; a shrinkage in the world demand for copper would mean poverty in parts of the Congo and Northern Rhodesia. This wouldn't have been so bad if there had been a separate and distinct native economy to which the rubber-workers or the iron-miners or bauxite-miners could have returned. But the two economies were intertwined, for good or ill, and a sudden drop in the income from one produced disastrous reverberations throughout the other, much as conditions in our own Southern Appalachians were worsened during the Great Depression by the arrival of refugees from Detroit and Dayton—refugees, who, now jobless, became extra mouths to feed on some poverty-stricken Southern farm. Naturally this was a disturbing state of affairs. If foreign capital could not be excluded from a colony without barring progress, how could it be made to do its job so as to bring really solid advantage to the native people?

No satisfactory answer to this question could be found in the colonies themselves. Everything depended on the currents of opinion and action in the mother countries, where lived and worked the men who laid down colonial policy and the investors and general managers of the colonial industries. Only a shift of view at London or Paris or some other metropolitan center could really change the situation. Such a change has been taking place. During the past generation or so the idea that the owners of colonies should not be exploiters but rather should be trustees has gained ground impressively. But as yet, as we shall see, it is not entirely clear that a final solution of the great problem is really in the making.

For what was wrong with colonial industries under the old dispensation was precisely that they were conducted primarily for the benefit of people outside the colonies, and also were largely dependent for their success on conditions outside the colonies. And if African industry is now to be run primarily to help European recovery, the same objections will be all too likely to hold. That these new enterprises will be conducted by socialist governments will not make all the difference. It is only insofar as the new schemes are balanced by an intensive concern for the welfare of the native peoples that they can escape condemnation as being, essentially, more of the same. These projects raise practical and moral problems of immense complexity. Let us look at some of these as they affect the future of Africa.

## II

THE British program is by far the most elaborate, and it illustrates the problems neatly. As long ago as 1929 the British began to shift their policy so as to put more funds into the colonies. An act of that year provided money which could be granted or advanced to the colonial authorities, but it was rather limited in total amount, and it was tied up with the necessity—then beginning to be felt—to calculate all economic policy with a view to liquidating unemployment. It made some difference to the colonies, but not too much. In a sense it merely slightly tempered the effects of the Great Depression. Not until years later, under the stimulus of the good intentions of wartime, was a really decisive step taken.

It was in 1940 that a colonial development and welfare act was passed which implicitly recognized what specialists had long contended: that the colonies must get more money from London if colonial progress was not to go forward at a snail's pace. Almost all students of colonial affairs insisted that this was true; and some, contemplating the enormous gap between colonial needs on the one hand and colonial resources, plus imaginable subsidies from the mother country, on the other, felt sure that not enough money would be forthcoming to do the job waiting to be done. The act of 1940 raised hopes that the necessary shift in policy had been per-

manently made, but there was still a good deal of skepticism as to whether the appropriations from London were big enough to do much good, and some students—for example, Professor W. K. Hancock—began to advocate international collaboration in colonial development. No such collaboration has yet emerged. And so, by an irony of history, the British find themselves today supporting alone a colonial economic policy which loads them with heavy expenditures at a time when they are desperately short of funds. Every pound appropriated from British taxes for colonial needs, every pound borrowed for investment in the colonies, looks to many Englishmen like a pound taken away from Britain's own sorely needed industrial development and her own all-too-meager welfare.

This, of course, is not wholly true, for as I have already remarked, colonial development has become an important item in the campaign for British recovery. But at least the critical situation in the mother country causes people to argue in a new way. Instead of talking about the well-being of colonial peoples, they emphasize the desperate necessity for strengthening Britain herself; and thus they reinforce, rather than weaken, the case for going ahead at this moment when the execution of British colonial plans is awkward to the last degree.

Step by step, in fact, the plans have become more elaborate. In 1940 the British colonies were provided with \$20,000,000 a year for ten years. This seemed to be enough. By 1945 it clearly wasn't, and the figure was increased to \$480,000,000 to be spread over the ten years ending March 31, 1956. These sums were designated for development *and* welfare. But as plans were worked out and money was allocated, the British found that they wouldn't cover both on any adequate scale; and so in late 1947 Parliament took still another step—passed an Overseas Resources Development Act to do the development job, leaving the earlier fund still available.

Under the new act a Colonial Development Corporation and an Overseas Food Corporation were established. The first of these, capitalized at four hundred million dollars, will be run like a private investment company, and will be able to invest in almost any kind of enterprise which promises to strengthen the economy of a colony. The Food Corporation

is a smaller concern, capitalized at two hundred million dollars, and will be closely controlled by the Ministry of Food; it can invest in projects anywhere that promise to increase the supply of food for Britain. These two corporations will carry the heft of the load of colonial development in the immediate future. How much private investment will supplement them it is difficult to predict; but it is interesting to see that Barclay's Bank has launched a Barclay's Overseas Development Corporation Ltd. (capital \$20,000,000) to operate in the colonies, and that the Standard Bank of South Africa has set up a smaller Finance and Development Corporation (capital \$2,000,000) to operate in East Africa.

These are new institutions and it will take them time to get under way. It will be rather remarkable if we are able to get a really reliable idea of either their importance to British (and European) recovery or their impact on African society for a decade or so. Yet we can get at least some hints from taking a look at one vast project—which is now growing into two—for growing peanuts on a monstrous scale in East and West Africa. But before we get to that there is another question to be faced.

IT will probably have occurred to you that such African development schemes may not move fast enough to be of much use in the immediate emergency; that the European patient may sink into a coma before the African medicine can arrive. Critics of the schemes pointed out some time ago that it was not simply a question of opening up new farms or mines or factories in places already well provided with communications, roads, railroads, deep-water harbors, warehouses, skilled labor, and so on. It was a case of starting from scratch and having to provide almost everything to carry out the schemes. This would take time, lots of time. And furthermore it would swallow up large amounts of scarce equipment which Britain herself was short of. If we must engage in such enterprises, said the critics, why not pour the money and equipment into colonies already well provided with railroads, skilled labor, etc.? Why not pour them into Malaya or even the West Indies rather than into virgin Africa?

This is, on the surface, a very convincing argument. The officials in London have not



explained why, in the face of it, they are sticking to Africa. But we are at liberty to guess their reasons, and these would appear to be both political and economic.

For one thing Africa is a far more stable region, politically speaking, than Southeast Asia. Burma is now independent; India and Pakistan are tied to Britain in very uncertain fashion; and even where the imperial powers have not yet been decisively ousted, as in Indonesia and Indo-China, the prospects of unquestioned long-term dominance are decidedly poor. And on the other hand the Caribbean area, while politically stable, lacks unexploited resources of any magnitude worth mentioning; and those that do exist are perhaps better reserved for the people of the overcrowded islands than exploited for the benefit of Europe. Africa, by contrast, is not only stable but has unexploited resources.

And there is another compelling reason. Many of the foodstuffs (such as edible vegetable oils) and other raw materials which can be produced in Africa not only will be acutely needed during the immediate future but also will probably be in short supply the world over for at least a decade and perhaps two. Demand will long continue to be strong. So there are good long-range arguments for concentrating on Africa. Whatever can be had quickly will be all to the good; whatever will be had in the long run will also be to the good. And only in Africa can they be had from territories securely available for development by the European nations.

But the stubborn fact remains that African development will be mostly too slow to count much in solving Europe's immediate problems. To that argument there is no convincing reply. The magic-wand theory of colonial development simply doesn't stand up under analysis. The development of Africa is a long-term project and should be handled as such. Too feverish a search for quick returns will lead to disastrous errors, difficult to repair. And even long-term projects involve conundrums not readily answered.

### III

THE great peanut project offers a good example of these conundrums. The idea of raising peanuts on a grand scale as a source of edible oil (for margarine, cook-

ing oil, salad oil, etc.) and animal feed (e.g., for stall-fed milk cows) was first presented to the British government early in 1946 by Frank Samuel, managing director of the United Africa Company Ltd. He suggested that huge quantities of peanuts could be raised in Tanganyika, Northern Rhodesia, and Kenya in East Africa if mechanized methods of production were fully used. After investigation it was estimated that the project would cost some \$96,000,000—the sum has since been sharply increased—of which about one-fifth would be spent on machinery and the rest on clearing the land, putting up buildings, etc. Over three million acres would be brought under cultivation in big plots of around 30,000 acres each, of which 80 would be in Tanganyika, 17 in Northern Rhodesia, and 10 in Kenya. The idea was that this project would supply about one-third of Britain's shortage of edible oil. Early in 1948 a second scheme was investigated, this time in West Africa, involving even more land—no less than five million acres, scattered in sizable plots over the Gold Coast, Gambia, and Nigeria.

These two projects, taken together, will constitute an immense experiment. The grave question is, what will they do to the native population?

The traditional basis of the African economy, and of African tribal society, has been the subsistence farm—the native family tilling a small patch of land and living mostly on what they themselves could raise. Only in exceptional instances—as in the production of cocoa in the Gold Coast—have these subsistence farms been successful in producing for the market. The most efficient way of producing for the market is probably through plantations. But the plantation contributes to the disruption of native society; for the natives who work on plantations as wage-earners have had to leave their subsistence plots to their wives and children and to live apart from the family and the tribal society of which they are members. Under African conditions, this has unhappy results; it is often the first step toward "detrribalization." So definitely has experience shown that plantation work is unsatisfactory for the natives and native society that for some years the British have discouraged plantation development, in West Africa especially. Here the peanut-growing scheme reverses an established British policy.

For this reversal there is a justification: that the subsistence economy is breaking down all over Africa. It is not simply that European enterprises in Africa—farms, mines, transportation—have removed thousands of men from their family plots for protracted periods, but rather that soil-exhaustion and soil-erosion are taking a heavy toll of the available arable land. Contrary to popular opinion, the amount of arable land in Africa is limited, and in some political units painfully so. Any loss of arable land through bad farming methods is therefore a major tragedy. Predictions are more and more frequently made that the African peoples are headed straight for famine. To avoid such a terrible calamity there are two possible courses: to improve native cultivation methods on the subsistence farms, or to increase the production of food on large tracts by mechanized methods. The peanut-growing scheme will do the latter. The peanuts, however, will mostly not stay in Africa. They will go to Europe.

**H**ow then will the peanuts in any way contribute to giving the Africans a new source of something to eat? Well, to begin with, the projects will not reduce the amount of arable land open to native cultivation. They are to be located in areas which are not now occupied and cannot be readily occupied by natives because of the difficulty of clearing the land (often truly formidable in Africa), or because they are infested with the tsetse fly, or, very often, because the water supply is limited. They are situated in what is otherwise wasteland. So far, so good. One can go on to argue that these new plantations will demonstrate to the natives what can be done in food production by modern methods. In effect the Africans will be invited to prepare themselves to abandon subsistence farms and antique methods, and to consider going in for modern, mechanized plantation farming on a co-operative basis. The new plantations are expected to be training grounds for African technicians, at least up to the level of tractor-drivers, and it is hopefully believed that once the Africans have seen the results and mastered the methods, they will go and do likewise (presumably with government assistance).

*Logically* this is an unassailable program and if fully realized might well solve the press-

ing problem of food for the Africans. But logic is not the only possible criterion of judgment. While there can be no real defence of bad farming methods, there is a case for the individual cultivator in Africa. It has been strongly put by W. R. Crocker in *On Governing Colonies*. Crocker argues that one of the greatest menaces to the welfare of the Africans is what is called, in its ultimate consequences, "detrimentalization." He points out that African native society is a strongly ritualistic society, heavily dependent upon tradition and the observation of traditional ceremonies, and that anything which disrupts tradition tends to disrupt the personality of the native, making him somewhat less than a man *in African terms*. The Africans are not prepared for the atomistic way of life of the Western industrialized countries. The great problem is to encourage progressive developments in native society without completely setting the natives adrift from all that they have known. Subsistence farming is enmeshed in the African tradition and any planned destruction of it will set going reverberations in African society the end of which no man can foresee. In filling African bellies, those over-devoted to logic might well, all inadvertently, destroy the Africans as men.

The nub of the problem—if the choice is between starving and eating—is not so much how to train the Africans in mechanized agriculture, without further thought, as how to preserve their traditional culture while adapting it in such a way that the Africans can embrace mechanized agriculture without destroying their personalities (or "souls" if you like). This is a tough problem to which only skilled anthropologists can return any satisfactory answers; and therefore none will even be suggested here.

But at least it should be said here that the problem of feeding the Africans is very pressing, and that they can hardly afford to wait until they have learned mechanized farming by example, with or without disastrous consequences. It is easy enough, given the equipment and the time, to go into Africa and get out commodities useful to Europeans, as Sir Stafford Cripps insists should be done. It is quite another problem to do this in a way which will help the Africans too. If the new schemes are not accompanied by resolute efforts to get at the problems of the Africans,



they will be classifiable as simply the latest variations on the old theme of European exploiting backward peoples.

It is therefore heartening to note that much of the money set aside by the British for spending in Africa under the development and welfare acts is directed toward solving these native problems. Most of the money will go to such things as reclaiming land from the tsetse fly, housing for Africans in urban areas, health services of various kinds, education at all levels up to "university college," and agricultural services. Few Americans have any conception of the terrible poverty of Africa. The chief test of these appropriations will be the extent to which they succeed in relieving this poverty. The agricultural services must do what can be done to help the natives to produce more on their subsistence farms; the educational services must help as many natives as possible to be able to grasp the point of what is being taught them about scientific methods and practices. Flowing from poverty and ignorance is the terrible burden of sickness in Africa; so the health services must be extended. If the vicious circle of poverty, ignorance, and ill-health can be broken, the chances of African progress will be definitely improved. It will take immense amounts of money, far more than has yet been set aside.

Poverty is the worst of the three enemies of Africa. Even if ignorance and ill-health are conquered by the use of funds supplied from outside Africa, the gains will be illusory so long as African poverty remains. For the Africans in their poverty will never be able to take over the vital services and run them out of their own resources. They will always remain on what can only be called a charity basis.

#### IV

THE recovery of Europe is vital to us in America. The recovery of Britain is especially important. Few of us in the United States yet realize how desperately hard it is going to be for Britain to regain her economic footing during the next few years. I have repeatedly drawn attention in *Harp-er's* to the gravity of the British situation, and I certainly have no intention of making light of it now, by seeming to urge that the British

can make out well enough without the aid of African resources. But it is possible to choose the wrong medicine for an acute illness, or to apply the right medicine in the wrong way. Perhaps such plans for African development as the peanut scheme can be made to work out soundly for the Africans as well as the Europeans, if enough intelligent attention is focused throughout on the dire conditions in Africa itself.

But there is a great danger in such a program—that while it strengthens Europe, it will expand several-fold the existing colonial economy of Africa. Under such a regime, the benefits to the Africans will be incidental, not basic, and the more articulate African spokesmen cannot be blamed if they sarcastically label the results "peanuts."

For while the African natives are today relatively docile politically, mostly quite willing to play along with the European administrations in what they may be doing to "advance" them toward self-government—and in many colonies it is a great deal, for constitutional progress has long been valued above economic progress, especially by the British—there is nevertheless accumulating evidence, some of it very unpleasant, that this will not much longer suffice. As is always the case, the first stirrings are to be found among the intellectuals, the men who have climbed the educational ladder and found, not bliss, but acute discomfort and discontent. In the West African colonies, especially Nigeria, plans for escaping European political control are being freely discussed. How much of this is "just talk," and reckless talk at that, and how much is a forecast of political battles to come in the near future is difficult to decide; but *The Economist* recently took the Nigerian portents seriously enough to remark, "with its population of over 22 millions, its poverty, its dependence on a few export crops, its race animosities and growing anti-white prejudice, Nigeria bids fair to become Britain's main imperial preoccupation in the next ten years. After India and Palestine, perhaps Nigeria."

It is out of the situation hinted at here, as much as out of peanut farms, that the Africa of tomorrow will emerge. If Africa must help Europe, as the cry is today, Europe must really help Africa, or so much the worse for both parties to the deal.

# The Men from Mars

*John Houseman*

RADIO WAR TERRORIZES U.S.—N. Y. *Daily News*, October 31, 1938.

Everybody was excited I felt as if I was going crazy and kept on saying what can we do what difference does it make whether we die sooner or later? We were holding each other. Everything seemed unimportant in the face of death. I was afraid to die, just kept on listening.  
—A listener

*Nothing about the broadcast was in the least credible.—Dorothy Thompson*

THE show came off. There is no doubt about that. It set out to dramatize, in terms of popular apprehension, an attempted invasion of our world by hostile forces from the planet Mars. It succeeded. Of the several million American citizens who, on the evening of October 30, 1938, milled about the streets, clung sobbing to one another or drove wildly in all directions to avoid asphyxiation and flaming death, approximately one-half were in terror of Martians—not of Germans, Japanese, or unknown enemies—but, specifically, of Martians. Later, when the excitement was over and the shadow of the gallows had lifted, some of us were inclined to take credit for more deliberate and premeditated villainy than we deserved. The truth is that at the time, nobody was more surprised than we were. In fact, one of the most remarkable things about the broadcast was the quite haphazard nature of its birth.

In October 1938, the Mercury Theater, of which Orson Welles and I were the founding

partners, had been in existence for less than a year. Our first Broadway season had been shatteringly successful—"Julius Caesar," "The Cradle Will Rock," "Shoemaker's Holiday," and "Heartbreak House" in the order of their appearance. In April, Orson, in a straggly white beard, made the cover of *Time* Magazine. In June, the Columbia Broadcasting System offered him a radio show—"The Mercury Theater on the Air," a series of classic dramatizations in the first person singular with Orson as master of ceremonies, star, narrator, writer, director, and producer. He accepted. So, now, in addition to an empty theater, a movie in progress, two plays in rehearsal, and all seven of the chronicle plays of William Shakespeare in preparation, we had a radio show.

We opened on July 11. Among our first thirteen shows were "Treasure Island," "39 Steps," "Abraham Lincoln," "Three Short Stories" (by Saki, Sherwood Anderson, and Carl Ewald), "Jane Eyre," "Julius Caesar"

*Mr. Houseman, co-founder with Orson Welles of the Mercury Theater, is well known on Broadway and in Hollywood as producer of "Lute Song," "The Blue Dahlia," and other successes.*



(with running commentary by Kaltenborn out of Plutarch), and "The Man Who Was Thursday." Our second series, in the fall, began with Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," "Around the World in Eighty Days," and "Oliver Twist." Our fifth show was to be "Life with Father." Our fourth was "The War of the Worlds."

No one, as I remember, was very enthusiastic about it. But it seemed good programming, between the terrors of Dickens' London slums, and the charm of Clarence Day's New York in the nineties, to throw in something of a contrasting and pseudo-scientific nature. We thought of Shiel's *Purple Cloud*, Conan Doyle's *Lost World*, and several others before we settled on H. G. Wells' twenty-year-old novel, which neither of us, as it turned out later, remembered at all clearly. It is just possible that neither of us had ever read it.

## II

THOSE were our golden days of unsponsored radio. We had no advertising agency to harass us, no client to cut our withers. Partly because we were perpetually overworked and partly because that was the way we did things at the Mercury, we never seemed to get more than a single jump ahead of ourselves. Shows were created week after week under conditions of soul- and health-destroying pressure. On the whole they were good shows. And we *did* develop a system—of sorts.

It worked as follows: I was editor of the series. With Welles, I chose the shows and then laid them out. The writing, most of it, was done by Howard Koch—earnest, spindly, six-foot-two—a Westchester lawyer turned playwright. To write the first draft of an hour's radio script took him about five days, working about fifteen hours a day. Our associate producer was Paul Stewart, a Broadway actor turned director. His function was to put the broadcast through its first paces and preliminary rehearsals. Every Thursday, musicless and with rudimentary sound effects, a wax record of the show was cut. From this record, played back later that night, Orson would give us his reactions and revisions. In the next thirty-six hours the script would be reshaped and rewritten, sometimes drastically. Saturday afternoon there was another re-

hearsal, with sound—with or without Welles. It was not until the last day that Orson really took over.

Sundays, at eight, we went on the air. Beginning in the early afternoon—when Bernard Herrmann arrived with his orchestra of twenty-seven high-grade symphony players—two simultaneous dramas were regularly unfolded in the stale, tense air of Studio Number One: the minor drama of the current show and the major drama of Orson's gargantuan struggle to get it on. Sweating, howling, disheveled, and single-handed he wrestled with Chaos and Time—always conveying an effect of being alone, traduced by his collaborators, surrounded by treachery, ignorance, sloth, indifference, incompetence and—more often than not—downright sabotage! Every Sunday it was touch and go. As the hands of the clock moved relentlessly toward air time the crisis grew more extreme, the peril more desperate. Often violence broke out. Scripts flew through the air, doors were slammed, batons smashed. Scheduled for six—but usually nearer seven—there was a dress rehearsal, a thing of wild improvisations and irrevocable disaster. (One show was found to be twenty-one minutes overlength, another fourteen and one-half minutes short.)

After that, with only a few minutes to go, there was a final frenzy of correction and reparation, of utter confusion and absolute horror, aggravated by the gobbling of sandwiches and the bolting of oversized milkshakes. By now it was less than a minute to air time. . . .

At that instant, quite regularly week after week—with not one second to spare . . . the titanic buffoonery stopped. Suddenly out of chaos, the show emerged—delicately poised, meticulously executed, precise as clockwork, and smooth as satin. And above us all, like a rainbow over storm clouds, stood Orson on his podium, sonorous and heroic, a leader of men surrounded by his band of loyal followers; a giant in action, serene and radiant with the joy of a hard battle bravely fought—a great victory snatched from the jaws of disaster.

IN LATER years, when the Men from Mars had passed into history, there was some bickering among members of the Mercury as to who, exactly, had contributed precisely what, to that particular evening's

entertainment. The truth is that a number of us made a number of essential and incalculable contributions to the broadcast. (Who can accurately assess, for instance, the part played by Johnny Dietz's perfect engineering, in keeping unbroken the shifting illusion of imperfect reality? How much did the original old H. G. Wells, who noisily repudiated us, have to do with it? Or the second assistant sound man? Or individual actors? Or Dr. Goebbels? Or Charlie McCarthy?) Orson Welles had virtually nothing to do with the writing of the script and less than usual to do with its preliminary rehearsals. Yet first and last it was his creation. If there had been a lynching that night, it is Welles the outraged populace would have strung up—and rightly so. Orson was the Mercury. "The War of the Worlds," like everything we did, was his show.

Actually, it was a narrow squeak. Those Men from Mars barely escaped being still-born. Tuesday afternoon—five days before the show—Howard Koch telephoned. He was in deep distress. After three days of slaving on H. G. Wells' scientific fantasy he was ready to give up. Under no circumstances, he declared, could it be made interesting or in any way credible to modern American ears. Koch was not given to habitual alarmism. To confirm his fears, Annie, our secretary, came to the phone. She was an acid and emphatic girl from Smith College with fine blond hair, who smelled of fading spring flowers. "You can't do it!" she whined. "Those old Martians are just a lot of nonsense. It's all too silly! We're going to make fools of ourselves! Absolute fools!"

For some reason which I do not clearly remember our only possible alternative for that week was a dreary one—"Lorna Doone." I tried to reach Welles. He was at the theater and wouldn't come to the phone.

The reason he wouldn't come to the phone was that he was in his thirty-sixth successive hour of dress-rehearsing "Danton's Death," a beautiful, fragmentary play by Georg Büchner out of which Max Reinhardt, in an augmented form, had made a successful mass-spectacle in the twenties. Not to be outdone, Orson had glued seventeen hundred masks on to the back wall of the Mercury Theater, and ripped out the entire stage. Day after day actors fell headlong into the rat-ridden basement, leaped on and off erratically moving

elevators, and chanted the "Carmagnole" in chorus under the supervision of Marc Blitzstein.

Unable to reach Welles, I called Koch back. I was severe. I taxed him with defeatism. I gave him false comfort. I promised to come up and help. When I finally got there—around two the next morning—things were better. He was beginning to have fun laying waste the State of New Jersey. Annie had stopped grinding her teeth. We worked all night and through the next day. Wednesday at sunset the script was finished.

Thursday, as usual, Paul Stewart rehearsed the show, then made a record. We listened to it rather gloomily, long after midnight in Orson's room at the St. Regis, sitting on the floor because all the chairs were covered with coils of unrolled and unedited film. We agreed it was a dull show. We all felt its only chance of coming off lay in emphasizing its newscast style—its simultaneous, eyewitness quality.

All night we sat up, spicing the script with circumstantial allusions and authentic detail. Friday afternoon it went over to CBS to be passed by the network censor. Certain name alterations were requested. Under protest and with a deep sense of grievance we changed the Hotel Biltmore to a non-existent Park Plaza, Trans-America to Intercontinent, the Columbia Broadcasting Building to Broadcasting Building. Then the script went over to mimeograph and we went to bed. We had done our best and, after all, a show is just a show. . . .

Saturday afternoon Paul Stewart rehearsed with sound effects but without Welles. He worked for a long time on the crowd scenes, the roar of cannon echoing in the Watchung Hills and the sound of New York Harbor as the ships with the last remaining survivors put out to sea.

Around six we left the studio. Orson, phoning from the theater a few minutes later to find out how things were going, was told by one of the CBS sound men, who had stayed behind to pack up his equipment, that it was not one of our better shows. Confidentially, the man opined, it just didn't come off. Twenty-seven hours later, quite a few of his employers would have found themselves a good deal happier if he had turned out to be right.



## III

ON SUNDAY, October 30, at 8:00 P.M., E.S.T., in a studio littered with coffee cartons and sandwich paper, Orson swallowed a second container of pineapple juice, put on his earphones, raised his long white fingers and threw the cue for the Mercury theme—the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor #1. After the music dipped, there were routine introductions—then the announcement that a dramatization of H. G. Wells' famous novel, *The War of the Worlds*, was about to be performed. Around 8:01 Orson began to speak, as follows:

## WELLES

We know now that in the early years of the twentieth century this world was being watched closely by intelligences greater than man's and yet as mortal as his own. We know now that as human beings busied themselves about their various concerns they were scrutinized and studied, perhaps almost as narrowly as a man with a microscope might scrutinize the transient creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. With infinite complacency people went to and fro over the earth about their little affairs, serene in the assurance of their dominion over this small spinning fragment of solar driftwood which by chance or design man has inherited out of the dark mystery of Time and Space. Yet across an immense ethereal gulf minds that are to our minds as ours are to the beasts in the jungle, intellects vast, cool, and unsympathetic regarded this earth with envious eyes and slowly and surely drew their plans against us. In the thirty-ninth year of the twentieth century came the great disillusionment.

It was near the end of October. Business was better. The war scare was over. More men were back at work. Sales were picking up. On this particular evening, October 30, the Crossley service estimated that thirty-two million people were listening in on their radios. . . .

Neatly, without perceptible transition, he was followed on the air by an anonymous announcer caught in a routine bulletin:

## ANNOUNCER

. . . for the next twenty-four hours not much change in temperature. A slight at-

mospheric disturbance of undetermined origin is reported over Nova Scotia, causing a low pressure area to move down rather rapidly over the northeastern states, bringing a forecast of rain, accompanied by winds of light gale force. Maximum temperature 66; minimum 48. This weather report comes to you from the Government Weather Bureau. . . . We now take you to the Meridan Room in the Hotel Park Plaza in downtown New York, where you will be entertained by the music of Ramon Raquello and his orchestra.

At which cue, Bernard Herrmann led the massed men of the CBS house orchestra in a thunderous rendition of "La Cumparsita." The entire hoax might well have exploded there and then—but for the fact that hardly anyone was listening. They were being entertained by Charlie McCarthy—then at the height of his success.

The Crossley census, taken about a week before the broadcast, had given us 3.6 per cent of the listening audience to Edgar Bergen's 34.7 per cent. What the Crossley Institute (that hireling of the advertising agencies) deliberately ignored, was the healthy American habit of dial-twisting. On that particular evening, Edgar Bergen in the person of Charlie McCarthy temporarily left the air about 8:12 P.M., E.S.T., yielding place to a new and not very popular singer. At that point, and during the following minutes, a large number of listeners started twisting their dials in search of other entertainment. Many of them turned to us—and when they did, they stayed put! For by this time the mysterious meteorite had fallen at Grovers Mill in New Jersey, the Martians had begun to show their foul leathery heads above the ground, and the New Jersey State Police were racing to the spot. Within a few minutes people all over the United States were praying, crying, fleeing frantically to escape death from the Martians. Some remembered to rescue loved ones, others telephoned farewells or warnings, hurried to inform neighbors, sought information from newspapers or radio stations, summoned ambulances and police cars.

The reaction was strongest at points nearest the tragedy—in Newark, New Jersey, in a single block, more than twenty families rushed out of their houses with wet handker-

chiefs and towels over their faces. Some began moving household furniture. Police switchboards were flooded with calls inquiring, "Shall I close my windows?" "Have the police any extra gas masks?" Police found one family waiting in the yard with wet cloths on faces contorted with hysteria. As one woman reported later:

I was terribly frightened. I wanted to pack and take my child in my arms, gather up my friends and get in the car and just go north as far as we could. But what I did was just sit by one window, praying, listening, and scared stiff, and my husband by the other sniffing and looking out to see if people were running. . . .

In New York hundreds of people on Riverside Drive left their homes ready for flight. Bus terminals were crowded. A woman calling up the Dixie Bus Terminal for information said impatiently, "Hurry please, the world is coming to an end and I have a lot to do."

In the parlor churches of Harlem evening service became "end of the world" prayer meetings. Many turned to God in that moment:

I held a crucifix in my hand and prayed while looking out of my open window for falling meteors. . . . When the monsters were wading across the Hudson River and coming into New York, I wanted to run up on my roof to see what they looked like, but I couldn't leave my radio while it was telling me of their whereabouts.

Aunt Grace began to pray with Uncle Henry. Lily got sick to her stomach. I don't know what I did exactly but I know I prayed harder and more earnestly than ever before. Just as soon as we were convinced that this thing was real, how petty all things on this earth seemed; how soon we put our trust in God!

The panic moved upstate. One man called up the Mt. Vernon Police Headquarters to find out "where the forty policemen were killed." Another took time out to philosophize:

I thought the whole human race was going to be wiped out—that seemed more important than the fact that we were going to die. It seemed awful that everything that had been worked on for years was going to be lost forever.

In Rhode Island weeping and hysterical women swamped the switchboard of the *Providence Journal* for details of the massacre, and officials of the electric light company received a score of calls urging them to turn off all lights so that the city would be safe from the enemy. The *Boston Globe* received a call from one woman "who could see the fire." A man in Pittsburgh hurried home in the midst of the broadcast and found his wife in the bathroom, a bottle of poison in her hand, screaming, "I'd rather die this way than that." In Minneapolis a woman ran into church screaming, "New York destroyed this is the end of the world. You might as well go home to die I just heard it on the radio."

"The Kansas City Bureau of the AP received inquiries about the "meteors" from Los Angeles; Salt Lake City; Beaumont, Texas; and St. Joseph, Missouri. In San Francisco the general impression of listeners seemed to be that an overwhelming force had invaded the United States from the air—was in process of destroying New York and threatening to move westward. "My God," roared an inquirer into a telephone, "where can I volunteer my services, we've got to stop this awful thing!"

As far south as Birmingham, Alabama, people gathered in churches and prayed. On the campus of a Southeastern college—

The girls in the sorority houses and dormitories huddled around their radios trembling and weeping in each other's arms. They separated themselves from their friends only to take their turn at the telephones to make long distance calls to their parents, saying goodbye for what they thought might be the last time. . . .

There are hundreds of such bits of testimony, gathered from coast to coast.

#### IV

AT LEAST one book\* and quite a pile of sociological literature has appeared on the subject of "The Invasion from Mars." Many theories have been put forward to explain the "tidal wave" of panic that swept the nation. I know of two factors that

\* *The Invasion from Mars* by Hadley Cantril, Princeton University Press, from which many of the above quotations were taken.



largely contributed to the broadcast's extraordinarily violent effect. First, its historical timing. It came within thirty-five days of the Munich crisis. For weeks, the American people had been hanging on their radios, getting most of their news no longer from the press, but over the air. A new technique of "on-the-spot" reporting had been developed and eagerly accepted by an anxious and news-hungry world. The Mercury Theater on the Air by faithfully copying every detail of the new technique—including its imperfections—found an already enervated audience ready to accept its wildest fantasies. The second factor was the show's sheer technical brilliance. To this day it is impossible to sit in a room and hear the scratched, worn, off-the-air recording of the broadcast, without feeling in the back of your neck some slight draft left over from that great wind of terror that swept the nation. Even with the element of credibility totally removed it remains a surprisingly frightening show.

Radio drama was taken seriously in the thirties—before the Quiz and the Giveaway became the lords of the air. In the work of such directors as Reis, Corwin, Fickett, Welles, Robson, Spier, and Oboler there was an eager, excited drive to get the most out of this new, all too rapidly freezing medium. But what happened that Sunday, up on the twentieth floor of the CBS building was something quite special. Beginning around two, when the show started to take shape under Orson's hands, a strange fever seemed to invade the studio—part childish mischief, part professional zeal.

First to feel it were the actors. I remember Frank Readick (who played the part of Carl Phillips, the network's special reporter) going down to the record library and digging up the Morrison recording of the explosion of the Hindenburg at Lakehurst. This is a classic reportage—one of those wonderful, unpredictable accidents of eyewitness description. The broadcaster is casually describing a routine landing of the giant gasbag. Suddenly he sees something. A flash of flame! An instant later the whole thing explodes. It takes him time—a full second—to react at all. Then seconds more of sputtering ejaculations before he can make the adjustment between brain and tongue. He starts to describe the terrible things he sees—the writh-

ing human figures twisting and squirming as they fall from the white burning wreckage. He stops, fumbles, vomits, then quickly continues. Readick played the record to himself, over and over. Then, recreating the emotion in his own terms, he described the Martian meteorite as he saw it lying inert and harmless in a field at Grovers Mill, lit up by the headlights of a hundred cars—the coppery cylinder suddenly opening, revealing the leathery tentacles and the terrible pale-eyed faces of the Martians within. As they begin to emerge he freezes, unable to translate his vision into words; he fumbles, retches—and then after a second continues.

A few moments later Carl Phillips lay dead, tumbling over the microphone in his fall—one of the first victims of the Martian Ray. There followed a moment of absolute silence—an eternity of waiting. Then, without warning, the network's emergency fill-in was heard—somewhere in a quiet studio, a piano, close on mike, playing "Clair de Lune," soft and sweet as honey, for many seconds, while the fate of the universe hung in the balance. Finally it was interrupted by the manly reassuring voice of Brigadier General Montgomery Smith, Commander of the New Jersey State Militia, speaking from Trenton, and placing "the counties of Mercer and Middlesex as far west as Princeton and east to Jamesburg" under Martial Law! Tension—release—then renewed tension. For soon after that came an eyewitness account of the fatal battle of the Watchung Hills; and then, once again, that lone piano was heard—now a symbol of terror, shattering the dead air with its ominous tinkle. As it played, on and on, its effect became increasingly sinister—a thin band of suspense stretched almost beyond endurance.

**T**HAT piano was the neatest trick of the show—a fine specimen of the theatrical "retard," boldly conceived and exploited to the full. It was one of the many devices with which Welles succeeded in compelling, not merely the attention, but also the belief of his invisible audience. "The War of the Worlds" was a magic act, one of the world's greatest, and Orson was just the man to bring it off.

For Welles is at heart a magician whose particular talent lies not so much in his crea-

tive imagination (which is considerable) as in his proven ability to stretch the familiar elements of theatrical effect far beyond their normal point of tension. For this reason his productions require more elaborate preparation and more perfect execution than most. At that—like all complicated magic tricks—they remain, till the last moment, in a state of precarious balance. When they come off, they give—by virtue of their unusually high intensity—an impression of great brilliance and power; when they fail—when something in their balance goes wrong or the original structure proves to have been unsound—they provoke, among their audience, a particularly violent reaction of unease and revulsion. Welles' flops are louder than other men's. The Mars broadcast was one of his unqualified successes.

Among the columnists and public figures who discussed the affair during the next few days (some praising us for the public service we had rendered, some condemning us as sinister scoundrels) the most general reaction was one of amazement at the "incredible stupidity" and "gullibility" of the American public, who had accepted as real, in this single broadcast, incidents which in actual fact would have taken days or even weeks to occur. "Nothing about the broadcast," wrote Dorothy Thompson with her usual aplomb, "was in the least credible." She was wrong. The first few minutes of our broadcast were, in point of fact, strictly realistic in time and perfectly credible, though somewhat boring, in content. Herein lay the great tensile strength of the show; it was the structural device that made the whole illusion possible. And it could have been carried off in no other medium than radio.

Our actual broadcasting time, from the first mention of the meteorites to the fall of New York City, was less than forty minutes. During that time men traveled long distances, large bodies of troops were mobilized, cabinet meetings were held, savage battles fought on land and in the air. And millions of people accepted it—emotionally if not logically.

There is nothing so very strange about that. Most of us do the same thing, to some degree, most days of our lives—every time we look at a movie or listen to a broadcast. Not even the realistic theater observes the literal unities; motion pictures and, particularly,

radio (where neither place nor time exists save in the imagination of the listener) have no difficulty in getting their audiences to accept the telescoped reality of dramatic time. Our special hazard lay in the fact that we purported to be, not a play, but reality. In order to take advantage of the accepted convention, we had to slide swiftly and imperceptibly out of the "real" time of a news report into the "dramatic" time of a fictional broadcast. Once that was achieved—without losing the audience's attention or arousing their skepticism, if they could be sufficiently absorbed and bewitched not to notice the transition—then, we felt, there was no extreme of fantasy through which they would not follow us. We were keenly aware of our problem; we found what we believed was the key to its solution. And if, that night, the American public proved "gullible," it was because enormous pains and a great deal of thought had been spent to make it so.

In the script, "The War of the Worlds" started extremely slowly—dull meteorological and astronomical bulletins alternating with musical interludes. These were followed by a colorless scientific interview and still another stretch of dance music. These first few minutes of routine broadcasting "within the existing standards of judgment of the listener" were intended to lull (or maybe bore) the audience into a false security and to furnish a solid base of realistic time from which to accelerate later. Orson, in making over the show, extended this slow movement far beyond our original conception. "La Cumparsita," rendered by "Ramon Raquello, from the Meridian Room of the Hotel Park Plaza in downtown New York," had been thought of as running only a few seconds; "Bobby Millette playing 'Stardust' from the Hotel Martinet in Brooklyn," even less. At rehearsal Orson stretched both these numbers to what seemed to us, in the control room, an almost unbearable length. We objected. The interview in the Princeton Observatory—the clockwork ticking monotonously overhead, the woolly-minded professor mumbling vague replies to the reporters' uninformed questions—this, too, he dragged out to a point of tedium. Over our protests, lines were restored that had been cut at earlier rehearsals. We cried there would not be a listener left. Welles stretched them out even longer.



He was right. His sense of tempo, that night, was infallible. When the flashed news of the cylinder's landing finally came—almost fifteen minutes after the beginning of a fairly dull show—he was able suddenly to spiral his action to a speed as wild and reckless as its base was solid. The appearance of the Martians; their first treacherous act; the death of Carl Phillips; the arrival of the militia; the battle of the Watchung Hills; the destruction of New Jersey—all these were telescoped into a space of twelve minutes without overstretching the listeners' emotional credulity. The broadcast, by then, had its own reality, the reality of emotionally felt time and space.

## V

AT THE height of the crisis, around 8:31, the Secretary of the Interior came on the air with an exhortation to the American people. His words, as you read them now, ten years later, have a Voltairean ring. (They were admirably spoken—in a voice just faintly reminiscent of the President's—by a young man named Kenneth Delmar, who has since grown rich and famous as Senator Claghorn.)

## THE SECRETARY

Citizens of the nation: I shall not try to conceal the gravity of the situation that confronts the country, nor the concern of your Government in protecting the lives and property of its people. However, I wish to impress upon you—private citizens and public officials, all of you—the urgent need of calm and resourceful action. Fortunately, this formidable enemy is still confined to a comparatively small area, and we may place our faith in the military forces to keep them there. In the meantime placing our trust in God, we must continue the performance of our duties, each and every one of us, so that we may confront this destructive adversary with a nation united, courageous, and consecrated to the preservation of human supremacy on this earth. I thank you.

Toward the end of this speech (*circa* 8:32 E.S.T.), Davidson Taylor, supervisor of the broadcast for the Columbia Broadcasting System, received a phone call in the control room, creased his lips, and hurriedly left the studio. By the time he returned, a few moments later

—pale as death—clouds of heavy smoke were rising from Newark, New Jersey, and the Martians, tall as skyscrapers, were astride the Pulaski Highway preparatory to wading the Hudson River. To us in the studio the show seemed to be progressing splendidly—how splendidly Davidson Taylor had just learned outside. For several minutes now, a kind of madness had seemed to be sweeping the continent—somehow connected with our show. The CBS switchboards had been swamped into uselessness but from outside sources vague rumors were coming in of deaths and suicides and panic injuries.

Taylor had requests to interrupt the show immediately with an explanatory station-announcement. By now the Martians were across the Hudson and gas was blanketing the city. The end was near. We were less than a minute from the Station Break. The organ was allowed to swirl out under the slackening fingers of its failing organist and Ray Collins, superb as the "last announcer," choked heroically to death on the roof of Broadcasting Building. The boats were all whistling for a while as the last of the refugees perished in New York Harbor. Finally, as they died away, an amateur shortwave operator was heard, from heaven knows where, weakly reaching out for human companionship across the empty world:

2X2L Calling CQ

2X2L Calling CQ

2X2L Calling CQ

Isn't there anyone on the air?

Isn't there anyone?

Five seconds of absolute silence. Then, shattering the reality of World's End—the Announcer's voice was heard, suave and bright:

## ANNOUNCER

You are listening to the CBS presentation of Orson Welles and the Mercury Theater on the Air in an original dramatization of *The War of the Worlds*, by H. G. Wells. The performance will continue after a brief intermission.

THE second part of the show was extremely well written and most sensitively played—but nobody heard it. It recounted the adventures of a lone survivor, with interesting observations on the nature of human society; it described the

eventual death of the Martian Invaders, slain—"after all man's defenses had failed by the humblest thing that God in his wisdom had put upon this earth"—by bacteriological action; it told of the rebuilding of a brave new world. After a stirring musical finale, Welles, in his own person, delivered a charming informal little speech about Halloween, which it happened to be.

I remember, during the playing of the final theme, the phone starting to ring in the control room and a shrill voice through the receiver announcing itself as belonging to the mayor of some Midwestern city, one of the big ones. He is screaming for Welles. Choking with fury, he reports mobs in the streets of his city, women and children huddled in the churches, violence and looting. If, as he now learns, the whole thing is nothing but a crummy joke—then he, personally, is coming up to New York to punch the author of it on the nose! Orson hangs up quickly. For we are off the air now and the studio door bursts open. The following hours are a nightmare. The building is suddenly full of people and dark blue uniforms. We are hurried out of the studio, downstairs, into a back office. Here we sit incommunicado while network employees are busily collecting, destroying, or locking up all scripts and records of the broadcast. Then the press is let loose upon us, ravening for horror. How many deaths have *we* heard of? (Implying they know of thousands.) What do *we* know of the fatal stampede in a Jersey hall? (Implying it is one of many.) What traffic deaths? (The ditches must be choked with corpses.) The suicides? (Haven't you heard about the one on Riverside Drive?) It is all quite vague in my memory and quite terrible.

Hours later, instead of arresting us, they let us out a back way. We scurry down to the theater like hunted animals to their hole. It is surprising to see life going on as usual in the midnight streets, cars stopping for traffic, people walking. At the Mercury the company is still stoically rehearsing—falling downstairs and singing the "Carmagnole." Welles goes up on stage, where photographers, lying in wait, catch him with his eyes raised

up to heaven, his arms outstretched in an attitude of crucifixion. Thus he appeared in a tabloid that morning over the caption, "I Didn't Know What I Was Doing!" The *New York Times* quoted him as saying, "I don't think we will choose anything like this again."

We were on the front page for two days. Having had to bow to radio as a news source during the Munich crisis, the press was now only too eager to expose the perilous irresponsibilities of the new medium. Orson was their whipping boy. They quizzed and badgered him. Condemnatory editorials were delivered by our press-clipping bureau in bushel baskets. There was talk, for a while, of criminal action.

Then gradually, after about two weeks, the excitement subsided. By then it had been discovered that the casualties were not as numerous or as serious as had at first been supposed. One young woman had fallen and broken her arm running downstairs. Later the Federal Communications Commission held some hearings and passed some regulations. The Columbia Broadcasting System made a public apology. With that the official aspects of the incident were closed.

As to the Mercury—our new play, "Danton's Death," finally opened after five postponements. Not even our fantastic publicity was able to offset its generally unfavorable notices. On the other hand, that same week the Mercury Theater on the Air was signed up by Campbell Soups at a most lavish figure.

Of the suits that were brought against us—amounting to over three quarters of a million dollars for damages, injuries, miscarriages, and distresses of various kinds—none was substantiated or legally proved. We did settle one claim however, against the advice of our lawyers. It was the particularly affecting case of a man in Massachusetts, who wrote:

"I thought the best thing to do was to go away. So I took three dollars twenty-five cents out of my savings and bought a ticket. After I had gone sixty miles I knew it was a play. Now I don't have money left for the shoes I was saving up for. Will you please have someone send me a pair of black shoes size 9B!"

We did.



# *The Mark of Vishnu*

A Story by Khushwant Singh

Illustrations by Irvin Koons

“THIS is for the Kālā Nāg,” said Ganga Ram, pouring the milk into the saucer. “Every night I leave it outside the hole near the wall and it’s gone by the morning.”

“Perhaps it is the cat,” we children suggested.

“Cat!” said Ganga Ram with contempt. “No cat goes near that hole. Kālā Nāg lives there. As long as I give him milk, he will not bite anyone in this house. You can all go about with bare feet and play where you like.”

We were not having any patronage from Ganga Ram.

“You are a stupid old Brahmin. Don’t you know snakes don’t drink milk? At least one couldn’t drink a saucerful every day. The teacher told us that a snake eats only once in several days. We saw a grass snake which had just swallowed a frog. It stuck like a blob in its throat and took several days to dissolve and go down its tail. We’ve got dozens of them in the lab in methylated spirit. Why, last month the teacher bought one from a snake charmer which could run both ways. It had another head with a pair of eyes at the tail. You should have seen the fun when it was put in the jar. There wasn’t an empty one in the lab so the teacher put it in one which had a Russels viper. He caught its two ends with a pair of forceps, dropped it in the jar, and quickly put the lid on. There was an absolute storm as it went round and round in the glass tearing the decayed viper into shreds.”

Ganga Ram shut his eyes in pious horror.

“You will pay for it one day. Yes, you will.”

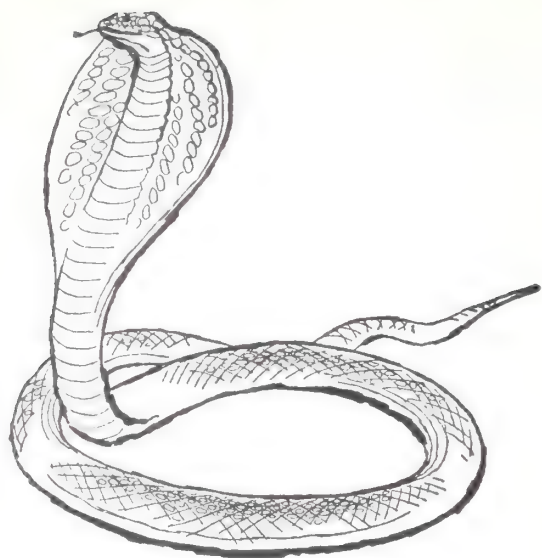
It was no use arguing with Ganga Ram. He, like all good Hindus, believed in the Trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, the creator, preserver, and destroyer. Of these he was most devoted to Vishnu. Every morning he smeared his forehead with a V mark in sandalwood paste to honor his deity. Although a Brahmin, he was illiterate and full of superstition. To him, all life was sacred, even if it was of a serpent or scorpion or centipede. Whenever he saw one he quickly shoved it away lest we kill it. He picked up wasps we battered with our badminton rackets and tended their damaged wings. Sometimes he got stung. It never seemed to shake his faith. More dangerous the animal, the more devoted Ganga Ram was to its existence. Hence the regard for snakes; above all the cobra, who was the Kālā Nāg.

“We will kill your Kālā Nāg if we see it.”

“I won’t let you. It’s got a hundred eggs and if you kill it, all the eggs will become cobras and the house will be full of them. Then what will you do?”

“We’ll catch them alive and send them to Bombay. They milk them there for anti-snake-bite serum. They pay two rupees for each live cobra. That makes two hundred rupees straight away.”

“Your doctors must have udders. I never saw a snake have any. But don’t you dare touch this one. It is a phannyar—it is hooded. I’ve seen it. It’s three hands long. As for his hood!” Ganga Ram opened the palms of his hands and his head swayed from side to side. “You should see it basking on the lawn in the sunlight.”



"That just proves what a liar you are. The phannyar is the male, so it couldn't have laid the hundred eggs. You must have laid the eggs yourself."

The party burst into peals of laughter.

"Must be Ganga Ram's eggs. We'll soon have a hundred Ganga Rams."

**G**ANGA RAM was squashed. It was the lot of a servant to be constantly squashed. But having the children of the household make fun of him was too much even for Ganga Ram. They were constantly belittling him with their new-fangled ideas. They never read their scriptures. Nor even what the Mahatma said about non-violence. It was just shotguns to kill birds and jars of methylated spirit to drown snakes. Ganga Ram would stick to his faith in the sanctity of life. He would feed and protect snakes because snakes were the most vile of God's creatures on earth. If you could love them instead of killing them, you proved your point.

What the point was which Ganga Ram wanted to prove was not clear. He just proved it by leaving the saucerful of milk by the snake hole every night and finding it licked clean in the mornings.

One day we saw Kālā Nāg. The monsoons had burst with all their fury and it had rained at night. The earth which had lain parched and dry under the withering heat of the summer sun was teeming with life. In little pools, frogs croaked. The muddy ground was littered with crawling worms, centipedes, and velvety lady-birds. Grass had begun to show

and the banana leaves glistened bright and glossy green. The rain had flooded Kālā Nāg's hole. He sat in an open patch on the lawn. His shiny black hood glistened in the sunlight. He was big—almost six feet in length and as fat as the human wrist.

"Looks like a King Cobra. Let's get him."

Kālā Nāg did not have much of a chance. The ground was slippery and all the holes and gutters were full of water. Ganga Ram was not at home to help him.

Armed with long bamboo sticks, we surrounded Kālā Nāg before he even scented danger. When he saw us his eyes turned a fiery red and he hissed and spat on all sides. Then like lightning he made for the banana grove.

The ground was too muddy and he slithered. He had hardly gone five yards when a stick caught him in the middle and broke his back. A volley of blows reduced him to a squishy-squashy pulp of black and white jelly, spattered with blood and mud. His head was still undamaged.

"Don't damage his hood," yelled one of us. "We'll take him to school."

So we slid a bamboo stick under the cobra's belly and lifted him on the end of the pole. We put him in a large biscuit tin and tied it with a string. We hid the box under a bed.

At night we hung around Ganga Ram waiting for him to get his saucer of milk. "Aren't you going to take any milk for the Kālā Nāg tonight?"

"Yes," answered Ganga Ram irritably. "You go to bed."

He did not want any more argument on the subject.

"He won't need the milk any more."

Ganga Ram paused.

"Why?"

"Oh, nothing. There are so many frogs about. They must taste better than your milk. You never put any sugar in it anyway."

The next morning Ganga Ram brought back the saucer with the milk still in it. He looked sullen and suspicious.

"We told you snakes like frogs better than milk."

While we changed and had breakfast Ganga Ram hung around us. The school bus came and we clambered into it with the tin. As it began to move we held it out to Ganga Ram.



"Here's your Kālā Nāg. Safe in this box. We are going to put him in spirit."

We left him standing speechless, staring at the departing bus.

THERE was great excitement in the school. We were a set of four brothers, known for our toughness. We had proved it again.

"A King Cobra."

"Six feet long."

"Phannyar."

The box was presented to the science teacher.

In the classroom the box was put on the teacher's table on the platform and we waited for him to open it and admire our kill. The teacher pretended to be indifferent and set us some problems to work on. With studied matter-of-factness he fetched his forceps and a jar with a banded Krait lying curled in muddy methylated spirit. He began to hum and untie the cord around the box.

As soon as the cord was loosened the lid flew into the air, just missing the teacher's nose. Kālā Nāg sat up in the box. His eyes burnt like embers and his hood spread taut and undamaged. With a loud hiss he shot at the teacher's face. The teacher pushed himself back on the chair and toppled over. He fell on the floor and stared at the cobra,

petrified with fear. The boys stood up on their desks and yelled hysterically.

Kālā Nāg surveyed the scene with his blood-shot eyes. His forked tongue darted in and out excitedly. He spat furiously and then made a bid for freedom. He fell out of the box onto the floor with a loud plop. His back was broken in several places and he dragged himself painfully to the door. When he got to the threshold he drew himself up once again with his hood outspread to face another danger.

Outside the classroom stood Ganga Ram with a saucer and a tumbler of milk. As soon as he saw Kālā Nāg come up he went down on his knees. He poured the milk into the saucer and placed it near the threshold. With hands folded in prayer he bowed his head on the ground craving forgiveness. In desperate fury, the cobra hissed and spat and bit Ganga Ram all over the head—then with great effort dragged himself into a gutter and wriggled out of view.

Ganga Ram collapsed with his arms covering his face. He groaned in agony. The poison blinded him instantly. Within a few minutes he turned pale and blue and froth appeared in his mouth. On his forehead were little drops of blood. These we wiped with our handkerchiefs. Underneath was the V mark where the Kālā Nāg had dug his fangs.



# General Clay—On His Own

*William Harlan Hale*

AMERICAN Judge-Advocate officers may go on arguing whether Ilse Koch, the putty-faced, dumpy ex-mistress of Buchenwald, was really as deadly as charged. But, deadly or not, she managed this fall by the mere fact of winning a commutation of her jail sentence for major crimes to do something which even the massed strength of Soviet Russia had failed to accomplish, namely to undermine the position of the American military governor in Germany, General Lucius D. Clay—and this, ironically, through the agency of hapless officers of his own command.

During several months of crisis the aquiline, commanding presence of General Clay in Berlin has stood forth, along with his blockade-breaking air-lift, as the symbol of his country's steadfastness in the face of Soviet pretensions. He has been, in effect, the General Patton of the "cold war"—as brusque, square-jawed, sharp-tongued, intransigent, and aggressive even in defense as was his predecessor at the battle of the Bulge. His performance under the fire of Russians, as they try to infiltrate, surround, and intimidate him, has been of such caliber as to arouse high admiration and to silence his critics. Now comes a little incident involving a woman with a fondness for repulsive lampshades, and the immediate spell is broken. Europeans cry

out at the spectacle of Americans solicitously returning a hated Nazi to early freedom, Soviet propagandists make use of it as a beautifully barbed weapon with which to puncture American claims to democratic leadership, and at home the Senate investigations subcommittee demands an explanation and hauls the red-faced Army on the carpet—something the Senate hasn't dreamed of doing since the days of the Pearl Harbor investigation.

This isn't the first time, of course, that critics have laid into General Clay and his administration in Germany. During his three and a half years on the scene the vigorous military governor has accumulated an imposing list of enemies, domestic and foreign, and these have variously charged him with being imperious, impetuous, pro-German, anti-French, and intolerant of views that differ from his own. But most of these attacks have been no more than flurries, sharp, violent, and quickly over, as a new blast from Russia has drawn Westerners together to seek protection behind that tenuous front which Clay is trying to secure.

The criticisms, too, have dealt more with his person than with the institution he represents, and thus they have tended to skirt the fundamental problem at issue, which is that of the exercise of high powers in a democracy by soldiers.

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GENERAL Clay, for his part, is aware of the problem—if only to deny publicly that it has bearing on himself. Thus on August 1 last—the day the envoys of the three major Western powers began their long series of conferences over Germany at the Kremlin—he assured the *New York Times* that he did not determine his country's policy in Germany. The State Department, he said, determined it. This apparently was news to the *Times*, for it placed the statement on page one. Very likely it was news to the State Department too.

If the other military governors of Germany had made comparable statements about the limits of their powers, they would have been laboring the obvious. From the start of the occupation it has been clear that the foreign offices of Great Britain and France, and not their military governors, determine their countries' policies in Germany. But General Clay stands out as a special case: since 1945 it has been unclear whether he or the State Department has the final word on what America does in and with Germany. During 1948 this lack of clarity became critical.

The weeks preceding General Clay's August disclaimer were dangerous ones, for an incident arising out of the blockade which the Soviets had thrown around Berlin might have led to war. The United States was trying to induce the Russians to lift that blockade—the choice of means being hand-on-trigger resistance, with the threat of force, or negotiation. As far as the Russians could detect, the United States government was of two minds. The mind that spoke up first was stationed not in Washington but at United States military headquarters in Berlin. Anonymous authorities there, sounded by the United Press on July 18, said the United States was about to ask Britain and France to help smash the Russian blockade "by force, if necessary." Simultaneously the Army newspaper, the *Stars and Stripes*, was informed by unnamed officials in Berlin that "the only way to determine Russian intentions is . . . a show of force." Meanwhile General Clay allowed American-licensed German stations to broadcast language as aggressive as that of Major General William J. Donovan, who after visiting military government headquarters called for world-wide sanctions against Russia, "even if it means war."

Two days later, when the other mind, which belonged to the State Department, spoke up, it contradicted the blustery element in Berlin. One official—unnamed, but presumably of stature in the Department—told the *New York Herald Tribune* that the United States was intent on peaceful means, that the reports from Berlin concerning a show of force were absurd, and that "loose words and hysterical talk would aggravate the Berlin situation and complicate efforts to solve it." The next day Secretary Marshall himself came out for negotiation rather than showdown. The day after, President Truman, catching up with the new spirit, announced that the chances for peace were "good . . . excellent."

Which of the two American views was to be believed—the one in Washington or the one in Berlin? If the difference between them was intentional and if General Clay had been told to rattle a sword while Washington waved an olive branch, the United States was, in an hour of tension, handing dangerously wide powers to a general at the "front." If on the other hand the difference was unintentional, it revealed that the State Department and General Clay had poor liaison and that the United States was allowing its military governor to free-wheel down a road that might lead to an armed clash.

Whichever the truth in this case, there is ample evidence that General Clay has been allowed to free-wheel and make policy on his own in others. Many officials both in Washington and in European capitals add privately that he has not only made policy but has pitted his personal ideas against the expressed policies of the State Department, with almost invariable success. The American military governor has not hesitated, in fact, to pit his ideas against anybody's. He might be expected to be fully occupied with Russians who want to evict him and with Germans who want to feed off him, but he manages also to grapple persistently with the State Department, frequently with the French, occasionally with the British, and currently with the Economic Co-operation Administration, which seeks to enter the General's Germany where the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration learned to fear to tread.

Last year, for instance, when the French government decided to throw a customs fence

around the Saar basin in its zone of occupation, General Clay protested formally, although the State Department's policy was to leave the management of the Saar to the French. This fall the General was locked in a dispute with Paul Hoffman and Averill Harriman of the ECA about the terms of Marshall Plan aid to Germany, and with the spokesmen of all sixteen European nations on the receiving end of the Plan about the share that Western Germany was to get. Clay wanted a far greater share than anyone—including his ECA fellow-Americans—was ready to give him; he opposed the Hoffman thesis that German recovery should be blended in with that of other Western economies, and insisted that Germany be given distinctive treatment involving special barter and credit arrangements; and since in addition he controlled the Army's own hand-out of \$740,000,000 for one year's direct aid to Germany, he was able to show that no matter what ECA's ideas might be, he and he alone would remain the economic master of the strategic realm between Rhine and Elbe.

## II

THE man who exerts such extraordinary initiative and power, with all its possibilities of international collision, is a fifty-one-year-old career officer who when the war broke out in Europe was still a mere captain of engineers. It is hard to imagine a man upon whom the long obscurity of company grade could have weighed more uncomfortably than on him. For Clay, in spite of his decades of humble service and waiting for elevation, conveys the impression of a sparking dynamo, humming and always tuned up to energize great machines. His slender build is still taut, youthful, nervous, and packed with the force of a coiled spring—and so is his mind. As a West Pointer (class of 1918) he might be expected to be typically Army; as a son of Georgia, related to old political and social families in that state, he might be expected to carry on the genteel and predominantly Southern traditions of the service; and yet, while he brilliantly embodies the soldierly virtues of snap and decisiveness and at the same time can disarm his callers with a leisurely charm, he is far from being either typically Army or typically Southern.

His great talent—which he first revealed in the Army Service of Supply and then as James F. Byrnes' deputy at the Office of War Mobilization—lies in general management, in marshaling wide economic forces and stepping up their efficiency, and this he does with a drive and a passion for production that makes him more akin to, say, a Bill Knudsen than to a traditional troop commander.

The engineer who runs America's Germany works phenomenally long hours each day, reads inordinate stacks of reports from every zone (he likes, his officers observe, to do much of his own staff work) and then, having mastered the evidence, reaches his decisions quickly, irreversibly, and alone. Therein lies some of the trouble that bedevils American military government in Germany in its relations with Washington and other foreign powers. Once General Clay's mind is made up—and he makes it up by himself, with an almost mystical belief in its rightness as America Thinking—there is hardly any changing it. The State Department, often bemused but sometimes frightened by the General's mental processes, has tried to do so—but generally failed.

Three years ago, as soon as a newspaper owned by an American-licensed German was begun in Berlin, Clay against the advice of the State Department ordered the shutting down of the official American newspaper in that city, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*—thereby leaving the United States without a mouthpiece in the German capital. The move—perhaps of no great moment—was written off by his advisers as impulsive. This fall, in the same field of information policy, General Clay seemed to the State Department to be even more impulsive. For he ordered the quickest possible return of German radio stations from direct American control into German hands—thereby removing the United States from immediate supervision of German radio at a time when America was engaged in all-out political warfare against the Soviets across the Elbe.

General Clay's motives in such moves are firm, although to some outsiders they may seem confused. While he wants to hold the line against the Soviets, he also wants to return political responsibility and power as quickly as possible to the Germans. This explains his eagerness to speed the setting-up of a trizonal Western German state—a project



which he has pushed in the face of British trepidations, French objections, Soviet fury, and occasional State Department mutterings of "maybe not so fast." And this attitude, with its suggestion of liquidating the severities of occupation, may also help explain the readiness of his headquarters to go easy on such individuals as Ilse Koch.

General Clay is not, quite clearly, a political student or a reformer. But neither is he, as many high commanders are tempted to be, a personal empire-builder. On the contrary, he has been so keen on turning the administration of his zone back to Germans that in the past three years he has slashed his military government establishment from over 10,000 Americans to something less than 3,000—thus opening himself to the charge that he is retiring American control too fast. Clay remembers that he was originally assigned to Germany not only as a general but as an engineer (President Roosevelt told him, in a send-off meeting, to think about setting up a TVA in Central Europe) and his job, as he sees it, is primarily an engineering one—to get economic wheels turning again, to free the dammed-up energies of his German wards, and thereby to make their country hum. He has gone all-out for German efficiency—which leaves only two questions open: namely, efficiency by whom and for what?

### III

**M**AKING Germany hum is one thing, and making it hum again as the dominant industrial heart of Europe is another; but in the hands of a great engineer with his eye on results, the first may easily lead to the second. At this point Lucius Clay, an American general, finds himself getting into conflict with sovereign European nations which by no means agree that his Germany should dominate their continent. Beginning as a keeper of the peace in a conquered zone, the governor strides to center stage in the conduct of America's foreign affairs. But the hitch is that he is not responsible to those who under the Constitution direct America's foreign affairs. As John Foster Dulles complained to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last January, Clay "does not take instructions from the Department of State. . . . As a military man, he looks to the line of authority, and

[that] does not include a line which comprehends the State Department."

Clay reports to the Department of the Army, which does not have to report to the State Department. On the contrary, when the State Department wishes to institute a new policy in Germany, it cannot go ahead without getting the Army Department's consent, and the Army, being inclined to defer to its general in Berlin, usually asks the consent of Clay. As a result a State Department veteran of the Moscow and London conferences has said, "Every time we go into an international meeting we first have to make a treaty with our general."

Not only this, but for long periods the State Department has not even enjoyed freedom of direct communication with Clay. His reports go—and have always gone—direct to the Department of the Army, which forwards to the State Department only what it thinks the diplomats ensconced in Washington's Foggy Bottom should see. Since General Clay's authority is so wide, his messages report on "completed action" far more often than they do on "contemplated action": the State Department last spring heard of his plan to suspend decartelization moves against German heavy industry only after he had actually suspended them. And when the State Department has an idea that it wishes to convey formally to the General, it has to send its messages through the Army Department, which may edit, tone down, or even veto them. If the Army knows that Clay will be sure to object to a particular State Department suggestion, it can shut that one off entirely—thus in effect making sure that officially the General will hear only what he already wants to hear.

**S**UCH an arrangement is unique in the experience of modern democracy. Or rather, it is duplicated only in the case of General MacArthur, Clay's equally volatile opposite number half-way around the globe. It means that in the two most contested centers of the world, where relations to subject peoples and to neighboring states are highly complex, American political power now rests in the hands of generals whose prestige is great but whose previous political training is nil—and who are removed from the direct control of American civil authority.

The British, who have had considerable experience in ruling foreign subjects, don't manage things that way. "In *this* country," Foreign Secretary Bevin told the House of Commons last April, speaking of delicate negotiations in Berlin, "these matters are dealt with by the civil government and not by generals." The British military governor in Germany, General Robertson, takes his orders not from the War Office, which might be inclined to give him free rein, but directly from the Foreign Office, which oversees the entire administration of the British zone and directs its relations to other zones and foreign states. General Robertson's orders are specific and he is not encouraged to wink at them. General Koenig, the military governor for France, operates in the same way, and it may be assumed that Marshal Sokolovsky does not have a blank check from Red Army headquarters which permits him to flout the Kremlin.

How has the non-militarist United States got itself into this position? One school of opinion holds America's generals responsible, charging them with scheming to perpetuate the hold they won over their countrymen during World War II. But this version seems a good deal simpler than the facts. For the more one examines the history of this transfer of power, the less it looks like usurpation on the part of the military and the more like abdication on the part of civilian authorities—those very authorities, in fact, who now complain most bitterly about the performance of General Clay.

Not long ago a State Department official told a French diplomat, whose government had been futilely objecting to the Military Governor's sweeping measures, "If you think you're being bullied by General Clay, just look at us!" What the official didn't add was that his department had been inviting this for several years past. In fact, one could say that throughout an era which has seen an unprecedented expansion of American power and leadership, the State Department has tended to contract and thereby demote itself. Instead of grasping at the new world-wide responsibilities which have fallen upon this nation, it has tended to back away from them. In part this is clearly due to the personal limitations of an elite corps trained only in the stately art of traditional diplomacy,

and therefore unready to take on the down-to-earth jobs thrown up by a world in tumult.

THE State Department's lag dates back at least to 1933, when Cordell Hull, taking over the venerable institution at a time when the emergence of fascism threatened it with new problems, prided himself on making the fewest possible changes in it. In the years before America's entry into the war, President Roosevelt became so impatient at Secretary Hull's slow-moving methods that he relied more and more on special emissaries of his own—the most notable of these being Harry Hopkins, who rivaled and in crucial matters practically superseded the department. Not even this taught Hull his lesson, though, for after America finally entered the war his staff was still unready to carry out such vital crisis jobs in foreign affairs as propaganda (which therefore went to OWI), economic warfare (which therefore went to the special Board of Economic Warfare), inter-Allied commerce and supply (which stayed under special lend-lease administrators), and the planning of occupation programs (which therefore fell increasingly into the hands of the Army, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and, of all people, the trouble-shooters of Mr. Morgenthau's Treasury).

The Army, unlike Secretary Hull's tailored Foreign Service, over the lean years had been training a body of aggressive young officers to shoulder unprecedented tasks whenever the time came—and one of these, as it turned out, was Lucius Clay. And because the all-around caliber of the Army's manpower began to look so good when major military operations began, General Marshall felt he was on sure ground when he demanded that his overseas commanders exercise "untrammeled authority"—which meant authority even over the civil affairs of the foreign soil they freed or overran. Here was Secretary Hull's chance, as the man responsible for foreign affairs, to get up and object. But he didn't. He didn't have what was needed, namely the men who could have handled the big civil jobs overseas themselves. As a result, American generals substituted for them and took to diplomacy whenever they felt they had to. So General Eisenhower went to work in North Africa and struck his famous bargain with Admiral Darlan—a deal that is



still having repercussions on American policy.

The civil power was, of course, represented in the theaters of operation. But because it had yielded so much authority to soldiers, the men whom it sent with the armies were little more than camp-followers. Although Robert Murphy was the representative of President Roosevelt as well as of the State Department, he never tried to step out of a subordinate role. Unlike the representatives of the British War Cabinet and the Foreign Office who moved with the British armies, Murphy and his colleagues could not lay down policy lines to the generals. They could not even communicate directly with their State Department; their dispatches had to go through the generals and military channels. And this arrangement, although intended to last only for the war's duration, set a precedent for the times to come.

Toward the war's end the State Department found itself speaking to the generals about Germany through the medium of the same Robert Murphy, whom the generals had selected to advise them—and Murphy was an affable man who had never held a ranking post before North Africa and who was not inclined to speak up. Furthermore the Department was being pushed around at home by the Treasury and the Foreign Economic Administration, both of which, along with the Army and Navy, had now taken over a share of writing policy for Germany. The Department did finally put down the challenge of Mr. Morgenthau—but only to throw itself more completely into the hands of the Army.

When James F. Byrnes took over the Secretaryship, in 1945, the Washington body charged with planning America's job in Germany was a joint policy committee in which the "hard-peace" crusaders of the Treasury and the FEA engaged in rancorous arguments with the "mild-peace" advocates who spoke for the State and War Departments. They agreed at last on a basic occupation directive (the famous Joint Chiefs of Staff paper "1067") as a compromise, but the State Department had grown to resent Secretary Morgenthau's group so much that Byrnes asked President Truman to disband the joint committee. On August 30 the President obliged, turning over its functions to a largely decorative "co-ordinating commit-

tee" from which the Treasury and the FEA were excluded, and dividing responsibility in Germany between the State Department, which was to set policy, and the War Department, which was to administer it. Having accomplished the main object of expelling the Treasury from inner councils, Byrnes now felt so secure that he saw no reason why his staff should take on the arduous and politically unrewarding business of house-keeping in Germany. He merely wanted to set the general line for others to carry out.

The "others"—meaning the War Department—did not at the time want the chore either (which again upsets the thesis of a brass-hat seizure of power). Secretary Robert M. Patterson and General Eisenhower repeatedly argued that the German job should be turned over to "civilians"—meaning the State Department. But Byrnes would not accept this gift offer from the Pentagon. "I thought the State Department should be maintained as a policy-making department," he says in his memoirs. "I opposed the efforts of the War Department to transfer to it control of our occupation organizations. . . . The State Department is not adapted to such work." Then who was adapted to it? Why, said Byrnes, surely his close friend, wartime OWM deputy, and fellow-Southerner, Lucius Clay. And Byrnes was so reassured by Clay's presence in Berlin that he was willing to let the General have a strong say about what ever should be done in Germany. The new Secretary, in fact, felt personally a good deal closer to his overseas friend than he did to his own department. While Byrnes' subordinates helplessly watched him go about conducting diplomatic affairs from under his hat, the policy reins on Germany were slowly yielded into the strong hands of General Clay.

#### IV

FINDING himself left pretty much on his own, General Clay set about doing what any aggressive officer would do, namely interpreting his orders broadly and hurrying on by his own means to achieve practical results. And for him as an engineer, "practical results" came to mean quickly building up Germany as a successful going concern—without much heed to what those who feared German resurgence might think. In this

drive, which was to lead to decisions affecting the whole order of Europe, he was aided by three factors lying beyond his command:

First, a wavering policy leadership in Washington, borne along by currents of postwar American forgetfulness, anti-Allied reaction, and reversion to the heady home-time pursuit of profit and pleasure, as well as by a Congress whose majority demanded of the German occupation only that it be cheap;

Second, a concerted drive by many spokesmen of American business conservatism, headed by Herbert Hoover and represented in Germany by Major General William H. Draper (the former investment banker who had been placed in charge of zonal economic administration) to restore the German business community to early strength—a drive aided, sometimes unwittingly, by many liberal humanitarians whose prime impulse when they came to Germany was to forgive and forget;

Third, and most decisive, an emerging policy of anti-Western intransigence and aggression on the part of the Kremlin, which enabled Clay to back up his technical program for building up Western Germany with the political thesis that it should be built up as the Western world's bulwark against communism.

It was this last thesis—a long step removed from his original engineering mission—that soon involved Clay in high-level controversies of unique intensity. It was perhaps understandable that the Military Governor, looking on Germany as his number-one problem, would also look upon it as the world's number-one problem and insist that Germany receive priority in relief and rehabilitation. But to the great majority of Westerners who agree that a bulwark must be built against Soviet communism, it has not been so understandable that Germany is the logical place to build it. By insisting upon that, Clay has not only angered Western European governments but has made United States policy suspect to liberals and the non-communist left throughout the world—and this at a time when the United States is trying to shore up that same non-communist left with assurances and money against blasts from Moscow.

Actually, liberal suspicion of the Clay regime had taken deep root even before his "bulwark" policy fully emerged. Liberals

remember that beginning in 1945, anti-trust officials sent by the United States Justice Department to break up German cartels found themselves constantly opposed on the spot by General Draper, chief of the economics division, whose attitude toward German big industry was, to say the least, charitable. (General Draper, now in civilian status, has since been moved up to the post of Army Undersecretary specializing in occupied countries, where he works in close co-ordination with his former chief, Clay.) As early as the fall of 1945, three months after the Potsdam Agreement was signed, Draper's division advocated relaxing the restrictions on German heavy industry set forth in that agreement and encouraging the manufacture of machine tools and machinery for export.

In 1947, Draper openly attacked the entire American decartelization policy because, he said, it hampered German industrial efficiency. At the time that was too much even for General Clay (whose directive read, "You will . . . prohibit all cartels and cartel-like organizations; . . . you will . . . effect a dispersion of ownership and control of German industry") and he rebuked Draper. But by the spring of 1948 Clay himself was speaking Draper's language when he publicly attacked the British plan to split the German steel trust into small competitive companies and complained that if this plan were carried out, the German steel industry "might find itself at the mercy of the Luxembourg steel industry." It was at this time that Clay on his own authority decided to suspend the American program against German heavy industrial combinations. When reporters asked him why he had dropped the cases against them, he remarked merely that "Henschel und Sohn [locomotives, tanks, etc.] and Vereinigte Kugellagerfabriken [ball bearings] are two monopolies which are very important to us right now."

Similar liberal doubt has been aroused over the years by General Clay's policy toward German organized labor. His directives have consistently maintained that democratic labor unions should be encouraged in order to strengthen Germany's social fabric against unrest and communism. But American Military Government still refuses to return to German unions the bulk of the property taken from them by the Nazis in 1933. When the



State Department offered Clay some money to buy newsprint for German union publications, he refused to take it. German labor is not represented on the Joint Import-Export Agency, a military government group that works closely with German industry in laying plans for the country's economic future. The economics and finance divisions of Military Government habitually call in German employers for advice and often take it, but the manpower division—which has to do with labor and ranks low in the American administrative hierarchy—has seldom invited German union leaders into its confidence.

How distant the relations between American authorities and German workers have become was illustrated last spring when Ruhr steel workers threatened to strike in protest against the appointment of Hermann Reusch, former general manager of the Gutehoffnungshuette steel cartel, to an Anglo-American production board, on the ground that he represented an old order that should be purged—while the Americans, according to the *New York Times*, "supported him for his views on free enterprise."

Free enterprise, as an American principle, must be held up to the Germans—so reads the general's directive. But his critics point out that he has allowed German industrialists to band together in associations which may allocate materials and markets—something American management has been forbidden to do since the Sherman and Clayton Acts were passed. He has not held out parallel accommodations to German labor, however. Last June, in fact, when the Hesse State Parliament submitted for his approval a bill giving labor a voice in the management of industry, he vetoed it on the ground that it was "un-American." The conclusion which General Clay's German critics draw from this is that it is wrong for labor but quite proper for industry to engage in un-American economic activities—even if this leads to a revival of the trusts. And the same allegation of bias applies to Clay's personal attitude toward socialization. "While it is your duty to give the German people an opportunity to learn of the principles and advantages of free enterprise," his directive tells him, "you will refrain from interfering in the question of public ownership of enterprises in Germany." Nevertheless, he has consistently opposed Ger-

man as well as British efforts to take the heavy industries of the Ruhr out of the hands of owners compromised by Nazism and to socialize them. According to his instructions Lucius Clay is not supposed to be a political general, but it is hard to escape the conclusion that during his unique years of power he has gradually become one.

## V

AT ALL events, opponents at home and abroad look on him as one. And while British socialists (allying themselves uncomfortably with their own enemies in Moscow) attack him as an agent of American business imperialism, French nationalists (in this case also allying themselves with the nationalists in the Kremlin) attack him as pro-German. The French long ago recognized that Clay saw in them the chief immediate obstacle to his plan of rebuilding Germany first. His own exasperation with the French has grown steadily since 1946, when they repeatedly blocked action in the four-power Control Council in Berlin by refusing to consider German economic unification until the Ruhr's future had been settled—and settled in their favor. In the following year Clay and the State Department fell into a public altercation over the issue of announcing a new, drastically-raised schedule for Ruhr industrial production—the Department arguing that the consent of France, as a vitally interested neighbor, must first be obtained, and the general replying, with full War Department backing, that the French needn't be consulted at all, since they had refused to merge their zone with the British and American zones in the first place. Result: the new, revised schedules were published, while the French fumed.

The State Department goes on fuming too—usually to itself—but to what effect? Its officials clearly recognize that Clay's insistence on industrial primacy for Germany endangers their and the ECA's whole plan for Western European unity. But when it comes to stopping him, they have been inclined to throw up their hands. In the recent past, they have been inclined to offer several excuses for their inaction: first, that one can't expect them to control the Army in Germany so long as the Army gets its own German ap-

propriations independently from Congress (and from a Congress whose record shows it isn't much interested in such troublesome causes as denazification and social reform); secondly, that there is wide schism in their own ranks as to the degree to which Germany is to be built up or held down; thirdly, that Secretary Marshall, a lifelong soldier himself, hasn't been inclined to break through the system of overseas army channels that he himself set up when he insisted upon "untrammelled authority" for his theater commanders and to come down hard on the Military Governor in Berlin; and finally, that anyway the Department can't muster a team of authorities on Germany anywhere near able to rival the tough-grained, hard-riding combination of Clay and Draper, backed by Army Secretary Royall and his whole galaxy of brass.

It is not for this article to presume to provide solutions, but one that comes inescapably to mind is that the State Department

might do well to set about at once providing itself with the team it now lacks. If those who fear military domination over American policy intend to do more than merely fear it, this may be the time for them to find ways for meeting it not with abuse but with superior ability—which would mean supplying the Foreign Service in particular with a body of rising officials equal or superior to America's tested soldiery. Clearly, in view of what has happened in Germany alone, the ultimate responsibility of American civil authority needs some restatement. But it cannot be restated by voices in a vacuum. Nor can it be restated by voices too timorous or traditional to speak and act boldly. Directives to the military, orders, guidance messages, committees, consultations, and all the rest, are doubtless good things in themselves, but they can be no better than the men who stand behind them and who see to it that their policies are carried out.

## *What Are We Coming To?*

OUR fathers and mothers were hale and hearty at sixty, seventy, or eighty years of age, and yet they never bothered themselves about the liver, and stomach, and digestion, and brown bread and baths, and hair brushes; they lived in blissful ignorance of the locality of the liver, "lights," or anything else than the stomach; the whereabouts of "that animal," they were regularly and pleasurably reminded of three times a day; but not so with us, their degenerate sons, whose houses are cumbered with double sashes to keep all the pure air out, while every pains is taken to keep the foul air in; with patent shower-baths, to chill us to death; with hot-air furnaces, to stew us with their stifling, humid heat; with carpets, to hide dust and dirt, to harbor dampness and noxious gases; and lazy, loafing rocking chairs, to insure three crooks in every spine; and cushioned ottomans, sofas, lounges, fauteuilles, vis-à-vis, and a great many other French things, to engender constipations, piles, fistulas, and lingering death.

—from *Fun Better Than Physic; or Everybody's Life-Preserver*.  
by W. W. Hall, M.D., published at Springfield, Massachusetts, 1871



# After Hours

WHEN they broke ground for the United Nations' new home in New York over between First Avenue and the river, there was no ceremony—no brass band, no public address system, no big crowd. This, to me, is the best news about UN since the man who made the first voting box for the Security Council out at Hunter College in the Bronx left a note inside, his own first vote for peace. I only wish that the same modesty had attended another recent ceremony, one that was concerned with a matter of cultural importance this column has commented on before.

The occasion was the “gala” opening of the new Paris Theater in New York, which has been built on a highly chic lot right opposite the Plaza fountain at the southeast corner of Central Park. The French firm of Pathé has deliberately opened the Paris as a showplace for French films and French films only. The theater represents the direct bid for an American market that I mentioned in July 1947, remarking at the time that the French “could easily make two disastrous mistakes: (1) trying to out-Hollywood Hollywood, and (2) basing their appeal on snobbery.” At the new Paris Theater, both mistakes have been made at once, even more vigorously than I had anticipated.

No celebration is quite so mournful as a “gala” opening. Before anyone arrives, a large floodlight is placed strategically in the lobby to shine straight into the faces of all who enter. This attracts a crowd of the curious, for the useful purpose of making the ticket-holders feel they are celebrities fighting through the rabble. Once inside the Paris, both male and female patrons were presented each with a bottle of domestic perfume and

were subjected to an appallingly artistic short film about Henri Matisse—not in color—followed by a battery of speeches. A representative of the French Ambassador presented the Ambassador's good wishes and regrets, and Grover Whelan spoke for Mayor O'Dwyer—being reminded of such bonds of Franco-American friendship as his French-Canadian mother and the Statue of Liberty. Finally came the main feature—“*Symphonie Pastorale*,” the first film of André Gide, and a first-rate example of the head-buried-in-arms school of grand passion. A rule applies to foreign movies as well as American, which is that if the application of common sense by one character would stop the film at any point then it is not tragedy.

The Paris was designed by an American firm, in a bright, splashy, and what some builders have called an “uncompromisingly contemporary” manner. The result is about as French as a Jeep station wagon, so that the wall of the stairs to a downstairs lounge has been covered with Steinberg's wallpaper scenes of Paris in an effort to recoup the note of lost *gallicisme*. The architecture is attractive and serviceable, but an opportunity to demonstrate French taste has been missed.

I note this only as a bad omen. Coupled with the news of declining film production in France and the demoralizing effect of the Riviera on Hollywood's new international set, the recent products of Franco-American amity lead inevitably to the conclusion that there is no future in unilateral agreements. UNESCO had better take over. French and American snobbery and vulgarity are each bad enough in their own individual ways, but together! *Lafayette, au revoir.*

## Twinkle Toes

**R**ECENTLY I sat as a third, and silent, partner in a conversation about the ballet. Never before, it seems, has the American School of the Ballet had such a large enrollment. Never before, I gathered a little later, did the ballet companies seem to be having such financial troubles. The paradox puzzled me. Why train all those dancers? For what? I decided to get to the bottom of the paradox (as you'll see, I never did) so I made an appointment to spend a few hours at the ballet school shortly after it opened in September. I found the place, which is on the fourth floor of a loft building on Madison Avenue, swarming with young ladies in rompers, leotards, bathing suits, and more proper ballet practice costumes, and young men in purple, gray, red, or black tights. They all looked as though they were having a good time, especially the ones who were practicing, and none of them appeared to be worrying about anything but their costumes, their bodies, and their techniques.

Lincoln Kirstein, who seems to get his name mentioned a good deal in this magazine, is the director of the school, and he hurriedly assured me that I was quite wrong to think that there is no future for dancers trained there. "The trouble," he said, "is to keep the kids who aren't ready from taking jobs. If they go off before they're trained and dance in a chorus, they can make out, but that's the end of them as dancers. They never get anywhere."

Enrollments for the fall session were approaching three hundred and fifty and were not yet complete. Of these, understandably, the great majority are girls. Except for a few foreigners and a few very young men (some not yet in their teens) nearly all of the male students are veterans taking advantage of their GI rights to an education. They supplement their government subsidies by jerking sodas, running elevators, acting as ushers, and as blood donors. One young man takes in tolls on a toll-bridge in the evenings. There are seventy-five veterans in all. More than half of the girls are over sixteen, and none of them is under eight. Some other ballet schools take them younger than that, but the American School says that it's dangerous—too great physical strain for seven-year-olds and infants.

"And we don't put on any recitals for the parents," Mr. Kirstein said firmly, "We're more serious than that."

They certainly are. The American School of the Ballet, which has no subsidy and no endowment, is the closest thing in this country to the nationally-subsidized schools of the dance in England, France, Poland, Italy, and, of course, Russia. Its students come from all over the lot—from Seattle and Vancouver, from Panama, Puerto Rico, Chile, and other Latin countries. "A Protestant dancer is almost unthinkable," Mr. Kirstein remarked. "The best dancers are brought up in countries where it is considered honorable to dance. Americans have never recognized it as a legitimate form of human endeavor, not for men anyway. Do you want to watch a class?"

I said I did, and I was led into a large white room with a printed tin ceiling and a skylight. Around three sides of the room were the usual practice bars, and below them a bright dark blue dado. The fourth wall had a six foot mirror that ran its entire length. There was an "intermediate" class going on (there are two higher grades: "advanced" and "professional") and Mr. Pierre Vladimiroff, who used to be Pavlova's partner, was putting the students, male and female, aged twelve to twenty-odd, through exercises at the bar. "All of our older faculty are graduates of the Russian State Academy in Leningrad," Mr. Kirstein explained. Mr. Vladimiroff, who employed a vocabulary entirely unfamiliar to me, told the pupils what he wanted, then demonstrated, and then sat down and watched. "That's very well, very well," he said when he was pleased by what his thirty or so charges did for him. He kept them at the bar for half an hour, giving them just time between exercises to wipe the sweat from their faces. Then he got them out in the middle of the room and made them do the same sorts of things without benefit of the bar. It was much as though he were putting a choral group through its scales. All deadly serious. The class lasted an hour and a half and the students applauded when it was over.

I wasn't going to let myself be put off by the fascination of watching all this growing skill. "If the ballet companies are in financial straits," I put the question directly to Mr. Kirstein, "how are these kids going to make a living?"



"We don't guarantee them employment," he explained, "but most of them don't have any trouble. Some dance in the Monte Carlo ballet, some in the opera ballets here and in Chicago and San Francisco, some in Radio City, and some in musical shows. Some become teachers. You see we teach everything—adagio, toe, contemporary technique, character dancing, academic ballet—everything. It takes about eight years to train a perfect dancer, and we discourage the ones we don't think have professional potentialities. We give them stage experience in the Ballet Society performances, and this winter I have been asked to be director of the New York City Ballet Company that will do two nights a week at the City Center and also do the ballets in the City Center operas. We'll use the kids there."

Mr. Kirstein assured me that ballet is not a losing proposition. The Monte Carlo company, which he referred to as a "commercial venture," has a successful forty-week season—a long stay in New York and an extensive tour. The Ballet Theater was having some trouble. It had canceled its fall opening, hoped to start its season in February, but might not open at all this year. Financial trouble. The Ballet Society, which is closely affiliated with the school, could, I gathered, use some money, but it goes ahead with its plans for this winter and hopes to produce, as it has in the past few years, some brand-new ballets. When I asked him how much dancers were paid, he stopped a girl who was going by and asked her what she got when she worked for the Monte Carlo company. "It was sixty-five dollars a week plus something for living," she said. "That was during the war. I guess it would be seventy-five now." The famous dancers are not well paid in comparison with actors. Mr. Kirstein guessed that Alicia Markova (née Alice Marks) gets about \$400 a week and Youskevitch (né Youskevitch) about \$600.

The Ballet School is by way of being the heart of the ballet in America. Nearly every ballet dancer of any account in this country has studied there—Danilova, Eglesvkv, Zorina, Baronova, William Dollar, Lew Christensen, and a host of others. The school was founded in 1934, and (after an initial period of losing money) now has a comfortable cushion in the

bank. Considering that other countries have to provide public support for their dancing schools, Mr. Kirstein is justifiably proud of the school's record both financially and artistically. "Dancing is still the stepchild of the arts in America," he said, "but the audiences are growing. When ballet really begins to make money then the American people will have more respect for dancers."

If Mr. Kirstein is worried about the future of the dance in America or about the hundreds of ambitious young men and women who want to be dancers he didn't show it. Perhaps there isn't any paradox after all.

### *Season to Taste*

THE other evening I went back to Wah Kee's, the restaurant in Chinatown about which I wrote here nearly a year ago, to take some friends who hadn't been there before. We asked the proprietor how he made the fried rice (which has bean shoots and pork and garlic in it) and we were none the wiser when he got through telling us. There is a mysterious quality about the art of cookery which is very much like that of painting. Have you ever asked a painter how he got that certain blue which he used in a November sky? Sometimes he can give you the recipe, but it's no use. It's no good in any other hands but his. I have a recipe which I would like to pass along because it makes the most delicious cole slaw I've ever eaten. The cook who makes it wrote it down for me. It seems to me to say a great deal about the psychology of a generous artist who would like to share her secrets with the world, but can't.

I cut the cabbage on the large part of the grater. Have cabbage cold and dry. Then I salt to taste, and put in a spoon of sugar, one spoon of vinegar, and some olive oil—just a little. Then grate  $\frac{1}{2}$  onion in the cabbage, just enough for a faint taste of onion. Then mix enough mayonnaise to make slaw good and wet, but not soupy. If you put it in the ice box, cover it up. Do not serve ice cold.

And then she adds the real point:

In all of the above I use judgment according to the amount. Wish you luck.

—Mr. Harper

# The Easy Chair

*Bernard DeVoto*

**H**ow old are you? You can get an accurate measurement of both sidereal and psychological time by going to see "Mr. Roberts." If a certain anecdote comes back to your memory, then that's how old you are.

It was an anecdote of the high and far-off days when people as weathered in wisdom as this column were young enough to get a particular kind of thrill in the theater. It told of a young man in New York who had to take a visiting elderly aunt to a play and chanced on one called "What Price Glory?" about which he knew nothing except that it was a big success. His own stunned enjoyment was blotted out by apprehension on her behalf but he was so paralyzed that not till half-way through the first act could he whisper a suggestion that they leave. His aunt agreed. "But," she whispered, "wait till I can find my God-damn handkerchief." That scandalously profane expression was repeated over and over by the soldiers in "What Price Glory?" We elders remember the shock and delight of hearing it in the theater while at "Mr. Roberts" the sailors of a later theater repeatedly use almost every profane and obscene expression we know and the audience, including our elderly aunt, feels no shock at all.

Set up another bench mark by which to measure change in the literary folkways. In the days when there were still tramp printers in the United States, one who went into a print shop to ask for a job was required to set a few galleys of type to establish his competence. This custom made a surreptitiously celebrated classic one of the most frequently printed American books. For all anyone knows, that book, Mark Twain's *1601*, may thus have had as many editions as *Uncle*

*Tom's Cabin*, but only in this generation has it achieved the dignity of publication by subscription and so far as my notes show only one edition has ever been offered for public sale.

Written in 1876 and first printed (I believe) in 1880, *1601* is mildly amusing today at a first reading but becomes tiresome with a second one. But in 1880 and on up to yesterday it had violent shocking power. Part of its charge came from Mark Twain's presentation of offhand talk about sexual subjects as natural, commonplace, and unembarrassed. But there was a much stronger charge in his use of monosyllables that had been interdicted in print since about 1800. The taboo of those monosyllables remained almost though not quite absolute till about 1930, when it began to relax a little. Five or six years ago infractions of it became commoner, but in the past two years they have become so common as to suggest that it may be disappearing and that the use of the words may eventually present only technical literary problems. I doubt if we shall go that far but there is no question but that literature is resuming an old freedom. All the monosyllables appear in classical English literature down to the late seventeenth century. The eighteenth century disliked some of them in literature, but on aesthetic, not moral, grounds.

**T**HE freedom achieved by these words in books has not been extended to magazines, which are always held to a stricter decorum. I can discuss them here, therefore, only by means of embarrassing circumlocutions. They are held to be obscene and any discussion of them is complicated by the fact that the word *obscene* has two meanings: offensive to taste and offensive to morals. They



are usually called "the four-letter words," though one of them (meaning *buttocks*) has only three letters in the American spelling and several others have five letters. The degree of prohibition varies a good deal. Two words meaning *testicles*, both of them euphemisms even in origin, are at the outer edge of the taboo and have been printed many times without notice being taken of them; a number of equivalent synonyms, *stones* for instance, never have been tabooed. Two words meaning the primary male organ of generation are much more strongly prohibited, though several dozen equivalents are not objected to. These words in turn carry less shock than a monosyllable that designates the female genitals. The status of the word that designates flatulence has varied; it has always, however, been more acceptable than a noun that designates the shaped products of intestinal excretion.

The word *whore* broke the taboo much earlier than any of the others. Before the nineteen-twenties, even, though magazine editors still had to change it to *prostitute* or perhaps *Magdalen*, it could be printed in books. *Bitch*, often prohibited even in its literal meaning during the second half of the nineteenth century and never sanctioned in its metaphorical extensions, was probably the next one to achieve toleration—first in such derivatives as *bitchy*, next in such combinations as *son of a bitch*, and finally in its own right. There remain three monosyllables whose shocking power has always been much greater than any of the others. The one that designates micturition is less offensive than the other two, the word that means *defecation* (and produces some of the most vigorous metaphors and most stinging expressions of contempt in the common speech) and the one that is among the oldest verbs in the language meaning *to copulate*. Until two years ago any writer who used either of the last two was heading for certain trouble. It was an altogether artistic and appropriate use of the second of them that took *Strange Fruit* into court in 1944.

Through a quirk of the folkways some of these words are more offensive and others less offensive as parts of compounds than when they are used alone. Thus as early as 1932 Ernest Hemingway was using with impunity compound words built on the stem of the

fecal noun whereas he would not have been permitted to use the noun itself. On the other hand though one of the nouns for the male sex organ has been printed repeatedly in the past few years several of its compounds, which are familiar to everyone, remain unprintable. Combinations of the monosyllables with profane and blasphemous expressions have always been a spectacular feature of the fine art of American swearing, but only feeble combinations have ever been openly printed and there is yet no indication that stronger ones would be tolerated.

THE monosyllables and their compounds have always been known to all Americans who speak English, male and female, old and young, of all strata of society. The sanction extended to their oral use has varied greatly at different times and from area to area and class to class. Using them has been assumed to be a prerogative of males. In the company of one another men have tended to use them freely, subject to certain limitations such as occasions of formality or solemnity or the presence of strangers, dignitaries, or clergymen. Conspicuous avoidance of them has usually been considered prissy. It is fair to say that all male adolescents, whether of the slums, the middle orders, or the preparatory schools that supply our native cachet of aristocracy, have always used them habitually—if sometimes with a sense of shame or as a compulsive assertion of masculinity. During the past generation adult men who think of themselves as gentlemen have increasingly used some of the words regardless of place or occasion and have been increasingly unrestrained in the use of some of them in the presence of women. Uneducated men, much more squeamish about them in print and on occasions of solemnity, have always used them freely and have usually not refrained from using some of them in the presence of women. But the attitude of women themselves has always been the crux of their acceptability.

The monosyllables are nouns and verbs that name certain things or describe certain actions. They also create metaphors and act as expletives and intensifiers, and so express emotions. Women of the poorest classes have always used some of them freely, though under restrictions of place and occasion. In rural societies many women have always used

some of them denotively, without coloration of shame or lewdness. What has happened in the past few years is an abrupt extension of toleration of them among educated or "refined" women, the middle class who used to be the most censorious upholders of the taboo. Any attempt to explain this fact psychologically or socially would have to be at book length. It is in part, though only in part, a phenomenon of the war, since military life made most of the monosyllables automatic in the conversation of the soldiers and sailors whom millions of women knew. But whatever explanation it may require, the fact is clear: toleration of the monosyllables and occasional or even habitual use of some of them has come to signify frankness, sophistication, liberalism, companionability, and even smartness among a very great many educated and well-to-do metropolitan women. Women of the same kind outside the big cities have followed their lead.

This is the fact that recent fiction has been reflecting. Literature lags behind society and this change was well established before fiction took much note of it. On the upper levels of society the words have lost much of the shocking power in conversation that they used to have, and since those are the levels which read fiction they have therefore lost much of their shocking power in print. People who do not commonly read novels have always been extremely intolerant of them in print, as everyone who has ever taken part in a literary censorship case knows all too painfully. Men who cannot speak a dozen consecutive sentences without calling on the monosyllables are apt to be grievously, and quite sincerely, shocked by seeing them in print. That is why there are censorship cases.

I CANNOT inquire here whether this widening of tolerance has moral implications for society but certainly it has none for literature. Nobody over the age of ten is going to encounter any of the monosyllables for the first time in a book. Nobody is going to have his imagination affected by them more actively by finding them in books. Children and adolescents will continue to form their attitudes—and their standards of propriety—from those of people round them and of the institutions that affect their lives, of which literature has always been one of the weakest.

Nobody is going to be debased because the words are used in books—if they are corrupting, which centuries of their common use in speech would seem to deny, the young are lost before fiction ever works on them. They have no specialized lascivious use in print and they seldom appear at all in erotic passages. When they do they almost always diminish the reality of passion in fiction, instead of intensifying it, as D. H. Lawrence demonstrated almost grotesquely in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. But in some contexts this will not necessarily be true if they become commoner.

The right of novelists to use the monosyllables is not in question. It is part of the right of free expression on which literature and the search for truth rests. It will always be defended on that ground: writers may use such words as they think they need in order to achieve the effects they have chosen to. A defense in court will usually succeed and the percentage of successes will increase if public toleration of the words increases. Nevertheless writers who use the monosyllables to an extent that any sizable part of the population considers excessive will always run the risk of prosecution under the public-decency laws. Writers tend to pussyfoot round this empirical fact.

It is quite true that both the honest and the effective representation of life in fiction may require the use of these words, and it is true that the right to use them is, subject to the construction of the courts, constitutionally guaranteed. But the taboos that surround the monosyllables in the minds of many millions of people are defended by some of the most powerful energies of the human personality. A writer who does not know in advance that he is going to arouse those energies is naïve. What follows may be deplorable but it is predictable too, and to be wounded by it is both futile and absurd. It is one of a writer's occupational risks, to be assumed as deliberately as he takes the known risk of offending people by his philosophical or political ideas.

The court's test for obscenity used to be the mere presence of a few of the monosyllables, sometimes even one, in a book; it has now altered to the undefinable, arbitrary, and subjective phrase, "excessive use." The same unsatisfactory phrase is the key to the problem of literary effectiveness. It would seem generally true that to print the words forthrightly



is better than to use sniggering—and therefore intensifying—euphemisms for them. Dashes and the coy blanks between initial and terminal letters that Hemingway used in *Death in the Afternoon* are likely to give a passage an offensiveness it would not have in plain speech. Hemingway's alteration of certain words and his substitution of the word *obscenity* for others was a little leering and more than a little annoying. Yet in *The Gesture* John Cobb has recently used dashes with such skill that they do not call attention to themselves but achieve naturalness and inevitability in the context. Naturalness and inevitability are precisely the effects that a novelist tries to achieve. He must be guided by the patent fact that, whatever sanction may have been extended to them, the monosyllables still carry a high charge in print. He must use them as he would use any other highly charged words—sparingly, with vigilance to control the effect, in the knowledge that overuse is unskillful writing. The excessive use of any strong or specialized words, or even of neutral words like *beautiful* or *gosh* is also bad writing.

SINCE they are highly charged, the monosyllables are subject to the law of diminishing returns. A single use of one may get the writer a rich artistic return whereas a hundred uses of it may destroy the validity of his novel. His obligation is to find, among the many instruments of his craft, ways of achieving the effect he wants without using means that are certain to endanger it. He works in illusion. There are many ways of creating illusion but it can easily be destroyed by insistence or by anything whatever that calls attention to itself. When he uses the monosyllables he must use them with skill. He must lead his reader to accept them as

right and true, not shocking, not offensive, not objectionable. He cannot use them insistently or monotonously or repetitiously or for themselves alone. And never for shock—because the kind of shock that follows is different from the kind of shock intended.

A novelist's usual answer to such remarks as these is that life is that way and he is going to write about life as it is. He will not soften it for the timorous or conventional; he will not pander to ignorant prejudice or surrender to vicious prejudice. People talk that way—the words are usually used in dialogue—and he is, by God, going to have his characters talk the way people do. No squeamishness and no shrinking back. Take it and like it or withdraw into the protection of your prudery and let him go his courageous way in freedom.

He is deceived: he is self-deceived. His job is not to reproduce life in a novel, for he cannot, but to represent it truly; not to write dialogue in facsimile, which is always ruinous, but in a personal convention that will persuade a reader to accept it as true. The glory of fiction is its power to make a reader believe, if only for a moment, that imaginary people are real, that the imaginary events occurring to them really happen, that the nonexistent emotions they feel are genuine. This illusion is both complex and very fragile. Whatever enhances it is artistically good, whatever endangers it is artistically bad. The increasing freedom to use the monosyllables that frequently give meaning to characters or poetry to living speech puts at the disposal of novelists a new, important tool. But it is a tool that can be used effectively only by the exercise of much sagacity and skill. A novelist should use it whenever in his judgment it will serve his end. But if his judgment is wrong or if he uses it unskillfully he will destroy the effect that alone justifies him in using it at all.

# NEW BOOKS

## Advice from the Lovelorn

*Jacques Barzun*

ABOUT the time the first novels were written in English, almost exactly two centuries ago, the publishing of sermons—one gathers—fell into decline. But this did not prove to be the death of a genre, only its transformation. The novel itself became a sermon, ten times as long as the original kind, invariably more fact-laden and often more obscure, until today the really practised reader tackles that latest serious novel only after the most fortifying preparations—fasting and prayer, it may be, or quinine and old port.

The reason for this change lies partly in our alienation from common humanity as a result of the division of labor which engenders the division of life—a sort of private provincialism that requires the story-teller to remind us of the way the other nine-tenths live. The old maker of parables could refer to drawing water from the well, he could derive metaphors from the behavior of oxen, but now we must be told everything in abstract words, even what we see every day, because we do not share a common existence whose daily acts bear a universal meaning. We overlook even what we ourselves do. This is the most charitable explanation I can think of for the kind of fiction in which we are carefully told how a person lights a cigarette (first striking a match) or crosses his knees by throwing one leg over the other (having first sat down).

It is possible that M. Albert Camus thought of all this and wished to do something different when he conceived his short novel *The Plague* (Knopf, \$3). Certainly he wanted to deal with a situation in which our common humanity is immediately taken for granted by both readers and characters. The fact of pestilence does this better than war because

in an epidemic the threat of death is balanced by the efforts of science, and the dislocation of city life is balanced by a tribal desire to maintain its essential decencies. Consequently, plague is paradoxically a more humane catastrophe than saturation bombing.

If this was M. Camus' intention he may be said to have succeeded. We catch the drift of his sermon, and like the French public which made his book a best seller a year and a half ago, we respond to his kindly humanism with at least a momentary expansion of our contracted hearts. We identify ourselves with his Dr. Rieux long before the author reveals the double twist by which the first person narrator is one with the main figure spoken of in the third. Without beating any drums, either of prose or of doctrine, the author quietly re-establishes—almost as if they had never been questioned—the nineteenth-century ideals of self-dedication, heroism, and romantic love. He treats pain and death simply, dolefully, but without taking or giving credit for being their observer. All in all, *The Plague* is a most calming book. Being somewhat abstract in language, the description of the ravaged city, sober and sad in its improvised routine, makes us feel that we would gladly settle for a decent bout of cholera if we could thereby get rid of the UN, Pakistan, and Oak Ridge. It would be like going from a riotous nursery to the chess room in an old club: two ways of ordering the game of life.

### *Love Takes Pot Luck*

BUT this merit in the sermon is a weakness in the novel. The author has preached his truth by means of an elaborate parable—"Man," he concludes, "is















